

# THE EAGLE'S EYE

## The True Story of the Imperial German Government's Spies and Intrigues in America

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service.

Novelized by Courtney Ryley Cooper

### How the Sinking of the Lusitania Was Plotted and Achieved

Below the great oil painting of Kaiser Wilhelm, in the Imperial German embassy at Washington, a slightly wrinkled, nervous man sat at a massive desk, an almost obsolete German dictionary before him, his fingers running the pages, figuring out the numbers, then running them again, his lips repeating the numerals of many a scattered sheet of paper before him, repeating, re-repeating, then matching up those numerals with the page numbers and word numbers of the old dictionary.

Quite still the room was, except for the whirr of the pages and the slight crinkle of the many sheets of papers as he referred from one to the other. There was little need for reference, however, for every page bore the same numerals, the same messages written in strange conglomeration of numbers that were apparently meaningless—even to many of the persons who had brought or sent them to this wrinkled, nervous being who sat beneath the painting of the Kaiser. And reason enough—for those pages of numbers, those jumbled sequences of numerals, were nothing more nor less than the smuggled code messages by which Wilhelm Hohenzollern, Emperor of Imperial Germany, sent his daily instructions via the great wireless at Nauen, Germany, to the man who directed his spider's web of spy activity in the United States, Count Johann von Bernstorff, imperial ambassador!

Each morning since the war began von Bernstorff had received those numerical inscribed pages, caught on wireless outfits owned privately throughout the United States by German spies, who had been placed in America for that very purpose. Each day the instructions had come from Berlin—instructions for the beginning of propaganda campaigns, for connivance against the allies, for the handling of the thousand and one methods by which Germany sought to strike its enemies through neutral America.

Each morning at 3 o'clock, American time, those messages flashed from the tremendous wireless tower at Nauen, Germany, to find spies waiting everywhere in America for them. On interned ships, in shacks, built far from the roar and bustle of the city, even in Fifth Avenue residences, were wireless outfits concealed, each equipped with its Audion detector, so necessary to the catching of wireless waves from a great distance. Not had the men, detectors and receiving apparatus, taken a part in the reception of orders from across the sea. Nearly every morning at 3 o'clock found Capt. Franz von Papen, military attaché of the Imperial German embassy, and Capt. Karl Boy-Ed, naval attaché, at a secluded part of Long Island, standing beside a racing motor car, to which was attached antennae, detectors, and receiving apparatus, that they might personally assure themselves that the code messages from overseas were received and started on their way to Bernstorff, the master spy.

So it was that one day in April, 1915, Count Johann von Bernstorff worked hard at his task of deciphering the maze of numerals that had come to him during the night. One by one he traced out the numbers, matching them first with the page of the old German dictionary, then with the words of the seed book, each of which was carefully numbered for easy transcription. When he had finished, his head bobbed slightly, he pressed a button, and almost snapped an order at the hurrying man servant.

"Send Dr. Albert in," he announced.

"Yes, your excellency."

A moment later a tall, dark-haired man, his left cheek scarred from a school-day duel at Heidelberg, stepped into the room. He was Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal spy for Imperial Germany and second only to Bernstorff in what he termed "the battle on the American front." Just a second he hesitated, and then:

"You sent for me, sir?"

"I did. Just got a message from Wilhelmstrasse."

Bernstorff was a talking jerkily, somewhat excitedly. "The Lusitania must be sunk on its next voyage."

"Yes?" Dr. Albert asked the question with the calmness of a person ordering a cab—or choosing a meal.

"Well—all arrangements are made, are they not?"

"As far as the submarines are concerned, yes. The entire Irish coast has been charted into squares, each square carrying the name of some fish indigenous to that region. The moment that the word is flashed that the Lusitania has sailed, a U-boat will be assigned to each one of those squares. Then it will be an easy matter for fishing smacks, each with a spy aboard, to patrol the coast, and send a message from the nearest wireless station."

"Something like," "Shipping ten cases of mackerel," broke in Dr. Albert.

"Exactly." Bernstorff looked up with a smile. "You and I have discussed that before, haven't we? I had forgotten. Well, you know the rest. No one will pay any attention to the message except our U-boat captains. They will know by them that the Lusitania is entering the square named after that particular fish. It should be an easy task for them to sink the ship. And it must be sunk!"

"How about the international complications?"

"They must take care of themselves after we have done all we can do to keep things running smoothly. The point is that the Lusitania must be sunk! We have a lesson to teach America! If we sink a few of their citizens, perhaps they'll be more chary about sending their representatives abroad to sell goods to the allies. It may make them stop and think awhile before they ship their goods to the allies too—and that's what we're after."

"Suppose America objects to the loss of its citizens?" Albert was smiling in a quiet, quizzical way.

"We'll sympathize, of course," Bernstorff looked up with an answering smile. "Really, we'll be mourning for a week—but, in the meanwhile, we also will point to our manufactured fact that the Lusitania carried guns and contraband. That's where you are needed. Take the night train to New York, see Paul Koenig, of the Hamburg American line, and arrange for him to find someone not averse to forging a few affidavits, one to the effect that the Lusitania is loaded with contraband and another that she carries defensive guns. And be very sure on that point. The rules of war prohibit the sinking of an unarmed ship without due warning. We must have those affidavits."

"Very good, sir."

"And, Albert—"

"Yes."

"Here"—Ambassador Bernstorff lifted a sheet of closely written paper from his desk—"is an advertisement I have written, warning all American citizens from the Lusitania. See that it is inserted in the New York papers as close to the Cunard Line advertisements as possible. It will be our alibi when the Lusitania is sunk."

"Very good, your Excellency."

And so it was that with Ambassador Bernstorff at the head of the great spy organization which Germany had built up in America, with Dr. Albert, Capt. von Papen, Karl Boy-Ed, Paul Koenig and a half hundred others working on the varying details of the scheme, that the preparations for the sinking of the Lusitania went forth in America.

Day after day passed, while Bernstorff translated his code messages from Wilhelmstrasse and sent replies in the guise of death messages and business telegrams to neutral countries, where they were received by German spies, translated and telephoned by long distance to Germany, day by day, and then—

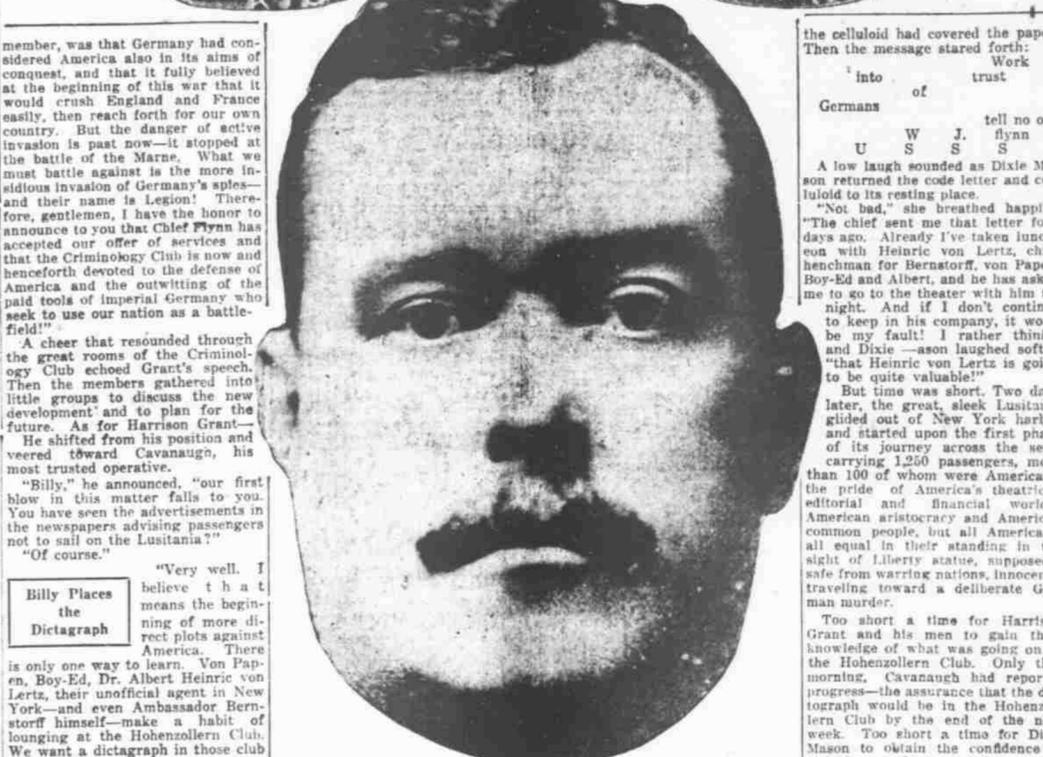
It was April 23, forty-eight hours before the sailing of the Lusitania in the great rooms of the Criminology Club in New York, where cosmopolitan members daily gathered to discuss the themes which formed their chief aim in life, the apprehension of the genius criminal, an important meeting was in progress. Harrison Graut, the president and organizer of the great private criminal-chasing brotherhood, sat before them, a telegram in his hand.

"Fellow members," he announced, "I have just received the most vital communication that has ever come to this club. It is a telegram from William J. Flynn, chief of the Secret Service, which changes the aims and purposes of our organization to ideals far greater, than ever were dreamed of when we banded ourselves together to follow out our individual hobbies in the chase and capture of dangerous criminals. For this telegram pits us against the most abhorred violators of the laws of God and man that ever were known—the paid criminals of Imperial Germany, protected by the power of international law, yet criminals nevertheless!"

"All of you know the reason for this telegram. It is in answer to the letter we sent Chief Flynn at the last meeting of this club, when our various members displayed the evidence that had come to them of the peridy of Imperial Germany in assuming friendship for this country, while seeking to violate our neutrality in its efforts to maintain the allies. More than that, my charge, you will re-

### First Chapter---THE HIDDEN DEATH

Medals Commemorating Sinking of the Lusitania Struck Off Two Days Before the Tragedy in Germany



WILLIAM J. FLYNN.

member, was that Germany had considered America also in its aims of conquest, and that it fully believed at the beginning of this war that it would crush England and France easily, then reach forth for our own country. But the danger of active invasion is past now—it stopped at the battle of the Marne. What we must battle against is the more insidious invasion of Germany's spies—and their name is Legion! Therefore, gentlemen, I have the honor to announce to you that Chief Flynn has accepted our offer of services and that the Criminology Club is now and henceforth devoted to the defense of America and the outfitting of the paid tools of Imperial Germany who seek to use our nation as a battlefield!"

A cheer that resounded through the great rooms of the Criminology Club echoed Grant's speech. Then the members gathered into little groups to discuss the new development and to plan for the future. As for Harrison Grant—He shifted from his position and veered toward Cavanaugh, his most trusted operative.

"Billy," he announced, "our first blow in this matter falls to you. You have seen the advertisements in the newspapers advising passengers not to sail on the Lusitania?"

"Of course."

"Very well. I believe that it means the beginning of more direct plots against America. There is only one way to learn. Von Papen, Boy-Ed, Dr. Albert, Heinrich von Lertz, their unofficial agent in New York—and even Ambassador Bernstorff himself—make a habit of lounging at the Hohenzollern Club. We want a dictagraph in those club rooms."

Billy Cavanaugh twisted his already tightly waxed mustache and smiled, ever so slightly.

"I'll attend to the details," he announced quietly.

And while Harrison Grant gave his orders, four men were gathered about the big table in the imperial German embassy in Washington. One of them was Bernstorff. Another was Albert, with his ever-present portfolio in which he carried the reports of spies operating in every city of the United States. A third was Boy-Ed, and the fourth was Captain von Papen.

The meeting, incidentally, seemed to have been a very happy one. A supercilious smile skimmed the lips of Franz von Papen as he gazed at his co-plotters. He waved his cigar slightly before him.

"These idiotic Yankees will wake up next week," he announced, "it will be something for them to think about."

"It will be something for the world to think about," echoed the fastidious Boy-Ed.

"Do you suppose," Dr. Albert was rummaging in his portfolio, "it could possibly act as a boomerang? America has had its eyes shut, you know. For instance, I think Capt. von Papen recently reported the burning of several million bushels of wheat in its elevators, as well as a train wreck or two that have so far been classified as accidents. Now, my query is, will the deliberate, pre-arranged killing of Americans and the fore-announced destruction of American property on board the Lusitania, cause this country to open its eyes and inquire about other things that have happened? Or will it?"

Capt. Franz von Papen smiled with one corner of his mouth. "If you have ever noticed," he replied, "I have always used the term 'idiotic Yankees.'"

Bernstorff laughed. Albert bobbed his head.

"Quite so," he said finally, "I

### The Secret Workings of Bernstorff, Von Papen and Boy-Ed Exposed

where was there a chance for the Lusitania to escape? Nor did the fact that May fifth passed with no message from the U-boat cause Germany to hold back those medals. On they went to the populace, while flags fluttered in Berlin to announce the "victory" that had not yet happened. Everywhere were the U-boats. Ev-where were the fishing smacks, flashing out the supposed business message that carried the code word of the position of the great ship. Time and again the sleek greyhound of the sea dodged destruction only through her speed. But in the distance more U-boats were lurking. The end was inevitable.

May sixth. Then May seventh. Into the rooms of the Criminology Club hurried Billy Cavanaugh to seek out Harrison Grant and to report with a little smile:

"There's something interesting for you in a room adjoining the Hohenzollern Club."

Harrison Grant raised his eyebrows.

"Got it fixed, Billy?"

"Yes, sir. Broke a water pipe leading into the club, then hurried for the plumber shop that always attends to their work. Good fellow there—thorough American. He let me fix the leak. And while I was fixing it, I also fixed the dictagraph—just behind the picture of his imperial majesty, William Hohenzollern."

Harrison Grant laughed happily and reached for his hat. A half hour later he lifted the receiver of a dictagraph to his ear. Stewart, the relief operator, watched him.

"I've just been listening," he announced. "Think von Papen, Boy-Ed and Wolf von Igel just came into the club. Couldn't swear to it, though."

Harrison Grant nodded slightly, the dictagraph still to his ear. Then he started. Hurriedly he turned:

"Put this down: 'Paul Koenig has assured us that a man will swear that the vessel carried guns. Also that an affidavit will be given that she was loaded with contraband. Dumba can be counted on to expose our cause—'

"What does it mean?" Cavanaugh stepped forward. Grant frowned.

"Can't tell. Von Papen's doing the talking. Now Boy-Ed has joined him."

"Surely we should have heard before this. Do you suppose anything could have gone wrong? Surely they were prepared. But today's May 7, and it should have happened May 5."

"All right. What's the rest?" Stewart looked up from his copying. Grant shook his head.

"They're mumbling—I can't hear. They seem to have all gotten over in a corner with their heads together and are trying to talk so that no one around the club will hear them. But—wait a minute—they're talking louder now—no, they've settled down to that buzzing again—I think I hear a telephone ringing—von Papen has just told Boy-Ed to answer it. Wait now—wait—"

A strange silence in the dictagraph room. Harrison Grant adjusted the receiver closer to his ears. He pressed a hand strainingly against it, as though to aid him in the hearing of what was going on in the next room. But impossible.

And at that moment, out on the open sea, the passengers of the Lusitania were strolling happily about the decks after a jovial luncheon. Some one looked at his watch to absent note that the time was 2:32. And as he raised his eyes—

The deadly, gray serpent-like form of a periscope as it raised itself above the waves, the wake of a torpedo as it hissed its way through the water. Then a great, rolling roar, a shock that trembled through the whole vessel, a sickening lurch and plunge, the thunder of an explosion—

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Hours later, in the dictagraph room, Harrison Grant adjusted the receiver closer to his ears. He pressed a hand strainingly against it, as though to aid him in the hearing of what was going on in the next room. But impossible.

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