STEINHAUER

THE KAISER'S MASTER SPY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SIR RICHARD MUIR
GERMAN SPIES AT BAY

GUSTAV STEINHAUER IN POLICE UNIFORM

STEINHAUER

THE KAISER'S MASTER SPY

THE STORY AS TOLD BY HIMSELF

EDITED BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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FORMERLY DIRECTOR OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE

WITH 30 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LIMITED

First Published in 1930

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Made and Printed in Great Britain by
Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury.

INTRODUCTION

MR. FELSTEAD has asked me to write an introduction to this book. In the ordinary course of events I should have refused, for I am not, and never have been, a writing man.

I am making an exception in this particular instance because of the humiliating position to which our Navy has now been reduced by the present Labour Government.

The recently concluded Naval Treaty, signed by Great Britain, the United States of America and Japan, *but not by France and Italy*, has in effect reduced us to a second-class Power. It is now being said on the Continent, quite openly by responsible statesmen, that we have lost our naval supremacy.

Other Powers are at liberty to build up to the maximum laid down in the Treaty, but we, the "Mistress of the Seas," the nation whose very existence depended upon superior naval strength, now find ourselves condemned to see our ships grow obsolete and outclassed, because we have tied ourselves to a Treaty which does not even allow us to replace obsolete tonnage.

And, be it remembered that Great Britain has already made the largest reduction in fighting ships—far larger than any other Power.

Never before in all our history have we been placed in such

a position, and so long as we abide by this iniquitous Treaty we are helpless either to protect our own Imperial interests or afford proper assistance to our friends.

Apart from the diverting character of Steinhauer's book, it is extremely interesting and informative. It clearly reveals that the Germans looked upon the British Navy as the most formidable obstacle in the path of their ambitions to dominate the world.

But of course such things as Steinhauer narrates cannot happen again. We now have a "Treaty," under which we are all to live in peace and happiness. Let us hope, however, that none of the signatories to this precious document will look upon it as nothing more than a "scrap of paper," as Germany did to the Treaty that guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium.

(*Signed*) W. R. HALL.

Sept., 1930.

EDITOR'S FOREWORD

IN the year 1920, with the necessary official permission, I published, under the title of "German Spies at Bay," a comprehensive account compiled from documents of the German espionage in Britain during the Great War.

Here is another book which, I think, is of even greater interest, for it contains the experiences—or confessions—of that remarkable man Gustav Steinhauer, who is generally known as the Master Spy of the Kaiser.

As the reader will gather, Steinhauer was no stranger to England. Occasionally he came in the company of his royal master—for he was the bodyguard of William II as well as "*Der Meisterspion*"—but more often, for obvious reasons, alone. It will also be noticeable that Steinhauer seems to have enjoyed a good many opportunities of prying into our naval secrets, and I might remark that it was not until the year 1911 that our *very* Liberal Government could be induced to pass an Official Secrets Act which enabled foreign spies and their agents to be sent to penal servitude. But Steinhauer himself, whose cleverness cannot be denied, always escaped the net that was cast for him.

It would be foolish to deny that the Germans must have unearthed a considerable amount of naval information in the years that this espionage was taking place. Equally misleading would it be to asseverate that the German Navy did not distinguish itself when the opportunity came its way. It is generally admitted now that had the German High Seas Fleet gone into action in the early days of the war the course of events would have been greatly changed.

How much of their naval success did the Germans owe to

their espionage? Probably we shall never be told, for secret service work is largely a matter of picking up many tangled threads of information which must be woven together by skilled hands. Naval intelligence was certainly the only thing that interested the German Secret Service as far as England was concerned.

Had it not been for the almost incredible meanness displayed by the war lords of the Wilhelmstrasse, there is no saying what damage might have been done by the spying that went on in England so freely in those care-free days which we know as "Before the War." Steinhauer tells no more than the bare truth when he says that he was almost invariably kept short of money. In writing "German Spies at Bay" I was appalled at the wretched sums paid by the Germans to their spies and agents. So we must be thankful for small mercies!

Not the least interesting part of this book is Steinhauer's account of his experiences with the Kaiser. One gets a very clear picture of William II from Steinhauer's description, all the more valuable in that it comes from a man sprung from the people, who saw the German Emperor with the eyes of that same democracy which brought about his downfall after thirty years of misrule.

S. THEODORE FELSTEAD.

LONDON,
1930.

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PART I

MY LIFE IN THE SECRET SERVICE

CHAPTER I

THE COMING OF THE STORM

SUNDAY afternoon, June 28, 1914. The most fateful day in the history of the world if one had but known it. On the surface, all was calm and peaceful. My Imperial master, William II of Germany, stood on the deck of his racing yacht "Meteor" interestedly watching the brilliant panorama of the Kiel Canal. It was regatta week, with hardly one outward sign to herald the coming of the storm.

Thickly clustered round us were the warships of the Great Powers—British, French, Russian, Japanese, Austrian and German. The strong detachment of the British Fleet, significantly impressive in its overwhelming superiority, lay anchored in the canal, outnumbering the warships of all the other nations as if to demonstrate that Britannia still ruled the waves.

Luxurious private yachts, leviathan passenger liners belonging to the North German Lloyd and Hamburg-America companies, crowded with sightseers, battleships, cruisers, destroyers and dozens of smaller craft made as gay and brilliant a spectacle as one could wish to see.

Who could have imagined that "*Der Tag*" had come at last? The Emperor knew, of course, that the time was drawing nigh. So did I.

Ten days previously, after a long and serious conference with the Admiralty Intelligence Staff in Berlin, I had joined the Emperor, carrying in my possession vastly important secret instructions which told me beyond all doubt that we were at last on the eve of the great European War.

I was to proceed to England to ascertain, not only from my

spies and agents but also by my own investigations, what preparations, if any, were being made for war.

This is not the place for me to discuss or venture any opinion concerning the events that were then leading up to the war. But this much I may say here without hesitation.

It was hoped, if not altogether believed, by the Emperor and his immediate advisers, that England, as well as the United States of America, in the event of a European War, would remain neutral, content to reap the immense profit that would accrue to the nations that were best able to supply the combatants with food and munitions of war.

Did they really believe it? I have often wondered. For many years my spies and agents had been at work in England, France and Russia; there were innumerable naval and military secrets that had come into our possession through the medium of our secret service, just the same as the naval and military secrets of Germany had been pried into by the spies of the Triple Alliance.

But now the long years of plotting and planning, the deep, mysterious intrigues of the diplomats that had gone on for so long, were coming to a head. Austria snarling at Serbia; the surly Russian bear angrily growling at Austria, and even now getting ready to strike; Germany anxiously asking herself if France would stand by her Russian ally; England waiting and watching.

"*Der Tag*"—the great day when Germany would come into her own. The time must surely be drawing close if the orders I carried in my pocket did not lie.

But this sparkling summer afternoon, dressed in a comfortable yaching suit, I stood beside the Emperor thinking of anything but the terrible tragedy that even then had happened. "Meteor" rolled and dipped in the swell; the Emperor looked as though he had not a care in the world.

Churning its way across the glittering waters of the canal came a naval cutter. I paid no particular heed to it; messengers were constantly coming and going.

An officer nimbly ran up the ladder that lay over the side of the "Meteor," reached the deck and stiffly saluted. Out of his pocket he extracted a telegram which he handed to one of the Emperor's A.D.C.'s. It was addressed to His Majesty personally.

Curious, naturally, as to what it might contain, I watched the Kaiser open it, little dreaming that there, in my Imperial master's hand, was the torch that was destined to set the world aflame.

One glance at the words written in the telegram. Then, in a terrible voice, which made me think he had been stricken down, he cried out: "My God, it has happened at last! How often have I told him he would be killed passing through the streets so openly!"

I rushed towards him, as did several other members of his suite. But angrily, with a face that had grown haggard, he brushed us aside and hurried below to his cabin.

Within a few minutes the dire news had spread throughout the royal yacht, and as rapidly over the Kiel Canal. The message which had so dramatically aroused the Emperor's anguish contained the news of the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife at Sarajevo.

All the festivities were cancelled forthwith. The Emperor shut himself in his cabin for seven or eight hours, refusing to see anybody. What were his innermost feelings? God only knows. Germany's time had come and he knew it.

Consternation everywhere. First orders were that the Emperor wished to return to Berlin at once. Before they could be carried out there came a telegram from the Imperial Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, imploring the Emperor to keep calm and avoid the slightest semblance of panic.

Later, in pursuance of this advice, the Kaiser proceeded on a trip to the Norwegian Fiords, it being considered that such a course would have a quieting effect on the international situation.

I saw the Emperor again before I left the royal yacht that night. All his customary self-possession had gone. Agitated beyond measure, looking years older since I had seen him in the afternoon, he was so distraught that he appeared not to know what he was doing.

Equerries rushed hither and thither; a succession of messengers hastened shorewards with telegrams dictated by the Emperor asking for full particulars of the tragedy.

At ten o'clock in the evening, without the Emperor being aware of the fact, I left the yacht *en route* for Holland, Belgium and England. If war with Russia and France did come, then

it was absolutely imperative that Germany should know what attitude Britain would adopt towards the conflagration that had threatened so long.

In days gone by, when I had journeyed to England in company with the Emperor, and also when I had had occasion to visit my spies and agents, these trips had been enjoyable enough, with just sufficient danger to make them exciting. But now!

Was Britain likely to stand by France and Russia? Was the British Battle Fleet mobilizing? What preparations were being made to mobilize the army? Were the people in favour of war against Germany?

In addition to this I had to visit Chatham, for we knew it was from there that the German Fleet had first to fear danger. And then, most imperative of all, I had to travel up the East Coast to Hull, Newcastle, Edinburgh—there to report on the naval ports of Rosyth, Dalmeny and Queensferry—and thence make my way to Dundee, Aberdeen and Inverness.

As best I could, I had then to go to Thurso, from which port I must use whatever subterfuges were needed to visit the Orkney and Shetland Islands.

I had also been specially requested to discover the depth of the water in Scapa Flow, the place that our naval experts predicted would play a vital part in any war with England.

They were quite right! Scapa Flow was not only the safe and sound anchorage of the Grand Fleet—it was ultimately the burial ground of the German High Seas Fleet.

My adventures at Kirkwall must wait; they were sufficiently exciting to deserve a chapter to themselves.

The British Navy! That was the key to the whole situation. Before leaving Berlin I had heard talk of nothing else. The idea of Britain raising an army that might cope with the great German military machine was scornfully laughed at.

But to win the war in six months, that was the limit put upon it by our military experts, Great Britain must be kept out. At that time the question of Belgium had not arisen to complicate the situation.

Unless the formidable British Navy had to be reckoned with, not a moment's worry was felt in the minds of the highly-placed officers who controlled the famous Section IIIb of the Great General Staff.

I must confess that even I, who had seen so much of England in the past and probably understood the psychology of the British people far better than the experts of the General Staff, fell into the mistake of underrating the fighting potentialities of the British Army.

Hamburg to the Hook of Holland ; thence on to Flushing, all the time racking my brains for a ruse that would enable me to get into England—and out again.

Some years previously, in circumstances that I could hardly have foreseen, my photograph had fallen into the hands of the English police. A spy in Portsmouth dockyard, an Englishman who had already sold his country's secrets to France, had communicated with Berlin offering certain highly confidential information.

I had been sent over to investigate his bona fides, and after an exciting adventure with him, I was compelled to get out of the town post-haste, leaving behind me some luggage and a photograph of myself in police uniform, which no doubt my old friend, Superintendent Melville of Scotland Yard, made full use of.

As a matter of fact, the counter-espionage officials at the British War Office published the photograph during the war, describing me as the Master Spy of the Kaiser, and warned the public to keep a sharp look out for me. But by that time I had come and gone.

For all I knew, British spies may have been behind me the moment I left the Emperor. Still, I am fairly experienced when it comes to finding out whether I am being shadowed.

What worried me was whether my adversaries in England —to whom I bear no grudge, for, after all, spying is just as much a part of war as fighting on the battlefield—expected me.

Two or three years before, through the negligence of one of our Admiralty officials who had better be nameless, the British Intelligence Department had come into possession of certain information about the spy system I maintained in their country.

One of the " cover " addresses I used for the forwarding of letters to my spies and agents in England became known, with the result that the English were enabled to watch the movements of some of the people in the pay of the German Secret Service.

The English officials were of the opinion that the entire German spy system had been unmasked ; but they were sadly mistaken. We received news of it in Berlin almost immediately. One or two of the postmen who delivered letters to my " cover " and knew they were being opened, said to him, thinking that he was conducting a secret betting business, " Be careful, your letters are being opened."

Forewarned is forearmed all the world over, and in espionage especially. When the Chief of the Admiralty Staff asked me what we should do, I replied : " Let them go on thinking we know nothing about it."

Letters to my spies and agents continued to be sent to England to the " cover " address, often with mysterious contents which must have sorely puzzled the officials who opened and read them.

The people to whom these communications were forwarded were warned to send nothing of an incriminating nature—at least not to the place in Berlin where their previous correspondence had been despatched.

There was no real interruption to the forwarding of letters. New addresses in Copenhagen, Ostend and Brussels were provided and other agents replaced those who had become suspect.

I have often been compelled to chuckle to myself when I read in the papers at home and abroad, during the war, after the war, and even now, of the army of spies we were supposed to have kept in England during the war.

I do not think I am going too far in saying that at the beginning of the war we had only one spy in England, and that was my friend Lody.

It has been solemnly stated in a book dealing with international espionage and written by some one I have never heard of, that I—the all-powerful Steinhauer—was employing on the outbreak of war no fewer than 8000 spies ! There is just one retort to this : " Where did the money come from ? "

However, there are many things to be dealt with in this story, and for the immediate present I must concern myself with the position as it stood at the end of June, 1914, when I found myself on the Belgian coast anxiously asking how I should get into England, in what guise, and, more important still, how I could trick my old foe at the War Office in Whitehall.

I knew him, oh, yes, and he knew me. Would he, or some of his men armed with my photograph, be waiting for me at Dover? Should I try Harwich or Hull, or some other port that might be reached from Holland or Denmark? France I had no intention of entering: they knew me far too well there.

Spying is at all times a battle of wits. While I tarried in Ostend, idly watching the gay crowds thronging the sands, there came like a flash out of the sky an inspiration which meant all the difference between life and death.

I would let the English know my whereabouts! My barber in the Caledonian Road, who had served me so long as a "cover" address, should be the unconscious instrument of my safety.

It did not take me long to write a number of post cards, all of which I addressed to a certain place in Berlin. The apparently meaningless messages these post cards contained would tell the people in Berlin that I had reached the town where they had been posted.

But, if they fulfilled the purpose I had in mind, they would do something infinitely more important, for I intended sending them under one cover to my good German barber with instructions that he should forward them to my spies and agents all over England, Scotland and Wales, with orders to post them on to Berlin.

And what, I can hear you saying, would happen then? Simple enough, if you understand the complicated mentality of the people who deal with spies. My barber's package would, I knew, be opened and the contents inspected with more than a little interest.

"Hullo?" they would say. "Our old friend Steinhauer has no intention of coming *here*. We'll send them on; they won't do *us* any harm."

They thought, no doubt, that I was having a nice little holiday in Belgium. But they were very much in error. Three or four days after the post cards had been despatched to London I was on the Ostend boat bound for Dover.

For all I knew, the people in Whitehall would see through the ruse. I might be challenged the moment I landed at Dover, or I might be permitted to incriminate myself sufficiently to become, if not the principal actor in an early morning drama at the Tower of London, at least an inmate of an English convict prison for a long term of penal servitude.

It would, I knew for certain, be death if I stayed in England after a declaration of war upon Germany. But I meant to make my escape before then, if possible.

The international situation had not yet reached the irrevocable stage. Russia and Austria were still sullenly snarling; the English, as the newspapers told me, were perturbed, but nothing more. Nevertheless, it required no particular intuition to realize that I might be arrested as soon as I reached England.

CHAPTER II

MY ADVENTURES IN ENGLAND

LONDON looked peaceful enough in the early summer morning when I arrived. The workers were hurrying to their offices and I joined the throng that was journeying Citywards to Becker's Hotel in Finsbury Square, where, on and off, I had stayed for twenty years when my secret service duties took me to England.

A strange place, you will think, for an Intelligence officer to stay! But not so strange as you would imagine. Becker himself was a good and loyal German who had been in the City of London for many years catering for the foreign business men who came from the Continent.

I was safer there than in one of the big hotels in the West End, where, for all anybody knew, my luggage might be ransacked any time in my absence by the British Secret Service.

Besides, more important still, Becker's head waiter, Frederick Albrecht, was a humble, but none the less useful, member of *our* secret service. I could rely upon him to safeguard my interests—and those of the Fatherland—if the Scotland Yard men came nosing around.

I was not one of those foolish people who fondly believed that they had no secret service in England. Such delusions were common enough in the Wilhelmstrasse, especially on the part of people who denoted their possession of brains by the red tabs on their collars. I had had good reason to know otherwise—hence the comparative security of Becker and his quiet little hotel.

Albrecht was too well trained to make any remark in front of the staff about my arrival without notice at such an unto-

ward hour of the day, but he followed me up to the room I engaged with a serious face and gave only brief response to my conversation.

"Herr Steinhauer," he said suddenly, carefully shutting the door behind him, "it will not do for you to stay here. There have been men hovering about this place who look like detectives from Scotland Yard. Two or three times lately the police have inspected our register and they are sure to ask who you are."

"So," I replied, sitting down on the bed. "Well, I must go somewhere. I shall be in London for a few days. I have important work to do."

"Is it war, mein Herr?" he asked anxiously.

"I think so. But we do not know what the English will do."

"Then you cannot possibly remain here," he said decidedly. "This will be one of the first places in London to come under suspicion. The police know very well we have nobody but foreigners here. I myself must make plans to get back to Germany, for I need not tell you that the Tower of London is uncomfortably close."

"Well," I said irritably, for I was tired out for want of sleep, "what am I to do? You must find me another quiet hotel where I shall be able to stay in safety. It is not for long."

He thought for some time and then said:

"There is an hotel in the Strand, Herr Steinhauer, where I think you may go without being suspected. It is called Haxell's. Most of the people who stay there come from the country. I know it well, for I have a friend who has been there a good many years."

The poor man was very frightened, but I reassured him.

"There will be no war just yet," I said soothingly. "In Berlin they think that the English will not fight. In the meantime, I must have some rest, for I have much before me. I will go to Haxell's Hotel, but before I do I have some urgent and very important business to transact that cannot possibly wait. To-morrow, probably, I shall be able to move. But for the present I am going to have a few hours' sleep."

. . . . . .

The British Navy was the only thing in England that ever

had any interest for the German Secret Service prior to the Great War, and, indeed, for some time after August 1914.

All the espionage I had organized in England had been devoted to naval intelligence: practically all my spies and agents were in places such as Portsmouth, Plymouth and Chatham.

To venture into Chatham, as I had to immediately I arrived in England, was, for a notorious German spy, like jumping out of an aeroplane with a doubtful parachute.

I was no stranger to the place. Less than a couple of years before there had occurred that sensational case of the British naval gunner, Parrott, who had been supplying our Admiralty Staff with some of the armament secrets of the British Navy until he was betrayed by my agent, Hentschel.

As well for Hentschel, perhaps, that he fled to Australia, for he might have discovered that treachery to the Fatherland was repaid with interest.

He had left his wife behind. I did not really want her assistance; she had been useful to us in the case of Parrott, but now I had another agent, Franz Losel, who lived at Sheerness, overlooking the Garrison Point Fort.

In secret service work it is one of the cardinal rules of the game to adopt a *nom de guerre*. At the time of the Parrott affair and, indeed, all through my connection with Hentschel himself I had passed as Colonel Torner of the General Staff.

The more you confuse your identity the better it is likely to be—for you. A discarded spy—like a discarded mistress—is dangerous for any man.

All the British Secret Service people knew Steinhauer; what they never knew was the personality he assumed when he came to England on a mission of espionage. It would have taken more than my old friend, Melville of Scotland Yard—he had ostensibly retired from the police but still carried on his secret service activities—to have recognized me in Hendryk Fritsches, the Dutch manager of a Hamburg coffee merchant.

Even Melville, whose cleverness in the case of Parrott I readily admit, might have looked more than twice before he discovered in the elegant Dutchman with the mutton-chop whiskers and the monocle his formidable adversary, Steinhauer.

Poor Mrs. Hentschel could tell me nothing. In fact, she was anxious only that I should be gone, for, as she said bitterly,

the English people had given her a terrible time ever since the exposure of Parrott.

Nor was Losel any more cordial when I knocked at the door of his house the same afternoon. He opened it himself and looked at me as though I had come from the skies.

"What brings you here now?" he inquired sourly, leading the way inside. "It is bad enough, as you must know, to be living a life like mine without the certainty of being arrested if they know you are here."

I soothed him down as best I could, but he seemed very uncomfortable and anxious to get rid of me. The sight of a few five-pound notes which I produced from my pocket-book made him slightly more amiable, but even then the fear never left his eyes.

"What is it you want?" he asked when I handed him £50. "There is war coming, and it may be as much as my life is worth if I am found in communication with you."

I glanced round his shabby little sitting-room, at the man himself, ill at ease, and fairly itching to see the last of me.

"The English do not think of war," I replied. "I have just come down from London and I know. I have one or two little things for you to do which need not cause the slightest danger."

"Well?" he replied curtly.

"How many warships are there in Chatham? And have you heard of men being recalled from leave? All these things are of importance at present."

"I cannot tell you," he answered. "It is as much as I dare to go near the place. There are secret police all over the dockyard."

"Nevertheless," I said, "you will take me there to-morrow. I have come too far to go away empty-handed."

But the utmost I could get him to do was to promise that I should know on the morrow what ships were being reconditioned and whether any of his friends in the service knew for certain that war was expected.

"This business of mine"—he was a photographer and the English, with extraordinary toleration, had allowed him to live overlooking the Medway—"is more trouble than it is worth. The sooner you find another agent the better I shall like it. If war should come I shall be shot."

"Bah, you are a fool," I said. "Until war is declared they can do nothing to you."

"It would be more than sufficient for them to know that you had been visiting me," he retorted. "Anyhow, I shall not be sorry to see the last of you. It is not a safe place for any German."

I have always maintained, and I still maintain, that right up to the time of my leaving England, eight days before war was declared on Germany, the British Government wanted to stand clear.

My spies informed me that there had been a general mobilization of the entire British Fleet at Portsmouth in the middle of July, but although I transmitted this intelligence to Berlin it was ignored. They may have thought that the English were bluffing.

I at once reported to the Admiralty in Berlin, through the medium of a "cover," all that I had seen. I said then—and it was perfectly true—that no preparations for war were being made. What, I ask you, could one believe of a country where the foreigners were permitted to enter naval ports unchallenged while the rest of Europe was in a ferment?

Either it was an extraordinarily bold bluff or else indifference. I prefer to think it was the latter, whatever may have been the opinion of some of those high and mighty officers of ours who had been put into the Intelligence Department—the Intelligence, mark you!—because they were not sufficiently intelligent for the army.

What I regarded as my most important mission on this occasion was the journey I meant to take up the East Coast into Scotland. But, first of all, there were several of my agents to be seen in London, and I was particularly anxious to discover whether Ernst, the barber in Caledonian Road, was still under police surveillance.

He would have received the packet of post cards I had sent him from Ostend a day or two before and, if I was not greatly mistaken, his shop would be dangerous for me to visit. So it proved.

However, I strolled down the Caledonian Road that same evening—this time in a fresh disguise—and, as I neared Ernst's

shop, I noticed two men whom I recognized at once as Scotland Yard detectives.

I did not dare to go in to warn him to get out of England at once. He was, as I knew perfectly well, already suspect, and the police would have him long before he could reach Germany—if they wanted him.

But I did my duty towards the poor fellow as best I could. I wrote to Schappman, my agent in Exeter, requesting him to inform Ernst, without arousing suspicion, that I was in England and was warning all my spies and agents to prepare for war.

Ernst would know what that meant. Unluckily for him, as it turned out, he waited too long.

I also went down to Walthamstow to see what was happening to another of my agents who had served the Fatherland for many years—Kronauer, who was also a barber. He, as we had known in Berlin for some time past, was also having his correspondence opened.

It did not greatly surprise me to discover that *his* shop was also being watched, so I concluded no useful purpose would be served by going in. How the British Secret Service would have laughed if they had caught Steinhauer putting his head into such a crude trap as that?

There was also Adolph Schneider to attend to. Him I sent for. I had important work for him to do. I did not feel in the least satisfied about the courage and enterprise of my agents at Portsmouth, where, I realized, the first important movements of the British Fleet would take place.

Schneider was enthusiastic enough when he arrived at the rendezvous—a restaurant—and readily consented to go to Portsmouth. Unfortunately, I paid his expenses and handed him a good sum of money over and above that for himself, and gave no further thought to the matter for the time being.

Judge, then, of my surprise when I received in the morning the following letter:

DEAR FRIEND,

I have been thinking over our conversation of last night and I have come to the conclusion that you had better not count upon me to help you in any way.

As you know, I am married to an Englishwoman and have

a family born in this country. I like England and I like the English people. They have been very kind to me in the past and I really cannot take part in anything that is likely to cause them harm.

I shall not, of course, do anything to endanger your safety, but for the future you must leave me out of all your plans.

That was a blow to me, but one learns to expect that kind of thing in espionage. I should not have minded so much had he returned the money that I had given him. But he kept that, knowing full well that I would not dare pursue him for it.

I was not at all sorry when I learnt, shortly after my return to Berlin, that the English police had altogether neglected to give him any credit for his good intentions. They interned him, as well as a good many more of my agents who had been suspect ever since they began to open Ernst's letters.

Well, I communicated with a good many more of our agents, warning them, through the code, that war was to be expected, and then turned my attention to the other and more serious part of my mission. Before I left on my journey I intended to destroy all trace of my appearance in London, as I also had to prepare papers and documents that might carry me through safely in the not improbable event of the British Secret Service making the discovery that I had, after all, landed in England.

Precautions, slight in themselves, but all-important if you should be challenged, may make all the difference between life and death. I had to address to myself, fictitiously signed of course, a number of letters and post cards to places where I meant to visit. It is fatal to be in an enemy country in time of war with no papers in your possession to prove your business.

But, first and foremost, Steinhauer had to vanish. The only person whom I could trust to help me in that way was my agent, Frederick Albrecht, the head waiter at Becker's Hotel, in the City of London, who had been my confidant for many years.

He was mightily perturbed at my absence from London so long. The poor man thought I had fallen into the hands of the police, and gave a jump of relief when he saw me coming in. He followed me up to my room almost immediately, and deferentially asked me what had happened.

I told him nothing, of course, except that so far everything had passed off satisfactorily.

After that I explained to Albrecht how he could serve me. I told him simply that I had work to do in the north and that I wanted to buy a full salmon-fishing kit, clothes, rods and tackle.

Albrecht asked no questions, but took me at once to two shops, one in the Strand, the other in Piccadilly, where I was able to buy all that was necessary.

It remained only to remove all trace of my presence in London. To this end I put all my clothing, other than the new fishing suit, into a basket Albrecht had bought me from an old Jew, and he then took this basket to a good German friend of mine with instructions to forward it to Hamburg at the earliest opportunity.

Faithfully he carried out his orders ; the basket was waiting for me when I made my escape from England a few days before the crash came.

There was no more for me to do in London and I took train for the north without delay.

There is no need to detail the minor adventures I experienced on my way north. I seated myself in a train at King's Cross, opened my book on salmon fishing, and made only the briefest answers to anybody who spoke to me.

I was not going all the way to Edinburgh, for I had several calls to make *en route*, as well as a good many observations. It was imperative that I should use my own powers of observation—which people have said are not inconsiderable—to ascertain what East Coast ports, if any, showed signs of coming war.

My agent in Hull, Otto Weigels, an excellent man engaged in the foreign fruit trade and therefore in a unique position to know what was going on in the shipping world, looked at me pityingly when I informed him that war was coming soon.

"You are mad," he said, tapping his head. "Those people in the *Kriegsministerium* have got war on the brain. At any rate, there is no chance of war with England. The people go about their business just as usual, and only rudely tell me that our Kaiser is riding the high horse again."

We were sitting together in a restaurant and I again told

him, with a seriousness he could not mistake, that war was, in my opinion, inevitable.

"Take care," I warned him. "You will know for certain one way or the other before many days are out. This time the Russians mean business."

But Otto only laughed at me, which proves what I have always contended—that the English had no intention of being embroiled in other people's troubles. He was a rich, influential man, was Otto, with hundreds of friends in the shipping world.

When I repeated my advice, he insisted on accompanying me to Newcastle, which, as he said, was a much more important place from the German point of view than Hull. He would introduce me to one or two more patriotic Germans who might be useful in time of emergency.

I wrote to our Admiralty Staff to this effect, but received a reply stating that no more agents were wanted in the neighbourhood of Newcastle for the time being. Otto and I bade each other good-bye, he laughing heartily all the time at my fears, and I continued my way up north.

CHAPTER III

SPYING IN SCOTLAND

I HAD much to do in the Scottish capital—or just outside it. On the Firth of Forth, as everybody knows, there are the important naval bases of Dalmeny, Rosyth and Queensferry. The Chief of the Admiralty Intelligence Staff in Berlin particularly desired me to discover whether there were any indications of these small places being utilized as submarine depots.

But caution had to be observed. Apart from the danger of a foreigner like myself moving about the Firth of Forth with war in the offing, I had to bear in mind the case of that smooth-tongued impostor "Dr." Armgaard Karl Graves, who had been arrested in Glasgow precisely two years before, tried in Edinburgh, and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment as a German spy!

A double-dyed rascal this, one of those international adventurers who were continually giving the world the impression that Europe was overrun with spies and agents of the German Secret Service. He was never a spy of mine. One day, in Berlin, I heard to my intense astonishment that Graves had mysteriously made his appearance in the offices of the Admiralty Staff where he successfully pitched a specious story of what he could do in the way of obtaining confidential information about British naval plans.

At the time in question, 1912, it was generally believed in Europe that war was imminent. All my own espionage plans and orders fitted in with this supposition; incorrectly as it turned out, but all too true a couple of years afterwards. Anyhow, Graves succeeded in obtaining some sort of com-

mission to proceed to Scotland, first to find out what war preparations, if any, were being made at Rosyth, and secondly, to give him the opportunity of fulfilling his boast that he had means of discovering what the great Glasgow armament firm of Beardmore & Company were doing for the English Admiralty.

These sort of people were always interfering with my work. As far as Graves was concerned, his efforts as a spy were little short of a joke. He started off by writing to a doctor in Leith who had advertised for a locum tenens and offered his services. This gentleman, being Scottish, carefully looked him over and not unnaturally came to the conclusion, with German spy scares still rampant in Great Britain, that a man with a strong German accent would not be acceptable, even if his medical degree had been above suspicion, which I take leave to doubt.

However, that little hitch did not deter the audacious Graves. He ensconced himself at the Central Hotel in Glasgow, made a good many trips up and down the Firth of Forth, laboriously acquired maps of Rosyth and the district in a clumsy fashion that would have made any intelligent spy ashamed of himself, and then brought suspicion on himself by attempting to worm secrets out of Beardmore's employees.

What, I ask you, could you do with a man who scraped an acquaintance with one of the staff of the Central Hotel and was introduced into a club by that gentleman as " my friend, the German spy " ?

In keeping with his pose as a medical man he carried round with him notepaper bearing the heading of the well-known English firm, Burroughes, Wellcome & Company—forged, of course. On this paper he wrote his precious " information " in code and sent it to an address in Brussels. It wasn't long, of course, before the Glasgow police got to hear about him. They tapped his correspondence, kept him under close surveillance, and eventually arrested him.

It made me laugh when we got the full details in Berlin, for what happened was exactly what I had predicted. Most of the letters and telegrams that he sent from Glasgow contained nothing but requests for money, which is always the way with these swindlers. Why the English authorities should have taken the trouble to put him on trial I could never understand, for everything he sent in the way of intelligence was utterly

worthless. I suppose they thought that they would make an example of him if only as a warning to other spies. So they tried him in Edinburgh in July, 1912, exactly two years prior to my arrival, and gave him eighteen months' imprisonment. If he had been a real German Secret Service man he would probably have got seven years' penal servitude !

When he was in prison he tried to bluff the English authorities into releasing him by disclosing all he knew about *our* secret service. That failed, as one might expect. Then, when the English had let him go, he made his way to America and from New York wrote a long and harrowing tale of the hardships and privations he had undergone whilst in prison. He wound up with the suggestion that he should be generously compensated for all that he had suffered. But he got nothing, and the very last I heard of him was in the form of a letter in which he threatened to poison all the officers of the Admiralty Staff who had been responsible for his troubles !

All very well, of course, to laugh at such comic spies, but even they could make it necessary for me to move warily. Edinburgh and its surroundings had always interested the heads of the German Navy. If our High Seas Fleet, in the event of a war with England, came out into the North Sea to fight a battle, the danger of submarine attack would have come mainly from the Scottish coast. Later, when war had broken out, we learnt that the northern coast of Denmark was being utilized by the British submarines as a refuelling and re-victualling base.

Lody, the first spy sent from Germany when our secret service in England was smashed up, had instructions to make the Firth of Forth his first object—a fatal order for Lody, as I very well knew, because it has always been so closely guarded.

The inhabitants of little villages like Dalmeny, Rosyth and Queensferry—they are really nothing more, though of immense strategical importance—look with friendly but inquisitive eyes at any stranger. Against my will, unable to get back to Edinburgh the same night, I had to spend the evening at the Barnton Hotel in Dalmeny, where everybody eyed me with keen suspicion.

They followed me down the streets when I went for a stroll intending to do no more than take a quiet look at the small fort, they even talked about me to the proprietor when they thought

I was safely in bed. But, with all my senses alert, I spent the greater part of that night with my door open and the light out listening to what they were asking. As soon as the morning came I caught an early train to Edinburgh, congratulating myself on getting out of *that* place scot-free.

Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen. At the latter place I had an agent, a German named Schmidt—but a naturalized British subject—in the herring trade. Who would connect such a man with espionage? But then that is the way the German Secret Service worked. Even Schmidt himself had no conception that I, the travelling representative of a firm of fish merchants in Stettin, was in reality Steinhauer.

All was quiet in Aberdeen, he told me. The fishing fleets were still going to sea. No Admiralty orders had been issued warning of the possibility of early hostilities; the people just talked of the black clouds that hung over Europe apparently unaware how closely they were approaching Britain. I got into the train for Inverness, after jotting down all I had seen and heard in Aberdeen, pondering on the indubitable fact that the British were indeed a remarkable race.

My mission to Kirkwall might have been an ignominious failure had it not been for a stroke of luck which made me smile inwardly with great satisfaction.

Just as the train was leaving Inverness for Thurso, where I should have to take the steamer for the Orkney Islands, a man, clad in a knickerbocker suit as I was, jumped in. But what made me joyful was the fact that he carried a number of fishing-rods and a haversack slung over his shoulder which told me better than words that he also was bound on an angling expedition—if not altogether the same as mine.

He seemed a very cheery sort of fellow and bade me good morning, to which I made suitable reply.

"Goin' far?" he inquired in his thick Scottish accent which I shall not attempt to reproduce here, at the same time casting a roving eye at my rods and tackle in the rack above.

"Beware," I whispered to myself. "There may be danger here. He may be accompanying you to find out who you really are." By way of answer I briefly said that I was going to Kirkwall. But he seemed quite harmless.

"Och, ay, I'm goin' there mysel'," he said, smiling at me. "Ye're furrin, are ye not?"

"Dutch," I admitted.

"Och, ay," he said again. "I'm a Scot. They call me Jimmy Kilgour. What might you be calling yersel'?"

I told him my name was Jung, adding that I was a Dutchman. But I didn't like his questions. What might I be calling myself, eh? Still, that might be the Scottish way. I said nothing, but kept my tongue more closely guarded than ever.

But there was nothing to fear. For hours we travelled and during that time my companion told me all about himself—how he was going to the Orkney Islands to rebuild the chimney of a whisky distillery, and was taking advantage of the opportunity to get in a little fishing.

"Been there before?" he asked.

I said I had not; I had heard so much of the wonderful fishing in Scottish waters that I was now satisfying the ambition of a lifetime to spend a few summer weeks in the Orkney and Shetland Islands.

"Och, ay," said my new-found friend once again. "I'll tak' ye round a bit and introduce you to some of my fr-r-r-iends. It's little fishin' ye'll get if ye're a stranger."

One must understand the workings of espionage to realize how fortunate it was that I had run across such a man as this Kilgour. A spy, especially in a lonely place where every stranger is minutely examined, must find a "cover," that is, some one who will introduce him and more or less guarantee his bona fides! It is an old trick frequently utilized by all spies, especially in the higher realms of what they call diplomacy. Thus an attaché, under cloak of his diplomatic immunity and the social standing of his ambassador, takes advantage of the opportunity to spy, knowing full well that he cannot be brought to book.

Together, having on the long and tiresome journey become bosom friends, Kilgour—he told me he came from Glasgow and specialized in chimney building—and I went aboard the little steamer that was to take us to Kirkwall, I looking round me, as was the duty of the man engaged in spying.

Kirkwall itself seemed a terribly lonely sort of place; I did not envy the men and women who had to spend their lives so far from the comforts of civilization. There was only

one hotel of any consequence, but I already knew of it. It is fatal for any man engaged in espionage to move about a hostile country aimlessly. He must, as it were, lay a trail for himself by writing—or have written for him—letters and post cards to substantiate his *nom de guerre* should anyone challenge him. To Kirkwall I had sent correspondence wishing me good luck with my fishing, post cards which I could leave about so that the maids could tell curious questioners who I was.

These I had sent from London, Hull, Newcastle and Edinburgh, while my agents in those towns had instructions to write to me periodically. The successful spy must always map out his route beforehand. His liberty—and in time of war his life—may be the penalty of carelessness in this direction.

There were no places of amusement in Kirkwall ; the people had two topics of conversation and two only. They talked about herrings and they grumbled about the navy. In the evening the younger officers from the warships I could see lying out in Scapa Flow came ashore to the bar in our hotel, and there they sat drinking and cursing the fate that had landed them in such a God-forsaken hole.

Behind the bar there were two pretty Scots lassies, not so young, but none the worse for that. Kilgour introduced me to everybody who came in. I bought drinks more times than I can remember and as the whisky flowed I heard all that any spy could ever want to hear about the British Navy, the iniquities of life at Kirkwall, exactly what ships lay in the anchorage—a tremendous great place almost land-locked and big enough to hide all the navies of the world—and also, which I stored in my mind for report to Berlin, the news that a special harbour for destroyers was about to be built shortly.

I did not require to ask for information—believe me. There is one certain way to make people in lonely spots talk—and that is to let them talk. After all, you can't wonder at it. If, for instance, you had visited Heligoland in the winter time—which heaven forbid—you would have found the men of the garrison only too willing to talk. But in the summer, with hundreds of thousands of visitors from Hamburg and Bremen, they would be on their guard against spies. I could tell many a strange story of spies on Heligoland—

English, French and Russian. We Germans are not the only people who had a secret service.

So there was no necessity to say much at Kirkwall. I merely feigned complete lack of interest and the men from the navy went on.

"Well, Jung, my friend," said Kilgour in the morning, "I've got to run over to one of the islands to have a look at some work. Will ye be comin' wi' me, or shall I pick ye up when I come back?"

We had arranged to go fishing in the afternoon.

I didn't want to be left alone in Kirkwall. With Kilgour, known to everybody in the place, I felt safe. He, though he didn't know it and I felt ashamed of myself for taking advantage of such a fine fellow, was my guiding star. Together we went across to an island—I think it was called Pomona—where he inspected a huge chimney stack while I inspected the surroundings.

My expert naval eye—I had spent my early life afloat, not only in the fleet but also with the Kaiser on the "Hohenzollern"—told me that it was indeed in this neighbourhood that the Grand Fleet would lie in the event of the great European War which was drawing closer every day. I felt the thrill of this wild, rugged, rock-bound coast, in itself a naval base a million times stronger than Heligoland. Scapa Flow itself was impregnable; I could not visualize our U-boats ever attempting its formidably narrow and dangerous entrance.

It was in the afternoon, when Kilgour and I were fishing in Scapa Flow in a boat we had hired from an old man, that I suddenly discovered they were not quite so easy-going as I thought. I had a line over the side of the boat, not to catch fish, though I had a hook or two baited, but to test the depth of the water.

I Wanted to Know Whether Scapa Flow was Deep Enough for the Biggest Ships of the Navy.

My line was knotted in a way that had made Kilgour laugh. But he did not know that I had carefully measured out those knots, so that I could tell the water's depth—and if necessary let the line slip overboard the moment anything happened—without the least difficulty. Often had I done such things before.

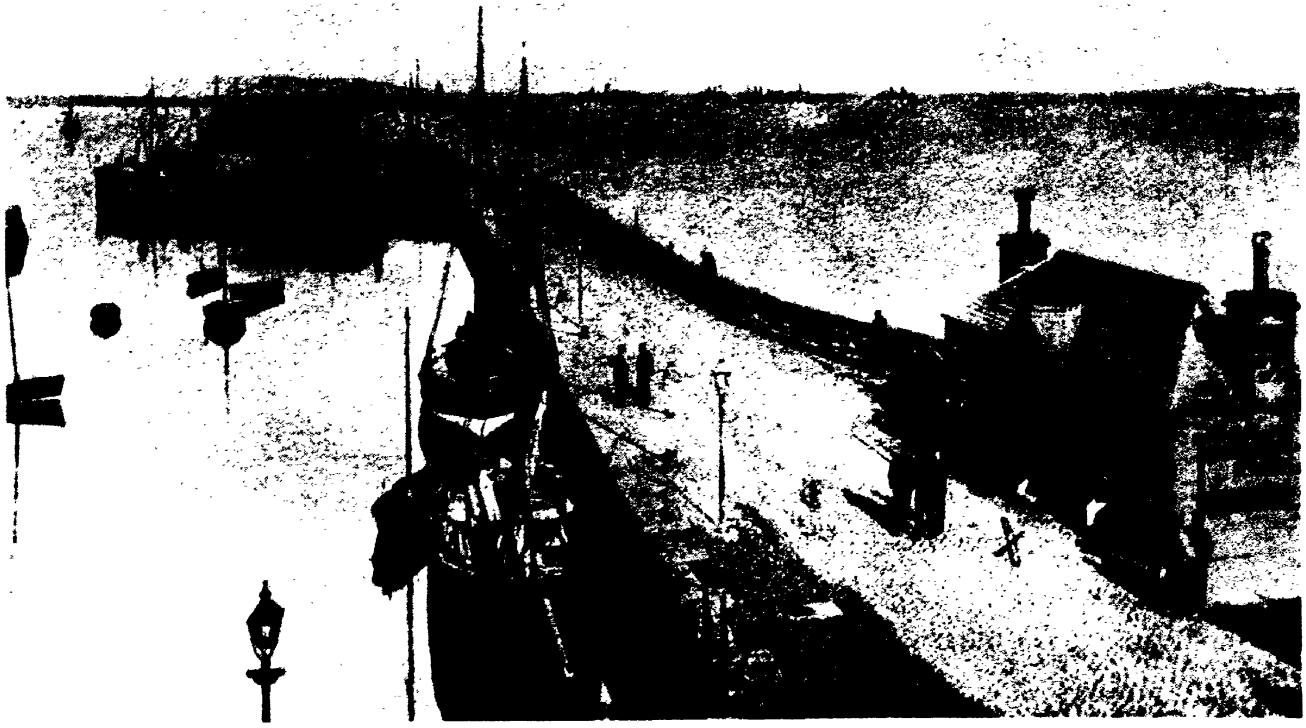


Photo. Kent, Orkney

KIRKWALL HARBOUR

Occasionally, so that any one who was watching us from the shore should not suspect my real purpose, I pretended that I had a bite. We went further out, on my suggestion. There, well into the waters of Scapa Flow, I thought it would hardly be necessary to take any precautions. But I was very much mistaken. Hardly had we got our lines down—and mine had gone down so far that I knew immediately the biggest battleship in the British Navy could anchor in Scapa Flow—when I saw a boat put off from one of the warships.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer in charge, a stern-faced fellow wearing the badge of a senior lieutenant. "Don't you know you must obtain special permission to fish out here?"

Our old fisherman broke in to say that we had come out for an afternoon's sport, but the lieutenant took no notice of him. Unfortunately Kilgour didn't know him; he wasn't one of the crowd who came ashore of a night and he wanted proof of our identity before he would leave us. Here, as I have pointed out, was an instance of how necessary it is for a spy to carry about him papers that will prove his identity. In my pocket—and I freely admit my hand trembled a little as I thrust it in—I had some letters and post cards addressed to me from London and Hull.

The officer took them and grunted.

"H'm," he said suspiciously, looking me straight in the eye. "What are you—German?"

"Dutch!" I lied.

"He's all right," my friend Kilgour chimed in. "I'll vouch for him."

The officer went off, but he seemed very dissatisfied. I resolved to keep my eyes "skinned," as they say in the navy.

Kirkwall was full of interest for me. As a naval man myself—I will say nothing about the spy—I could readily appreciate the importance attached to it by our Admiralty Intelligence Staff.

IT WAS BEING SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR A WAR AGAINST ONE OF THE GREAT EUROPEAN POWERS AND THAT POWER, AS I NOW KNEW FOR CERTAIN, WAS GERMANY.

I had known as far back as 1909 that England expected war with Germany in the near future. The intelligence forwarded to me in Berlin by my spies and agents throughout the British

Isles all pointed to war, because even in 1909 all Germans who visited England were the subject of police surveillance. Still, that has nothing to do with my adventure at Kirkwall. Rightly or wrongly, I had work to do there. I am not defending spying : the only thing to be urged in its extenuation is that all the nations practise it—or at any rate sanction it.

What interested me most of all was the Admiralty building. Times innumerable, accompanied by Kilgour or some one whose acquaintance I had made in the hotel, I had strolled by it, being struck not only by the fact that it was partly finished, but also, and most significant of all, by the number of plans and drawings that hung on the walls.

And yet, strangely enough, the place seemed open to anybody ! There was an Iron Cross in Berlin—and perhaps the thanks of the All-Highest himself—for the man who could obtain an official plan of Kirkwall and Scapa Flow. The door did not seem too formidable ; I intended to try it before I had to leave Kirkwall.

The time came an evening or two later. In the restaurant of the hotel an hilarious party sat late after dinner, drinking whisky which still makes my mouth water when I think of it. Nobody paid much attention to me. I spoke broken English —and Scottish not at all. I was rather a trouble to talk to, which suited me well enough. So, unnoticed, I slipped out into the cool night air.

My coat came off and was thrown down behind a fence where I could get it later. Out of my trousers pocket I pulled a false beard—I always carry a disguise of this sort—freshly gummed in readiness for such a night as this. It was nice and dark ; I could roll along the street like one of the fishermen ashore for a carouse and perhaps get inside the Admiralty office unobserved.

Drunkenly, singing in a maudlin voice something that could not be recognized, I came at last to the door of the building. There, taking a sudden lurch, I fell down in a muddled heap. After a minute or two, slowly, with many muttered curses, I caught hold of the door handle and pretended to pull myself up, all the time trying to force it open with all my strength.

But then, with dramatic unexpectedness, there shrilled out into the night the blast of a whistle, one of those things that make a noise like a siren. Some one—it must have been a

watchman who had been observing me all the time—shouted out asking what I was doing.

It did not take me long to make up my mind. With my head down, frantically tearing off my false beard—and quite a lot of my skin as well—I rushed off pursued by the watchman's dog. I turned round to see its glowing eyes in the darkness. Discovery seemed imminent if I could not shake it off. I recovered my coat, picked up a heavy stone which lay by and then, though I hated to do it, I threw the stone at the dog and left it unconscious.

It was fortunate for me that a week or so before some one had attempted to break into the Admiralty office—all of which I heard the next day from my chambermaid. Nobody, apparently, gave a single thought to spying, otherwise it would have gone hard with me, the only stranger in the place.

But I was becoming too well known in Kirkwall. Of a night when the naval men were ashore, their conversation would take a cautious turn when I was sitting near. One could not wonder at that, for they must have known by now that war was very near. I heard whispers of a general mobilization of the entire British Battle Fleet which I could not confirm then and there. But it was enough to tell me that Kirkwall was getting dangerous for any foreigner—much less Steinhauer. What would those officers have said—and done—if they had seen me making minute notes of a night on tissue paper which I secreted in the peak of my tweed cap? I state nothing more than the bare truth when I say that spying is not a coward's business.

In any case, I had learnt as much as I possibly could and it was imperative that I should send my information to the Admiralty Staff. In code? you will ask. Not for me. The ruse I adopted will be revealed later. You only want to be found sending a letter in code or cryptogram to come under suspicion. The simple way for me every time.

But something else happened which made it necessary for me to disappear from Kirkwall as speedily as possible. Eight days or so after my arrival, the owners of the distillery where Kilgour had been working turned up in Kirkwall. They were rich, jolly men, companions after my own heart, and I should much have liked to stay on in their company.

Promptly and with great hospitality they invited Kilgour

and me to take breakfast with them the following morning, after which a party would go across to the distillery where we should be able to sample some very old Highland whisky. We found other people there to meet us. The whisky, and ale which the brothers said was fully a hundred years old, went down our throats with soothing regularity and then, though I tried to prevent it, the conversation turned on Germany and the possibility of a war.

One of the brothers—their name was Macpherson—suddenly remarked to me in a loud voice :

" You know, Mr. Jung, what I think you are ? A spy ! "

I could not go white with fear, because, like everybody around me, I was flushed with whisky. But inside me I felt that sickening spasm which comes to all men when they are unexpectedly face to face with death. The remark was made in joking fashion, but nevertheless I could see that the faces of the other men suddenly became serious. It was just a shot in the dark—which had found its mark.

CHAPTER IV

THE END OF AN EXCITING TRIP

IT was time for me to get out of Kirkwall—no doubt about that. Those Scotsmen plainly suspected something. I broke the awkward silence—and I don't know if my voice sounded very sincere—by saying :

" You are a good judge of people, Mr. Macpherson, and you just took a chance shot. It is true "—and I hope I said it boldly—" that I am a spy."

There was another silence. All the men sitting around were watching me intently.

" Yes," I continued, gradually regaining my self-possession, " it is true I am a spy. What I have seen in your cellars and what beautiful whisky you have given me to drink makes me a spy. I shall have to tell all my friends in Holland and Germany about your whisky, so that they may come over here and try it."

The air cleared a little, but I could see in the uncomfortable expressions that still remained on the faces of the men present that the sooner I got out of Kirkwall the better it would be for me. I, at any rate, could no longer feel jolly.

Then something else came along to rattle my already badly-shattered nerves. At the hotel where I stayed in Kirkwall there had obviously been a certain amount of discussion about me. One of the buxom girls behind the bar remarked to me apropos of nothing in particular :

" You know, Mr. Jung, I think you are a German Count disguised. I think I ought to tell the police about you."

That was another what the English call a nasty smack in the eye ! I began to regret my temerity about venturing to this

lonely spot hundreds of miles away from the comparative security of a big city. The girl only made the remark jokingly—but she made me feel sick. That night, when I went to bed, I was in a bad state of funk. All the time I had been in Kirkwall I had made a practice of paying my bill overnight so that I could, if necessary, clear out without warning the first thing in the morning.

But I did something else that night. Locking the bedroom door and carefully seeing that nobody could observe me through the window, I peeled off a piece of the wallpaper, scraped a hole in the plaster with my pocket-knife, and hid in it the notes I had jotted down during my stay. If the worst came to the worst the police would not catch me with any incriminating evidence in my possession. I stuck the wall-paper back with a piece of soap, cleaned up the dirt on the floor and spent the rest of the night awake cursing the foolishness and the temerity that had brought me to such a place.

But I did not make the mistake of clearing out of Kirkwall then and there. Downstairs in the hotel, where everybody seemed strained in their manner towards me, I adopted one of those little subterfuges which I have frequently found invaluable in espionage. I gradually brought the conversation around to the Shetland Islands, remarking how I would like to visit them before I left Scotland. I received the information, as I knew I should, that I could get there from Thurso, or failing that could wait for a boat which went direct from Kirkwall to Lerwick in the Shetland Islands.

Fortunately for me, my friend Kilgour could not accompany me. He was waiting for workmen from Glasgow and saw me off, I think, with a good deal of relief—which I heartily reciprocated. I went straight back to Thurso, saying I would not wait for the boat that went from Kirkwall to Lerwick.

Spying is a dirty business—that I cheerfully confess. It is not pleasant to acknowledge, in cold blood, that you have abused the hospitality of people who have been friendly to you and taken you in as a guest. But, as I have already said, we Germans were not the only people who went spying, though I admit we had the reputation of having our spies and agents everywhere.

The little information that came our way up north now

clearly pointed to the inevitability of war. Whispers had come to me that there had already taken place in the south a British naval review which, in reality, was nothing less than general mobilization of the British fleet. What they were doing in Germany I did not know. There would, I expect, be waiting for me in Edinburgh a communication of some sort from the Admiralty Staff in Berlin as to the exact position of affairs.

I got back to Edinburgh, via Thurso, profoundly thankful that I had not been clapped in prison. There, at my hotel, I found a letter from the Staff which informed me, in very guarded language, that war could be regarded as certain, although it was not yet known what attitude England would adopt. Both the Austrian and the Russian armies were mobilizing and it merely remained to be seen what time would elapse before the crash came.

Quite a number of things remained to be done before I got out of Scotland. In the first place, I had to transmit all the intelligence I had gathered in a form that might get through. I did not know, of course, whether letters to Germany were even then being subjected to some sort of scrutiny. A ruse of some sort had to be adopted—and what do you think it was?

Before I describe what the French call a *ruse de guerre*, I must relate an incident that happened in my hotel at Edinburgh shortly after I had received the letter from Berlin. I had been reading it in the dining-room and there, suddenly looking up, I noticed watching me with a keen, intent expression a man whom my trained eye knew to be a detective.

I gave, I hope, no sign of guilt. Finishing my dinner, I went into the writing-room and wrote a letter to myself.

"When you are in London do not forget to visit Baring Bros. and see if our account is ready. If it is, please forward me a copy so that I shall know how we stand."

I signed it "Your affectionate brother, Franz."

Why, my readers may ask, all this subterfuge? I will tell you. I placed this letter in the envelope that I had received from the Staff in Berlin and, with apparent carelessness, left it on one of the tables. And what fate overtook the dangerous missive from Captain Stammer, of our Admiralty Intelligence Staff? That, of course, was very little short of a death-warrant. So I put it in a place where many another spy has got rid of

evidence beyond all recovery. In minute pieces I tore up the letter and swallowed it !

Slightly easier in my mind, I went out of the writing-room until, like a clap of thunder, it struck me that I had made, as I thought, one of those fatal little errors that sometimes undo the cleverest of schemes. I thought I had dated the spoof letter only the day before, which would have made it impossible to have come from Germany. Hurriedly I returned to the writing-room, took the letter out of its envelope again and discovered, not that I had dated it wrongly, but that I had written it on a piece of paper bearing the imprint of the hotel ! Instead of tearing off the blank half and using that, I had written on the back of the printed piece without noticing it. As I say, my nerves were a bit unsteady. All the time, if I was not sadly mistaken, there was hanging about the hotel a detective keeping track of all my movements.

However, it was neck or nothing. Somehow or other I had to get my information through to Germany—and I had no intention of carrying it with me. So that afternoon, with all my senses keenly alive to danger, I took the train for Glasgow. From every point of vantage I looked out for anybody who might be following me. I hid myself about the station for some time trying to catch a glimpse of the detective who had been in the hotel, but all in vain.

All spies use codes, or secret ink—in fiction. In actual espionage it pays, nine times out of ten, to send messages quite openly. If the person to whom you are addressing your letter is suspect, you at once stand convicted of espionage if your communication should contain a hidden message. England was not yet at war with Germany ; if I knew anything about spying, my letter would get through by the use of a simple little trick which I have found efficacious in dozens of instances.

As soon as I arrived in Glasgow I went into a tobacconist's shop near the station, bought a cigar, and then asked the shopman if he could oblige me with an envelope.

" Certainly, sir," he replied civilly, fetching out a packet from beneath the counter. " As a matter of fact," he explained, " we sell stationery. Quite a lot of people come in here asking for notepaper and envelopes."

I thanked him, took the envelope, and went out. But it

was a plain one and that I did not want. Petty as it may seem, I knew almost for certain that my letter to Germany would pass through the post office without suspicion if the envelope had printed on it the name of a Glasgow firm. But I had to go into half a dozen shops, buying a cigar in each one, before I found a place where I managed to get what I wanted. Apologizing profusely, the assistant said he had no plain envelopes, but would let me have a printed one used by his firm—if I did not mind !

My next job—and that was a long and arduous one—was to write out my report to the Admiralty Staff. Had that detective who, perhaps, had been at the hotel in Edinburgh watching for people like me, followed me down to the smoke-room of a certain teashop in Glasgow, he would have been highly intrigued over the writing I did for the better part of an hour.

I had much to tell, all of it written in plain, straightforward German. I never carried a code with me. That, if you are captured by the enemy, predetermines your fate. Amateurs ask for codes and secret inks—never professionals. And when I had concluded my labours, having consumed three or four cups of tea in the meantime, I enclosed the sheets in the printed envelope which the apologetic shopman had given me with the fervent hope that it would reach the Fatherland in safety.

Something else had to be done before I left Britain—a warning to all my spies and agents that war was coming and they must make their escape by whatever means they could devise. On plain post cards which I bought in the post office and dropped in various pillar-boxes I wrote the brief messages that signified the war warning.

When that had been done I felt easier in my mind. It is said of master spies that they callously leave their underlings to their fate. But that is not true of me. Circumstances, as I have already said, made me an instrument of our secret service, but I can truthfully say that I have never sent a man to his death. I was not responsible for the spies who were despatched to England after war had broken out. Those matters were taken out of my hands—and not at all successfully, as events proved.

I returned to Edinburgh and there called upon my agent,

Georges Kiener. He was a musician in one of the music halls and I took advantage of the interval between the first and second houses to have a few words with him. He came into the bar of a public-house outside, his face full of perturbation.

"What news?" I asked.

"There will be war," he whispered excitedly. "Between England and Russia," he added.

I had to laugh.

"Did you ever report this?" I inquired, more amused than I had been for many a long week. "And what makes you think England and Russia are going to war?"

"Two days before your arrival, Herr Steinhauer, a young officer friend of mine whose father is the owner of a big restaurant in the city, received orders to rejoin his regiment. He was on a month's leave, so what else can it mean but that war is coming soon?"

I did not call him a fool—then. It does not pay to quarrel with your agents when you are in an enemy country, for who knows how they may resent it?

"And why do you think England is going to fight Russia?" I asked again, anxious to know the reason for such an astounding opinion.

"Surely, Herr Steinhauer, it could never be with Germany?" he ejaculated, staring at me with frightened eyes. "What should we want to fight England for?"

"Ah, that is something you must ask the Kaiser," I replied briefly. "If you will take my advice," I added slowly, "you will make your way back to Germany as soon as possible."

I had scared him badly. He left me a few minutes afterwards, shaking all over and mumbling that he had to return to his work in the music hall. Before he left I told him that I would meet him in the morning at the railway station, where I intended to take a train for Leith and from there make my way to Hamburg.

Like a fool myself, I spent the rest of the night visiting hotels and restaurants to hear what the people were talking about. A party of men with whom I got into conversation were eager to inform me of the progress of events when I told them that I was a Dutchman who had been away for some time fishing in the Orkneys. What is more, they knew a

good deal ; it was then getting on towards the end of July and they were aware, not only that all the men in the fleet had been called back to their stations, but also that soldiers on leave were being ordered to rejoin their regiments. The news was so definite that I resolved to take a great risk—I would telegraph it to one of my "cover" addresses in Rotterdam, using the emergency code which we carry in our heads for occasions of great importance.

"Will you excuse me a few minutes?" I said. "I must telegraph to my firm in Rotterdam. It is essential that they know what is happening to me."

One of those million-to-one chances which so frequently occur in the secret service happened then and there, and if I had not been wide awake I might have been trapped.

"Don't trouble going out," said one of the men who had been drinking with us. "You don't know me, but I'm a telegraphist from the post office myself. You can write your message on a plain piece of paper and I'll hand it in for you when I go on duty at ten o'clock."

I wrote a message—and to this day I hardly know what it was—not to my agent in Rotterdam but to some fictitious person, asking in plain English whether I should remain in Edinburgh. The telegraphist, a good-hearted sort of fellow who never saw my momentary agitation, told me it would cost 3*s.* 6*d.*, and eventually went off to his work with not the slightest idea that he had missed the chance of a lifetime to distinguish himself. What he said, and what he thought, when the telegram came back from Rotterdam, as it must have done, is known only to himself.

Kiener, his teeth almost chattering with fear, came down to Leith to see me off to Hamburg : I gave him his salary, although he did not deserve it, and also a piece of advice which he took in sullen silence.

"Edinburgh," I said, "is not the place where you will hear of preparations for war. If you had gone down to the coast you would have seen that the English were calling up all their reservists. All the time I have been away in the north you have wasted your opportunities. War with England and Russia ! It is England and Germany who will go to war, with France and Russia also against the Fatherland. You have missed your chance ; the only thing you can do now,

if you want to save your skin, is to get out of this country post-haste."

He heard me out without a word and then wanted to know the reason I thought there would be war between England and Germany.

"I will tell you why," I retorted as quickly as I could. "A week or so ago [it was then July 24] the English Admiralty had what they called a naval review. It was nothing of the sort. They were mobilizing their entire fleet, and that, my friend, may mean war. They intended to show the world that they are ready for all eventualities. Remember what I have said to you and get out as soon as you know that England is coming in."

CHAPTER V

WHEN THE CURTAIN CAME DOWN

A FEW days before England declared war on Germany there was a wholesale round-up of our secret service agents in England. Such an event did not cause me any particular surprise ; for, as I have already indicated, our spy system in England was by no means so powerful as the enemies of Germany would have had the world believe.

Nevertheless, it came as an extremely unpleasant eye-opener to the war lords when they learnt that we were without a competent spy to give us any news of what was taking place across the North Sea. No information of the departure of the British Expeditionary Force came to Berlin until it was too late to revise the plan of operations on the Western Front.

A curtain of silence came down between England and Germany. All the ports between England and the Continent were closely watched by Scotland Yard men and, for the time being, we were more or less in the dark as to what was taking place, not only with the Expeditionary Force, but also with the navy.

When it dawned upon the Great General Staff in Berlin that their Intelligence officers had failed as far as England was concerned there was consternation. The Kaiser speedily became aware of what had occurred, with the result that there took place at the *Kriegsministerium* a conference acrimonious in the extreme. The Kaiser, dumbfounded and apparently unable to believe his ears, raved and stormed for the better part of two hours about the incompetence of his so-called Intelligence officers. Fortunately for me, other and more pressing matters had called me to Denmark. It was feared by

the Admiralty Staff that the Danes might take advantage of the heavy fighting that was then engaging the German armies, on both the Eastern and the Western fronts, to declare war against Germany with the object of recovering Schleswig-Holstein.

But if I had been present, and I told my Chief so afterwards, I would have jumped at the opportunity to inform His Majesty, as respectfully as I could, of course, that he should blame the people who had consistently, over many years, declined to allow sufficient money for secret service work.

However, none of the officers at the conference had the courage to get up and tell His Majesty the truth. So he went bellowing on, in something after this fashion :

"Am I surrounded by dolts? Why have I never been told that we have no spies in England? Who is responsible? I have been grossly deceived."

Quite true he had. But in the past it had always paid to deceive the Kaiser, who never at any time relished the truth. I could have told him long ago, if it had not been for the fact that other and more highly-placed officers eager to ingratiate themselves with him had taken that function out of my hands, that our secret service in England would break down if war came between the two countries.

Anyhow, the officers of the Great General Staff sat around with long faces anxiously waiting for His Majesty to finish. There was no denying the Kaiser's contention that all the German plans would have to be radically revised in view of the promptness with which Sir John French's army had got into line. The Kaiser wound up with peremptory orders : "A first-class spy must be sent to England at once, and above all a German whose patriotism can be relied upon."

It must have been a few weeks afterwards, when I happened to be walking through the corridors of the Admiralty offices, that I met the man who was fated to achieve fame as the first German spy to be shot in England. Not, one might say, a very enviable fame. Nevertheless, Lody was a man of whom any country might be proud and to-day, in his native village, there may be seen growing an oak which bears his name.

I spoke to him and remarked that I heard he had come to volunteer his services for espionage work in England, and I

took the opportunity of asking what his particular mission would be.

"I am to go to Scotland first," he replied. "They are especially anxious to know where the British fleet in the North Sea is lying."

"Then," I said, "if you will take the advice of some one who has not long returned from Scotland, be very careful. You know, I suppose, that all my agents in England have disappeared. That was no great surprise, but nevertheless it will tell you what danger lies before you. When you are in England, Lody," I continued, "you are not in Germany or France with a neutral frontier close at hand to assist your escape. You will have to get through a port, and it will not be easy."

I liked Lody. He was a well-educated man of the world who spoke three or four languages and had already done a certain amount of secret service work in America. But, as I told him, that was nothing by comparison with England, particularly in time of war.

"It will mean death," I said gravely, "if you are in the slightest degree careless. You must remember that all foreigners will be watched everywhere. Your correspondence will be opened and your luggage will be ransacked. They will go over your passport with a microscope to see that it is not forged and they will make you notify every change of address that you have."

But Lody only smiled.

"Well, after all," he replied, "one might as well die that way as any other. I shall be rendering the Fatherland a service and no German can do more than that."

But I did not like the business. I should not like my readers to think that I would callously send any man to his death. In Lody's instance I even went out of my way to warn the Chief of the Admiralty Intelligence Staff not to send him to England. He was everything in the world that was likeable—brave, good-tempered, generous, but no detective, which every spy must be.

However, the project went forward and in due course Lody left on his mission. I was the last person connected with the secret service whom he saw. He and I sat in the buffet at the Anhalter Station with a drink before us and I then

took the opportunity of giving him all the good advice I could.

I warned him against openly asking questions. I suggested how he might ascertain whether he was being followed. Above all, I begged him to avoid committing anything to paper that might incriminate him as a German spy. But he only laughed at me and told me my fears were groundless. I saw him off and, although I did not say so, I looked upon him as a dead man already.

Pray do not think I am trying to canonize a spy. Lody, of course, was a spy, but it is to his eternal credit that he might have saved his life if he had divulged to the British War Office certain details connected with German espionage.

I have seen too much of espionage and war generally to have any faith in reprisals on individuals. When the news of the sinking of the " Lusitania " came to Germany I said to some of my colleagues in the Admiralty : " Now we shall lose the war. The Americans will come in."

I made much the same remark when it was decided to shoot Nurse Cavell. She was not a mercenary, but a very brave Englishwoman, nobly undertaking the dangerous task of assisting prisoners back into their own lines. However, other, and allegedly wiser, counsels prevailed, and the poor woman was shot, as was Captain Fryatt. Those executions were foolish acts, if only for the fact that they greatly inflamed British feeling against Germany.

Lody's case was, of course, espionage pure and simple ; although, when we heard in Berlin that he had been captured, we did not believe that the English authorities would shoot a man for doing so little. One must confess that his capabilities for such important work were practically nil. I knew that, but as he had specially volunteered for the task—and I must admit there were very few people in Berlin just then anxious to accompany him—they allowed him to go.

According to my calculations, he should, if he had played his cards properly, have been able to stop in England for at least a couple of years. We had provided him with an American passport which had come into our possession, the original owner of which, one Charles Inglis, resembled Lody so strongly that it was almost impossible to tell the difference between the

two men. Mr. Inglis was an American. Karl Lody spoke good English with an American accent.

But here is where the whole business began to fall down. Lody left Berlin so hastily that he did not even have time to learn a code that might have assisted him to get his messages through.

"You'll be all right," they told him. "Write to this address," giving him the name of one of our agents in Stockholm.

No code, no secret ink—merely a "cover" address.

"Well," I thought, "the English will be a good deal softer than I have ever imagined if this sort of thing succeeds."

Even then, he might have got through for some time had he possessed any real knowledge of the perilous pastime of espionage. But of cunning such as you need to be a successful spy he had none. I gave him a month, if that, and that was practically as long as he had.

To get into England was not so difficult. Panic-stricken Americans anxious to get back to the States were pouring out of Berlin wholesale. Lody took his place amongst them, embarked on a steamer which, I believe, went to Hull and without any great difficulty found himself in Scotland where the first part of his work had to be done. The Admiralty Staff were eager to know what part of the British fleet was stationed in the Firth of Forth.

Now, what could you make of a spy who at once started sending telegrams to men in neutral countries who possessed German names? And especially cryptical, apparently meaningless messages which were obviously intended to convey something else. That, as far as I could hear, was what Lody did at once. From Edinburgh which, as I knew from my own experience only a month or so before, was already closely watched, he put up at such a prominent place as the North British Station Hotel instead of hiding himself in obscure lodgings. That was the beginning of his downfall.

And, although he did not know it, there was already in existence in Great Britain a strict censorship throughout every post office in the whole country. Telegrams in particular were being closely watched. I knew from my agents in all the neutral capitals that they were being detained for three or four days while inquiries were being made.

The unfortunate Lody, however, had already sealed his doom, though he did not know it. He even had the audacity to go down to the Rosyth naval base—orders, of course. But the person who gave them did not know the Scottish people !

He left Edinburgh, after sending three or four messages that were as good as bullets in his breast, and then took the train for London. There he put up at a Bloomsbury hotel, still calling himself Mr. Charles Inglis, another foolish move. It has always been my practice to change my name and identity at every fresh place. But not so Lody : he seemed sublimely indifferent to or scornful of all danger.

You can't go asking for information about naval or military matters in any country in time of war without arousing the suspicion of the authorities. But Lody did ! He even tried to find out whether Buckingham Palace was strongly protected against Zeppelin bombs, for in his ardour—and ignorance—he apparently thought that the Kaiser would be so angry at what he described as English perfidy as to try and bomb his royal cousin ! That will give some idea of what sort of a spy Lody was.

The good old Bank of England, the Houses of Parliament, even Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral attracted his eagle eye ! They must have told him a wonderful story in Berlin before he left. He saw that all these places were strongly protected with wire mesh and, accordingly, wrote to Burchard, the agent in Stockholm, that the English were in a state of panic. He even heard that famous story of the snow-covered Russian troops being smuggled into Scotland and from there being hurried across to fight on the Western Front. Marvellous, isn't it ?

However, he went on his way for some time—still calling himself Mr. Inglis. From London to Edinburgh again, thence on to Liverpool, and from there over to Ireland. There, I think, he at last began to grow frightened, for he wrote a letter to Burchard telling him that his identity was being questioned. When I heard this I knew what was happening : the English authorities were simply piling up the evidence against him. But they allowed him to go on his way until the first week of October, the reason for which, no doubt, was their anxiety to discover whether there were any other German spies in England working in conjunction with him. When it was

KARL LODY

ascertained that he was alone the word went forth to arrest him.

Like a fool, he carried in his luggage his own death-warrant. "Cover" addresses in Stockholm, Bergen and other places were bad enough in themselves, not to mention copies of his letters to Burchard! There, if you like, was a man to send spying! One should not condemn poor Lody, but the people who deceived him into thinking the English Secret Service was so simple. But still, that was always a fault of certain of our people in Berlin. They never thought America would come into the war—until Count Bernstorff and his two attachés arrived home looking slightly disgruntled.

Lody might have saved his life from the very start of his imprisonment. The police took him to Scotland Yard to interrogate him, and practically promised him that his life should be spared if he would divulge all he knew—which was very little—about the German Secret Service.

"No, I guess I shan't do that," said Lody in his strong American accent. "You wouldn't think much of a spy of yours who did such a thing. I may be a German, or I may be an American, but I came into this business with my eyes open and I shall go out of it the same way."

Prophetic words! When the time came for him to meet his fate, he did indeed go out of the wretched business with his eyes open, for on the morning of his execution, when they wanted to bandage his eyes, he uncompromisingly refused.

All the efforts made by the English authorities to make him betray his trust proved unsuccessful. Had he cared to have done so, he might have spent the remainder of the war in no more uncomfortable place than an internment camp, but to give him his due he told nothing and said that he preferred to stand his trial.

It was at the end of October when he was court-martialled, with sufficient evidence against him to make his doom a certainty. Nor did he make any particular effort to defend himself, though it must have been a relief when he heard the dread sentence pronounced. Even then, I believe, the authorities made one last attempt to induce him to confess.

He was taken to the Tower of London, a place which the English use exclusively for prisoners of State, and there confined for a week until his execution could be arranged. If I

may be excused for saying so, it was a deplorable affair from beginning to end, and one which, as I have already mentioned, was more or less responsible for a good many more reprisals on unfortunate individuals whose patriotism had led them into rash deeds.

The English, I believe, decided, after Lody had refused to divulge anything at all, that they would make his fate an example to other spies who might be tempted to work against them. But this sort of policy is open to question. Without going into the rights and wrongs of the war, one might say that such severity cuts both ways—as the English people found in Ireland in dealing with the Sinn Fein rebellion. In 1915, for instance, both the French and the English shot a great many of our spies, with the result that a similar policy was decided upon in Germany.

There were all sorts of international complications which can only be briefly referred to here over this indiscriminate action on the part of the belligerent nations. England, at any rate, was sensible enough not to shoot any more *neutral* subjects after that year, particularly the Americans, of whom a great many were of German extraction.

Germany was overrun with French, Russian and English spies all through the war. There were, I think, over three hundred of them captured and brought to trial, but only a small percentage of them were executed. As I say, reprisals of this description, at the expense of individuals, are too paltry for words. The French and the Russians rather liked them, but not, I am thankful, the English or the Germans. There were hundreds of British spies, most of them neutral subjects, who got into Germany via Holland, Switzerland or Denmark.

Anyhow, it was decided that Lody should die, and on a chill autumn morning he was brought out from his cell to undergo the frightful ordeal of being shot in cold blood as many another unfortunate individual was shot during the long and terrible war.

I am not blaming the English. The responsibility for these deeds rests on the people who made the war. Before he went, Lody wrote letters to various people in Germany, one, a pathetic epistle to his family in Stuttgart to tell them that his hour had arrived, winding up by saying :

" A hero's death on the battlefield is certainly finer, but such

is not to be my lot, and I die in the enemy's country, silent and unknown. But the consciousness that I die in the service of the Fatherland makes death easy.

" I have had just judges and I shall die as an officer, not as a spy."

One would like to record the admirable demeanour of the English Provost-Marshal, Lord Athlumney, who had charge of this sad affair. At the very last minute, when the time had come, Lody said to him :

"You would not, I suppose, care to shake hands with a spy ? "

" No, I don't think so," said the officer. " But I shall be very proud indeed to shake hands with a brave man."

He did so and Lody, I think, died contented. It is not given to every man to meet death in the service of his country so nobly. But he, I firmly believe, was possessed of that unquenchable spirit of patriotism which alone can make death in time of war a worthy sacrifice.

There were many such men who died in the Great War. One can only hope that they have not died in vain.

CHAPTER VI

ESPIONAGE IN BRITAIN

BEFORE I begin to recapitulate the story of the German Secret Service operations in Great Britain prior to the war, it might be as well for me to deal briefly with the political conditions which existed between the two countries from, say, 1902 to 1914.

Why 1902? It will, I suppose, be fairly well known to English people that serious tension between England and Germany began to make its appearance in 1901 shortly after Edward VII succeeded Queen Victoria. The headstrong Kaiser, chafing under what he deemed to be a policy of repression engineered by his uncle, Edward, gradually acquired the feeling that his dreams of expansion were to be curtailed by an alliance between England, France and Russia.

There was no German espionage in England worth serious consideration before 1902, nor, for the matter of that, any English spying in Germany. And I hope I shall be believed when I say that it was always a matter of the sincerest regret to me personally that two nations so closely akin in blood, as well as national ideals, should ever have arrived at the state of mind when a war was considered more or less inevitable.

The Kaiser never "hit it off" with his English uncle, any more than King Edward found it possible to live on terms of amity with the autocratic ruler of Germany. They were openly antagonistic, contemptuous to each other, as I very well knew by what I saw and heard when I visited England with the Emperor William.

Tentative attempts by the Kaiser to form an alliance with

England met with a decided rebuff, as did other efforts with both France and Russia. In all these uncompromising refusals the Kaiser saw the hand of King Edward. It was more or less a consequence of the German failure to conclude agreements with either England, France or Russia that brought about the German alliance with the decaying Austrian Empire and, in turn, other and less important agreements with Turkey, Italy and Bulgaria.

Yes, the seeds of war were being sown as far back as 1902, or even before then. One could not blame any of the nations of the Triple Alliance for refusing to ally themselves with the Kaiser. The incredibly foolish things he said and did for so many years made practically all the statesmen of Europe look upon him as a man who might be an exceedingly uncomfortable bedfellow.

If the Kaiser really wanted war—and it is my opinion that he looked upon himself, as well as Germany, as being grievously wronged—then he found ample support in the people with whom he surrounded himself. When any ruler deliberately chooses nothing but naval and military men as his advisers and companions it is a fair assumption that he is of their way of thinking. He would never tolerate the presence of civilians. The uniform was the sign of the man.

One might say, indeed, that the eyes and thoughts of half the statesmen of Europe were fixed on Germany in general, and the Kaiser in particular, very soon after he ascended the throne of Germany. His telegram to President Kruger in 1899 when the Boers had to decide for peace or war with England was only one glaring example of the foolishness which possessed him at times. That opened the eyes of the English people—if nothing else did. Then, shortly afterwards, he started the building of the German High Seas Fleet and England began to wake up.

I have already said, and I desire to reiterate it, that practically all German espionage in Great Britain was concerned with naval matters. Our army was then the finest in Europe, as France and Russia were well aware. *Their* spies were continually at work prying into *our* military secrets. If I had the space at my disposal I could tell a very long and interesting story of what the French Secret Service achieved in Germany for thirty or forty years before the Great War.

But very little happened in England. There is always, of course, a certain amount of espionage going on between the Great Powers, just the same as it exists in the ordinary, every-day commercial world. The creation of a German High Seas Fleet, acceded to by the Reichstag with considerable reluctance, made it necessary in the eyes of its sponsors to utilize the secret service so that they might be kept thoroughly up-to-date with everything that was happening, with every new invention that was being adopted by the finest navy in the world—that of England. Precisely the same thing was being done with the German army by France and Russia.

There was no question as far back as 1902 of employing spies in England other than for eliciting information concerning naval armament, such as gunnery tests and torpedo trials, naval equipment generally, the construction and use of naval dockyards, and, generally, such intelligence as might enable the German Admiralty Staff to build a navy that might in time successfully challenge England.

Later—I am referring to the year 1909 and onwards when I came to realize that war between England and Germany was growing nearer for reasons that I will explain—the espionage grew more intense. Our spies were instructed to try to obtain possession of the English Admiralty charts and plans of the important naval bases. We had even got to the stage of reconnoitring the East Coast of England for a suitable landing-place in the event of an invasion.

Spies and agents were recruited in practically all the important seafaring ports of the United Kingdom. Chatham and Portsmouth, the two chief naval depots in England, were a constant source of interest to our Admiralty Staff and, naturally, as will be revealed, there were many people engaged in espionage captured from time to time. Much the same state of affairs was taking place in Germany ; the French actually sent an admiral spying along the west coast of Germany, while the English also despatched officers such as Brandon, Trench and Stewart to see what we were doing.

In course of time I succeeded in enlisting a great many of these spies and agents, in London, in the provinces, and especially in the coast towns. North, south, east and west, even as far as the Shetland Islands, there was hardly a place where I did not have an agent of some sort. I had, of course,

to exercise a good deal of ingenuity to induce these people to work for the Fatherland, while there was always the element of danger. I often got the cold shoulder, and it happened more than once that people whom I had approached went to the police and asked whether they were permitted to make the kind of inquiries I had mentioned. Thus, at Pembroke Dock in South Wales where I was particularly anxious to get an agent, I spoke to a German hotel proprietor who, avoiding any direct answer, went to the police.

His pretty daughter, with whom I had been conducting a mild flirtation, told me the following morning over the breakfast table that her father had been to the police station the night before. That was enough for me. I forgot the dark eyes of the girl and made pretence of going for a walk—from which I never came back. The comparative security of my lodgings in Bristol suited me much better !

But even then this espionage did not continue regularly. In order to keep the system going there was always lacking the greatest necessity of all—money. Although this chain of spies and agents cost comparatively little—for most of the Germans I enlisted were content to look upon it as a patriotic duty to help the Fatherland—it happened more than once that even that little was no longer forthcoming.

Everything depended upon the Chief of the Admiralty Intelligence Staff at the time. Should he be interested in espionage on a large scale then the money would be available. But if another chief, indifferent to spying generally, should take office, or perhaps one who had no sympathy with the anti-English party in Germany, then the whole system speedily collapsed.

Most of the so-called German spies captured in England immediately prior to the outbreak of war—who owed their fate to the carelessness of an Admiralty official who was visiting London—were not spies at all. Agents, yes. Before the war, not only in England but in every other European country, Germany undoubtedly did possess a large number of these agents and because of that people obtained the impression that we maintained an army of spies abroad—all in preparation for "*Der Tag.*"

One must distinguish between the two kinds of people employed by the secret services of all nations—spies and

agents. There is unquestionably a vast difference. A spy is a man—or a woman—whose business it is to obtain information of naval, military or political value. Such people must naturally possess infinitely greater technical knowledge and daring than the ordinary secret service agent, the individuals whose work is confined to opening letters they have received from their employers, taking out the enclosures they contain—chiefly sealed letters—stamping them, and putting them into pillar-boxes to reach the spies for whom they were intended.

These agents were seldom used—at any rate by me—for anything else. Occasionally I might have utilized them to ascertain whether a certain person lived at some particular address, but that was about as far as I would trust them.

The work of the agents outside London, say those living in naval localities, was a trifle more difficult. Questions were put to them, mainly dealing with changes that had taken place in naval or military matters, but even then there was nothing especially secret about the whole business. The reports of these agents would be sent to the " cover " address in London —Ernst, the barber in the Caledonian Road was one of the men used for this purpose—and from there forwarded to Germany, sometimes by a roundabout route. Foreign correspondence coming and going between small places like Devonport or Sheerness would naturally attract attention, hence the subterfuge.

Such agents were not well paid. In fact, I may go so far as to say that they received a meagre pittance for their work, which was one of the reasons why the German Secret Service so disappointed the War Lords when hostilities did break out. I might have had—and I did—forty agents in England, but the sum total of their remuneration was hardly worth worrying about.

No, my English friends, we had no army of highly-paid spies in your country when the war came. Even our Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, did not really believe that England would go to war with Germany—nor did any one else in the Fatherland. *That* was one of the reasons why our spies and agents in England were so badly paid.

On the whole, I enlisted most of these agents, not all of whom were of German nationality. Amongst them were Scandinavians, Austrians and Dutchmen—but never a native

Englishman. Even if you can induce any man or woman to turn traitor—and in this questionable business all is fair—you have to reckon with the possibility of their being *agents doubles*, in which case there will be a lot of trouble in store for you.

In a big city like London it was always easy to obtain plenty of agents. One had only to speak to the innumerable German and Austrian waiters in the restaurants and hotels to obtain addresses of people willing to act as agents. The English nation generally were, for a long time after the outbreak of war, inflamed with the idea that every unfortunate little German waiter or barber was a spy. But, believe me, we did not employ such men, for what could they find out? Barbers were useful as " covers " ; I had three of them in my pay, Ernst, Kronauer and Kruger. But to utilize these sort of men for unearthing secrets of the British Navy, why, the idea is too ridiculous for words.

When it came to enlisting agents in towns of naval importance the work was much more dangerous, for in such places foreigners were more easily noticed. So strategy had to be resorted to, often not without a touch of humour intruding itself. Usually I would disguise myself in the garb of a respectable old family solicitor, big, round glasses, black suit and a handbag beyond suspicion. Then I would accost the first policeman I came across and in broken English inform him that I was hunting for the heir to an enormous fortune in Germany. The only surviving relatives, so I had been told, were living somewhere in this neighbourhood. There would, I continued, be a nice little reward awaiting the man who could assist me.

Who could wonder that these amiable English policemen became interested? It was easy for them to get a list of the foreigners in the town, and just as agreeable—with the reward in view—to meet me an evening or two later in the corner of some restaurant with a bottle of whisky and a few nice cigars to help along the discussion.

I soon found people who might be approached, but even then I took good care not to imperil my own safety by making a definite offer of secret service work. In nine cases out of ten I went back to the Fatherland first and wrote a letter guardedly suggesting answers to certain questions. If the letter was

favourably received then I would return to England and fix up an agreement by word of mouth—but not officially. None of my spies or agents were supposed to be employed by the German Government, although, of course, many of them knew it. Frequently I utilized a Press undertaking as an excuse for obtaining information. Unless you could trust a man absolutely, it was fatal to let him know he was carrying on espionage.

Many people offered themselves voluntarily. It will probably not be pleasant for either the French, the Russians or the English, to learn that at certain intervals men belonging to their naval and military forces offered their services to the German authorities. As my name was frequently mentioned in the Press with reference to cases of spying, it followed that I received many offers personally. Such people were, of course, sent on to the Admiralty Staff or Section IIIb of the General Staff unless I concluded they were not to be taken seriously.

Now and again, I might say, we received a visit from an *agent provocateur*—people who had been ordered by their country to offer themselves in the hope of unmasking spies already at work in, say, France. Or possibly they would be cunningly endeavouring to ascertain actually what we wanted to know, forewarned, of course, being forearmed. In any case, before such offers were accepted, the persons concerned were put under the microscope. Many of them later turned out to be not spies, but common swindlers.

If, for instance, a man suddenly made his appearance in an Intelligence Department, volunteering the information that he is either an Englishman or a Frenchman and is willing for, say, £500 or £1000 to dispose of some confidential book or document, the first thing to be done is to test the genuineness of the offer. He would be asked from what source the matter came and also how he came to be in possession of it.

Intelligence Departments of *all* the nations are always interested in secret papers or books which concern the disposition of troops, designs of bridge-heads, guns and battleships, results of gunnery tests and many other similar things. In nine cases out of ten, if the person making the offer was employed in a position where he would have access to confidential papers of State, then their genuineness would be more or less assured.

There is a regular traffic in this nefarious business and I am not writing with my tongue in my cheek when I say that the English Government always looked upon it with the utmost disfavour. They, alone among all the Great Powers, have always sedulously set their face against what I admit is a dirty game. For one thing, it is undeniably provocative of war; for another, it encourages treason of the most poisonous description. Nevertheless, it is carried on by everybody—and not by the Germans only, as some people would have the world believe.

Let me relate a classic instance of the manner in which important confidential information is sold to a foreign country. In 1903, the year after the beginning of Anglo-German tension, I was suddenly called to the offices of the Admiralty Intelligence Staff. There, looking through a spy-hole, I saw a certain man closely engaged in conversation with one of the naval personnel. I knew, of course, the reason of this somewhat curious proceeding, for had I not been engaged in many a similar affair? Having satisfied myself that I should know him again, I got down from my peep-hole and then received the following instructions:

"That man, Herr Steinhauer, will probably board a westbound train at six o'clock this evening. You must do everything in your power to ascertain exactly who he is, where he is employed, and also where he lives. He comes from London and has told us that he is in a position to supply us with certain plans and drawings which would be very useful to our naval experts. You must follow him, without letting yourself be recognized, until you know all about him."

I was given the sum of 1000 marks (£50) and at once went off to make the necessary preparations. A funny business, you will think. But do not fret yourself that such things happened only in Germany. I could tell many a strange story of similar incidents in the Quai d'Orsay, or, for the matter of that, in Whitehall. Anyhow, before I left the Admiralty, it was arranged, in order that there should be no possible mistake about my man, that he should be accompanied to the Friedrichstrasse Station by a gentleman known to me.

At the appointed time I was on the station, by no means displeased at the idea of a nice little trip to England plus a spice of adventure. Give me London every time! I travelled

light, as I always did, my equipment consisting of a small yellow handbag which contained a few disguises, such as three or four beards, a monocle, a pair of pince-nez, a couple of travelling caps and a small revolver. Also, I took with me my reversible overcoat, a garment which has been worth its weight in gold to me a dozen times over.

I arrived just in time to see my man taking a second-class ticket to Brussels. That was enough for the time being. Into the gentlemen's cloak-room I disappeared, where I disguised myself with my favourite side-whiskers and a monocle; so effectively, indeed, that the officer from the Admiralty Staff was rushing up and down the train looking for me! I saw him all right, but he didn't know me. In fact, when he returned to the Chief of the Staff he reported that I had failed to turn up.

"Don't you worry about that," said the Chief. "He's there all right."

Off we went to Brussels, where my difficulties really commenced. Would my man stay in the Belgian capital, or would he immediately travel on to France or England? But I was lucky, for on his arrival he at once inquired from a porter what time the train left for Boulogne. I knew then that he was on his way to England. Like me, he travelled light; his luggage consisted of nothing but a small suitcase.

Many things had taken place with me on the journey from Berlin to Brussels. My mutton-chop whiskers had disappeared, as had the monocle. I was now a respectable-looking old German professor. Even my yellow handbag had mysteriously become black. What a magician, eh?

The pair of us, I following hard on his heels, he sublimely unconscious of the fact, wandered out into the street to kill time before the train left. We actually had lunch in the same restaurant and drank our coffee within a few yards of each other. Finally, I accompanied him on the way to Boulogne, sticking to him closer than a brother.

Boulogne, a dirty, uncomfortable place at the best of times, was doubly so in the heavy, pouring rain. I heard my man ask about the boat for England. Then he, in common with twenty or thirty other people, made tracks for the station restaurant—some little distance outside. It was still pouring hard. All the travellers took off their overcoats.

My appearance had undergone still another change. I was now a tourist with a brown overcoat and a tweed cap. Still treading on the heels of my man I followed him into the restaurant and hung my overcoat close to his. From the inside pocket of his coat I could see peeping out a white paper. Without a moment's hesitation I abstracted it, unobtrusively went into the vestibule, where I opened it and read it through.

It was not a confidential document of State—not in the least. Merely a bill from a well-known firm of tailors in High Holborn, London. But its value to me was inestimable, for it told me my man's real name. Nonchalantly, but feeling very pleased with myself, I went back to the restaurant, took hold of my overcoat as though looking for a handkerchief, and then slipped the bill back into the pocket. The name and address of the tailors I wrote down as soon as I sat at my table.

Half an hour later we were all sitting comfortably on the boat to Folkestone and everything went along swimmingly till we arrived at Victoria. Now came the time to exercise care. I might easily lose my man in the surging crowd. In the street outside the station he waited for a bus. After a long time the one he wanted came along and he jumped on. Luckily for me, he went straight on top while I took up my position inside.

Thus we travelled up Victoria Street, into Whitehall, and thence via Trafalgar Square into the Strand. I was getting warmer, as the children say. We passed Chancery Lane and went on to Ludgate Circus where he got off, I speedily following suit.

One could tell, then, that he had been up to no good, for he dodged back from Ludgate Circus and took me through a perfect maze of back streets. I now had a limp—and also another hat and, still more fortunately, it was growing dark.

I saw him disappear into a small house in one of those old-fashioned squares at the back of Fleet Street. Shortly afterwards I noticed a light in one of the rooms, so I could safely conclude that I had found out where he lived.

I took a room at an hotel in Fleet Street, so as to be ready for him first thing in the morning. If, as they had said in Berlin, he was really employed in the English Admiralty, then I could calculate on his leaving about nine o'clock in the morning. Nevertheless, I was on hand shortly after eight.

It was just as well for me that I was ! About half-past out came my man and I could see by his demeanour that he no longer apprehended danger. He made his way to Fleet Street, where he boarded a bus of which I was also a passenger. I watched him disappear inside the Admiralty. A few minutes afterwards I went up to the man at the door, saluted him very politely and asked him if Mr. ——, say Williams, had gone in already.

" Yes," said the man, " he's just gone in this minute. If you had come a trifle earlier you could have spoken to him. Still," he added, looking me up and down and apparently reassured by what he saw, " if you want to speak to him I will get some one to take you in."

" No, thank you," I replied, " it doesn't matter now. I'll call for him at lunch-time. Have a cigar ? "

That was still another part of my mission fulfilled. " Mr. Williams " was indeed employed at the Admiralty. My next move was in the direction of the tailoring firm in High Holborn. There I introduced myself as a friend of " Mr. Williams," who had recommended me to have my clothes made there. I said I should be ordering a few suits in a day or two. I talked with the proprietor for some time and in the course of our conversation I learnt that " Mr. Williams " owed him a good deal of money, but that he expected to inherit a large sum very shortly ! I then took my leave. At six o'clock that evening I sent full details to the Staff in Berlin, informing them that to the best of my knowledge " Mr. Williams " could certainly supply what he had promised, and that there need be no doubt as to its genuineness. After that, I could spend a day or two in London conscious of the fact that I had done my duty—unsavoury as it might appear.

In this particular instance there had been offered to our Admiralty Staff, at a very high price, information of inestimable value to Germany. It was not my business to know that. Such matters were arranged by the highest officers in the department. Nor can I reveal " Mr. Williams' " real name. As I say, it is a dirty game, but one that is not confined to Germany.

CHAPTER VII

THE GREATEST PLOT OF ALL

WHAT was the greatest success achieved by the German Secret Service in England in those fateful years which preceded the war? Who was it laid the foundations of "*Der Tag*," the day when what the Kaiser called the shining sword of German *Kultur* would cut loose the trammels of international intrigue that was slowly but surely strangling the Fatherland?

Was it the rich German bankers with their big offices in the City of London who secretly plotted for "*Der Tag*," or the Germans to whom all the doors of society were open? It was certainly not our ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, for he was a warm friend of England and sedulously set his face against spying in any shape or form.

No, it was in the naval ports of England, where the battleships and the cruisers—as well as the submarines—lay that our spies were to be found. Chatham and Portsmouth were the two places that interested us most and it was in connection with Chatham that our espionage brought off its greatest *coups* in pre-war days.

The people of Chatham and Rochester will well remember, no doubt, a man whom they knew as Frederick Adolphus Gould. That was not his name at all. He had been born and bred Schroeder, and he was as ideal a man for secret service work—except for a tongue that was rather loose—as one could find. At all events, he, working in conjunction with an Englishman who had no particular scruples worth mentioning, was able for something like eleven years to forward to Germany more

information on naval matters than all our other spies put together.

Please do not think that I am seeking to excuse espionage. It is, as everybody knows, productive of war. At the time when Schroeder began his work the race for the supremacy of the world had started. The German war lords, not content with the finest army in Europe, now set their minds towards a navy equal to that of England.

The time was 1902, the year, as I have already indicated, when Anglo-German hostility began to grow pronounced. Only the year before I had been in England with the Kaiser for the funeral of Queen Victoria, and even then I could sense in the attitude of King Edward's suite the strained relationship that existed between England and Germany.

At all events, instructions were issued to the Admiralty Staff in Berlin that an Intelligence system capable of keeping in touch with everything that was happening in naval matters should be set up in England. To find a suitable man was not quite so simple as the Naval Staff imagined. However, after lengthy investigation certain men were traced and towards the end of 1902 I was called to the Admiralty offices and there informed that I should find living in London a man named Frederick Adolphus Schroeder.

He had already been in the secret service and now, I gathered, had made the acquaintance of the notorious international spy, Stewart Stevens, an English officer who had either retired from the army or been cashiered—I am not certain which. I had heard enough about Stevens to know that he had already worked as a spy for France and Russia and had the reputation of being a man who obtained money by supplying worthless information.

Stevens induced Schroeder to write to Berlin offering the design of a new field gun, and also instructed him to say that he was in a position to obtain practically anything that was wanted. I knew Stevens far better than did Schroeder and I made up my mind that I would see them separately, because, in this tricky business, you never know what false intelligence is being foisted upon you.

Schroeder, or to give him the name by which he went in England, Frederick Gould, was not a man whom any one would take for a spy. Had you met him in the street you

would have turned round to look at him and said to yourself: "What a fine-looking fellow!"

Broad-shouldered, bearded, Nature—plus twelve years in the German Army—had given him a big, athletic frame and a pleasant, cheery manner. He had been born in Germany, but his mother was English and he spoke that language like a native. Financially, he had not prospered; he had drifted into secret service work a couple of years before and now, apparently, desired to enter the lists once more.

However, Schroeder could wait for the time being. It was Stewart Stevens I desired to meet; in circumstances that would enable me to decide beyond all doubt whether he had anything to offer, whether he was an *agent provocateur*, or nothing but an out-and-out swindler.

Schroeder, who had informed me that his confederate frequented a restaurant in Whitehall not far from Scotland Yard, knew nothing of my intentions. It was one night in November, 1902, one of those raw, foggy evenings which you only find in London, that I wandered into the restaurant looking for Stevens.

He would have found it difficult to recognize Steinhauer in the smartly got-up Englishman who came in about eight o'clock. Thirty years or so ago, when I constantly visited England with the Emperor and spoke the English tongue with little or no accent, it would have taken a fairly clever person to detect my nationality. Even at Scotland Yard close by, where they knew me very well indeed—for were not the famous Superintendent Melville and I the best of friends?—they might have looked twice before they knew who I was.

The cadaverous Stewart Stevens—we had his photograph, like those of all the other spies of Europe, in the archives of the Admiralty Staff—was already sitting down when I entered. He did not know me, although I had no difficulty in recognizing him. Without waiting for his approval, I sat down at the table where he was busy on a grill and said:

"Good evening."

He had barely deigned to look at me, but now he glanced up and in surly fashion returned my greeting. The waiter came and took my order.

"You do not know me?" I asked Stevens.

He looked at me as though I were something strange that had dropped from the skies.

"No," he grunted, going on with his meal.

"That's a pity," I retorted sharply. "I am from Scotland Yard."

That shook him up a bit. I could see his hands tremble slightly.

"What do you want with me?" he asked a little more politely.

"You know a man named Schroeder, don't you?"

"Schroeder?"

"Yes," I retorted sternly. "He is a German living in Walthamstow. I want to know what your business is with him. Tell me the truth or I shall have to ask you to go to Scotland Yard with me to see Superintendent Melville."

He was no police agent—that was quite certain. I saw his face go white and I knew my bluff had succeeded. Without any undue hesitation he told me of his acquaintance with Schroeder, whom he had met in Stockholm; but he prudently refrained from informing me that he had already given to him some nefariously-obtained design of a new field gun, not to mention his activities in espionage with France and Russia.

Eagerly, with a touch of the craven in his manner, he went on to add that if he heard of anything likely to be of interest to Scotland Yard he would communicate with me immediately. I told him to write to Superintendent Melville or Inspector Bartels, two officers with whom I had already come in touch. That I could do quite safely; if I had read Mr. Stevens, or, I should say, Captain Stevens, aright, the formidable Melville was about the last person in the world he would approach.

Schroeder was full of dismay when I called upon him a few days later.

"It's not safe for you to visit me for a time," he exclaimed in the security of his sitting-room. "I have had a telephone call from Stevens to warn me that the police have been making inquiries about us. We had better wait a few weeks."

I told him not to worry, but he refused to be comforted. With all his strength and confident manner he was a bundle of nerves, which is not to be wondered at when a man living in the bosom of his family as Schroeder was had to depend on espionage for a living.

On returning to Berlin I reported to the Intelligence authorities that Schroeder was a man whose honesty could be depended upon, while Stevens, to my mind, was nothing more than a swindler.

But the position then was that imperative orders had been issued by the highest authorities to obtain spies in England at all costs. Schroeder and Stevens entered into some sort of contract to send to Germany answers to questions concerning naval matters which were drawn up by the technical experts of the Admiralty. It was the beginning of what was undoubtedly the most valuable espionage in England—from the German point of view—right up to August 1914.

Mind, I am not defending it. I am merely stating what occurred. After all, I was not responsible for German *Weltpolitik*.

This Schroeder, with all his experience, could never appreciate the truth of the old saying that silence is golden. It fell to my lot to have a good deal to do with him over a period of something like the eleven years I have mentioned, and the way in which he made a boast of being a German used to turn my blood cold. I am a peaceable man by nature, one who firmly believes in taking the line of least resistance.

On one notable occasion, when information had reached Berlin that large numbers of men were being enlisted in the British Navy, I came across specially to discover if it were true. Schroeder met in me London and readily agreed to accompany me to Portsmouth. On the way down in the train he introduced me to some friends of his with the remark : "He is a German and the Kaiser has given him the Iron Cross."

That was bad enough, but he then proceeded, on reaching Portsmouth, to walk right into the naval barracks and tell the recruiting officer that he wanted his sons to join the navy ! Of course, with his *nom de guerre* of Gould and his unimpeachable English accent, he could carry off that little bluff to find out if men were really wanted, but it sent the shivers down *my* spine.

There were shocks for me in plenty all through this association with Schroeder. One day, while down at Chatham

having a look at things in general and, as I imagined, effectively disguised with a false beard, who should I run across but William Le Queux, who had more than a nodding acquaintance with most of the spies in Europe. He at once warned the police and I had Melville on my track forthwith.

Schroeder continued his partnership with Stevens who, I must admit, seemed to have access to a good many sources of information. Between the pair of them they kept the Admiralty Staff supplied with most of the developments that were taking place in the British Navy and I should say, though such things were not disclosed to me and I was too busy to bother about them, that the German Navy benefited enormously.

It was towards the end of 1908—October, if I am not mistaken—that they evolved an even more daring plan. Schroeder, who so far had never come under the suspicion of the English authorities, bought the licence of a public-house named the "Queen Charlotte" in High Street, Rochester, which of course is more or less part of the naval port of Chatham. The Staff in Berlin approved of the plan and provided Schroeder with, I think, £1000 to pay the necessary price and stock the place.

It was a daring idea which could not possibly have succeeded in any country but England for any length of time. This, mind you, at a period when the famous English admiral, Lord Fisher, was openly writing and saying that it would not be long before England and Germany came to war. As Lord Fisher said—and he was right enough—Germany had to expand commercially and she could only do so at the expense of England. But I doubt whether many people in England believed him then ; they looked upon him as a crank.

Well, here was Mr. Frederick Adolphus Schroeder, with the cunning Stevens at his back, installed as mine host of an English public-house in an English naval port frequented mostly by naval ratings. The Chief Constable of the town knew him well and, so far as I could hear, had no suspicions of him. He made many trips to and from Germany, for I frequently met him in Berlin, and during the course of them must have brought across secrets worth untold sums to the war lords of the Wilhelmstrasse. To obtain information in such a place, especially by a man who was to all outward appearances English, must have been simple to the verge of

childishness. The only thing Schroeder had to do was to slip in and out of England without creating comment and he did this by using vessels leaving the Medway. It was no difficult matter to make the acquaintance of the captain of some small trading steamer going to Holland and get a passage across without using any of the recognized Continental ports.

But I began to grow frightened of Stevens. I came across him in Paris in company with a number of French Secret Service officers—this after I had told him to his face that he was a swindler. It happened one night in the Folies Bergère whither I had gone after a busy day looking up some of my agents in Paris. Behind me, as I was idly watching the show, I heard a whisper of "Steinhauer." I did not turn round then and there—when you are a so-called master spy you don't do this sort of foolish thing—but I took advantage of some slight diversion on the stage created by the appearance of a number of charming young ladies clad in their birthday suits to slip towards the doors where I saw Stevens in the company of three men drinking at one of the bars.

I was followed outside. The three Frenchmen—Stevens having vanished—shadowed me up to Montmartre where I suddenly found refuge in one of those notorious establishments which make their living by showing you what they call the sights of Paris. "Madame," a stout, black-bearded old lady, was full of sympathy when I hurriedly whispered that the police were on my track. A 100-franc note, and she whisked me into one room and then another so quickly that I lost myself—as well as the secret service men. They, for all I know, may have succumbed to the temptations of the place. At any rate, I ultimately found myself in some dark, dingy little street unchallenged, from where I took a cab back to my hotel and got out of Paris without bothering any more about Stevens.

It proved, of course, that Stevens had discovered I was no English police officer, but a German. Probably he described my appearance to Schroeder and then learnt for the first time who I really was.

Schroeder himself came under the suspicion of the English police about the end of 1913 and then only because of his own almost incredible lack of care. He and Stevens had finally dissolved partnership, with the result that Schroeder made up his mind to get out of the "Queen Charlotte."

Now, one would have thought that such an accomplished spy would have realized the terrible danger that lay in leaving behind him not only maps, but documents of the most incriminating nature. One may judge of the surprise of Schroeder's successor, a man named Benyon, when he found up in the attic of the public-house ordnance maps of nearly all the ports in England, plans of all the London railway stations, and also copies of letters he had written to me. One of these latter was enough in itself to finish him :

DEAR ST,

Your letter and commission received. When our principal does not pay for entertainment expenses, how can I pay for supplies. I am in touch with good people, who have declared their readiness to deliver the " goods." I have a large family to support and I cannot allow myself to speculate on the strength of empty promises.

They knew very well in England who " St " was ! After leaving the " Queen Charlotte " Schroeder and his wife had gone to live at Merton Road, Wandsworth, and there, unbeknown to them, they were at once subjected to a close watch. All the letters and telegrams that Schroeder received were opened, when it was found that he was still in communication with us.

The police learnt, through one of these telegrams, that Mrs. Schroeder would be travelling to Brussels to deliver certain things to one " Schmidt." She was arrested at Charing Cross Station and in her possession were found an English Admiralty chart of Spithead, a gunnery drill book, and certain confidential drawings dealing with the engine rooms of battleships which had clearly been obtained by some one connected with espionage.

Schroeder, entirely ignorant that his wife was in custody, was also arrested shortly afterwards. When the police came to search his house they discovered more fatal documents. Valuable as he had been as a spy, he had been unutterably simple when it came to destroying traces of his guilt. The police found in his possession a paper containing a list of thirty-odd highly important questions relating to the English Navy which no man in his sane senses would have kept about him.

Stevens had disappeared altogether, which was just as well for him. As far as Schroeder and his wife were concerned we were quite helpless. No nation ever gives assistance to its spies. The only consolation Schroeder had was that when the time came for him and his wife to appear in the dock the authorities were considerate enough to withdraw the case against Mrs. Schroeder on the ground that she had acted under the coercion of her husband.

Schroeder, like a wise man, pleaded guilty, for he had been caught red-handed entirely through his own stupidity. The judge gave him six years' penal servitude, one year less than the maximum sentence ; but he took his punishment without a murmur and at the completion of his term was sent back to Germany.

But during the war I was fated to see Stevens again. One night in Stockholm, while sitting in the Terminus Hotel with an acquaintance, there came in a party of fashionably dressed men who looked French. Amongst them was an individual with a pointed beard whom I seemed to recognize. I looked at him more closely because I could see that his beard was false.

A look of rage crossed his face. It was Stewart Stevens. I told my companion of the experience I had had with him.

"Be careful," said my friend. "That man looks dangerous."

Shortly afterwards the new arrivals left the place and I could see, as they went out, that Stevens had told them about me. They scrutinized me keenly, but for the time being I thought no more about them.

Towards eleven o'clock, having had a few bottles of wine to drink, my friend and I left the hotel. I accompanied him to his house at the corner of the Regeringsgatan and refused his offer to fetch me a cab. Just then I was living in a small hotel near the station. It was a beautiful December night. Slowly I strolled homewards, thinking of nothing in particular except that the streets were very lively for so late an hour.

At first, I did not notice that two men were walking in front of me and taking it in turns to look round. But as I turned into a side street to take a short cut to my hotel I saw that they had stopped at the corner and were then following me. I had gone perhaps thirty paces when I heard a sudden bang behind me

and felt a blow on my hat. I took it off, felt my head, and to my intense surprise found in my hand a small bullet. Stevens, of course. Now I realized the seriousness of my position. I did not know to what lengths he would go, so I hurriedly pulled my Browning pistol out and made towards a Swedish policeman I could see in the distance.

He could hardly believe my story, but he readily consented to accompany me to the hotel where he saw me safely to bed. In the light, I examined my hat and on the right side of it, just over the leather lining, I found a small hole which had evidently been made by the bullet. But, as I explained to the interested policeman, my skull was too thick to be damaged by such a thing as that.

A year later I met Stevens again, this time in the Victoria Hotel, Amsterdam, at that time much frequented by international spies. He was leaving the place as I came in, but he took advantage of the opportunity to say to me in a savage whisper :

" Take good care, my friend. If ever I meet you in a quiet place you will not leave it alive. It will be a bigger and a better bullet for you next time."

Then he passed out and that was the last I ever saw of him. If the chance had come my way I would have dealt with *him*, but being in a neutral country I could not afford just then to disclose my real identity.

CHAPTER VIII

A SPY'S REVENGE

THE time has come, I think, when I may safely tell the truth about one of the most sensational espionage cases that ever took place in England.

Seventeen years have come and gone since the unfortunate naval gunner, Parrott, stood his trial in London for disclosing State secrets to a foreign power. It was one of the few instances, in fact, I think the only one, of a real British subject being tried for such an offence.

But before I go into the details of this historical case, I am going to quote a remarkable, and for the time being mysterious, letter, which I received in Berlin in the year 1913 :

402 PARK ROAD, PADDINGTON, SYDNEY.
June 17, 1913.

MR. R. T.

DEAR SIR,

Have received notice of your so unexpected death on your voyage to America. Am extremely sorry for your many mourning survivors and beg to offer my sincerest condolence. But, as regards my personal feelings, I do hope you do not think me such a fool to believe a single word of that fake notice !

Well, Mr. T., through gardener's unfortunate blunder, I have been compelled to sell my home, fearing to be dragged into the matter any moment. You can find my wife by writing to her mother or one of her sisters at the old address and verify my statement. My wife has again been very ill with diphtheria and the cost of travelling, with doctors and nurses expenses, have left me absolutely destitute.

Now, Mr. T., matters have come at last to such a crisis that I am absolutely desperate, and to a point where I don't care a damn for the consequences, either for my own, my wife's or my wife's family safety. If you do not agree to a few proposals I make to you, we will have a fight to the finish, and I will start a row between England and Germany such as has never been known before.

The allowance you have made me expires on the 31st July, and unless renewed we are at bedrock. But I will prevent this either one way or another. My proposals are :

1. Either continuance of remittance through " Trulas, Sydney," arrangements to be made by cable before the 31st July, or,

2. Instead of these gratuitous payments, re-engagement under a different name, but the same salary. In this case we will do our best to find new suppliers of bulbs who, I believe, will be scarce after the last gardener's bad experience.

If these two proposals fail, I shall take one of the two following alternatives, viz. :

1. Either selling my knowledge of gardeners and the G.S.S. business to the 7.28.11.12.15.32.13..... 2.18.5.11.28.2.23.12.6, or

Writing my experiences of the last four years and selling same to the " Daily Mail " or " Evening News."

Choose whatever course you like ; it is immaterial to me. But if I have no satisfactory reply by the 31st July, either at given address, or G.P.O., Sydney, or " Trulas, Sydney," I shall go to Luxemburg, even if I have to work my passage home, and then Germany will have a startling row.

Yours faithfully,

KARL HENTSCHEL.

P.S.—Dead earnest, no bluff, whatever consequences may be.

I can see my readers wondering what all this is about. Who is Mr. R. T. ? Why does the writer of the letter appear so sceptical about his death ? What does he mean by " gardeners and bulbs " ? The G.S.S. is, of course, the German Secret Service. And, for the matter of that, who is this Mr. Karl Hentschel who threatens to make war between England and Germany if his demands are not acceded to ?

Well, it is a long story, which begins in 1908 when I came across Hentschel, then a waiter in London. He was, without a doubt, extremely well adapted for secret service work. He spoke English like a native, and excellent French as well. Better still, he was ambitious and so, after I had utilized him for a time and found him trustworthy, I sent him down to Sheerness in the guise of a teacher of languages. I thought it would be strange if such a man did not make a first-class spy.

And he did! For something like three years he proved invaluable. The naval officers to whom he taught French and German readily responded to his tactful questions and apparently had not the slightest suspicion of him. He even got to the stage, so popular did he become, of joining the Congregational Church in Sheerness, where the local minister frequently assisted him in obtaining pupils.

It used to occasion some little surprise among his new-found friends that he should frequently be in possession of large sums of money. That, Hentschel explained, was due to his father, who lived in Holland and was wealthy. What they would have said if they had known that this money came from the funds of the German Secret Service is hard to imagine.

Anyhow, for the time being, Hentschel prospered. He even married an Englishwoman named Riley and no doubt imagined that he could go on working at espionage for the remainder of his life.

Among his numerous acquaintances at Chatham close by was a naval gunner named Parrott. Where Hentschel first met him I cannot say. In those days, of course, Germans resided in England, and moved about just as freely as anybody else. At all events, he and Parrott became very friendly and were frequently seen together in Sheerness and Chatham.

In his zeal to make use of Parrott, Hentschel did something that even the most unscrupulous of spies would hesitate to do—he persuaded his wife, whom Parrott did not know then, to act as his accomplice. That was the beginning of Parrott's downfall. Whether Hentschel indulged in subtle blackmail of some sort, or whether Parrott was in fact a willing victim, there was no doubt that he responded to Hentschel's requests for confidential naval information.

He was then in a position to tell a good deal, for he had been a senior gunner in the navy for many years and, further,

had been in charge of the gunnery arrangements of one of the newest British cruisers, "Agamemnon," when that ship was being built on the Clyde.

It would not be possible for me to say exactly what secrets Parrott did disclose, for the good and simple reason that he passed them on to Hentschel who, in his turn, sent them on to "some one" in Germany nominated by the Admiralty Intelligence Staff.

But, unluckily for Parrott, he must needs get into his head the idea that Hentschel was making a fortune out of him and that in the future he would do his business direct. That was not a matter of any great difficulty. Parrott was given the address of the person to whom he could communicate his information and for some little time things went swimmingly. But, unknown to Parrott, retribution was in store for him. Hentschel, furious at being pushed aside, had secretly notified Scotland Yard that Parrott was in German pay and from thence onwards a close watch was kept upon his movements.

In July, 1912, he applied for leave of absence to go to Devonport. But on that same day, still ignorant that he was under police surveillance, he sent a telegram to Berlin addressed "Richard Dinger, Berlin," and signed himself "Seymour." The message said that he would be "coming, eight o'clock Saturday."

"Dinger" was his employer in Germany and the "coming" he mentioned referred to a meeting which had been arranged at Ostend, so that Parrott could receive certain instructions. These journeys had hitherto been made by Hentschel.

With the possibility in mind that Parrott might be "double-crossing"—for one never knew how far either he or Hentschel were to be trusted—I had been ordered to "get behind" Parrott the moment he left Sheerness.

I soon discovered that he was well on the road to trouble. On the Admiralty pier at Dover, where the Continental steamers start, a man came up to him, greeted him politely enough, but spoke in that authoritative manner which told me that he was a detective. I even got close enough to them to hear Parrott say that he lived at Chatham and that he was a civilian. But afterwards I learnt something else—that Parrott had been searched and that on him the detective had

found a piece of paper on which was written "Richard Dinger, Esq."

"That is the *nom de plume* of a lady I am going to meet," Parrott explained, none too convincingly.

"Is it!" said the detective curtly. "I think it's a man."

A further search of Parrott's pockets revealed a naval signal form.

"Oh," remarked the detective, apparently in great surprise, "I see you are in the navy!"

"Yes," said Parrott—and I have no doubt his feelings were not to be envied—"I am at the rifle range if you want to find me. I hope you will not tell my wife about this lady."

"If you are a naval officer don't you know that you have no right to leave the country?"

Parrott said he did not. Shortly afterwards the detective let him go aboard the steamer. Parrott did not notice what I had already seen—something that told me his fate was sealed. I had been hanging around—easy enough with a big crowd of people such as travel by the Ostend boat in summer-time—when I noticed, behind a pillar in the waiting-room a quiet, keen-eyed man who followed Parrott with his eyes and missed nothing.

Scarcely had Parrott gone up the ship's gangway than the detective went to the man behind the pillar and greeted him unobtrusively. The pair of them followed Parrott aboard and then, as I caught a good sight of the second man, I nearly fell backwards with fright. In spite of his excellent disguise, of which he was a master, who should I recognize but my former friend, the famous Superintendent Melville of Scotland Yard.

When Martin Luther was on his way to the Diet of Worms the unbelievers called after him: "Monk, monk, you are following a hard road!"

Involuntarily, as I saw Melville and his colleague go up the gangway after Parrott, I murmured to myself: "Parrott, Parrott, *you* are following a hard road!"

I should have liked to have warned him, but it was utterly impossible. I knew, too well, that any attempt on my part to approach him would only make it worse, for the moment Melville caught sight of *me* any uncertainty they may have harboured about Parrott's guilt would have vanished *instanter*.

So we went over to Ostend, the four of us, as strange a quartette as one could imagine. Parrott, still blissfully ignorant of his impending fate, went to the railway station at Ostend and there met one of our people, quite obviously some one whom he had met before, because they did not greet each other as comparative strangers might.

They walked back to the sea-front, Melville and his man on their heels, I following discreetly behind. Parrott and his companion quarrelled, whether over terms I cannot say.

Time went on and the two parted. Parrott, after making a few trifling purchases, went back to the jetty and caught the eleven o'clock boat home. I remained in Belgium ; England was getting a bit too hot.

Now, it shows what a fool Parrott must have been, and how little he suspected anything wrong even after being challenged at Dover, that he should go to his work next day, in uniform, as though nothing had happened. But he was soon to learn his mistake. His superiors at once ordered him to state in writing his reasons for leaving England without permission, intending to give him, no doubt, the fullest opportunity of a truthful explanation. Probably they had not altogether believed the information sent to them by Hentschel.

About three weeks later there was an official inquiry. The telegram Parrott had sent to Berlin was produced and he was asked to explain " Richard Dinger " and " Seymour." The upshot of the matter, but only temporarily, was his removal from the navy.

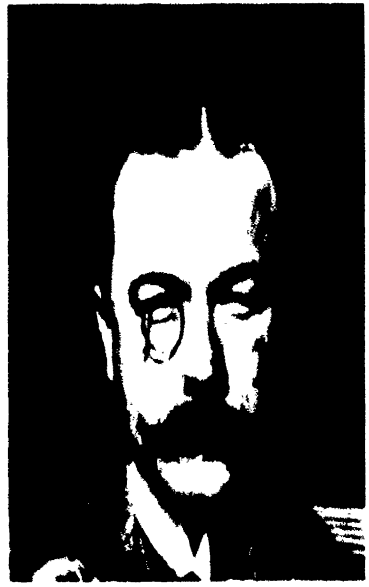
Strange as it may seem, he did not even then seize the opportunity of dissociating himself from the perilous business of espionage. He still maintained his correspondence with his employers in Germany and on November 16 received, at a tobacconist's shop in Chelsea, a letter which speaks for itself :

November 14.

DEAR MR. COUCH,

I am very much obliged to you for your prompt reply to my last letter. Now I beg to place in your hands some questions in addition. Have the kindness to leave as soon as possible for the Firth of Forth, ascertaining the following :

Which parts of the fleet are in or off the Firth of Forth



since November 5? Only the vessels of the First and Eighth Destroyer Flotilla, or which other men o' war?

There were a good many other queries and the writer, who signed himself "Richard," begged him to keep himself ready to run over immediately to any place as soon as rumours of extraordinary preparations came to his ears.

That, of course, was proof positive that Parrott was indeed in the pay of a foreign power and without any further ado the police arrested him. Also, they traced through his bank account a good many five-pound notes which had been in circulation in Germany.

Parrott's explanations, when he was put on his trial, left a good deal to be desired. He told a story, to account for the letter quoted above, that he had been asked to supply information for a newspaper article and he also tried to account for the visit to Ostend by saying that he had arranged to meet a lady whom he had met in the Palace Theatre, London.

As one might have expected, his story did not go down very well, and after a very short deliberation the jury trying him found him guilty. He was sentenced to four years' penal servitude, the judge telling him that if he wanted any remission of his sentence he must divulge to the authorities full particulars of all the secrets he had sold. That, for the time being, was the end of Parrott.

Now, all this was a very disgraceful business and it is not for me to try to excuse it. Such things, as I have said before, were going on all over Europe. Parrott, a man who had served twenty-seven years in the navy, had now lost everything that was worth losing—his good name, as well as a substantial pension that would have come to him on his retirement.

Hentschel had by now cleared out to Australia. He was certainly in a position to make a good many uncomfortable revelations and for some time money was sent to him to keep him quiet. But at length he became such a nuisance that ways and means had to be devised to put a stop to his demands.

There appeared one day in a London paper—I think it was ne "Daily Telegraph"—an announcement that Colonel Forner, of the German General Staff, had fallen overboard

while travelling across the Atlantic. Torner, as I must explain, was Steinhauer ! A copy of the paper was sent to Hentschel, but evidently the notice of my death didn't altogether convince him. By way of reply he wrote the letter I have quoted in the beginning of this chapter.

" Gardeners " and " bulbs " were people like Parrott and the information that might be obtained from them. However, it was no use continuing to pay such a man as Hentschel indefinitely. His letters were ignored and for the time being nothing more was heard of him.

Then came a surprise, which left even me dumbfounded. He made his way back to England and in October, 1913, walked into the police station at Chatham, where he told the inspector that he wanted to surrender himself as a German spy. It may be, of course, that some one had informed the police in New South Wales who he really was. It is not for me to say.

Apparently they did not take him very seriously at Chatham, for he was allowed to go away. But the following night, still determined to give himself up, he made his appearance at the Old Jewry police station, where he told an interesting story of his activities with Parrott from 1910 onwards. He even gave the names of a good many confidential books he had purchased from Parrott, and told how they had been taken to Ostend, where they had been copied and then handed back again.

" I am a German spy," said Hentschel. " You may think I am mad, but that is not so. I know the seriousness of what I am about to say and that I am liable to seven years' penal servitude."

It turned out that he had already been to Scotland Yard, where apparently they had advised him to surrender. But that was not all. Evidently he had succeeded in making some sort of bargain with the secret service authorities by which, in return for disclosing all he knew about Germany, he was to be allowed to go free.

There was a very interesting little scene at one of the London police courts where he appeared in the dock. It was then admitted, by a lawyer named Bodkin, that Hentschel had been to Scotland Yard, and had received a promise that he would not be prosecuted.

And so he went free, with a warning that, if at any time in

the future he disclosed the information that he had already given to the English Intelligence Department, he would certainly find himself in gaol.

One could gather that he had told a good deal, of a nature that the English Government did not desire to be generally known. But, at any rate, it brought Hentschel his freedom, which to such a man was no doubt everything.

CHAPTER IX

THE HUNCHBACK DENTIST OF PORTSMOUTH

AS the man who has been called the Master Spy of the Kaiser—a title I have never claimed for myself—I have been held responsible for most of the German espionage that took place in Europe for twenty years previous to the war.

There are—or were—dozens of highly-placed officers in Berlin belonging to both Section IIIb of the Great General Staff and the Admiralty Staff who were responsible, although not personally, for far more spying than I was. It is true that they called upon me to do most of their work and were careful to take the credit if there was any credit to be obtained and, correspondingly, to place the blame on my shoulders if anything went wrong.

It was not I, for instance, who was responsible for the employment of that smooth-tongued rascal, Misson, the French spy who made such a fool of certain people on the Staff who had better be nameless. He came to Berlin, full of impudent assurance, brazenly declaring that if he were only given enough money he would be able to induce the French statesman, Clemenceau, to reveal all the secrets of France !

Modesty was certainly not the outstanding characteristic of François Misson. According to him, it was just a matter of money. Poincaré, Clemenceau, Caillaux, he knew them all. Just say the word and anything that the General Staff wanted to know he, Misson, could discover.

I might say that I was entrusted with the task of investigating the bona fides of this cunning swindler. He was an

amusing fellow in a way, easy enough to see through once you had definitely made up your mind that he was nothing but one of those glib adventurers who promise everything and perform nothing. I spent some days with him in Paris.

"Ah," he would exclaim as we sat out on the boulevards, "there goes my friend, the Prince of Polignac. I should like you to have met him."

I dare say he would. Occasionally it would be the Duke of this or the Count of that—always passing by. I had no hesitation in reporting to the Staff that Misson was a rogue. But judge of my amazement when I heard some little time afterwards what actually happened. One night, in the darkness of the Bois de Boulogne, a certain agent of ours sat under a tree awaiting the arrival of Misson—and Georges Clemenceau.

It is a painful story. First there was the tremendous glee that was felt by one or two individuals who had openly ascribed my denunciation of Misson as nothing less than jealousy. Didn't they crow when they read the wonderful secrets that Clemenceau had given away that night in the woods outside Paris! But, ah, dear me, there was a different tale to tell when some one else discovered that the real Clemenceau had been hundreds of miles away on the night when he was alleged to have met Misson in the Bois de Boulogne.

Nor was that all. A little further inquiry brought to light the uncomfortable fact that it was not the first time M. Misson had perpetrated a similar swindle. With the help of a disreputable actor who had a talent for making up, he had palmed off all sorts of distinguished French officers and politicians who showed surprising eagerness to betray their country. As I say, it was a painful little episode and one over which I had better draw the veil.

Why I have told this little story, which is perfectly true, is to draw attention to the case of Wilhelm Klauer, or, as the English people knew him, William Clare. The hunchback dentist of Portsmouth became, if only for a short period, quite a famous person in England. The usual shriek went up that another of my spies had been at work.

The first time I heard of this man was towards the end of 1912 when a letter came to the Admiralty Staff in Berlin in which the writer, who signed himself Clare, cautiously asked that some one might be sent to England to see him, as he was in

a position to supply important confidential information about naval matters at Portsmouth.

I always mistrust these people. In all the years I have been engaged in Intelligence work, I have invariably discovered that the individuals who promise too much are those who are not only useless but, on occasions, positively dangerous.

This Clare, as I shall call him, had evidently read somewhere that vast sums of money could be obtained from the Admiralty Staff by supplying information from an English naval port. Where he got the idea from is more than I can say. He must have been reading that famous romancer, William Le Queux, who occasionally called upon me when he was passing through Berlin with earth-shaking secrets from St. Petersburg which I told him would be much more profitable in one of his novels. Anyhow, I received an urgent message to see the Chief of the Admiralty Intelligence Staff, who asked me what I thought about the matter.

" It may be a trap," I replied, " or, again, it may not. The English do not do that sort of thing."

" Well, would you care to go ? "

I went, more because of the holiday than anything else. After all, England was always a favourite country of mine. The food is good and the whisky better. Clare's letter might have come from the English Secret Service, but that risk I had to take. However, when I called at the address that had been given in the communication, I found Mr. Clare to be no police agent. He was a cunning little shrimp of a man with a hunched back who had some sort of a dentist's business in Portsmouth which, as he openly admitted, wasn't quite so prosperous as it might be.

" You see, *Exzellenz*," he said with a malicious grin, " while I am extracting people's teeth, I might just as well be extracting a little useful information out of their mouths. That will not only be of great value to the Fatherland, but also," he added thoughtfully, " will do me a great deal of good."

He told me, as I skilfully drew *him* out, that his real name was Klauer and that he had been in England for a good many years.

" Yes," I said, " but this is a dangerous business. How do we know that you are not an *agent provocateur* ? Such things have happened before."

He looked at me with his bright, deep-set eyes, eagerly and greedily.

"You may trust me, *Exzellenz*"—what a fool he must have been to imagine that an officer of high rank would waste any time on a man like him—"I am a true German. There is nothing I would not do for my country. I know many people in this town. They will all tell you that I am a man of my word."

I looked at him searchingly, saying to myself: "You double-dyed rascal. All you want is the money." He went on to tell me there was no information he could not obtain. The results of gun trials, torpedo practice, equipment—he could get them all. Then I knew he was a liar, and a fool to boot, because the English, if I might presume to say so, were nothing like so silly as many Germans used to think. They were trusting, yes, but never foolish.

He seemed disappointed when I told him that I had no authority to make a bargain with him. As he said—and no doubt he spoke truly—pulling teeth at a shilling a time wasn't particularly profitable. If I could help him along the road to riches he would be grateful to me for evermore. But the moment I got back to Berlin I had no hesitation in reporting to the Chief of the Staff that this Clare was nothing but an out-and-out swindler and a dangerous one at that.

He was the type of man who would not only supply spurious information, but would also cause much unnecessary trouble from a political point of view. Judge, then, of my astonishment when I heard shortly afterwards that no heed had been paid to my warning. Some one or other on the Staff had taken it upon himself to send this wretched little hunchback large sums of money for information that I knew would be absolutely worthless. They were always doing this sort of thing; the idea of acting upon the advice of the person who had investigated the genuineness of these so-called spies would have been beneath their dignity.

Clare, no doubt, got it into his head that he had at last run across the real way to wealth. I could see him in my mind's eye concocting his rubbishy reports in the little house where he had his dental surgery, smiling to himself at the ease with which it was all done. So he went on for some two or three months. What he sent by way of information I was never told, but it

must have seemed sufficiently promising to induce one of the officers of the Staff to ask him if he could obtain from some one in Portsmouth the very lastest results of the torpedo trials—then a matter that was considerably exercising the mind of Admiral von Tirpitz.

Why they should have entrusted such an important and at the same time difficult task to such an absurd person like Clare was more than I could understand. In so far as one may presume to pry into a nation's secrets, it is just as well to conduct what is a nefarious business at the best of times as circumspectly as possible. But Clare! I merely laughed when I heard what happened to him, for it was precisely what I had predicted.

He had an acquaintance in Portsmouth, a German like himself, by the name of Levi Rosenthal, who had a hairdresser's business in the town. This man had been in England for something like twenty years and he was, as Clare afterwards found to his cost, not one of those Germans who would have anything to do with espionage. One day, after Clare had already received large sums of money from the Staff for a lot of rubbish that anybody could have told them, he met Rosenthal in the street and with great mysteriousness called him on one side.

"Rosenthal," he said in one of those stage whispers which all spies are supposed to affect, "would you like to make some money? I have been looking for a man like you for some time past."

The barber had known Clare for six or seven years and entertained no delusions about him. He wanted to know more.

"You're a man who knows plenty of people in the dockyard, aren't you?" asked Clare. "I want to get hold of the latest report on submarines and torpedo practice. Our people in Berlin will pay a good price for it. You are a German, as I am, and you will be doing the Fatherland a real service. And such a book," he added ingratiatingly, "should be worth at least £300 to us."

Rosenthal *might* have been able to lay hands on such a book—I don't say he was, for the English never left such things lying about as far as I had been able to discover—but he certainly had no inclination to betray the country of his adoption.

Instead, he then and there laid a trap into which the clever Clare fell like a little child.

"Oh," he said confidently, "that ought to be easy enough. How much money did you say?"

"We could get £300."

"Not enough," said Rosenthal. "It's dangerous work. They'll give a lot more than that for the right book."

Anyhow, the pair parted company on the understanding that they should meet a few days later after Rosenthal had promised that he would make inquiries how the book should be obtained. Clare, no doubt, felt highly pleased with himself.

Now, had I been in Clare's position, the first thing I should have done would have been to find out if Rosenthal was "double-crossing." But, apparently, that never entered his mind. Probably he thought: "Once a German, always a German." Little did he know, the poor fool, that Rosenthal had immediately gone to one of his friends in Portsmouth, a town councillor, and told him exactly what had occurred.

For two months afterwards, although Clare did not know it, he was under close surveillance by the counter-espionage officials. His letters were being opened, the authorities evidently being anxious to know whether he had any confederates in the country.

The time grew ripe. One day in December Rosenthal met Clare again and informed him that he had found a man who was willing to provide the book he wanted.

"But mind, Clare, you must be very careful," he added. "We shall all be sent to prison if this is found out."

Clare swallowed it like a hungry fish. He was such a fool that it never entered his head that this book on torpedoes was just a tasty bait which concealed a nasty barbed hook. And Rosenthal, who by now worked under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, at once went to the detective in charge of the operations to report that the fish was still nibbling.

The next move was for Clare to be introduced to the individual who was supposed to be selling the secret book. This was a man named Bishop, one of the senior officials of the dockyard. I should like to have been present at this meeting, which took place in the dead of night outside the Empire Theatre, Portsmouth.

Clare did not err on the side of generosity. He told Bishop his share of the plunder would be £25 or £30. Just then, unfortunately, the money was not forthcoming—neither was the book, for that matter. Clare said that his friends in Germany were keeping him very short; he would have to go to Berlin and perhaps Rosenthal would lend him the fare.

How they must have laughed at this foolish creature! An alleged important spy of the German Secret Service without a penny in his pocket. The wonder to me was that the English authorities ever bothered about him.

Still, they went on playing with him for some time longer, hoping, possibly, that other and bigger fish—probably your humble servant—might come smelling around the bait of this report on torpedoes. Not me, thank you!

Clare couldn't get the money from Germany, that was the trouble. Not that I wondered at that—they had had just about enough of him and his fatuous promises by then and until he did produce something worth while no more German money would come his way. However, he talked so earnestly that at length Rosenthal, who must have been enjoying himself tremendously, arranged another midnight conference at which, no doubt, all three conspirators were muffled up to the eyes and hissed at each other in the manner laid down by all the best novelists.

"You know for what purpose we have met to-night?" demanded the sinister secret service man, looking round for English spies.

"Yes," replied Bishop—and I'll wager it was as much as he could do to keep a straight face.

"Have you access to these books?" No nonsense about Wilhelm.

"Of course."

"Sh-h-h. Then not a word to any one. When can I have it?"

"In a few days. I must be very cautious. It would mean ruin if I were found out."

They disappeared, all three going different ways. The streets of Portsmouth, dark at the best of times, swallowed them up and Clare, who had got to the stage of promising to pay his "confederates" *after* he had got the money from Germany, probably smiled with secret satisfaction that they

THE SPY WILHELM KLAU

wouldn't see his heels for dust the moment the book did get into his hands.

And then? Then came the final act, played in precisely the manner that I had expected ever since I had heard of the affair. They gave Wilhelm the book right enough—but they didn't let him keep it even long enough to fulfil his promise that he only wanted to keep it a few days to take it across to Berlin to have it copied. It was handed to him by Bishop in Rosenthal's shop in Portsea. Warmly, as one who had achieved something that might earn him the Iron Cross as well as a substantial sum of money, he thanked both his friends and then went off—for time was precious.

But that moment, although he did not realize it at the time, was the fatal one—for him. Outside the shop was some one he had never seen in this little matter which he had brought off with such difficulty—the English detective, Savage, a Scotland Yard man connected with the secret service who said, putting his hand on Wilhelm's shoulder:

"You are Wilhelm Klauer?"

Wilhelm could not but admit that he was.

"I am going to arrest you for an offence under the Official Secrets Act," said the detective. "You have in your possession, have you not, a book which has come out of the dockyard?"

So near, and yet so far. There is no necessity for me to labour Wilhelm's fate. They tried him a couple of months later—and he was foolish to the end in trying to put the blame on Rosenthal—which resulted in the judge giving him five years' penal servitude instead of the eighteen months he might have got if he had pleaded guilty. As a spy, he was nothing short of a joke.

But what especially annoyed me about the employment of this rascal was the fact that he was responsible for my nearly falling into the hands of the police myself. It must have been something like three months after I had first interviewed him that I happened to be in Southampton visiting some of my agents.

I happened to have a free afternoon and so I decided to take a run over to Portsmouth to see what Klauer was doing, more out of curiosity than anything else, for I had received no orders from the Staff to look him up. I had absolutely no idea in my head that since I had seen him last he had been

actively engaged in espionage. If I had thought so, Portsmouth would have been about the last place in the British Isles where I would have shown myself.

But, in absolute ignorance of what had actually occurred, I called at his house—I think it was in Oliver Street—and asked for him by his English name of Clare.

The elderly woman who answered my ring looked very astonished. To judge from her confused, and at the same time angry, demeanour, she realized that I was a German, because she pushed me away from the door muttering something about spies.

Even then I did not suspect anything serious. But the woman followed me outside and looked up and down the street in such an alarmed manner that I began to wonder. I did not know then what had happened to Clare—or Klauer. Politely raising my hat, I wished her good day and started off.

"Wait a minute," she said hurriedly in an agitated voice. "I think I can tell you where Clare lives now. I won't keep you long."

Without saying anything more she ran up the street. I darted into the porch of a house close by. After a few minutes' breathless waiting I saw the woman coming back, this time with a big policeman in uniform. They did not see me. I could hear them talking about German spies and I then said to myself: "Steinhauer, it's time you were going."

Off came my overcoat and my hat, as well as my collar and tie. These I left in the porch. With a rough tweed cap pulled well down over my eyes I waited till the coast was clear and then, looking like a navvy, I made my way to the railway station where I got into a local train in company with a lot of people who had been into Portsmouth shopping.

I even saw the old lady come on the station with her policeman and point out several perfectly innocent people who were rather rude at being taken for a German spy! The train went off leaving them still rushing round the station and, although I had to go some distance down the line before I could get a connection to Southampton, I thought that better than a few years in an English prison. Nor did I stay in Southampton long; that same night I was back in London firmly convinced that, whatever sins Wilhelm Klauer had committed, he must answer for them himself.

CHAPTER X

A DRAMA OF THE DOCKYARDS

"HANDS up!"

The words came sharply, but in rather a quavering voice, from within the darkened room. As I entered, the gas suddenly flared up and I saw, standing with his back towards the window, a man wearing a black beard which even in that moment of danger I knew to be false.

"Hands up!" he cried again, covering me with what seemed to be a fairly old but large pistol.

Slowly, as though I were paralysed with fright, I raised my hands above my head. Not another word was uttered. The man in front of me, apparently satisfied, let a pitying smile, mingled with a trace of drunken mockery, cross his face.

Thus we stood for perhaps half a minute. Then, thinking no doubt that he had cowed me into submission, he let the pistol sink slightly so that it no longer covered my breast. That was the moment I was waiting for! As quick as lightning my right leg went up and the pistol, as straight as a die, flew up towards the ceiling.

As it came down with a resounding crash the owner jumped up in the air himself, evidently of the opinion that it would explode and that he would receive a bullet instead of me. Serious as the position was, I burst out laughing. The spectacle was too ludicrous for words.

Meanwhile I had drawn my own automatic, released the catch, and kept it pointing at the mystery man while I picked up his weapon and threw it on the bed.

"Now," I said, "what is all this about?"

With a wild look in his eyes the man gazed at me as though I had dropped from the clouds.

"Who—who—are you?" he stammered. "Are—you a detective?"

Without bothering to answer the question just then I made a move towards the bell. My adversary must have thought that his time had indeed come, for he made a jump at me which was checked only when the barrel of the pistol touched his head.

Some one was knocking at the door—not the police, but a humble waiter. Truth to tell, I badly wanted something to soothe my shattered nerves. I opened the door a little and through the crack called out:

"Whisky and soda and two glasses."

With a sigh of relief the bearded stranger sank down in a chair, covering his face with his hands. I also felt slightly more composed! I unloaded the pistol on the bed, put the cartridges in my pocket, and then handed the pistol back to its owner. Another knock at the door. In answer to my "Come in" a waiter entered bearing a bottle of whisky and a siphon of soda. He saw, or sensed, nothing strange. With a polite bow he went out and I was then free to investigate matters a little more fully.

I waved my companion to a place at the table, poured out a couple of stiff whiskies—his nerves seemed to want attention even more than mine—and touched his glass with mine.

"Your health, Mr. Bennett," I said quietly.

Then he sprang up as though he had indeed been shot. The whisky flew all over the table.

"You know me?" he exclaimed.

"Of course. You have already told me who you are."

"But how?" he cried. "I have not mentioned my name." I could see the fear in his eyes. Truly, I thought, looking at him, conscience makes cowards of us all.

I laughed. "Your pistol told me who you were, Mr. Bennett." I poured him out another big dose of whisky—neat this time—and he swallowed it at one gulp.

"So you are no English detective after all," he said more confidently. "You are from Germany?"

"From France, perhaps," I replied. "It does not greatly matter."

Bennett stretched out his hand across the table.

"I'll trust you," he said solemnly. "You beat me nicely."

He pulled off his black beard, which made him look a good deal more respectable. Then, with the colour coming back into his face, he composed himself to discuss the business which had brought me to this hotel in Portsmouth on a mission that might have caused a bit of a stir in Whitehall, as well as Portsmouth, if it had been generally known.

For a man who was no novice in the shady business of betraying his country's secrets, this Bennett seemed to be a singularly ingenuous individual. Also, I thought he was a little bit "touched." If I had not known that he had already sold English naval secrets to France, I should have taken him for the most fervent patriot imaginable. Every second sentence he uttered concluded with "God save the King!"

He had written to the Admiralty Staff in Berlin offering certain information which very much interested our naval experts and by the tone of his letter I had no difficulty in concluding that it was not the first time he had made such offers. He said that he was an official in the Portsmouth Dockyard and that he was in a position to divulge confidential information on any desired subject. That it was not his first venture one could tell from the fact that he requested all communications should be addressed to an Italian restaurant in Portsmouth in the name of Charles Harvey and, furthermore, that the reply should contain nothing more incriminating than an announced visit.

Now it would be hypocritical of me if I were to attempt to defend this unpleasant game of dealing with a self-confessed traitor other than remarking that it was then going on all over Europe. The Russians were doing it, as well as the French, and I might add that it was through one of our agents in France who knew that Bennett had already sold British naval information to that country, that he approached us. Still, far be it from me to contend that two wrongs make a right.

To me, the letter received in Berlin smelt fishy. It was handed to me with the warning that I must act cautiously, because everything pointed to the probability of the writer being an *agent provocateur*. But I did not believe it was a trap,

for the English authorities disdained such methods. I had been told by our agent that this Bennett had indeed been dealing with the French Admiralty and what I really had to be on my guard against was that he would utilize the French connection to palm off some worthless book or document. In this business of espionage, above all others, you must get the right "goods."

Portsmouth I knew well. I had often stayed there before, and on this occasion, bespectacled and specially attired for my guise as a Hamburg lawyer, I looked no more dangerous than any other of the hundreds of Germans who came visiting England.

What I had to do was to find out whether the letter was actually a trap, though I did not believe it so. On the second day of my arrival I stood outside the dockyard watching the employés streaming out to their midday meal. Without any hesitation I went up to the policeman on duty at the gate, took off my hat with a profound bow as all polite foreigners do, and gave him respectful greeting.

"Excuse me, sir," I said, tendering my card, which bore the inscription :

Otto Dressler
Lawyer
Hamburg.

The constable took the card in that pleasant-mannered way all English policemen have towards foreigners and then asked me what he could do for me.

"I have to find a man named Kennett," I explained.

Why Kennett? That will be seen shortly.

"This man's mother," I continued, "was born in South Germany and I am told the son is to be found here. There is a heritage coming to him, which must be kept secret until I find the right man."

The constable nodded understandingly. "Quite right, sir," he agreed. "Well, how can I help you? I don't know that we have got anybody named Kennett here."

The flow of men had ceased by now and our conversation could go on uninterruptedly.

"There is a reward for the person who can help me," I said impressively. "Perhaps some time to-day you could

find out whether you have got such a man here, but I warn you that everything must be kept quiet."

"Nobody shall know anything," the officer assured me. "Just leave it to me. I'll meet you to-night at ——" naming a restaurant in the town which I have since forgotten.

He was very disappointed when I met him that evening.

"There's no one named Kennett in the dockyard," he said as we sat down to supper. "I've been through all the lists and there's never been anybody of such a name for years."

Pretending to be very dismayed, I brought out of my pocket a legal-looking document in which the whole story of the heritage was written down. The policeman had a look at the papers himself and then uttered a cry of surprise.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "the man you want is not called Kennett, but Bennett. We've got a whole lot of Bennetts in the dockyard."

I might mention here that the B was purposely written indistinctly so that any one might have taken it for a K. The constable, rather pleased with himself, told me he would try to find the Bennett I wanted the next day and arranged to meet me again in the afternoon at two o'clock in front of the Town Hall.

Now came the most dangerous moment. If Bennett were indeed an *agent provocateur*, and the whole business nothing more than a plot, then I could reckon that there would be signs of it the moment the policeman began looking for him. From twelve o'clock onwards I was watching the Town Hall, one of the largest buildings in Portsmouth, in a manner that has often made all the difference to my liberty. I travelled to and fro on top of a tram which passed close by. Not a sign could be seen of any one who looked like a detective.

At five minutes past two, when I went by for the last time, I noticed my innocent police friend waiting for me at the stopping-place. I jumped off and went straight up to him, for I could see that nothing had happened. Taking him into the restaurant of my hotel and ordering a good meal, I then received from him a list of Bennetts on which my man was certain to be.

I could not make a closer examination of the list just then, for I had invited the officer and his wife to take a trip round the neighbourhood. So we spent a pleasant afternoon together,

had a good many drinks, and got home about nine o'clock. I was glad enough to reach my room, one-quarter tired and three-quarters tipsy. And it was there, as I have related in the beginning, that I received one of the greatest shocks I have ever known all through my adventurous life, a sharp command of " Hands up ! " which sobered my senses quicker than anything that has ever happened to me.

With a bottle of whisky between us, Mr. Bennett and I sat facing each other over the small table in my bedroom. He was not, I must admit, a very prepossessing individual. Very few traitors are. Dark and sallow, with black, close-set eyes, I thought he had about him a touch of the Italian. And he still shook with fright ; even the whisky could hardly restore his quivering nerves. He looked at me curiously, waiting for me to open the conversation. I asked him a question.

" How did you find your way into my room ? " I said a trifle shortly, by no means very pleased with the looks of him.

" Ah," he replied, closing his eyes cunningly, " when that policeman came to me and told me a cock-and-bull yarn of a fortune waiting for some one of the name of Bennett, I knew, when he mentioned Germany, that it was all bunkum."

" You did, eh ? " A cunning rascal this, up to all the tricks of the game.

" Yes," he went on, beginning to look rather pleased with himself, " I have been following that policeman ever since he went off duty. I saw him meet you outside the Town Hall and I was on your tracks when you came here for lunch. One of the waiters told me your name and I came back here to-night saying that I had an appointment with you. I thought at first you were a detective, so I made up my mind that I would get to the bottom of the business at all costs. I meant to shoot you."

I laughed at him again.

" Well," I said, " now you're here and we know everything is all right I'd like to know something more about you. What have you got to offer ? "

Eagerly he told me that he was already " working " for the French Admiralty Staff and that he had received 10,000 francs

from them. Evidently he was a gentleman who believed in extending his business.

"I thought it might be a good idea to start a similar connection with Germany," he explained greedily. "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb."

"What have you got to offer?" I demanded, liking the look of him less than ever and by no means certain of him.

"Everything," he said confidently. I must have looked doubtful, for he hastened to add: "If I can't get it myself, I can easily find a man who can get anything you want. But," he continued emphatically, "I want my money on the table. I trust no man in this business."

To prove his words he pulled out of his pocket a thick bundle of documents. On the outside paper were the words: "Rate Book and authorized list of Naval Stores. For use at H.M. Dockyards at Home and Abroad and in H.M. Ships, etc." There was an additional note saying: "The contents of this book are to be regarded as confidential and are not to be communicated to any but authorized persons. Attention is called to the penalties attached to infringement of the Official Secrets Act."

"Are you willing to give £500 for this?" he demanded arrogantly. "You can take it back to Germany with you," he added, "provided I get the money now. I might tell you," he went on, full of his own importance, "that the French are waiting to buy this as well as you. Over in Paris there's a nice little lady waiting to see me."

He took another drink at his whisky and I filled him up another stiff dose, anxious to let him talk.

"A lady?" I asked doubtingly. "You surprise me. I didn't think the French employed women."

"Don't you believe it, my boy," said Bennett, leering at me. The whisky was beginning to take effect on him. "An' she's very fond of me. Las' time I was there she gave me a regular time. Showed me all the sights—you know!" he hiccoughed.

"Have another drink, Bennett," I said. "You're talking rubbish. I tell you the French don't use women for their spies."

"Oh, don't they?" he retorted, beginning to grow angry at my attitude. "You call yourshelf a-shecret shervice man and don't know little Shuzie La-La-Martine," getting it out

with an effort. No doubt about it, Mr. Bennett was getting violently drunk.

"Never heard of her," I said. "Take a drop more whisky and stop talking nonsense. About this book of yours, Bennett. I can't——"

"Tell you w-w-what," stuttered Bennett. "If 'twasn't that two's c-c-company—you know—I'd take you over and introduce you to little Shuzie. S-s-she's all right, I tell you."

"Well, maybe," I said, "but in any case I can't buy your book now. For one thing, I haven't got £500 with me, and another reason is that I haven't got the authority to buy it. You'll have to wait till I get back to Berlin."

"Too late, my boy," he said with drunken gravity. "Too late. If you don't cough up the money now—on the table, mind you, and no funny business—it goes to Shuzie to-morrow. I'm catching the night boat and I'll"—he gave another hiccough—"I'll be in Paris first thing Shunday mornin'."

I let him go. He was beginning to talk at the top of his voice and, besides, I wanted no transactions with a drunken man. Gravely he stuffed the book back into his pocket and as he did so assured me I was missing the chance of a lifetime. I conducted him downstairs myself and then came back to do a bit of hard thinking.

Taking it to Paris, eh? I might, had I cared to take the risk, have had the book from him in England, but it was too dangerous.

The next day, however, saw me in Southampton. I, too, would go to Paris. I saw Bennett go abroad all right—he had evidently been serious when he told me about Suzie Lamartine, a lady *very* well known to our secret service. I followed him, and if he saw me, which was doubtful, he would have found it rather difficult to recognize me in a knicker-bocker suit and a tweed cap which made me look like one of the hundreds of Englishmen one sees abroad.

All through the rough crossing Bennett sat at the bar all night lowering one whisky after another. No chance to get the book from him there.

It was six o'clock or thereabouts when we landed at Havre. My man, quite unsuspicious, went through the barriers with a crowd of passengers and took a seat in a compartment with a

number of other people. No chance to do anything there, though he went fast asleep.

We arrived at St. Lazare Station in Paris and now my difficulties really began. Paris was no healthy place for me at the best of times. Bennett, who seemed no stranger to the Gay City, walked quickly out of the station, called a cab, and gave the driver the address of an hotel in the Rue Poissonnière. For the time being he could go.

It would not be long, I calculated, before he got into communication with Suzie—and then good-bye to the book. Half an hour later I arrived at Bennett's hotel—I think it was called the Hotel Haussmann. I engaged a room, and as I signed the police forms that every visitor to France must fill up I asked the clerk if there were many other English people staying in the place.

"Ah, yes, monsieur," said the man politely. "Quite a number of people from England stay here. Only this morning we had a gentleman from London."

"Oh," I replied casually in my best English, "was it a tall, fair man? I think I came across with him in the boat from Southampton."

"No, monsieur, the gentleman is of middle height and dark."

"Yes, yes, I remember him," I said, completing my form with a lot of fictitious particulars.

"I will put you close to him, monsieur," said the clerk, very anxious to please. "It will be nice to have some one to speak to you in the English language."

I nodded absently, as though the matter were of minor importance. The *chasseur* who took my modest luggage upstairs knew no English. I had to ask him in broken French where the other English gentleman was to be found.

"*Opposé*, monsieur," he said, pointing to a door right in front of mine.

I sat down to wait, listening for the slightest sound that would tell me Bennett was going out. Midday came and I began to grow hungry, for I had had on the train nothing more than the miserable French *café complet*. One o'clock came and still no sign of Mr. Bennett meeting the fair Suzie. She had probably gone to Auteuil or Longchamps, I thought.

Suddenly I heard outside the rat-tat-tat of a sharp knock—

but it was not my door. I heard the one opposite open and a woman's high-pitched voice cry out in English : " Freddy, my little Freddy, it is you ! "

Muffled greetings, mingled with passionate kisses, came to my interested ears. Now I ventured to creep outside for a minute or two and listen cautiously to what was going on. I could hear the two talking together excitedly. But there was nothing I could do just yet. I went back to my room and with my ear to the keyhole waited for developments.

Half an hour went by ; then I heard the door open again. This time, evidently, the pair were going out together, not to get rid of the book, but to lunch, for I heard them discussing where they should go. Bennett wanted to try Poccardi's famous restaurant on the Boulevard des Italiens—a popular place with all foreigners—but the lady wouldn't have it. She had a nice snug little spot of her own near the Rue Pigalle, she said, one of those places where the cooking was good and the company better. Bennett gave way. I took the liberty of sneaking out of my room and watching them downstairs. He had his arm affectionately entwined inside hers.

" Ah," I thought, " my good fellow, you are safe for an hour or two. She will have that book out of you for nothing—not for £500 or anything like it. A great big headache is all you will get, Mr. Bennett."

It was a quiet little hotel, chosen, no doubt, for that purpose. All the staff were downstairs, probably discussing their *déjeuner*, which I should have been doing had I not been a fool as well as a faithful servant of Germany.

Not a soul could be seen. The *femme de chambre* had disappeared until the evening ; not even a guest was about. I waited a few minutes longer and then, out of my bag, there came a neat little folding stick of steel which I believe the English burglar calls a jemmy. That went into my pocket, as did my pistol.

I took another hasty glance outside. Still the place was deserted. Quickly I caught hold of the handle of Bennett's door with one hand and with the other inserted the jemmy between the door and the frame. One sharp crash and the door was open.

I slipped inside, panting a little, and shut the door behind me. With ears at the alert I listened for any sign of alarm.

STEINHAUER : ANOTHER

All was quiet. Like a flash, for time was everything, I pulled a table against the door and jammed it tight again. Then, methodically, I ransacked Mr. Bennett's belongings.

The book was not in his suit-case, nor did I expect it to be. As I have said, he was no amateur at the business—nor was I. I turned his room upside-down before I found it—and where do you think it was? Not up the chimney, for they don't go in for such things in Paris hotels, nor even on the top of the wardrobe. It was hidden away in the mattress of his bed. A great big slit and a handful of kapok testified that Mr. Bennett had hastily ripped the mattress open and stowed the precious book away thinking to recover it within an hour or two.

Now, if I had been he, I would have given that book to the hotel clerk, for such a person would never have attached the slightest importance to it. But there you are; he didn't realize that honesty, at any rate apparent honesty, is always the best policy.

Still, I didn't stop to moralize. I turned Mr. Bennett's bed back again and cleared up all trace of my visit as best I could, reckoning as I did so that *he* wouldn't dare to make much fuss. What Suzie would say to him was another matter altogether. That little spitfire wouldn't spare him.

Carefully, for I am a methodical man at all times, I cleared up the room, took a peep outside to see if any one was about yet, and on finding the coast clear tiptoed over to my own room. Then, as one who had done a good day's work, I painstakingly stowed Mr. Bennett's book in a capacious pocket I had for such purposes.

I slammed *my* door, leaving my luggage—such as it was—behind. Then I walked out into the blue. A nice, luxurious lunch, which I felt I had earned, a ticket at the Gare de l'Est, and Paris knew me no more. Let Mr. Bennett explain if he can!

CHAPTER XI

ESPIONAGE IN HIGH LIFE

I KNEW in 1909 *that England was expecting war with Germany. The spies and agents I had distributed throughout the British Isles kept reporting to me that their movements were under surveillance.* No other foreigners were then being subjected to supervision of any sort.

This is not the time or the place to indulge in a discussion about the rights and wrongs of espionage. Although the subject meets with so little approval in the mouths of most people—in fact, one might say that it is thoroughly discredited —it cannot be denied that every military state, whether small or large, is obliged to make use of it ; on the one hand to be informed of the progress of other powers in military spheres and, alternatively, to counteract the spying of other nations.

As the man who will go down to posterity as the Master Spy of the Kaiser I think I may claim to know something about the matter. For the better part of thirty years I was actively concerned in the organization of German espionage. I myself have planned and built up espionage which existed in foreign countries right up to the beginning of the Great War. It was not much. What the public believe about the machinations of the German Secret Service, the money spent on them, and the number of spies we employed, is so grossly exaggerated as to be beneath contempt.

It is merely a matter of opinion if the war would have turned out better for us if we had built up a better espionage system during times of peace. What we had was not sufficient by any means. Admittedly the Great General Staff would pay a large

sum of money, comparatively speaking, for something particularly important. It might be a naval code book for which a spy would demand, and receive, £1000. But generally, as I know only too well from my own experience, money was always scarce. If, as happened occasionally, I should ruin a suit of clothes in struggling with some foreign spy, it was almost necessary to obtain the Kaiser's authority before I could get a new one ! True German economy that.

For a good many years before the war, the secret services of France and Russia were much superior to ours. The money and men they had at their disposal outnumbered ours a hundred times. They had secret funds at their disposal and were not called upon to account for the spending of the money. It was the simplest thing in the world for them to give 10,000 francs or roubles to an intelligent officer with these instructions :

" Go to Germany—or maybe England or Italy. Travel about in disguise, but collect material and make connections that may be useful to us in the future. If you need more money, write and you shall have it."

When the officer returned, he was never asked to account for what he had spent. If he had kept half the money for himself, it was looked upon as no more than his due. After all, spying is a dangerous game : one slight mistake may land you in a fortress or a convict prison for ten years.

What was the position with us ? Good will in plenty—but very little money. Some of the greatest cases I have had through my hands have brought me, besides my pay as a " Kriminal Kommissar," the munificent reward of £5 ! Occasionally, I received the thanks of His Majesty who, as in everything else, took an active interest in espionage. But I can truthfully say that all my work on behalf of the Fatherland has not brought me a fortune.

The Russians especially were masters in the art of utilizing highly-placed officers for espionage. To a certain extent, the French followed their example, although they were always very fond of employing women. Should there be in any country, Germany or England, a new invention of military importance, such as a new gun, a rifle, or an explosive, then it was no uncommon thing for them to send out a General to obtain the secret by hook or by crook. Almost invariably they chose a man with a good footing in society.

Right up to the outbreak of war the Russians were very well informed about our military secrets. But these had not been obtained through bribery and corruption among the lower ranks of the army. No, as I knew very well in my capacity of spy-hunter for the Great General Staff, I had to look among the ranks of the aristocracy, right up to the Kaiser himself, to discover the person who had given away, or sold, the secret. I have watched myself, and have given orders to watch, several high Russian officers suspected of espionage, and then discovered to my intense astonishment that they were receiving invitations to the Imperial Court and were also on terms of the closest intimacy with the heads of the German army.

One day in the year 1906 I received orders to present myself at Section IIIb of the Great General Staff—otherwise the Intelligence Department.

"Herr Steinhauer," said the Chief, "we have important work for you which also demands the greatest care on your part. The Russian General Dimitrieff is in Berlin and he is spying. It may be that you will find him in the company of the French actress, Jeanne Weil, who, as you are aware, is also a spy."

To watch this General was not so difficult. In the "Rudesheimer," a famous *Weinstube* in the Friedrichstrasse, he met the French actress, sat down with her, and at once opened an animated talk. Without any waste of time I called Redlich, the manager of the place and a very good friend of mine, told him I desired to sit close to the two conspirators and to send me a waiter who spoke English.

Loudly, so that the two spies could make no mistake about it, I gave an order in English. One glass of wine succeeded another. I could hear the pair talking in French, Russian and, occasionally, in German. By straining my ears I could hear much of what they were saying. German garrison towns, frontier fortresses, important officers of the army, were being spoken of. Both of them frequently made notes, which clearly proved that they were conversing on military matters gleaned from some source.

Jeanne wanted the General to take her to the theatre that evening.

"No, no, ma cherie," I heard him say vigorously. "I have something much more important to attend to."

Jeanne began pleading. Suddenly the General rose from his seat, went to his heavy fur coat hanging close by, and from one of the side pockets extracted a number of letters. One of them he picked out and handed to the lady. She read it through and through, with an interest there was no mistaking.

"From the Emperor?" I heard her ask incredulously.

The General nodded proudly. I, for my part, fairly itched to turn out the light. It would have been but the work of a moment for me to obtain possession of that letter. From the Emperor, was it? But, for the time being, I could do nothing. All that was possible was to wait for something to happen.

A waiter came along and started to serve them with caviar, which interested the General to the extent of picking up his precious letters and taking them back to his overcoat. He put them in the side pocket again, with the rims just visible so that he could keep his eyes on them.

Oysters succeeded the caviar.

"Ah, my good General," I said to myself, "you are having all these good things at the expense of the Fatherland. It is not you, but I, who should be enjoying them." I began to grow desperate. I always had more than a sneaking fondness for oysters and caviar. I went outside and saw the manager.

"Redlich," I said firmly, "inside there are a Russian and a Frenchwoman. The man has some letters I must see at all costs."

"It cannot be done, Herr Steinhauer," he replied. "One must consider the reputation of the restaurant."

But I would not argue with him.

"You will bring me an envelope," I said, "and when you have done that I want you to stand in front of these two people so that they will be unable to see the man's overcoat. It will not take more than a second or two to do what I want."

He demurred, until I told him they were spies. Then his manner changed. Bringing the envelope, he walked up to the table where the General and his companion sat enjoying their oysters.

"Is everything to your liking, *Exzellenz*?" he inquired with a deep bow.

His *Exzellenz* assured him it was, blissfully ignorant that

all the time he was talking to the deferential manager I was abstracting from his pocket the letters he had shown the actress. He could not see his overcoat. Redlich's broad back effectually hid that.

Quickly I went into Redlich's private room and looked through the letters. The one that the General had shown the lady was an invitation from the Kaiser's Master of Ceremonies to an informal supper with His Majesty ! The other letters I could not read ; they were written in Russian, a language with which I am not familiar. But one of them, I noticed, bore the signature of the Russian military attaché, a person whom we had long suspected of espionage.

Redlich had begged me do what I wanted to do rapidly. I called him again, told him to engage the General once more in conversation, and then slipped the letters back. All but the one bearing the signature of the attaché. That, as quickly as possible, I copied out in the form of a drawing. When I had finished, I said to Redlich :

" A small letter fell on the floor which I forgot to put back in the envelope. All you need to do is to slip it under the General's table and when he goes to draw his attention to it. You can ask him if it belongs to him. He is sure to be grateful to you."

" This is a nice business you are bringing me into, Herr Steinhauer," remarked Redlich. " What shall I say if he suspects anything wrong ? "

" It will be all right. By the time he has finished his meal he will hardly know what he is doing."

Obviously the General was deeply infatuated with the good-looking actress. It was fully an hour later, after having drunk two or three more bottles of wine, that he took his departure, accompanied by the lady. Redlich played his part perfectly. Bowing very low as the General was taking his leave, Redlich suddenly bent down and discovered the letter.

" Is this yours, *Exzellenz* ? " he asked as he picked it up.

" Yes, it must have fallen out before," said the General, putting it in his pocket. " A thousand thanks."

But the fair Jeanne shook her finger at the General and in French said to him : " Is that your idea of carefulness ? " Then they went out while I, secretly smiling with satisfaction, hurried off to have my copy of the letter translated.

They were tremendously pleased at the Staff. The letter did not say much, but it confirmed the suspicions that had long been harboured about the secret activities of the Russian attaché.

"Dear Sascha," it ran, "I have carried out your request and have obtained for you the invitation with the All-Highest. Now be careful and don't disgrace us."

The very same evening that I discovered the contents of the letter, the General met the Kaiser and, as was reported by the newspapers, received special honour. But it frightened the Staff to think that this General was personally acquainted with His Majesty. They dared not expose him as they would have liked. It was not until some time later that they were able to prove to the Kaiser that the attaché himself had been utilizing his diplomatic privileges for the purpose of espionage. One day he disappeared from Berlin satisfied, no doubt, that he had played his part.

This General Dimitrieff was one of those officers who so frequently abused the hospitality they received. There was little or no obstacle in the way of his coming back to Berlin, where he would find the doors of some of the highest people in the land open to him. In the course of my duties with the secret service I came to know a good many of his sort, French as well as Russian. Even if they did not get as far as the Kaiser, they were always to be found in the drawing rooms of the higher dignitaries.

But I would like to say this : throughout the whole of my official career I never found Englishmen abusing their privileges in such a manner. As far as I know, there was never a case of any English officer, either of the diplomatic service or of the army or navy, who descended to such contemptible tricks.

There was, of course, the classic case of Lord Haldane, who ostensibly came over to Berlin to discuss unofficially with the Kaiser the project of an Anglo-German agreement which had for its basis an undertaking by England not to attack Germany in the European War, in return for which Germany would suspend her naval shipbuilding programme.

It is a matter of history that Lord Haldane did see the Kaiser and, according to the Kaiser himself, utilized the friendliness then existent for the purpose of obtaining a thorough insight into the German Army. Nothing came of the proposed pact,

but Lord Haldane went back to England, and there laid the foundation of the Territorial Army which proved so valuable to England when war did come.

One might also find a certain amount of cynical amusement in the fact that he was grossly reviled by the English war-mongers as the friend of Germany—not England. "My spiritual home," as he had called the Fatherland, pursued him for a very long time. Actually speaking, Lord Haldane was the finest spy England ever employed! It was undoubtedly on what he had seen, heard and been told by the officers of the Great General Staff that he brought into being, when Minister of War in Mr. Asquith's Government, the army which had so much to do in checkmating the German war plan.

CHAPTER XII

A STORY OF THE BRITISH FLEET

I

SPYING being what it is, a form of silent warfare carried on by all nations but acknowledged by none, it stands to reason that frequently many remarkable things happen. One would not think, for instance, that a ruling Emperor—and his brother—would actively interest themselves in espionage. But the Kaiser did, and his brother Prince Henry of Prussia as well.

One day in the year 1908, I received very special orders from the Chief of the Admiralty Intelligence Staff. They ran as follows :

" The British Channel Fleet under Admiral Lord Charles Beresford will shortly appear in the North Sea. The fleet will probably drop anchor at Skagen and from there travel further south. You are to watch the fleet, to form connections with suitable people, and to obtain answers to the questions below. You are to use your utmost endeavours on this mission. The Kaiser and Prince Henry have given special instructions to obtain the information wanted."

Strange, possibly, that a ruling monarch should issue such orders. No English king would dream of doing such a thing. But then our Kaiser was a law unto himself. Frequently when there has come to his knowledge a case of a German officer betraying his country's secrets, he has ordered me to hunt the culprit and, if necessary, shoot him dead.

It must also be remembered that at this time, 1908, the German Navy was being increased and more or less in an

experimental state. On the other hand, the British Navy was easily the greatest and most efficient in the world. While we Germans could pride ourselves that our mighty army was second to none, we had no delusions about the strength of the British Navy. Just as we served as a model for the world with our army, so all the other nations looked upon England as the very last word in sea power.

If we supplied our troops with a new bread-sack, or a new pattern in army boots, the French and Russian Governments would pay thousands of pounds to their spies to obtain the secret. In many instances the details could have been had for the asking, but that wouldn't have been playing the game. Everything must be hush-hush.

Prince Henry, of course, commanded the German Navy while the Kaiser controlled the policy. There were quite a number of important questions I had to answer, which will give some idea how versatile a successful spy must be. How, for instance, did the British warships keep their distance at sea when travelling in fog, especially at night? Any competent seaman can do it quite easily by day. All he has to do is to take the bearings of the height of the mast with the sea level by using the sextant. So long as you know how high your mast is the problem is simple. This particular matter very much interested Prince Henry.

But, most important of all, the Kaiser especially wanted to know how the British oil-driven warships were faring. We had known for some time past that experimental changes had been made by using oil instead of coal. How did we find out? The year before, in Berlin, we had cause to suspect of espionage the Russian Colonel Ninikuroff, one of those officers I have already mentioned who abuse the courtesy extended to them by spying. This man ostensibly came to Germany to buy 1200 field kitchens for the Russian Army. I frequently saw him in the company of international spies and with the approval of my Chief obtained access to his correspondence. I found, for one thing, that he was actively in connection with some one in England well up in naval matters. In one of this Colonel's letters I found information from England about the building of a new cruiser, a mention of the extended use that was being made of oil fuel, and, further, changes in the higher posts of the Admiralty Staff in London.

Other interesting little matters came to light. I had taken the liberty of going to the Hotel de Rome where he stayed and examining any letters that came for him there. One I opened by a cunning method that I have frequently found very efficacious had five 1000-mark notes in it without any message whatsoever. That was a bit of bribery and corruption; some one to whom he had promised an order had bribed him. And yet, this man had been received by the Kaiser and enjoyed his hospitality. I saw him later, in circumstances I shall reveal.

There were a good many other items that the Kaiser and Prince Henry had set out. The Kaiser, for instance, seemed anxious to know the cause of a bitter quarrel that had just sprung up between Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and Rear-Admiral Sir Percy Scott, both of them, as we well knew, gentlemen given to speaking their minds pretty plainly. Various other matters, such as details of service aboard the British Fleet, also had to be discovered.

My task was not easy and not without danger. True, I could not be arrested for espionage as I might be if I went to England, but there was always a possibility of discovery and serious personal damage. When I went out on such trips, which was fairly often just then, I carried various disguises such as I used in my detective work. Precautions, slight in themselves, but sometimes making all the difference between freedom and prison, were to be found in carrying out such a task in the garb of a common sailor. Also I carried a false beard and spectacles in which even my Chief himself would not have known me. I did everything thoroughly, even to the extent of filling my wallet with Danish money, together with a few English £5 notes.

Copenhagen was my goal. There I had a trustworthy agent—not a spy—a respected merchant by the name of Johannsen. He had a flourishing grocery business; English people would call him a ship's chandler, for most of his trade was with the shipping world. He seemed rather surprised to see me until I divulged the reason for my presence.

"It is necessary for me to form connections with the British Fleet," I said in the security of his private office. "You must send me as your agent, Johannsen, and also provide me with a reference so that I shall not arouse suspicion."

"It will not get me into any trouble, Herr Steinhauer?" he asked anxiously. "If it were known that I had anything to do with these matters it would go hard with me in Denmark. The Danes do not like the Germans, as you know."

"It will be quite safe," I said soothingly. "You will go to the English Consul himself to give you a letter stating that you are well known to him, that you have a good business, and that there is no reason why you should not supply British ships. Also, you must tell the Consul that you will be sending an agent —which will be me. But you must not mention my name."

Johannsen shook his head dubiously, but ultimately did as I wished. Without any great trouble he got the letter and I might mention that I still have it. It was of priceless value to me and helped me on many other occasions when my espionage duties carried me into northern parts.

So well had Johannsen played his part that the Consul and I, with Johannsen, dined together the very same evening at the Bristol Hotel. I took the opportunity to learn the entire programme of the fleet's visit. The Consul, under the influence of a good dinner, told me he had a cousin on board the flagship and that he would give me a friendly recommendation to him. I must say I went to bed that night feeling very pleased with the way my mission was progressing.

The fleet arrived in Skagen three days late. During that time I remained in Copenhagen with my eyes and ears wide open and discovered many intriguing secrets. Copenhagen is one of those towns, something like Brussels and Rotterdam, where, even in times of peace, all manner of people come together to carry on shady business which would not bear very much investigation. One can always rely on seeing there—or could do so at that time—spies of all nations, Russian, English, French, German and even Japanese. International swindlers also made it their rendezvous, knowing full well that the visit of thousands of sailors would attract all sorts of credulous people. While we were dining together in the Bristol, Johannsen drew our attention to a foreigner drinking champagne in the company of two pretty but very dubious-looking women, one of them a Russian.

"Yes," remarked the Consul, "I've seen him a good many times. I believe he comes from Paris. I have been warned from London that he is a spy."

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA

The following night Johannsen and I went along for a cup of coffee to that notorious haunt of the *demi-monde* in Copenhagen which goes under the name of "Thomas S." Who, to our intense surprise, should we see there but the foreigner of the night before in company with the Colonel Ninikuroff whom I have just mentioned? I saw the Colonel later in even more suspicious company. He was sitting down in the same place with a Russian woman and a well-known French spy. Obtaining a table near them, I listened to their conversation. They were talking about the arrival of the British Fleet and the Colonel was giving the Frenchman information which he took down in my sight. So I wasn't the only one who had come to spy. I might say that spies literally swarmed into Copenhagen within the course of the next day or two.

From Copenhagen I went to Frederikshaven, which is about an hour's journey from Skagen. There I booked a room at an hotel and at dusk changed my clothes and dressed myself as a sailor in a thick blue cloth jacket which I had kept from my old days in the navy. When I arrived at Skagen I was a Danish sailor. One could use that sort of disguise very well in Denmark. If I found myself in the company of a Dane, then I was a German or an Englishman; if, as I anticipated, I met anybody who was English, then the little Danish I spoke would easily absolve me from suspicion. One could be almost certain that amongst the 18,000 men of the British Fleet there was hardly likely to be one who would speak Danish.

Skagen was extremely busy when I arrived there. At nine o'clock in the evening, when it was still bright as day, I found the place crowded with British sailors. They filled the cafés to overflowing, drank the Danish grog as readily as their own rum, and cheerfully responded to the many questions I asked.

How did I solve the mystery that had interested Prince Henry—that of keeping distance at night? As a sailorman myself, what could have been more natural that I should remark that on my last journey between America and Rotterdam I had greatly admired the equal distance kept by all the ships of the British Fleet.

"But," I continued artfully, "it can't be so easy at night. You must all be in a state of great anxiety that you do not overtake each other?"

The three men I was sitting with laughed proudly and straight away I got an answer in chorus :

" Oh, we keep our distance at night as well as by day without the slightest trouble."

I refused to believe it, a method I always found very useful in extracting information.

" You English must have jolly fine eyes," I retorted sceptically. " Even in the German Navy they are not able to do it."

" The German Navy ! " said one of my companions contemptuously. " We do things our own way. We do not need to see far. At night the front ship has to trail a two hundred yard long rope. On that rope there is a snow-white cork buoy which now we have provided with a light. As long as the following ship keeps this buoy in front the distance is maintained."

" So ! " I said, " that is very clever."

A minute or two later I excused myself and went outside to make a note on a tiny piece of paper : " Night distance—white buoys." The following morning the cooks and provision buyers came ashore and chatted just as freely. What I had learned the night before I confirmed in the morning.

But they were not such fools. During the several days I was in Skagen I must have aroused a certain amount of suspicion by the questions I asked, for, one evening, something happened which quickly put an end to my activities. I was sitting in one of the smaller cafés with several petty officers of the navy when an Englishman (he seemed to be of better class than the others and was probably a secret service man himself) came in with a native fisherman and began, as I could clearly see, talking about me. I noticed that the fisherman shook his head and the thought came to me that he was telling the Englishman I was no Dane, whatever else I might have been. I smelt danger ; when you are a spy you soon know when trouble is in the offing.

As calmly as I could, I went on talking to my companions, but watched the two other men. Both of them drank up their grog and left the room. I thought, maybe, that all was now plain sailing, when suddenly the door opened and somebody in English called out :

" Jimmy, come here."

One of the men sitting at my table immediately got up and

went out. I, more suspicious than ever, sat there hardly knowing what to do. After about a quarter of an hour "Jimmy" came back apparently very merry and jovial and ordered drinks all round.

"Here's to you, my Danish friend," he cried boisterously. "Eat, drink and be merry."

When our glasses were empty he ordered more drinks; even his comrades wondered what was the matter with him and wanted to know if it was his birthday.

Now I knew something was wrong. My glass was darker than the rest. Some one outside must have told the innkeeper to give me an extra strong dose.

"Beware," I said to myself. "You have been discovered and they are trying to make you drunk."

I knew if I didn't drink I would make suspicion a certainty; if I did, I might fall under the table. But of the two evils I chose the lesser. The innkeeper brought me some food which I ordered and the drinking went on. It became a pantomime; apparently on the friendliest of terms, we toasted each other for two hours. "Jimmy" made ready to go, but before he went he whispered something to the two other men, who at once became very serious.

Outside (it had grown dark in the meantime) my companions seemed to have become merrier than ever. They put their arms round each other, hiccoughed and began dancing. They had dragged me out with them. "Jimmy" and one of his friends fondly embraced me and made me dance with them. They pulled me down to the sea front requesting that I should go aboard with them and have some more drink.

"Come with us, old feller. You've been—hic—asking us all sorts of things about our ships. Come and see for yourself."

Their friendly tone rapidly changed to threatening. I couldn't possibly mistake the hostility in their voices.

"You'll only get into trouble," I demurred, rolling about in drunken fashion. "It's no good, boys. I'll see you in the morning."

"You come with us"—in a tone there was no mistaking. They caught me tightly around the neck and dragged me along to their boat. I knew I had to go now; the only thought

that flashed across my mind was to swim for it at the first opportunity.

"All right," I said jovially, "I'll come. Have a cigar?"

I was wearing my heavy pea-jacket. Before I got into the boat, without being noticed, I took all my paper money out it, and stuffed it inside my shirt. I took my pea-jacket off pretending I was very hot, and sat down in the stern.

Now began the fun. Two of the men took hold of the oars, put their feet under the thwarts and began pulling towards one of the warships half a mile or so out at sea. Scarcely had they rowed off when their manner completely changed. In a rough voice one of them asked: "Are you really a Danish sailor?" Upon which I answered in a drunken, thick voice: "What business is it of yours anyhow? I'm the son of the Shah of Persia, that's what I am. Now you know."

"I'll tell you what you are," shouted the Englishman loudly. "You are a damned German spy. Wait until we get you on board and we'll soon find out all about you."

II

Those English sailors must have thought they had me safe enough. Pretending to be more drunk than ever, I hung my head over the side of the boat as though I were going to be sick. With an inebriated hiccough I mumbled that they would only find out a lot of rubbish, which brought the retort that I had better wait and see. But it was time for me to act quickly.

About seventy yards from land a slight swell set in which started to make the boat roll. I had reckoned with that. As I sat aft gripping the sides tightly with both hands apparently trying to hold myself fast I suddenly mustered all my strength. The boat was lifted up by a big wave and then, like a flash of lightning, I rocked the boat right and then left and tumbled all three of us in the water. The boat lay with her keel upwards. With the tab of my pea-jacket gripped tightly between my teeth I struck clear and started to swim towards the beach. I had hardly gone thirty yards when I touched bottom.

Behind me, in the dark water, all was quiet at first and I grew frightened at the thought that something might have happened to my companions. After all, they had done me no

harm. Suddenly, to my unspeakable relief, I heard a terrific splashing and yelling from them. They must have had a difficult job to get out from under the upturned boat. Even the people on the beach late at night were attracted by the noise.

When I got ashore I carefully drew out my paper money and found it safe and sound. Then I looked round to see if the other men were coming back. They were still splashing around in the water looking for the oars. But it was time for me to get out of Skagen. As fast as I could, I ran to the lodgings I had taken in the town, borrowed a jacket from the old fisherman, and travelled in a farm cart to Frederikshaven. At eleven o'clock that night, as though nothing at all had happened, I was sitting in my hotel there having a drink to soothe my somewhat shattered nerves.

But more adventures came my way that evening. I struck up an acquaintance with a paymaster of the British Fleet, who confided to me over a glass of champagne that he had started a love affair with a pretty little girl for whom he was now waiting. More trouble ! I had told the Englishman I was a Dane ; if his girl also happened to be Danish it wouldn't be long before she discovered I was an impostor.

The Englishman kept looking at his watch. In between the answers he carelessly gave me about the fleet, he was restlessly looking for his girl. I had to laugh a few minutes afterwards when I saw sitting at his table two women who were both spies. One was a Copenhagen *cocotte*, the other a beautiful French woman who, to my knowledge, had been spying for years. I had already seen her in Copenhagen at the café of Thomas S. All three were drinking champagne.

" Ah, my poor fellow," I said to myself, " you little know with whom you are drinking. That champagne is not being bought for nothing."

However, it was no business of mine.

The next morning I returned to Skagen to see what was happening. I sat in the Kurhaus from where I could easily watch the beach and the people around. During the afternoon a boat came in bearing the sailors who had tried to kidnap me the night before. They, and about twenty others, gathered together on the beach and by some preconcerted arrangement spread out to search the town. From my position I could see the name " Argyll " on their caps. With quiet enjoyment I

watched them at work. They could not openly arrest me because I was in Denmark.

Two of the searchers came into the Kurhaus and made some report to an English officer sitting there with two or three other men. After they had gone, the officer laughed. He must have thought it all moonshine. I got up to fetch a newspaper hanging near the table where he was sitting. He was talking with his companions about some sailors who, he said, had got blind drunk the night before and had invented a cock-and-bull story of a German spy to account for the loss of two oars.

Soon everybody in Skagen heard the story. The waiter at the restaurant confidentially informed me about it, and added that the alleged culprits had been paddling about for two hours before they reached their ship. But at any rate, there was nothing more I could do in Skagen. I should get rough-handling if they discovered my identity. I learned that the fleet would move on to Esbjerg and to that town I moved the next morning to see what would happen there.

Visitors of all nations had already arrived there from Copenhagen. Towards midday the fleet dropped anchor near Fano, but the commander-in-chief's yacht moored in Esbjerg itself, a fact which was very pleasing to me. It gave me the opportunity I wanted.

With Lord Charles Beresford were Vice-Admiral Custance, Rear-Admirals Foley and Scott and a host of other important English naval officers. Now came the most difficult part of my mission. I had to spy on the Commander-in-Chief himself. The proprietor of the hotel where I stayed managed to obtain for me an invitation to a great festival which the citizens of Esbjerg gave to the officers of the fleet, but although I had plenty of opportunity to admire the gorgeous uniforms of the admirals, I could hear nothing that was likely to interest my Imperial master. I kept my eyes on Lord Charles Beresford, a short, stocky little man whose appearance warned me that he would be very dangerous to meddle with.

He left the seat of festivities fairly early, accompanied by Sir Percy Scott, who also looked what the English call a " tough handful." I thought they were going back to Esbjerg to look for a quiet wine restaurant where they could have a drink in peace. But no, they went aboard a big yacht with several other people, I following hard on their heels.

It was a wonderful warm summer night. Tied up to the quay at Esbjerg, the yacht made a beautiful picture in the starry night. The Admiral had evidently invited his companions to a whisky and soda, for they remained up aft on deck. Luckily for me, there was no sentry on the quay. The only man I could see was at the top of the ship's ladder. Slowly and carefully, moving only a few paces at a time, I hid myself behind one of the great mooring posts which stood on the quay.

What would Lord Charles Beresford and his officers have thought if they had known that the Kaiser's Master Spy was listening to every word they said? I heard dozens of things of great interest to Germany. The Commander-in-Chief and his subordinates were very careless in their conversation. I hardly missed a word, for at times they were no more than two yards away from me. Up and down they walked, from the starboard to the larboard, often so close to me that I could almost feel their breath.

Sir Percy Scott, whom we had always known as our uncompromising enemy, was grumbling vigorously and disrespectfully about the Kaiser, whereupon Lord Charles Beresford told him to calm himself, if only on account of the various younger officers who were also on deck. But Scott would not have it.

"I am not a servant of that young man," he growled to his superior, "and in future I will not take any notice of him."

"Not so loud," said Beresford, trying to calm the other man. "He is at any rate an Emperor and the nephew of our King."

Their talk went on. A pamphlet recently written in Germany about the probability of war with England came up for discussion. It had caused a great sensation. As far as I can remember, it plainly said that the visit of the British Fleet so near to the German coast portended a war. I heard Beresford order one of his junior officers to fetch the pamphlet out of his cabin and tell him what it was all about. He laughed loud and long when the officer explained.

"It's not so bad," he remarked. "After all, it shows us the right way."

He and Scott then began talking about something that made me prick up my ears in earnest. They discussed the chances

of a real invasion of Germany and the destruction by a surprise attack of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal. Then they began talking of oil fuel-ships by comparison with steam. I heard them speaking about Prince Henry of Prussia, whom Sir Percy Scott, though he detested the Kaiser, held in high esteem. German dreadnoughts came up, whereupon Beresford demanded particulars of their armament. Scott was all for the fact that Germany was preparing for war.

"What do they mean by concentrating their battleships so close to England?" he asked of Beresford. "If that doesn't mean war, I should like to know what does? I tell you, Beresford, the war is coming soon."

Beresford laughed, a good, hearty laugh I liked to hear.

"Oh," I heard him say, "if that's the Kaiser's idea he won't have much chance. We'll double ours."

The two of them talked on until half-past one in the morning. I could not possibly remember all they said, but when I got back to my hotel I faithfully wrote down as much as I could and, subsequently, reported it to Prince Henry. He was extremely gratified and ordered that I should receive a special reward.

Now, English people may think all this contemptible to a degree. But what will they say when I tell them that at this time Esbjerg was alive with spies, especially French. They were far more active in watching the British Fleet and other naval manœuvres than we were. They spied more unscrupulously and intensively than we did, and also spent ten times as much money. I took the liberty of writing to my friend Superintendent Melville of Scotland Yard to give him a few particulars of the spies I saw at work. I saw there the Russian attaché from Berlin whom I have mentioned in a previous chapter, the Russian Colonel von Lange, whom I also knew to be a spy, French Consular officials busily engaged picking up information, in fact, half the spies of Europe. It showed, at all events, what was thought of the British Fleet.

The cafés and hotels fairly swarmed with them. I saw hundreds of pounds changing hands—the *quid pro quo* in every instance was British naval intelligence. I saw, in the post office, one of the spies register a letter to a certain Minister in Copenhagen. Another letter went to an address in Rue St Dominique, Paris. So, as I have already said, I was not the

only spy at work. I saw more secrets given away during my stay in Esbjerg than at any other time during my thirty years' experience of espionage.

All highly amusing, of course, if only for the reason that we were supposed to be doing it all. One thing more remained for me to do, namely, to try to ascertain the cause of the supposed quarrel between Beresford and Scott. We had read a good deal about it in the newspapers, and both the Kaiser and Prince Henry were anxious to know the cause. But the numerous British officers I tried to pump professed to know nothing. Either they couldn't, or wouldn't tell anything. Every time I opened the subject they shrugged their shoulders and feigned complete ignorance.

The stay of the fleet was coming to an end and I, too, packed my trunk in order to leave Esbjerg as I had nothing more to do there. But it rather galled me to realize that I had not been able to find out just the one thing that I knew specially interested the Kaiser. Then a great stroke of luck came my way. I had already made myself comfortable in a second-class compartment of a train leaving Esbjerg (I had to travel overnight) when, at the very last moment, a passenger came hurrying in and took possession of the other side of the compartment. I eyed him with great interest.

"Undoubtedly an Englishman," I concluded after sizing him up for half an hour, during which time we had sat in silence. The finest thing in the world to convince an Englishman of your complete respectability is to read "The Times." I had bought a copy of the paper in Esbjerg. Always, especially when I had espionage work to do in England, did I carry "The Times."

The stranger opposite immediately started a conversation with me.

"I see you read 'The Times'?" he said with a smile. "Are you English?"

"No," I replied in his own language, "I am a Dane, but I speak English."

We got on very well after that. He told me he was the commander of one of the English warships and had been granted leave to go to Hamburg where he had relations. He told me more about the British Fleet than I had learned during the whole of my stay in Denmark.

"And what is this I read in the papers about a quarrel between Beresford and Scott?" I inquired.

He laughed.

"Oh, the matter is of no importance at all. Sir Percy Scott who, as you have probably heard, has a will of his own, refused to follow an order of the Admiral. Beresford thought the fleet should steam in certain formation when travelling in battle line. Scott said he was utterly wrong, for he was unable to keep some of his ships up with the others. Beresford snubbed him and Scott promptly answered him back in the hearing of a lot of people."

I got a very clear picture of the manœuvres of the fleet which had just taken place. I heard all about the plan upon which they had been founded, and also learnt that Queensferry Harbour, near Edinburgh, had been closed with a chain.

That English officer must have wondered what was the matter with me. I kept running outside, until he asked me if I were ill. Good-naturedly, he gave me a nip of whisky and some pills and when he bade me good-bye after we had drunk a cup of coffee together on Hamburg station he had not the faintest idea to whom he had really been talking. It was all in the game, I suppose, all part and parcel of the espionage which went on incessantly for so many years both prior to and during the war.

What use they made of my information when I returned to Berlin I have no means of knowing. I received, for what it was worth, the special thanks of the Emperor and a considerable reward. The letter I have still, but not the money.

CHAPTER XIII

A HELIGOLAND DRAMA

HELIGOLAND, the Gibraltar of Germany ! What an outcry there was from the English people in 1890 when the Marquess of Salisbury exchanged this barren rock in the North Sea for German interests in Zanzibar !

England had bartered away her sovereignty of the seas ! The Kaiser would make Heligoland an impregnable fortress harbouring a Germany Navy which would one day descend upon the East Coast of England ! And then woe betide the foolish people who had parted with Gibraltar the Second !

What did happen with Heligoland ? It was a mixed blessing from the very day that it passed into our possession. Colossal sums of money were spent in fortifying it—for the Kaiser looked upon it as the apple of his eye. Half the spies of Europe attempted to pry into the secrets it held. And yet, for all the good it brought Germany during the war, it might very well have remained the desolate, windswept rock inhabited only by the puffins and the sea-gulls, or perhaps a few hardy fishermen ready and willing to endure the rigours of the gales that sweep across it for seven or eight months in the year.

Immense and far-reaching changes in naval warfare had considerably altered the value of Heligoland as an offensive or defensive base when the war came in 1914. Long-range artillery fire, the perfection of the submarine, the minefield and the aeroplane, had all combined to make Heligoland obsolete.

But, notwithstanding all this, it remained a place of engrossing interest to the secret services of Russia, England and

France. Times innumerable in the past had I been despatched post-haste to this Island of Mystery, there to investigate stories of espionage on the part of spies alleged to be in the pay of one or the other nations of the Triple Alliance.

And that was the position shortly before the war when there arrived at the Admiralty Intelligence Staff in Berlin a highly confidential communication from one of our agents *right inside the Russian Secret Service.* The Russians and the French were not the only people to make use of what the latter expressively term *agents double.* We, also, could have our spies ostensibly working for Russia or France, but in reality for us. A risky game, but more or less unavoidable if you wished to be *au fait* with everything taking place in the slippery science of espionage.

A Rumanian and an Englishman had approached the Russian Government with an offer to supply a comprehensive, up-to-date report of everything appertaining to Heligoland. There had certainly been no undue haste on the part of the Tsar's Intelligence officers to accept the proposal. Spies had shadowed the two men for some days endeavouring to discover whether they were really German agents trying to trick them. Their rooms at their hotel had been ransacked, but no evidence was procurable that they were anything but genuine.

So, after an exhaustive interrogation at headquarters, they were given a list of questions to which answers were wanted, handed a sum of money, and sent on their way.

Our agent in St. Petersburg had done his work well. The Rumanian, he said, called himself Wolitzna, and had a passport in that name. He was about thirty-five years of age, of a Southern type, and had a small black moustache. The Englishman had given the name of Percy Leigh, was tall and fair, clean-shaven, and limped in the right leg. He had spoken of having been in Ceylon, where he had contracted his injury.

To look for spies on Heligoland in the summer time—as this was—strongly resembled that unprofitable pastime of searching for needles in haystacks. But if the two men kept together they might easily be recognized—and on that probability I based my hopes.

Kiel, Wilhelmshaven and Swinemunde, all ports of intriguing interest to the Triple Entente, proved barren, and I made

my way across the water to Heligoland to find it crammed with visitors.

The commander of the island placed four men at my disposal and, on my suggestion, took them out of uniform so that they might mingle unnoticed with the public. Thousands of excursionists had arrived from Hamburg ; the battleships in the harbour below had granted leave to their crews and, with the Kaiser expected shortly, it was as much as one could do to move about, much less catch a couple of spies.

Nevertheless, catch them we did, though the adventure turned out tragically in a manner that took me completely by surprise.

There were new guns being erected on the *Oberland*, monstrous great weapons mounted on disappearing towers from which the guns could throw a shell twenty miles out to sea. It had been my opinion from the moment I clapped eyes on this new and formidable artillery that the two spies would make for this part of the island, and I stood by the guns suspiciously eyeing everybody who passed by, my experienced eyes trying to pick them out.

Nothing happened. Hundreds of curious sightseers strolled along ; not one of them tarried long enough to ask questions, or examine with more than a passing interest the weird great steel globules that hid the new guns of Heligoland. One might have compared them to giant mushrooms, so round and innocent did they look.

Suddenly one of the soldiers searching the *Unterland* for me made his appearance and informed me that down below in the Hotel Victoria there were two foreigners who answered the descriptions of the suspects very well indeed.

The Hotel Victoria ! Oh, yes, Heligoland had plenty of English residents who had been there for many years and the Victoria was a relic of other and happier days between England and Germany. A good many people have forgotten that Queen Victoria was the Kaiser's grandmother. Even the Kaiser himself may have forgotten it !

I left my observation post and went down the steps that led to the *Unterland*.

" There's one," whispered my soldier, full of importance, digging me in the ribs. He pointed in the direction of a good-looking young man in spotless white flannels, who,

with a dark overcoat slung on his arm, was walking along aimlessly.

"Go back to the hotel and keep your eye on the other," I said to the soldier. "I shall look after this one."

My man, unsuspicious of trouble, went slowly up the steps to the top of the island and gazed around him with interested eyes. He spoke to one of the marines, asked him some questions, and received a reply accompanied by much waving of arms and voluble explanation. A cigar changed hands and the Rumanian passed on. I, too, went up to the self-same marine, politely raised my cap—for I was dressed as an excursionist myself—and asked the marine if he could oblige me with a light.

"What did that man want?" I inquired unconcernedly.

"He asked me what the globes were for," said the marine in broad Saxon accent and quite ignorant of my identity.

The Rumanian went on his way, I following close on his heels. I saw him pause by the naval barracks, where he asked more questions. He mingled with the sailors from the ships, took some of them down to the cafés below and, as I could hear by sitting near-by, artfully interrogated them on many matters which they had no business to answer. But he had chosen his time well. It was a holiday and the liquor loosened the tongues that would otherwise have been on their guard.

All day long he was at it. I shadowed him from one end of the island to the other. He had a good look at the entrance of the subterranean passages where there were hidden the deepest secrets of Heligoland, but dared not ask any questions there for fear of arousing suspicion. All the time I was wondering what had become of the other man and whether he, too, was equally busy.

In the meantime it had turned six o'clock and a huge crowd of people were surging towards the steamer that would take them back to Hamburg. My Rumanian, too, joined the throng and I cursed him then, for I had not anticipated being a night away from the island without a change of clothes or another disguise.

I went aboard, having temporarily lost the quarry. There were over a thousand passengers on the vessel, most of them in a state that it would be mild to describe as animated. Singing, dancing and drinking, they made a carnival of the trip back

while all the time I anxiously hunted for the man whom I now knew to be a spy. His companion I could not now bother about; time would tell what had become of him, though I guessed where one was the other would not be far away.

At last I saw my man standing by the rail, apparently alone, and gazing down into the water. It was not an easy matter keeping him in sight without being noticed. Hundreds of people were continually passing between us. Finally, towards midnight, the steamer arrived at Hamburg and slowly made her way to the St. Pauli landing stage. And then . . . then, when I thought I had been so clever, I received one of the many shocks that were to come to me in this truly remarkable case, all of which conclusively proved that I had been dealing with a clever and desperate spy.

Unobtrusively and, as I thought, unsuspected, I had posted myself near the gangway in readiness to be first off the boat so that I should be able to scrutinize everybody coming afterwards. Hundreds of people were crowding against me, all, no doubt, anxious to get home. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, I received a terrific blow at the back of the knees. With a cry of horror from the people around me I fell head first into the deep, glistening waters below.

Amidst scenes of voluble excitement all round ropes were dropped from the quay whilst I, thoroughly at home in the water as befitted an old sailor, paddled round waiting for a boat to come to my rescue. Two policemen came hurrying up but I made my escape, for I was now doubly anxious to find my Rumanian. The onlookers were saying to each other that I must have been drunk, but I did not stop to contradict them. In my dripping clothes and minus a hat I slipped away while they still argued the matter.

My purse had not disappeared—fortunately for me. The proprietor of a sailors' inn close to the docks gazed at me in open-mouthed astonishment when I went in and asked for a big glass of hot grog with something to eat, but he made no comment because I muttered something about having had too much to drink and fallen into the water. Two or three more grogs made a new man of me; if it had not been for the throbbing pain behind my knees I might have thought that I had really lost my head.

One drink succeeded another. I started to think over things.

In my own mind I felt certain that the two spies had not arrived in Heligoland that day because I had carefully watched all the incoming passengers. They must have been staying on the island for some time. Wolitzna, if that *was* his name, had brought no luggage with him from Heligoland and, that being the case, he would surely return there as soon as possible. And now I realized that the probabilities were that he knew he was being watched and that his trip on the boat had been made for the express purpose of enticing me aboard.

I had a score to settle with this gentleman. I, too, would return to Heligoland, this time a little more carefully. But, knowing what I knew now, I took a few precautions. A dirty old seaman's cap bought from the innkeeper changed my appearance a little. On my way to the station, where I intended to take the train to Cuxhaven and from there get a fishing boat to carry me across to Heligoland unseen by the spy, I still feigned drunkenness. I swayed about like a man completely fuddled by drink. I fell down in the porch of a house and lay there long enough for two policemen to come up.

One said to the other : " This poor fellow has been over to the island. Shall we take him inside and let him sleep it off? "

I snored.

" No," replied his companion. " What do we want to bother about him for? He's just as well off here as in the police station and besides," he added thoughtfully, " he might be sick there, too."

So they left me where I was. About four o'clock in the morning I found myself at the railway station, and waited for the early train to Cuxhaven where I arrived in time to find the fishermen setting about their tasks for the day. It was not difficult to find a boat that would take me to the island ; a twenty-mark piece did the trick and I utilized the opportunity to get in a good sleep, for I had some heavy work in front of me. In the evening at six o'clock, I was again watching for the spies, this time disguised with a pointed beard and a smart Homburg hat.

There was no sign of either man for two days—but still I watched the steamers from Hamburg. On the third day the Rumanian came. He no longer wore the fashionable flannel

suit. And his moustache had gone. I followed him from the boat and the limp that afflicted my walk aided my disguise.

He went into a house nearly opposite the Victoria Hotel. In the restaurant of that place I could maintain my surveillance without being seen. A word to the proprietor, an old friend of mine and one well accustomed to my spy-hunting tricks, enabled me to watch unquestioned by the staff. And still the hours went by without result. Five, six, seven, eight and then nine o'clock came without a sign of the spy.

At half-past nine a window opposite suddenly opened and a minute or two afterwards the Rumanian came out of the front door. I had difficulty in recognizing him. He had a cap on his head and wore a raincoat tightly buttoned up to the neck. I left the place and went after him as fast as my swollen legs would allow.

He went to the east side of the island, I limping close behind him. I saw him go up to a man seated under a tree, speak with him for a few minutes and then—I could hardly believe my own eyes—the pair of them stood up and my Rumanian had changed into a dainty girl! The cap had disappeared. Over "her" arm "she" carried a raincoat. "She" minced along by the side of the man, and although I could not recognize the Englishman I knew it was he. What was their game now?

The chase was growing interesting. The couple made their way up to the *Oberland* and I guessed the next move. Sure enough the "girl" left "her" companion. "She" went towards the barracks and I heard, or rather saw "her" speaking to one of the sentries. I would have given something to have heard their conversation but that, alas, was impossible. The Englishman stood between me and my goal.

It was half-past eleven before the "girl" left the man on duty. I heard smothered giggles which made we wonder what this Rumanian really was, male or female. "She" rejoined "her" companion, put on the raincoat and returned to "her" lodgings on the lower part of the island. There I left "her," safely enough all things considered, for no one, unless they had a boat of their own, could leave Heligoland between steamer times.

The commander of the island looked incredulous when I visited him very early the next morning, related what had

occurred, and informed him that I wanted to arrest the couple forthwith. He was an exceptionally kindly man, but on this occasion he had the Kaiser on his hands. The All-Highest was coming over to inspect the fortifications himself. It would be awkward.

"Nevertheless," I said, "even His Majesty will appreciate the importance of arresting these men. If necessary I will inform him myself."

"No, no, Steinhauer," he said hurriedly. "I will give you all the assistance I can. But I beg of you to have it done without any disturbance. It might not please His Majesty if he knew spies were on the island at the time of his visit. Besides," he added, "my own position . . ."

"Your Excellency may rely on me," I replied. "If I may have two or three men it will be sufficient for my purpose. But they must be armed, for I think it not unlikely that this Rumanian may shoot."

I had already reconnoitred the scene of operations. There was a backway into the house where the Rumanian had his lodgings and I went in there, having left instructions with my men to follow me in two minutes' time.

A smiling landlady told me she was just taking her lodger's morning coffee and rolls—providentially for me. I went up before her, knocked at the Rumanian's door and in an assumed female voice called out: "Coffee."

From inside came the one word: "*Entrez*." With my hand tightly clutching my pistol I opened the door, saw a man in the room with his back towards me, and then cried out in a sharp voice: "Hands up!"

The man sprung round as though he had indeed been shot. Thunderstruck, he gazed at me with fear-distended eyes—but he put his hands up, for he could see that I meant business.

"What do you want with me?" he almost wailed. "Why should I put my hands up? Have I done anything wrong? Is this a joke you are playing on me?"

The last words were hardly out of his mouth when I saw his black eyes suddenly blaze into ferocity. He ducked low and made a flying leap at me. But my experience on the dock at Hamburg had warned me. I side-stepped him and then . . . then, in spite of the seriousness of the position I had to

burst out laughing. The poor landlady, all unconscious of what was happening, chose that moment of all others to enter the room with the coffee! As she opened the door she met the full charge of the infuriated Rumanian. Crash! went the tray she was carrying. Over went the shrieking landlady, while down the stairs went the clattering crockery.

Almost simultaneously I heard a good honest English "Damn!" that, if I was not greatly mistaken, came from the Englishman. He came running into the room swearing lustily and wiping the cream from his jacket. Like lightning I pulled a whistle out of my pocket, blew two shrill blasts upon it and heard, to my unspeakable relief, the footsteps of men running upstairs. My three men rushed in and we all stood in the room together, seven of us, the pistol still in my hand, a look of utter and complete amazement on the landlady's face, the two spies saying something to each other in a language I could not understand—Russian.

It was the Rumanian who first recovered his self-possession —the Englishman remained silent.

"You, I suppose," he remarked sneeringly, "are a policeman? Otherwise there would be no explanation of your extraordinary behaviour."

"Put the handcuffs on him," I said to one of my men. "He is dangerous."

"You are under arrest," I explained, rather unnecessarily. "If you have an explanation of your actions here, all well and good. If not, I shall take you to Wilhelmshaven."

The landlady, a tactful soul, brought up some fresh coffee, still bewildered by the dramatic events of the morning. My sullen prisoner—the other man had been taken away, for I did not want him to communicate with the Rumanian—condescended to sit down and eat some breakfast when I offered to take his handcuffs off, with a man by his side to see he played no more of his tricks.

I had searched the room, but found little evidence of an incriminatory nature. Some boiled eggs with a fresh supply of coffee and rolls took the edge off the Rumanian's viciousness. Pointing to my aching knee, I asked him if it was really he who had been responsible for the matter at Hamburg a few nights before.

"Yes," he grunted in English, "and I'm only sorry you

haven't been eaten by the fishes long ago. A million curses on you."

I laughed, for I could understand his feelings. From the tone of his conversation he was a desperate fellow. He weighed every word he spoke and I was on the look-out for a knife-thrust. To every question I put he made a guarded answer and I gave him up. As soon as he had finished his meal I had him handcuffed again and then sent him into the next room. Then I had his confederate brought in.

A man of different mettle, this. He smiled as he came in, cheerfully sat down, and appeared to be intensely surprised at the events of the morning.

"Well," he remarked, "this is a funny business. What's the idea?"

"That," I replied, "must be found out. First of all, we shall have to undress you."

"Why?" still, apparently, greatly astonished.

"To see what you have concealed about you," I said. "Your friend from St. Petersburg has told us a good deal."

"Has he, by jove!"

There was not a scrap of paper to be found about the Englishman's clothes, which proved something, even if it gave me no direct evidence against him. He nodded consent when I said I would like to open the seams of his coat and laughed when we found nothing there also.

But I knew he was the man who had been described by our agent in St. Petersburg, for with his clothes off I could see that he had an injury to the cartilage of his knee which forced him to drag one leg after the other.

"What are you?" I said eventually, having taken quite a liking to him. "A hard-boiled criminal, or a beginner?"

"Neither," he retorted.

"Do you know what you are accused of?"

"No, I have done nothing wrong."

"You will be charged with espionage. Your friend in the next room is a spy and so, I think, are you."

He was a consummate actor, this Percy Leigh.

"What!" he cried in amazed tones. "A spy! You're having a game with me."

Only once was he at a loss; that occurred when I asked him if he had been in Hamburg with the Rumanian the previous

day. There was a silence in the room for quite a considerable time.

"It might have been possible," he admitted slowly, as one trying to remember. "We wanted to amuse ourselves with a night over there."

But he was a clever customer. Nothing would make him admit espionage nor give the slightest hint that he knew what the Rumanian had been doing. I took him with me to his lodgings to search those, leaving Wolitzna in the charge of two men. Nothing came to light there, except that I found a large sum of money which seemed rather strange in a place like Heligoland.

"What's the idea of this?" I inquired, holding up a wad of English banknotes between £200 and £300.

"Idea!" he said, apparently still unable to believe anything wrong. "Why, can't a man carry money about with him?"

"Yes," I said a trifle shortly, for I was beginning to lose my temper with him, "but not in Heligoland. They don't like strangers here. I shall have to take you to Wilhelmshaven and put you in prison for a time until we find out something more about you."

"I don't mind," he replied airily. "But I insist upon being allowed to communicate with the British Consul."

It was no use arguing any longer. I badly wanted to get to Wilhelmshaven and the only way I could do it was to obtain from the commander of the island a government steamer. That functionary appeared by no means pleased when I called at his official residence and told him what had happened. At the time he was entertaining the Kaiser and the officers of the fleet.

"Can't you keep these men until the morning?" he demanded irritably. "They can be locked up in the guard-room."

Foolishly, as it turned out, I refused to consent. I badly wanted to get my two captives over to the mainland for fear of something happening. So, after a good deal of trouble, His Excellency gave an order that the official boat was to take me across.

It was already growing dusk when we boarded the small steamer. I had the Englishman under my charge, while two other men escorted the Rumanian. These latter three took

their seats on the after deck of the vessel, the Rumanian unobtrusively handcuffed. Aboard the ship there reigned the spirit of holiday. The visit of the Kaiser had been responsible for a good deal of celebration. Brandy and liqueurs could be had for the asking.

The darkness came down as we made our way into the North Sea. Desultorily, the Englishman and I chatted together. I felt sorry for him. He was a gentleman and much too good a specimen of a man to be mixing himself with international spies. I told him so, but he only shrugged his shoulders and laughed, remarking by way of reply: "It's all in the game."

This Rumanian, Wolitzna, was not a type of spy for whom one could feel very much sympathy, because he was one of those internationals who work for money and not for the justifiable motive of patriotism. But, nevertheless, it is not for me to judge him hardly in view of the terrible tragedy that happened just as we were nearing land.

It had grown completely dark by now. We had already sighted the Weser lightship which marks the entrance to the Wilhelmshaven channel when there was a loud cry of "Man overboard" from the aft deck.

Leaving the Englishman by himself I rushed towards the sound of the cry and found already there a small crowd of men. One of the two guards who had come from Heligoland pushed through the throng and said to me in a hoarse whisper: "He's gone overboard."

I was horrified.

"What do you mean?" I said angrily.

The man whined out something about his prisoner having suddenly leapt overboard. I had no time to demand further explanations just then. The steamer had already been stopped and even then orders were being given to put back and see if the unfortunate Rumanian could not be found. But for over an hour, with flares burning over the side of the ship, not a trace could be seen of the poor fellow. Handcuffed as he had been, he must have sunk like a stone as soon as he reached the water. Eventually I gave the order to go on and instructed the man at the helm to keep his mouth shut.

"And you," I said to the guards, "I will deal with later. You must have been sound asleep."

There was nothing I could do then to find the lost man. It was pitch dark and a sea was coming up. To row about in the black night would have been hopeless, and reluctantly, when all hope had been abandoned, we went on our way. I gave it out that the drowned man had been a lunatic who had suddenly broken out in Heligoland and with that, for the time being, the matter ended.

It had also assumed an entirely different aspect. With the Rumanian, against whom I had had plenty of evidence, gone beyond all recall, I realized that it would not only be a waste of time laying a charge against the Englishman, but also that international complications might result if I even detained him. So I did not even put him in a police cell as I intended. Instead, I took him with me to the Hotel Loheide and told him he could give me his *parole* for the night.

The loss of his friend had quietened him down considerably. No longer did he laugh, even when I told him that he would probably find himself free by the morning. I, too, felt downhearted. It is not pleasant to see a fellow-being take his life in cold blood.

At ten o'clock in the morning I interviewed the magistrate of Wilhelmshaven. I told him fully what had happened and he agreed with me that it would be better to let the Englishman go, on the understanding that he authorized the release.

Leigh and I parted in Wilhelmshaven the best of friends. I arranged to meet him in Hamburg after I had gone across to Heligoland again to report to the commander the disastrous termination of my trip. He, I must say, was very frankly relieved, especially when I said that the Kaiser was not likely to hear about the matter.

"Keep your mouth shut," he advised me. "The Kaiser does not like to hear that spies can get into Heligoland. He is still in a very good temper, which will not be the case if a whisper of this affair gets to his ears."

I did not mind, for there would be no compliments coming to me if the All-Highest did hear the truth of the affair. Later on, the same night, and much more to my taste, was a meeting in Hamburg with the Englishman, who gave me a first-class dinner—but no information. The wine flowed and flowed,

but that astute fellow—and I have never been able to determine from that night to this day whether he was working for Russia or England—would tell me nothing.

He certainly offered to tell me a little if I, on my part, would inform him how we had heard about the presence of him and the Rumanian on Heligoland.

"Who's your man in St. Petersburg?" he asked softly. "Just tell me that, and then I may tell you something."

"Ah, yes," I said. "No doubt. But then where should we be in the future?"

We left it at that. It was much too enjoyable an evening to spend the time in recrimination. When the party broke up, somewhere about two o'clock in the morning, we were bosom friends. The next day we met for lunch and then he went his way and I went mine, little dreaming that twelve months or so afterwards England and Germany would be at war.

CHAPTER XIV

THE TALE OF A TRAITOR

IN one of the main streets of Heligoland there lived a little tradesman named Lotse, who had been on the island many years and was much respected by the inhabitants. With him resided his son, a mysterious sort of individual who had been many years abroad. The information that came from the commander of the island to the Admiralty Intelligence Staff in Berlin indicated that this young Lotse was not such a good German as he might have been. Day and night, said the commander, he was to be found on the *Oberland* talking to the artillery men. He had also aroused strong suspicion by the questions he asked about the fortifications and tunnels beneath the cliffs.

Nobody knew where this young Lotse had been during his absence abroad. He received a good deal of foreign correspondence and, occasionally, spent much more money than he earned. Nothing betrays a spy quicker than a sudden access of wealth. When you find a workman suddenly launching out into wild extravagance, perhaps drinking heavily, or keeping the company of expensive women, there is usually something wrong.

Several detectives had already been shadowing this man, but without any success. One day, in 1902, as the summer was approaching, I received orders from the Chief of the Admiralty Staff to go to Heligoland myself. I had *carte blanche* in these matters. Cunning had to be met with cunning. It would never do for an utter stranger like myself to appear on the island unexpectedly. I decided to wait until the annual naval manœuvres took place and then make my

appearance as one of the many thousands of excursionists who came across from the mainland. Also, I went in disguise. If the reports about this young Lotse were true, then he would probably be an international spy and as such might recognize me forthwith.

I arrived in Heligoland as an hotel proprietor from Wurzburg. In my large horn-rimmed glasses and black side-whiskers it would have taken a clever spy to recognize me. For eight days I watched Lotse, followed him wherever he went, and could calculate that I knew where to lay my hands on him any time I wanted him. So the first disguise vanished; instead, moving off to the Victoria Hotel, I became a Danish cattle dealer from Copenhagen, just arrived.

It had amazed me to find this Lotse passing himself off as an Englishman. In his movements around the island, and in all his conversation, he pretended to be English. He walked about with a pipe in his mouth and he carried, like I frequently did, a copy of an English newspaper in his pocket. When I saw that I knew him to be a spy.

I had been left entirely to my own devices. If he was indeed an enemy agent, he had to be trapped, but the manner of doing it could only be decided on the spot.

Opposite the house where Lotse lived was a small restaurant with seats and tables outside for passing guests such as you may see anywhere on the Continent. All the time I had been watching my man I noticed that he went there almost every evening to drink whisky. On that, I built my plan. I, too, had a fondness for whisky and I thought it would be strange indeed if this spy could drink more than I.

I had no idea of offering him a large amount of money, whereby I might ascertain for certain that he was actually engaged in espionage. Nor did I intend to act as what the French call *agent provocateur*. One may say that a nation is justified in using any method to trap a spy but not to tempt him into treason.

First I wanted to discover whether Lotse would listen to a dishonourable proposal. That necessitated becoming very friendly with him, to the extent of asking him one night whether he would be willing to obtain information for another Government, for instance, drawings of the forts.

If he was an honest man he would probably strike me in the

face or go straight away to the commander and report what had occurred—in which case I should very likely be the one arrested. Had he done this, I should immediately have reported to my Chief in Berlin, turned my back on Heligoland, and thought no more of him. Unfortunately, matters turned out precisely the reverse.

For three nights running I went to the restaurant without success. Whisky after whisky I poured down my throat waiting for my man to come. On the fourth evening, late, he arrived. As he passed by my table I gave the waiter an order in English to bring me some whisky. I spoke loudly, in the English language, about its bad quality, and said I hoped it would not be long before I found myself in England again to have some good Scotch whisky.

I saw Lotse prick up his ears. He spoke to the waiter himself and repeated to him, in German, what I had said in English.

"Will you have a drink with me?" I asked. "It is very lonely here after Copenhagen."

He did not mind; no doubt it was a relief for such a man, engaged as he was in spying, to have some one to talk to. I told him about my stay in America, England and Denmark, and he told me of his life as a sailor. It did not take me long to discover that all his sympathies were for England. Before we parted that night, both of us a bit fuddled, I had learnt enough to know that he had come back to Heligoland to spy upon the fortifications and sell the information to the highest bidder.

I did not attempt to enforce the friendship. For three days I roamed about the island as a semi-inebriated Danish cattle dealer with plenty of money to spend. I went into the shop of Lotse's father, slightly drunk, and bought a few odds and ends. The young man himself came out and appeared greatly astonished at seeing me.

I at once started into a long-winded story of the brutal fashion in which I had been treated by some German soldiers on the *Oberland* that day. Also, the sailors had been very rude to me. They had seen me looking at a gun and requested me to leave the *Oberland* forthwith otherwise I would be locked up.

"What were you looking at?" asked young Lotse cynically. "You've got to be careful in this place."

When I informed him that I had been looking at the gun towers he laughed and murmured in German: "*Diese hammel*" (these sheep).

"You'd better have a whisky and soda, my friend," he added. "It'll pull you together."

As we sat in the restaurant opposite he leaned over to me and began to talk confidentially.

"I'm not quite so sure about you," he began significantly. "I don't know what your game is here, but if you will take my advice you won't show any interest in the guns or any other military matters. The Germans here look upon every foreigner as a spy."

We went on drinking for a time and as the whisky went down his throat—and mine—he became even more intimate.

"If there is anything here you really do want," he continued in a whisper, "I can get it for you. Everybody knows *me* and the soldiers know who I am."

It was just as well, perhaps, that he didn't know who *I* was. I looked at him for a long time before I made answer.

"It might be worth your while if you could take me on the *Oberland* without question," I replied at last. "But there must be no risk."

Lotse gave an exclamation of derision. "We shall go on a *Kneiptour*" (it is what the English describe as a drinking tour), he said, and we left it at that.

Now we were getting warmer. I called for him in the morning as arranged and, so that we should begin the day well, we visited several restaurants in the *Unterland* before we went up above. It was there, on the *Oberland*, when I showed so much interest in the guns, even when apparently drunk, that Lotse whispered in my ear:

"My friend, you have not come to Heligoland for pleasure. You are a—hic—spy."

"H-s-s-h," I said warningly, "some one will hear you."

He was then, I should explain, pretty drunk. Keep quiet he would not. It was not, he informed me, the first time he had been in a dangerous situation. I had only to ask him and he could obtain whatever I wanted to know about Heligoland.

By the time the evening came he was very nearly speechless.

I got him into a restaurant near his house and then, without any further ado, laid my cards on the table.

"I am not a cattle dealer at all," I said to him in a whisper. "I have come here to get the plans and drawings of the fortifications for another country and I want you to help me."

He gazed at me owlishly, but suddenly livened up when I pulled a pistol out of my pocket, laid it on the table in front of me, and uttered these words :

"I place myself in your hands. You can go to the police and tell them I am a spy, but before you get there," and here I picked up the pistol and cocked it, "I will shoot you dead."

The fuddled look in his eyes disappeared as if by magic. He stared at me without a word until I put the pistol away and then he muttered drunkenly : "Qui' right. I keep a pishtol myshelf."

But it took a very long time to sober him up and make him really understand that I was in deadly earnest. Then, as I knew he would, he stipulated that he should be paid well.

I could not, however, arrest him then and there. A promise is one thing ; actual espionage another. I decided to return to Berlin and consult the Chief.

"Lotse," I said, "I must speak with my employers before I am able to tell you what I actually want. I will write to you from England, or perhaps from Copenhagen, and tell you exactly what you are to obtain. I can promise you that you shall have your price." The amount we had agreed upon was £500.

The Dane Olaf Jansen left Heligoland the next day very satisfied. In his place shortly afterwards came the detective Steinhauer from Berlin. At the Admiralty Staff they decided that I should write to Lotse from London giving him instructions as to what he should obtain and requesting him to meet me in Copenhagen.

He never suspected a trap. When I met him I gave him a sealed envelope containing, in English, particulars of what I wanted. He was to get a drawing of the inside of the forts, and also to furnish a description of the tunnel which went from the *Unterland* to the inside of the island. The Admiralty Staff were especially anxious to discover whether he worked alone or whether he had accomplices among the garrison.

As I bade him good-bye, I told him that he must have the plans ready within two months at the least and that he must

meet me in Berlin in one of the upper rooms of the Café Josty. At that, all his suspicions bristled up.

"What for?" he inquired sharply. "I shall not come to Germany."

"It is that or nothing," I said. "These plans are to be sold to a foreign power. They must first be taken to the naval attaché in Berlin and if he believes they are genuine the money will be paid over at once."

For a long time Lotse refused. Then, as I knew it would, his greed got the better of him. To celebrate the occasion, he insisted upon doing a round of the cafés until he again became drunk.

"Quiet!" I cried sharply, as he began fulminating against Germany. "This place is alive with spies. Do you want to get arrested the moment you get back to Heligoland?"

"What do you think of this?" he retorted, pulling out of his pocket a bronze badge. "Do you know what it is?"

He was a dangerous fellow, if only for the way he talked. But before I could shut him up he went on to tell me that the badge was one issued by the English Government to men who were qualified pilots.

"Now, look," he exclaimed arrogantly, "in case of a war I can be useful to any nation fighting against Germany. I can guide any ship safely into the mouth of the Elbe and the Weser, and I can also bring them so near Heligoland that they can shoot the whole island into the sea. Please tell that to your employers. If they pay me enough money I am willing to do it for them."

"So," I thought, "you are a man of no country at all! You are not only a bad German, but a bad man altogether." Any sympathy I may have had for him disappeared altogether.

"You will sing a different tune shortly, my friend," I said to myself.

What a fool he was! Never a suspicion entered his brain that he was being trapped. On the appointed day in Berlin I sat in the Café Josty at nine o'clock in the morning awaiting the arrival of the spy with the plans of Heligoland. I must say I had trouble to recognize him when he came in at ten o'clock with a large roll under his arm. He was elegantly dressed, which made me think he had been selling the secrets of the island to other people.

And I? I was again Jansen from Copenhagen. My spy had not yet seen Steinhauer the detective and, if I could help it, he never would. He was rather nervous at first, but handed over the roll when I stretched out my hand for it.

"The money?" he inquired. "You must bring it as quickly as possible because I want to leave Berlin this day."

"There is no hurry," I replied reassuringly. "Let us have some breakfast together. It is much too early to see my employer."

All through the meal his hands shook. When I left him to take the papers to their destination, he begged of me to return quickly.

But I went to the Admiralty Staff. A hasty examination soon disclosed their genuineness. A cheque, payable on the Deutsche Bank, was handed to me, and I hurried back with it, after less than an hour's absence, to the Café Josty.

"Have you got the money?" asked Lotse excitedly, his face quivering with eagerness.

"I have a cheque," I said. "We shall go to the bank and cash it at once."

Without any waste of time, he put on his hat and coat and accompanied me outside. But we did not get very far. On the corner of Masur and Leipzigerstrasse three men came up to us, showed us their papers of identification as detectives, and asked us who we were. After we had told them, they requested us to step into a taxicab to go to the Police President's office.

There was no time to think of resistance. Lotse, his face as white as chalk, whispered in English in my ear: "I'm glad I haven't got those papers on me. See if you can destroy that cheque."

"I shall try," I whispered back.

That was the last I saw of him. At the police office we were parted. He never even saw me at his trial, because when you are engaged in counter-spy work it is not advisable that your identity should become known. His punishment was ten years' penal servitude, a severe one, it is true, but thoroughly deserved. One can understand a foreign spy engaging himself in espionage—but not against his own nation.

CHAPTER XV

A FRANCO-GERMAN ALLIANCE

SPIES are drawn from all classes and creeds. The Russians and the French, especially the latter, were, as I have already stated, always partial to utilizing women for their espionage, which hardly seems worthy of a race famous for their gallantry towards the fair sex. But the end, no doubt, justifies the means.

Most of these women were adventuresses pure and simple. Some belonged to what is commonly known as the oldest profession in the world, others called themselves actresses. One might remark that they had need to play their part well, because failure meant long years in a prison cell, not to mention the chance of a bullet.

It was in connection with one notorious woman spy of the French Secret Service that I had one of the most amazing experiences of my official career. The name of Jane Durieux is not, I suppose, known to many people in England, but in Germany we knew her for many years as a clever and dangerous spy who had beguiled and then entrapped many of our officers into betraying secrets of military importance. There were many such cases and in the one I am about to relate the Emperor himself was actively interested.

When that happened expenses would be liberal. The Kaiser listened to no excuses, on any score, when the honour of his army was at stake. He kept himself informed in the most minute detail of all foreign espionage.

In this particular instance information had been received in Berlin from one of our agents at French military headquarters that Jane Durieux had forwarded from Germany the

drawing of a new bridge across the Rhine. How it had got there, and who was the officer responsible, remained to be discovered. The plan had not been long in the possession of the French ; it had been photographed and returned to the sender whom Section IIIb of the Great General Staff knew to be the good-looking Jane Durieux.

Stirring cases were slack just then in the office of the secret police in Berlin. When von Tausch, the Chief of the Department, sent for me one afternoon to inform me that I would be required to go on a special mission for the *Kriegministerium* my heart jumped with joy, for it meant that I had to go out spy hunting.

Do not think, please, that I took a morbid delight in tracking a man who had betrayed his country. Too often, when I came to know the full circumstances, did I realize how easily some unfortunate officer short of money had fallen a victim to a cunningly-spread trap laid for him by an unscrupulous adventuress.

Instructions I received from the Chief of the Military Intelligence Department were brief and very much to the point.

" Herr Steinhauer," said the Chief, " at one o'clock there leaves from the Anhalter Bahnhof a train proceeding to Frankfort. You will immediately make yourself ready for a long journey. There is a very clever lady travelling by that train who is aware that she is being watched. You are to go wherever she goes—provided," he added significantly, " it is not to France."

" On the Bahnhof," continued the Chief, " you will see with this lady a certain army officer. In an hour's time there will be at your house a messenger who will bring you the money you will want and a letter containing further particulars. You must not open that letter before you are safely in the train. Read it thoroughly, and after you have read it destroy it. And I want to warn you before you go that you are dealing with a very dangerous woman. You must carry your pistol with you, and not hesitate to use it if necessary."

Such tasks, if unpleasant, were quite to my liking. It meant, at any rate, a welcome change from the tedium of police duty in Berlin. When I arrived at my apartment a messenger from the War Office was already awaiting my arrival.

Quickly I got together the disguise I usually carried on such expeditions. A light summer overcoat, which could be worn inside or out, one side of it being a fashionable fawn, the other black, a small yellow handbag that could also become black, and a dark, full beard, plus a pair of whiskers to stick on my face as occasion required, were supplemented by a hat that could be worn in two different shapes. I took also a large pair of horn-rimmed glasses, two or three different-coloured travelling caps—and an alarm clock. They were my usual stock-in-trade when I set out on such expeditions and were always ready for use.

Long before the time fixed I was at the Anhalter Bahnhof looking round. About ten minutes before the train left a taxicab drove up to the station and out of it stepped the officer and Jane Durieux. The woman went to a porter and asked him when the train left. I meant to make no mistake about recognizing her. I stood alongside the booking office when she bought a second-class ticket to Freiburg and took a ticket for the same place.

She seemed very suspicious. All the time she was speaking with the officer she looked closely at the people around her. A fascinating creature, certainly. Tall and slim of figure, she wore a tight silk dress which fully displayed her physical charms. She had large dark eyes and an olive complexion. I could well understand any man falling a victim to her wiles.

I was already seated in the train when she parted company with the officer and came looking for a seat. One knew, by the careful way she examined every compartment, that she meant to take no unnecessary risks. Eventually I saw her get in at the end of the train. I took out my copy of " The Times "—my invariable travelling companion—and settled down to read it. She would, I guess, walk along the corridor looking for any one who might be a detective.

I read—behind " The Times "—the letter which had been sent to my apartment.

" During the last military manœuvres on the Rhine," it ran, " there were given out to certain army officers twelve plans of a bridge-head marked ' Secret and Confidential.' Each officer who received one had to give a receipt for it. When the manœuvres were concluded and the plans had to be handed back, one was missing.

"In all likelihood the loss would not have caused much comment had not our agent at French military headquarters informed us that the French had recently been in possession of this plan and had photographed it. The officer to whom this particular plan had been issued accounted for its absence at the time by stating that he had burnt it, but then said afterwards that he had discovered it amongst other papers and had then promptly returned it.

"We have come to the conclusion that the report of this photograph in France, in conjunction with the loss and subsequent reappearance of the plan, must have some connection. It has been reported that the French spy Jane Durieux was in the neighbourhood of the manœuvres and that she had been associating with some of our army officers. She may have stolen the plan and after sending it to France smuggled it back. We have already elicited that she has been staying in Berlin, ostensibly to visit a relative. The officer accompanying her to the station has known her for some considerable time.

"Your instructions are to follow her closely and ascertain whether she is in touch with other officers. You will arrest her if there is any evidence that she is spying."

After I had read the letter, I went to the toilet, and tore the communication into a thousand pieces which I threw out of the train.

About eleven o'clock we arrived at Karlsruhe. Jane, as I knew, had a ticket to Freiburg, but I had already noticed, walking up and down the corridor, that she was preparing to alight at Karlsruhe. It would not be easy to follow her. She was full of suspicion. I saw her step on to the platform and closely examine every one who got out of the train.

She spoke to the ticket collector, evidently asking him something about an hotel. I followed her into the street, until at last she stopped before a large house and rang the bell. Outside, anxiously waiting to see whether she remained inside, I stood in the doorway so that nobody could see me. Ten minutes or so went by and then I saw a light flash up on the second floor, fairly good evidence that she had engaged a room and had just reached it.

I had no intention of arousing the fears of my pretty spy if I could possibly help it. I intended to get inside the place where the fair Jane had gone, but I meant to do it properly.

So back to the station I went, inquired when the next train came in, and thereby waited half an hour before I deemed it safe to get back to the hotel.

I noticed in the visitors' book that the last person in had registered Lehrerin (teacher) Maria Mueller from Berlin.

"Some nice old frau from Berlin?" I remarked jokingly to the porter.

"Don't you believe it, mein Herr," replied the man, smacking his lips. "She is something very special."

"Ah," I said, slipping a couple of marks into his hand, "then perhaps you might find me a room close to hers."

He winked at me—it is marvellous what wicked minds some people have. But at any rate he found me a room nearly opposite that of Jane and quite innocently assisted me by accompanying me upstairs where I could tell him in a loud voice to be sure to call me at four o'clock in the morning as I had to catch the train for Berlin at half-past four. If Jane heard that she would know that I, whatever her suspicions, could be nothing more than a harmless commercial traveller.

At four o'clock in the morning, having told the porter that I had changed my mind and would travel by a later train, I was watching Jane's door. Five o'clock, six o'clock, seven o'clock, eight o'clock came and went. At half-past eight, after breakfast in her room—as my keyhole revealed—Jane departed for the station, I hard on her heels.

Now I was wearing an overcoat of a new colour—my Berlin one turned inside out. My yellow handbag had become dark. Jane took no other ticket, which told me she intended travelling on to Freiburg. When the train came in I foresaw difficulty. There were no corridor carriages and the train was not an express. All I could do was to watch every station to see if she alighted.

We had reached the small town of Appenweier, a place I had almost forgotten. Idly, because nobody appeared to be getting out of the train, I stood at the door basking in the warm sunshine. Suddenly, with a shock that resembled a douche of cold water, I saw Jane on the platform. She must have jumped out just as the train was moving. A clever trick that; she knew her business pretty well.

The train was fast gathering speed. With no more than a second or two to make up my mind, I opened the door on the

other side, threw my handbag out, and took a flying jump into the embankment. Fortunately for me, I landed in some long grass. My overcoat had been left in the rack. The handbag I found a hundred yards or so nearer the station and after I had recovered it I went back there to see what had happened to Jane.

There she was, sublimely unconscious of my presence, standing in the telegraph office writing out a message to some one. I left her there and inquired of the porter when the next train arrived. By hook or by crook I was determined to see that telegram.

"Two hours," replied the porter. So I had plenty of time at my disposal. Jane came out of the telegraph office and went into the waiting room where she ordered coffee. Promptly, for now was the time to act quickly, I went to the telegraph office and showed the clerk my papers of identification as a Berlin detective, adding that I was on a most important mission for the Government. I also showed him the letter I always carried from the Great General Staff ordering all persons to render help if required.

"I want you to tell me what was in the message that young lady has just sent," I explained.

He shook his head. In his slow Baden dialect he told me, civilly enough, that I must produce authority from the State Attorney if I wanted to look at any telegram in Baden.

"You are not in Prussia now," he said.

"Who is in charge of the office here?" I demanded sharply.

"The Herr Direktor lives upstairs," he replied apparently not in the least interested.

That gentleman proved no more complaisant.

"I cannot give you any information," he informed me. "If you are a detective you must know it would be as much as my position is worth to disclose the contents of telegrams without official permission. If you had come to me in the first place I might have done as you wish. But, now," he added a trifle rudely, "I am not going to make a fool of myself in front of my employees."

I felt like telling him he was making a first-class fool of himself in front of me, but I decided for the time being that least said was soonest mended. Somewhat depressed, and

wondering what they would say in Berlin, I wandered outside again. To my great surprise, a man who looked like an engineer came up and asked me if I had hurt myself.

"Why do you ask that?" I inquired much astonished.

"Oh," he said with a smile, "I saw you spring from the train as it left the station."

We got chatting together and in the course of our conversation I learnt he was an electrician from Berlin installing lights on the station. I took him into the station buffet and over a glass of beer told him who I was. I also narrated what had happened to me about Jane's telegram.

He laughed. "Well, Herr Steinhauer," he remarked, "you see how it is down here. These Baden people don't like the Prussians. But if you just wait a minute or two I think I can find out for you what is in that message. I am very friendly with the clerk."

To my vast astonishment and pleasure he came back in a few minutes time with the information that Jane had telegraphed to a certain Captain Scholtz in Karlsruhe requesting him to come by the four o'clock train to Appenweier where she would be waiting for him.

"Your conduct shall be brought before the notice of the Staff," I said to my new-found friend. "You have done me a very great service."

"I think I may help you still further, Herr Steinhauer. I have on the station a work-jacket and a cap which will enable you to watch this spy in perfect safety. Also, I place myself at your disposal."

No doubt he found spy-hunting a welcome change from the rather drab business of fixing electric lights. Without any waste of time he took me along the station to a room where he fitted me out with a suit of overalls and a cap which would have sent my Berlin colleagues into shrieks of laughter if they had seen me.

The curtain for the second act ascended but slowly. We had time for lunch and during it watched Jane patiently sitting in the waiting room. She did not seem at all perturbed, which showed that she had forgotten her suspicions of the morning. We even took our coffee a few paces away from her; she merely glanced at us with idle curiosity.

The afternoon dragged on. Shortly after four o'clock the

LOUIS, A SEA CAVE BEAR ON THE ISLAND

CAPTAIN SCHULTZ

train from Karlsruhe came in and out of it stepped the man whom Jane expected. One could see at a glance that he was an army officer. Good-looking and smartly set-up, nevertheless he had the cut of the desperado about him. Jane consoled him for any sins that may have been on his conscience by giving him a passionate kiss.

He seemed very uneasy and continually looked round the station to notice if anybody recognized him. But Jane did not give him much time to worry about such trifles. She took him out of the station, to the only hotel in the place—as my Berlin friend had told me. Shortly after they had gone I also went over to the hotel and engaged a room. The accommodating engineer had already seen the proprietor and made his eyes open wide with astonishment when he explained that an officer of the secret service was in Appenweier on the track of a man who had betrayed his country. If he came to the hotel in company with the spy I was to be given a room where I could keep watch on the couple without arousing their fears.

I found myself in a room with only a sliding door between myself and the guilty couple. In front of this door the proprietor had placed a bed with a thick curtain hanging down so that I could hide myself behind it with little likelihood of being seen or heard.

It was a beautiful summer's evening. While Jane and the captain were in the garden eating, as I could see, ham and scrambled eggs, I carefully oiled the sliding door in preparation for my watch of the night.

The engineer accompanied me into the garden. We sat down and, highly interested, watched the spy and the traitor consuming first a bottle of champagne and then a bottle of Moselle. They sat there for a long time talking and it was not difficult to guess the subject of their conversation.

About half-past nine they went to their room. I had instructed the proprietor to tell them, if they wanted to know whether the room next to theirs was occupied, that he should say no. Lucky for me! I had gone up previously and the moment Jane got into her room she inquired whether any one was in the next room.

"No," I heard the hotel keeper say. "The whole floor is empty."

My engineer friend quietly left the room and whispered in

my ear as he went: "Good luck. Let me know what happens."

I found myself alone. In the adjacent room I could hear a bottle of champagne being opened with a loud pop which made my mouth water. I knew a glass of wine would do me good long before that eventful night was over.

Scholtz and the woman spoke loudly, but I could not understand what they were saying owing to the sliding door and thick curtain. I had to wait until they went to bed.

Time dragged on. I put out my light and waited until close on midnight. Then, as cunningly as any burglar, I carefully pushed the sliding door open inch by inch praying heaven that the couple inside were asleep. But they were still talking indistinctly, which made it impossible to hear what they were saying until I got closer.

I took off all my clothing except my underwear. Then I crawled, in black darkness, inch by inch in stealthy silence until I was right under their bed. I had my pistol in my hand. If the worst had come to the worst I would have shot the captain dead, for the Emperor had previously given orders that these scandals of officers betraying their country should be suppressed at all costs.

Now, under the bed, I could hear every word spoken. But my position was desperately uncomfortable. Almost every minute it seemed that the bed would come down on top of me. Sometimes it moved with an ominous crack, but I dared not shift. To cough or to sneeze as I felt like doing would have been equally dangerous.

The conversation up above dwelt on everything but what I wanted. Gradually Scholtz seemed to be getting sleepy. His answers came in vague murmurs and at last I heard the pair of them begin to snore. For the time being, there was nothing more I could do. I started to crawl back to my own room. Carefully and slowly, on hands and knees, I went from under the bed. It took ten minutes in the darkness with nothing but my instincts to guide me to get me safely behind the cover of the sliding door. The snores became louder and louder. I got into bed myself, after putting on my alarm to four o'clock, and slept the sleep of the just.

They were still snoring when I was awakened. I began to dress myself, wondering what time the pair would wake. At

half-past seven I heard the first movement in their room. What worried me was that I could not hear what they were saying. Suddenly, just when I had despaired of being able to listen to anything, I discovered that the portable oven in the room, one of those things you frequently see in the Rhineland for heating purposes, had been taken out. High up on the wall was an opening between the two rooms.

Noiselessly I carried the only table in my room to the corner where the opening was, put a chair on it, and as quietly as a cat climbed up. Now I had a splendid view; I could see directly on to the bed, until it struck me that my nose would be visible to the people below. Carefully I crawled down again, cut a piece of curtain from the window, and then got up again and fastened it with my pocket knife and a pin before the opening.

But, oh, what a job it was! I dared not make the slightest noise, because all the time this was going on Jane and the captain were very much awake. For half an hour she made passionate love to him, blissfully oblivious of my interested eyes and ears. Casanova himself might have done justice to the scene.

About eight o'clock they both got up. Looking very attractive in her négligé, Jane sat in one corner of the room whistling a Parisian street song. She seemed rather defiant. Scholtz sat before her on a chair, a clothes brush in one hand with which he cleaned her black silk dress.

Apparently the lady deemed it time to get down to real business. She began asking him questions of the gravest military importance.

"What do you think is going to happen to me if this comes out?" he demanded angrily. "You have brought me into a very dangerous position. Orders were issued some time ago that any officer seen in your company would be placed under arrest."

"Oh, la la, mon cher," she cried gaily, "what a coward you are. Nobody will know you have seen me. See," getting up and seating herself on his knee and putting her arms around his neck, "I love you."

She gave him her Judas kiss with an ardour that nearly made me fall off my perilous perch. Scholtz, I could see, succumbed forthwith. He let the woman make love to him

for another ten minutes until she had reduced him to helplessness.

Then I heard enough from his lips to condemn him for evermore. When she had learnt all she wanted to know she made him get dressed and then took him into the garden for their morning coffee. I still hung about the hotel waiting to see where they would go.

At midday Scholtz took the train for Karlsruhe, while Jane went on to Freiburg. She took apartments in another hotel, I close on her track, leaving instructions with the proprietor that he was to inform me by telephone to Karlsruhe when she left.

An hour later I was in Karlsruhe myself interviewing Major von Lindenau of the General Staff, who had come down specially from Berlin to see what was happening. When I related to him the events of the night before he at once instructed me not to let Jane Durieux out of my sight, while in the meantime he intended to communicate with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, the commander of the army of that district. Later in the day Lindenau informed me that I must present myself to the Grand Duke the following morning and make a report in person.

He laughed tremendously when I described my adventures with Jane and the captain, but said they were impossible to believe.

"Scholtz knows perfectly well about the orders that no one should have anything to do with that woman," he remarked. "Anyhow, I'll investigate the matter and see if there is any truth in it," adding a few nice compliments about the way I had done my duty.

Evidently the Grand Duke still remained unconvinced that Scholtz had betrayed his country. But Lindenau insisted and the Grand Duke decided to a give reception to which all his officers, including Scholtz, would be invited. I was to go, and as I had no evening dress with me Major von Lindenau lent me a suit of his own. The Grand Duke had said he would only believe me if I picked out Scholtz from the officers present.

That was not difficult. Within a few minutes of entering the room I had seen my man and notified the Grand Duke. There was a dramatic scene in the Grand Duke's study when

Scholtz, escorted by Major von Lindenau and myself, was taken in to confront his accusers.

"Captain Scholtz," said the Grand Duke sternly to the wretched man who stood stiffly at attention, "you have been seen in the company of a notorious French spy."

"Yes. I am going to give you the opportunity of confessing your guilt. Otherwise——"

For a minute or two deep silence reigned in the room. Scholtz had grown very white in the face. He looked despairingly at Major von Lindenau and myself before he spoke.

"Yes, *Exzellenz*, it is true, but how you found it out I do not know. The woman seemed harmless."

"Harmless!" said the Grand Duke sharply. "Do you call it harmless to betray your country to this woman? You scoundrel! There is no punishment bad enough for you."

He rang his bell and two other officers came in.

"Take this man away," he ordered, "and place him under close arrest. See that he does not commit suicide. It would be too honourable a death for such as he."

That, to a certain extent, was the end of the case. Scholtz was court-martialled, sentenced to six years in a fortress, and dismissed the army. Nothing was ever heard about the matter in public, for the Emperor resolutely set his face against the notoriety and scandal that would inevitably result. He even issued instructions that Jane Durieux should be permitted to make her escape. I saw her crossing the frontier. She may have wondered what had become of her lover, but if she did she carefully concealed all traces of sorrow.

It was very largely incidents of this description that accounted for the long-drawn-out campaign of espionage that went on between Germany and France for so many years before the war.

One way and another, we had innumerable cases of German officers and responsible employees in armament works being suborned by spies of the French Secret Service, so one could hardly wonder at a corresponding activity on our part.

On one occasion I remember well the Kaiser had given a lecture at the Military Academy in Berlin and in the course of

it expressed himself with a good deal of freedom concerning French espionage. So much so, indeed, that the Chief of the Military Intelligence Department afterwards gave to me this highly significant instruction :

" Herr Steinhauer, you will see that we have plenty of good spies in France. The Emperor himself has commanded it."

I am not attempting to allot the blame for any bad feeling that may have been caused by the secret service operations of France and Germany. The responsibility of the war will remain a hotly-discussed problem long after I am dead and gone. I played my little part, did what I had to do, and leave it to other people to affix the blame.

CHAPTER XVI

HIGH TREASON

"NO, and if even you offered me a million francs I would not go."

For the twentieth time the traitor whose company I had kept for six long tedious weeks reiterated his firm determination to stay where he was.

We were in Antwerp together. By hook or by crook I had to entice across the frontier and there arrest for communicating military secrets of the gravest importance to France a young army officer who was now a refugee in Belgium. Time after time had I tried to tempt him across the border, and on each occasion to be met with the parrot-cry : "Not if you offered me a million francs."

He knew, did this traitor, what awaited him in the Fatherland, even if he was not aware that his treachery had created such excitement in the highest military circles that it had even come to the ears of the Kaiser and resulted in imperative orders being issued by the Emperor himself that he was to be brought back to Germany at all costs and punished as he deserved.

And yet, in a way, it was a sad story, of a type that had become only too common in both Germany and France. Women and wine ! The old, old story ! Impecunious young officers drinking and gambling, lured away from their loyalty by cunning female spies and then, when they had been sucked dry, callously left to their ruin.

For many years the French Secret Service had made use of a buxom but exceedingly clever woman agent whom we knew only by the name of Mathilde. She was not, strictly speaking,

a spy, nor did she pretend to be. But in place of the fascinating personality which all these sirens of the secret service are supposed to have, she possessed something even more valuable in that merry game of espionage which had gone on between Germany and France for so many years—a deep understanding of the weaknesses of men.

I had known Mathilde many years, as far back as the time when she was one of the most famous *cocottes* of Paris. But as the years took their toll and she could no longer attract the opposite sex, she was utilized by the French for trapping young officers into betraying the secrets of their country.

Oh, yes, it was all done very cunningly. She and her satellites patronized the casinos and other haunts of pleasure visited by the officers, and by surreptitiously watching for the impecunious ones, readily picked up men who might be tempted.

What was easier? A sympathetic word with a young officer ruefully contemplating the loss of money he could ill afford, a bottle or two of wine, a rendezvous with a *cocotte* on hand for the occasion, a week or two of dissipation, with Mathilde always in the background to play the good-natured friend. One does not require much imagination to visualize what might happen with the emissary of a foreign secret service amply supplied with funds for such a purpose.

Cunningly but slowly the hook was baited. In the beginning Mathilde, or one of her agents—and she had many—would lend money to her potential victim, and then feign an interest in German Army matters which could only be satisfied by glancing at a harmless drill book. Such things were to be bought, as they are in England, in almost any stationer's shop.

But, ah, that was only the start of it. Once the money had been lent—and to a young officer without private means it was a big sum, probably £50—there would be requests for other and much more important books. Refusal or reluctance would bring a covert threat of reprisal, worded in such a manner that the harassed officer understood only too well that he stood in grave danger of an anonymous letter divulging the fact that he had been consorting with agents of the French Secret Service.

I am not saying, of course, that these unsavoury tactics

were confined to France. Secret service work being what it is, any device that is likely to succeed is considered justifiable.

One day in Berlin I received instructions to report myself to the Chief of Section IIIB of the Great General Staff, that famous department which concerned itself with military intelligence.

"We have important work for you to do, Herr Steinhauer," said the Chief. "You are to come with me to Headquarters."

It must, indeed, have been important, for we found awaiting us no less a person than His Excellency General von Moltke, the Chief of the General Staff, and several other officers of high rank. General von Moltke received us in amiable fashion and after requesting us to sit down produced from his desk a small photograph of a man which had obviously been cut out of a group.

"Herr Steinhauer," he explained, handing me the photograph, "this man is probably in Antwerp or Brussels. You are to proceed there forthwith and discover, if you can, where he stays and what he is doing. You will understand the importance of your mission when I tell you that the Kaiser himself is particularly anxious to find this officer. You will draw whatever money you think necessary and leave Berlin at once."

With that, he dismissed us. My companion, Major Dam, accompanied me to his own offices and then proceeded to explain a little more fully.

"This man," he said, "is a Lieutenant Rolf. He, and another officer named Wissel, have mysteriously disappeared from the Military Academy. One of our agents in the French War Office has informed us that certain vitally important intelligence has recently come into possession of the French. We are of the opinion that it must have emanated from Rolf and Wissel.

"Wissel, for the time being, has vanished altogether. But Rolf, we hear, is working in Belgium as an engineer with an electrical firm. You may find," he added, "that your old friend Mathilde is somewhere handy. But, if what we hear is correct, she has done her work."

It was nothing new, this disappearance of officers who had succumbed to the temptations of French spies. One could surmise, seeing that such a highly-placed person as General

von Moltke was interested in the matter, not to mention the Kaiser himself, that they were rather anxious to get Rolf back into Germany. For the time being, however, my instructions did not go as far as that. I had merely to ascertain the whereabouts of the traitor.

A trip to Brussels was always welcome, though naturally dangerous. The moment I set foot over the frontier I would be liable to arrest. But that little difficulty I obviated by arriving in the Belgian capital as an engineer from Chicago, a town I knew very well. In my early days, before joining the secret service, I had spent a few years in America. I arrived in Brussels with a nice, convincing set of papers showing that I was the representative of a Chicago firm that built tramcars. That was the guise that would enable me to visit electrical works and make inquiries about Rolf.

However, I had no success in Brussels. The questions I asked told me that I would probably find my man in Antwerp and I went on there with the knowledge that I would have to spend a long time before success came my way—if at all.

I had an enlargement made of Rolf's photograph and studied it day and night. Every day, for something like three weeks, I sallied forth in my pose of an American engineer seeking news of a man answering his description, dull, uninteresting work which made me heartily sick of the whole business.

I dared not ask for the man straight out. All I could do, in the course of a so-called business conversation, was to say that an American friend had a son employed in an Antwerp factory, a young man about twenty-six years of age with a black moustache and a military appearance.

I found him at last, after three long weary weeks. But I did not make his acquaintance then and there. It was sufficient for my purpose to do that just as cleverly as Mathilde had done. I followed him from the place where he was working, watched him into his lodgings, ascertained where he spent his spare time and then, casually, spoke to him in the Café Shakespeare at Antwerp where he went of a night.

Traitors are not cast in any particular mould. This one I found a pleasant-mannered, gentlemanly young fellow, obviously lonely, and pathetically glad to meet some one who

spoke his native tongue. Readily he swallowed the story I told him of my firm in Chicago, even if he was careful to say nothing about himself.

Without any further waste of time I telegraphed to Berlin asking for further instructions and received the laconic reply : " Come back."

I bade Rolf good-bye, told him—as well as the innumerable casual friends I had picked up that I had now to go to Madrid—and then returned to Berlin. The weeks passed by.

The German people, being no more than human, are like the rest of humanity in our little failings. If there are any bouquets or decorations being bestowed, we like to have them. And that state of affairs was always common in a land ruled by such an impetuous person as the Kaiser, who was quick to praise, but equally ready to condemn.

It did not greatly surprise me, for I had already experienced official jealousy in many things which interested the All-Highest, to receive one afternoon another message calling me to the Chief of the Generalstab. This time His Excellency was alone.

" Herr Steinhauer," he began, " you have rendered us a great service in finding Lieutenant Rolf. I am now going to ask you to do something more. I want you to try to bring this man over the frontier and then arrest him. Do you think you can do it ? " he asked, toying with his eye-glasses. " The matter is becoming urgent."

" Ah, ha," I thought, " so they have failed ! " I had already heard whispers of highly-placed officers who had attempted, vainly, to lure the erring one back to Germany. There had been stories in police circles of deep-laid plots to entice Rolf on board German steamers at Antwerp, where, such vessels being legally German territory, he would be placed under arrest and taken on to Bremen. Officers who, thanks to my work in Antwerp, had been able to frequent the places he used, had spoken to him in his native tongue, tried to make him drunk and thus get him aboard—but they had not succeeded. Too well did the traitor realize what lay in store. Secretly, so that His Excellency von Moltke should not see, I smiled. To his face, I said :

"Excellency, I cannot promise anything. But I shall do my best."

Now, to carry out such a task as this is never at any time easy. Everything must be done without arousing suspicion. Rolf, with whom I had become very friendly, knew me as a German-American from Chicago travelling Europe for orders in tramcars. A strange choice, this, you may think, but then it is better to be selling something that no one will want to buy. And, besides, it is not necessary to carry samples.

Naturally, I would have left Madrid long ago. So, to set the stage properly, I telegraphed to one of my agents in London instructing him to wire, in my name, the *pension* where I had stayed in Antwerp requesting a porter to meet the Dover-Ostend boat train three days hence. At the same time I also asked the agent to send to Rolf a picture postcard conveying my greetings—but not mentioning the date of my return to Antwerp.

Why? Because it would never do for him to think I was coming across especially to see him. All these trifles must be thought of. I even took away with me from Berlin a choice collection of hotel labels from Madrid, London and Ostend as proof that I had indeed visited these places. From Berlin I journeyed to Ostend, and from that salubrious seaside resort I took the train for Antwerp, where the porter of the *pension* met me as arranged.

Now commenced the battle of wits, the game of patience whereby I might gain the confidence of this clever traitor. Suspecting nothing, he called at my *pension* the night of my arrival. Another actor had by now made his appearance and if Rolf had known who *he* was he would indeed have given the pair of us a wide berth. For it was no less a person than Peter Theisen, one of our principal Intelligence officers who had had much to do with French spies. If the portly Mathilde had but seen him!

For four weeks we were together. We talked tramcars until I could almost believe that I knew all about them. Every evening found us at the Café Shakespeare, laughing and joking as though we had not a care in the world, but nevertheless watching our man for the slightest sign of suspicion.

Then, one evening just before we took our meal, two

strangers made their appearance. They called Rolf to another table and I could hear, by straining my ears, that something was said about grenades. Theisen whispered to me that one of the men was a Belgian captain of artillery. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Rolf suddenly pull a pencil out of his pocket and draw on the white marble slab before him a rough design of something that looked like the interior of a hand grenade. I caught a murmur of time fuses and an understanding nod from the Belgian captain.

The latter must have seen me watching him and Rolf.

"Who is your friend?" I heard him ask suspiciously. Rolf made some reassuring answer, but the captain stopped talking and covered the drawing with a newspaper.

I made an excuse to leave early, but stayed outside the door wondering what would happen next. The Belgian officer had gone to speak to the proprietor of the café in confidential fashion. He nodded in the direction of the marble slab. A few minutes later I saw the slab taken away and replaced by another. It did not require any particular discernment to realize what would happen to it. My sympathy for Rolf vanished and I made up my mind that I would have him across the frontier at the earliest possible moment.

"Let us have a day in Cologne," I said jovially the next evening.

"Not if you lay a million francs on the table."

"What about a look round Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"Not for all the money in the world."

Nor would he tell me why, except to explain, with a certain amount of confusion, that he did not like such places. He would go to Brussels if I liked.

Another fortnight passed and I then began to grow desperate. Antwerp is interesting for a week or so, but it has limitations. Besides, there was always the risk of discovery, for mine was not a face unknown to the Belgian authorities.

Rolf was growing short of money; the regularity with which I bought everything we consumed grew more than a little monotonous. Then, magically, there came a plan. I remembered having told him in the beginning of our acquaintance that I had—for tactical purposes—an old uncle with two pretty nieces who lived at Neuss, a small village near Herbesthal, which is just across the frontier. But I had not, I

explained, visited them because I had never done my military service and therefore might be arrested any time.

It was three o'clock in the morning when I entered my apartments. Sitting down at the writing-table, I indited a letter to myself—from my uncle in Neuss. I was requested to pay him a Whitsun visit and by way of additional inducement there was not only a postscript from the nieces, but also a 100-franc note for expenses.

Rolf had arranged to call for me at nine o'clock in the morning. I posted the letter, reckoning that it would be delivered at the time of his arrival.

Punctually to time he turned up.

"Nice day and no money," he remarked by way of opening. I was sitting down to breakfast anxiously waiting for the postman.

"Have a cup of coffee?" I said. An hour went by and then, to my relief, I heard the postman. My letter had come.

"Ah," I ejaculated to Rolf, "from my good uncle in Neuss. I wish he wouldn't trouble me." I ripped the letter open in such a way that the 100-franc note was torn through the middle and at the same time crumpled up the envelope so that Rolf should not see the Belgian stamp. As I unfolded the letter the banknote fell on the floor.

"Here!" exclaimed Rolf, "you've dropped the money." He picked it up while I, apparently uninterested, read uncle's letter. Aloud, but as if to myself, I murmured:

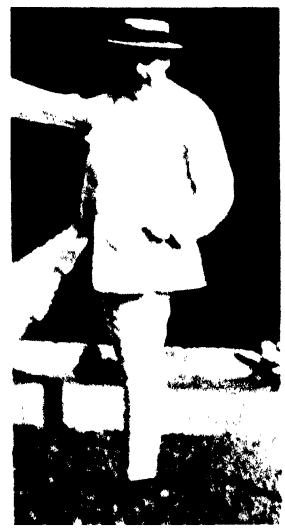
"This is nonsense. I must send a telegram at once. The money must go back."

Rolf was all eyes and ears. I read him the letter.

"You're not going to send that money back, are you?" he demanded. "If your uncle and his two pretty daughters want to see you, why, we'll go."

Shall I say I felt exultation? One does not like to confess such things. The man who sat before me had been my companion for many weeks. A traitor, yes, but nevertheless a friend. I would have been glad for something that would have prevented my plan being successful. I demurred.

"What shall I do," I asked him, "if a policeman stops me and asks me for my papers? He will soon discover that I have not been a soldier. It will not be pleasant learning the goose-step."



THE TENANTS—EDIE AND WISSEL

Rolf laughed.

"You fool, do you think every policeman carries a list of the men who have not done their military service? You will be perfectly safe."

But it took a long time to convince me—the better part of an hour. To watch a traitor in the toils is not pleasant. Now that the dénouement was at hand I liked the job less than ever.

The nearer we got to Germany the more nervous my companion became. He grew jumpy in his manner, continually fingered something in his pockets, and spoke to me so jerkily that I knew his thoughts were far away. Shortly before reaching Herbesthal, I left the compartment we occupied—we were alone—and came back to find him with a pistol in his hand! Like a shot my own pistol was out and we stood there, the cat and the mouse, the train swaying and rocking, wondering who would shoot first.

"What did you leave this compartment for?" he cried nervously. "Was it to warn some one of my arrival?"

"Put your pistol away," I said sternly. "We are just running into Herbesthal."

With a forced laugh he put it back into his pocket. Less than ever now did I like the wretched business. It would have been a relief for some incident that would have enabled the unfortunate Rolf to make his escape through no fault of mine.

As we got out of the train something nearly did occur. The famous porter of Herbesthal, he of the long white beard who was known all over Europe, came hurrying towards me with a broad smile and was just about to greet me as Herr Steinhauer when I made a threatening face at him and he went off understanding that serious matters were afoot. Rolf, apparently, saw nothing.

"Stay in the waiting room till I find my uncle," I said. He sat, and I then enlightened the long-whiskered porter why I had come to Herbesthal that afternoon.

"Watch him and see that he does not escape," I said sharply. "I have to arrest him."

We were the only people who had got out of the train. Calling the stationmaster aside, I asked him to place his office at my disposal for a few minutes and also to let me have two or

three strong men. He, also an old acquaintance, had played a part in many a similar drama. Two porters were stationed in the office and before I went back for Rolf I warned them, on peril of their lives, to see that he did not draw his pistol again.

The tense moments sped by. All the time this was going on, the unsuspecting Rolf sat in the waiting room patiently expecting to see the uncle of Neuss and the two comely daughters. If he realized that retribution was close at hand he gave no sign. He was still sitting there, but looking a trifle uneasy, when I opened the door and said :

" Come along, my friend. Uncle is waiting in the stationmaster's office."

With a sigh of relief he got up and followed me along the station. Who could tell what his thoughts were ? A minute or two sufficed to bring the drama to its conclusion. As we reached the stationmaster's office I opened the door and signed to him to go in before me.

Apparently the room was empty. I could see Rolf look round in surprise, for the two porters inside had hidden themselves on either side of the door. And then . . . then, he got the shock of his life. He turned round apparently to ask me what had happened. He saw me standing behind him, with my pistol pointing at his breast.

" Hands up ! " I said sternly.

An inarticulate cry burst from his lips. The two porters closed in on him. My face told him that I was in deadly earnest. Slowly his hands went up above his head and he stammered out :

" W-w-what is the m-m-meaning of t-t-this ? "

" Lieutenant Rolf," I said, and I would have given all I possessed for some one else to have been in my place, " it means that the game is up. I am a detective from Berlin with orders to arrest you on a charge of high treason. You are accused of having betrayed secrets to France."

It was a piteous spectacle. Later, when I had conveyed him to the nearest prison, he told me the full story of how he had come by his downfall. Baccarat at Ostend, heavy losses, too much drink, and then, as if by magic, the good-natured Mathilde.

When I took him back to Berlin I pleaded his cause as best

I could. But, as General von Moltke said, what could be done for a man who had given away so much? The culprit had not contented himself with selling military books. He had obtained highly confidential plans, copied them, and then made a bargain with the French.

Still, when I look back on those exciting weeks I spent playing cat and mouse with a traitor, I am thankful to think we did not punish Rolf as the French did. Barbarians as they have called us, we have never condemned such people to life-long imprisonment on an inferno like Devil's Island as the French did with the unfortunate naval officer Jules Ullmo.

For over twenty years Ullmo has been incarcerated on the Ile du Diable; whatever his sins, he must have atoned for them long ago.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ROMANCE OF POLISH MARY

THE ponderous Russian "steam-roller" was crushing its way through East Prussia, and the inhabitants of Berlin, alarmed at the probability of their city being occupied by the barbarian hordes from the east, were packing up their valuables and fleeing to the south.

And then, just when it seemed that the armies of Rennenkampf and Samsonoff would fall upon Berlin almost without a serious battle being fought, the people of Germany heard with a delight that speedily became delirious the news of an astounding German victory in the neighbourhood of the Masurian Lakes. An entire Russian army under the redoubtable Samsonoff had been wiped out of existence.

Samsonoff himself was never seen nor heard of again. Those of his unfortunate troops who had not been killed in action or drowned in the Masurian Lakes were taken prisoner and, for a time at least, the people of Berlin were enabled to breathe freely. And the victor of this epoch-making battle, the mighty Hindenburg, then went on, with troops that had been drawn from the Western Front so that the panic in Berlin might be stayed, to confront Rennenkampf, the commander of the first Russian Army, who, undismayed by the disastrous Battle of Tannenberg, was pushing on with the invasion of East Prussia.

Autumn followed with the tide of victory flowing backward and forward. But the faulty organization of the Russian forces, coupled with the fact that their railways and transport generally were in no condition to cope with an advance on a wide front, gradually brought the invasion to a standstill.

Remorselessly pressed by Hindenburg, the armies of the Tsar slowly fell back. Winter came and military operations practically ceased.

Strange stories were heard in Berlin. It was said in the secret service that the Russian General von Rennenkampf had left his army in winter quarters and gone to St. Petersburg there to consult with the Commander-in-Chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas. The Great General Staff in Berlin were of the opinion that Rennenkampf would not be permitted to resume the command of his army. Now and again we heard whispers of treachery under the influence of a beautiful spy. Rennenkampf, it was said, had succumbed to a woman who had made her way through the Russian lines in the uniform of a soldier. She had remained at Rennenkampf's headquarters for some considerable time, had even, one heard, been taken by him to St. Petersburg. Whatever happened, she played her part so cleverly that she got back to the German lines bearing in her possession enough information about the Russian plans to ruin Rennenkampf for evermore.

I could hardly believe the story—then. The Russians themselves accused Rennenkampf of treachery ; they knew something, but apparently not everything, of what had taken place, or they would have shot him out of hand. But as far as Germany was concerned the whole episode was kept a profound secret. It was not until some little time later that chance threw in my way the woman who played such a dramatic part in the rout of the Russian Armies on Germany's Eastern battle front.

I met Mary Sorrel—Polish Mary everybody called her—in strange circumstances. Somewhere about the end of 1914 I found myself in the small Danish town of Aarhus on my way back from a journey specially made by orders of the Chief of the Admiralty Intelligence Staff.

It had been reported to Berlin by one of our agents in Denmark that the English were violating Danish neutrality by anchoring an aircraft carrier ship in one of the small fiords along the west coast of Jutland, presumably for the purpose of carrying out observation on the movements of our ships from Wilhelmshaven, Cuxhaven and Kiel.

To cover my movements, an essential precaution for a spy of international repute, I had taken with me my six-year-old son. If the Danish police, then extremely hostile to all Germans, wanted to know what I was doing in their country, I could point to my son and reply that he had been to the watering place of Skagen for a holiday—or was going there, according to the direction I was proceeding.

I could find no trace of any English ship sheltering in Danish bays, but I discovered something else—scores of English Secret Service agents. They seemed to have plenty of money at their disposal and were cultivating the friendship of the Danes so cleverly as to arouse my admiration. But then, the Danes had always liked England. The memory of 1864 was still too poignant for them to have any sympathy for Germany.

With my chattering son I sat down in the restaurant of the hotel to have an evening meal and, when that had been ordered, carefully looked around. There were spies everywhere in Denmark.

I pricked up my ears as I heard voices in English. A short distance away there sat an affectionate couple. The woman was a beautiful blonde, supple in figure and demure of face—until she laughed—and then I saw that she was a clever actress. She could change her expression at will. Out of the corner of my eye I saw modesty, vivacity, coquetry—and then seriousness—flit across her face in rapid succession. She was foreign, certainly; about her she had that indefinable Continental air which very few Englishwomen acquire, even though she spoke the English language fluently.

Her companion was one of those full-blooded Englishmen, by the look of him a pensioned officer. My experienced eye summed him up as a man who had been called up from the reserve to do secret service work.

I heard the woman speak in English and then in Danish when she gave an order to the waiter. She and her *vis-à-vis* conversed in whispers, eagerly, and, as I could clearly hear, about the all-absorbing topic of the war. The man seemed to be giving her orders and again and again warned her to be careful.

Their talk was chiefly of Russia and the Russian front. Once or twice I heard the name of the Grand Duke Nicholas, while now and then, from the woman, came the names of

Dimitry and Marton. They were so engrossed in each other that they absolutely took no notice of any one else in the restaurant. In all likelihood, I thought, they regarded everyone else Danes who would not understand what they were saying.

If the lady was an actress, I was also an actor. I could—and did on the spur of the moment—play a little part of my own which I flattered myself passed unnoticed. As I had frequently done during my trip to Denmark when I wanted to listen to anything of special importance, I tied around the neck of my innocent son a white handkerchief as a bandage, thus giving people the impression that the boy had a bad throat. I could meddle about with the handkerchief, while intently listening to everything that was on, without arousing the idea that I was eavesdropping.

The affectionate couple at the table close by went on talking together with great earnestness. Out of her gold-embroidered handbag the lady took a small notebook and as she did so there fell out what appeared to be a visiting card. It went on to the floor and I gazed at it, casually, wondering how I might get it. To a spy all such things are of consuming interest.

To fetch it myself was out of the question. Softly and unobtrusively, I whispered to my boy :

" Do you see that pretty picture lying over there? In a minute you must pick it up, but uncle and auntie," nodding in the direction of the couple, " must not see you."

Quietly I put a handful of coins in the pocket of my trousers where I had another handkerchief and then rose from the table to get a newspaper. When I came back I pulled the handkerchief from my pocket with a jerk and the coins rolled all over the floor.

I did not bother recovering them myself.

" Go and look for the money," I said to my son, burying myself behind the newspaper. Innocently the boy went and, as befitted the son of his father, he remembered what I had told him before. He brought back not only the money, but also the pretty picture. Everybody in the restaurant, disturbed by the noise, had watched the episode and helped the boy to pick up the coins. His loud " *Danke* " was not so pleasing for the reason that our German nationality was thus revealed. Yet no one seemed to have noticed that he had picked up the

little card as well. He put it on the table with the money. There were a few words of Russian on it and I allowed it to lie there, outwardly quite uninterested, but none the less studying it carefully.

All the people present went on with their meal. The waiter now brought ours and my son, more engrossed in his food than anything else, stopped chattering. Otherwise he might have informed me in a loud voice that I had deceived him.

Our meal went on and I had the opportunity, without moving the card, of copying down word for word—or drawing, for I could not read Russian—on the edge of my newspaper, what was written on the card. No one appeared to have noticed my ruse, but the situation was very uncomfortable because any moment the boy might start talking about the " pretty picture."

Then I got a nasty shock. The couple in whom I was interested decided to go. The Englishman left the room first. The lady, too, rose from the table, but instead of going to the door, she came up to my table, smiled pleasantly, gave my boy a piece of chocolate, and said to me in casual fashion : " Can I have it back again now ? " stretching out her hand for the card.

I could have fallen through the floor with mortification, but I did my best to appear astonished and murmur : " I don't understand."

" Oh, yes, you do," replied the lady in slightly more imperious manner and beginning to look annoyed. " This card," tapping it sharply, " fell out of my notebook just now. Can I have it back again ? "

I had recovered my self-possession by now and answered her, in astonished tones but quite politely, that I had nothing to do with the card. But up spoke my *enfant terrible*, indignant at such base lying.

" But, Daddy," he cried, " that's the picture you told me to get."

Angrily I gave the boy a slap, which only made the lady laugh.

" That's no picture, little one," she said with another charming smile. " That's an important address." Then, at me, she smiled rather ironically, put the card away, and swept out of the room leaving behind her some one who felt a first-class fool. Everybody in the room had been looking at us. I had

received a good, moral box on the ears—but I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had got a copy of what was on that card.

However, that was not the last I was to see that night of the mysterious lady. She also, apparently, was staying in the same hotel, for later on in the evening when I went upstairs with my boy to put him to bed, the door of the neighbouring room opened and my lady called to me, laughing sarcastically : " Good night, Colleague ! "

Such was my first meeting with Polish Mary. I did not know who she was just then—except that she was a spy.

The next morning I travelled on towards Germany with my son, and when I showed my passport in Hvidding on the frontier I found awaiting me an important telegram from the Admiralty Staff. I had to travel immediately to Copenhagen to meet there one of our agents who had vital information to communicate. Such being the case I could not take my boy, so I escorted him to Flensburg where I left him with some friends, and then went back over the frontier to Copenhagen.

Spies of all nationalities fairly swarmed in the Danish capital. I had to spend some time there and on the third day of my stay I was wandering around the Tivoli, one of the most interesting establishments of its kind in the world. There you may rely on meeting some of the most notorious adventurers in Europe. Without a doubt, they marked me down and reported my presence in Copenhagen with a view to the possibility of telling a tale that would bring money into their pockets.

During the evening I entered a wine restaurant for my dinner where one of my agents, a waiter unfit for active service, set my meal before me and whispered the news that had come his way. I had no sooner sat down than a lady and a gentleman passed my table, the former looking around with a smile of peculiar significance which I could well appreciate, for it was the self-same woman I had encountered in Aarhus only a few days before.

I looked after her, both astonished and surprised, while the waiter smiled discreetly. Many such ladies patronized the place. He thought, no doubt, that I had known her in other and more intimate circumstances, until I rather surprised *him* by asking quietly who she was.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I do not quite know, Herr Steinhauer. She was, I think, born in Galicia. All I know about her is that at the beginning of the war she suddenly appeared here. She seems to be a spy, but for what country I cannot say. But I know that the gentleman who is with her now is in the English——"

He got no further, in fact, the words almost froze on his lips. Standing beside him, still smiling, was the lady herself. My agent, with a muttered apology, bustled off and I looked up to see regarding me, with a look of quizzical amusement, the woman over whom I had been racking my brains for three or four days. She, at any rate, seemed to suffer no lack of confidence in herself.

"Good evening, Colleague," she said as before. "May I sit at your table?"

Without waiting for an invitation, she promptly deposited her fair person upon a chair, gave me another dazzling smile—which made me beware of her, for I have met many such sirens—and then beckoned the waiter.

"Waiter, bring some Swedish punch. But," turning to me again, "where is your little prince? I suppose you have left him in Germany? You have no use for him here, is that so? It made a great impression on me the way he got my card. You are training him well."

I was more on my guard than ever. Spies, counter-spies, what the French expressively term *agents double*, abounded in Copenhagen.

"So," I replied briefly.

"Yes," she bubbled on, apparently anxious to make a friend of me, "I think you are very clever. The gentleman I was with that night told me who you were. Now, would you like to know what was on that card?" with a beguiling look which told me she had practised her wiles on more than one man.

She did not wait for my answer, but went on and on. At last, after the waiter had brought the punch and I had given her a cordial *Prosit* I gave her a shock.

"Madam," I said slowly, looking her intently in the eyes, "I am not in the least curious to learn what was on that card—because I already know."

She nearly fell off her chair with fright and astonishment.

"But how—how?" she cried in dismay. "I was watching you all the time."

"Never mind how," I replied.

She was dangerous, even if she was beautiful. Without heeding the risk of talking in such a public place, frequented by spies of all nations and both sexes, she started to chatter about the war, in particular about espionage, and then began naming highly-placed officers on our General and Admiralty Staff who would have been speechless with anger if they had been able to listen to her intimate talk of them.

"Perhaps," she whispered, after I had begged her to speak more softly, "you think I am what the English call bluffing. But I know everybody in this business—German, English, French and Russian. Do you know so-and-so?" naming one of our most prominent Staff officers.

I gave her a non-committal reply, but still she rattled on. Evidently she *did* know almost everybody of consequence in the secret services in the belligerent nations—but she couldn't get anything out of me. English, French and Russian names were fired at me; I feigned complete ignorance of them all. As well, perhaps, that this place was a haunt of the *demi-monde*; in its smoke-laden, heavily-perfumed atmosphere, a veritable Tower of Babel in the multiplicity of the tongues one could hear, one could shout the most astounding secrets without anybody taking the slightest notice. In the flirtation alcoves around many a seductive lady was wooing her swain with unrestrained ardour, while before me I had another fair female whose eyes boldly searched my face as she pumped question after question to discover what *I* knew. But the seed she sowed fell on barren ground.

I shook my head at everything she asked.

"Are you following me?" she demanded at last, coming to the real object of her presence.

"You, my dear lady!" I ejaculated in great surprise. "What should make you think that?"

"Bah!" she retorted in great disgust. "You are nothing but a Prussian bear. You know nothing." Without another word she rose from the table, leaving her punch untouched, and swept out of the place.

I called the waiter again, who, in answer to my question, told me that my fair companion was known as "Polish Mary."

I already knew she called herself " M. Sorrel " ; that little fact I had unearthed in Aarhus. But I wanted to know still more about her and so I asked my agent to finish the sentence that had been interrupted by her arrival.

" That gentleman, Herr Steinhauer, the one whom I was about to tell you was engaged in the English Secret Service, is to be found at the English Consulate here. But I have seen this ' Polish Mary ' in the restaurant here with Frenchmen and Russians as well. One of the Danish detectives comes in and out of this place frequently and he told me that she is a very dangerous person. She is not only a spy, but she has also been punished for diamond smuggling and stealing."

" So," I said. " Then you get some peculiar people here."

My agent laughed.

" She is a good customer and runs up enormous bills, mein Herr. If she chooses to mix herself up in these dangerous things it has nothing to do with us."

Two days later, to my vast surprise, I again ran into " Polish Mary "—this time on the way to the station. She came out of the Bristol Hotel and, contrary to her usual fashionable attire, was dressed quite simply. She did not seem to bear me any animosity.

" Now I am travelling to Germany, *mein lieber Freund*," she said to me in fluent German. " I hope we don't meet there."

" I hope we do," was all I could reply. I meant it, too, for if I found *her* in Germany I would not have had the slightest hesitation about her having locked up until I could find out who she really was. At the time, I did not understand the meaning of her words—but I discovered them later.

My mission to Copenhagen was fulfilled and without any undue waste of time I travelled back to Flensburg, fetched my boy, and took him home. But no one in Berlin, either at the Admiralty or General Staff, could, or would, tell me anything about " Polish Mary," or even about a woman who called herself Mary Sorrel. Perhaps that was not strange, for the war had only just commenced and there were many extraordinary things being done by the suddenly enlarged secret service. Also, I did not then take " Polish Mary " too seriously. Mixed up in espionage she may have been, though I merely regarded her as one of those braggarts who get some trifling

work to do and then, for their own personal glorification, magnify its importance a million-fold.

But a month or two later—I think it was then February, 1915—I had occasion to travel to Danzig to try to capture a spy. He was a Russian who had been known to us even before the war. On the second evening of my stay, while sitting down in a *weinstube*, who should I see again but "Polish Mary."

This time I *had* to stare in astonishment, for she was accompanied by a major of the Great General Staff. And charming was not the word for it! She was radiant, beautifully dressed, and evidently in the best of spirits, nor did she appear in the least inclined to be unfriendly. Another flashing smile came my way and I remarked to the police official who was sitting down with me—he seemed more than a little curious—that I knew the lady well. I told him of our meeting in Copenhagen and added that it was high time I ascertained who she was.

"You had better tell that major who she is," remarked my companion. "For all you and I know, and he knows, she may be a Russian spy. If that is so, the sooner he is told the better."

To give the beautiful Mary her due, she seemed too open to be anything actually harmful. Leaving the restaurant about midnight in company with her major, both of them in the merry stage, Mary, as well as her new-found friend, genially bade me good-night. I concluded that she must have told the major all she knew about me. I took leave of my companion and went after the couple. Such an affair was much too spicy to be left uninvestigated.

But Mary, apparently, was on her best behaviour—that evening at any rate. The major gallantly escorted her to the Danziger Hotel and there took leave of her. I followed him away from the hotel for some distance—if he had known that I had been on his tracks all the time I might have heard about it in Berlin—and then went up and introduced myself.

He looked rather surprised to hear I was Steinhauer.

"What is the matter?" he demanded abruptly.

"Do you know who that woman is?" I asked.

"Of course I do. If you have anything to say about her it is better that you do it quietly where no one can hear. She

is, to us," he added a little haughtily, "quite an important person."

He took me into a wine cellar where everybody greeted him in very respectful fashion. At first, I had been rather doubtful about his bona fides. At that period of the war there were Russian and French spies all over the country in German military uniform. The Russians especially had flooded the eastern provinces of Germany with such people. However, this particular major seemed all right; the manner in which he was received clearly established his right to the uniform he wore. He ordered a bottle of wine and when that had come straight away he told me all he knew about "Polish Mary."

"Now, Steinhauer," he began, "you were quite right in accosting me. After all, you can't keep the company of spies at midnight without some one being a little curious. I'll tell you all about this woman and," he added with a smile, "everything she has told me about you."

And he did, to our mutual amusement. He related every incident that had concerned the pair of us, even described my boy, and wanted to know whether I had him with me now. Then, more seriously, he told me something I had never heard before.

"This lady, whom we will continue to call Mary Sorrel, has already done any amount of service for us. She has occasionally been on the Western Front—in what capacity you will not require to be told—and now she has a certain mission on the Eastern Front. You may be quite easy in your mind about her. She is not a lady of any particular standing, but, Steinhauer, she is a very capable spy. If you would like to visit her you have my authority to do so and ask her whatever questions you like. I will write her a letter to that effect."

I replied that I would like his permission to call upon her before I left Danzig.

"Of course!" said the major. "I will arrange a visit for you to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock if that is convenient to you. But please do not frighten the lady. She is useful to Germany."

Punctually at eleven o'clock the next morning—for the good-looking Mary had aroused my professional instincts—I went

up the stairs to her room in the Danziger Hotel. There were very few servants about ; all the male staff had gone to the war, so there was no one to announce me. I knocked on the door of her room—it was, I believe, No. 8—when I got another surprise from this surprising young woman. A man's deep voice called out " Come in."

Momentarily I hesitated. " Hallo," I thought, " what is she up to now ? Another major, or is it a general this time ? " I was disappointed ; I wanted to talk with her alone.

However, I opened the door, when I got another shock—this time a real one. Standing in front of me, stiffly to attention, hands by the sides, was a Russian private soldier in dirty, muddy uniform and thick mud on his boots. I stood there petrified.

Suddenly the soldier jumped, pulled the cap from his head and there fell down thick fair hair in long strands over his shoulders.

" Good day, Herr Colleague," said a female voice. " I hope you are feeling better this morning."

I went hot all over—shall I say with embarrassment—but said nothing, so dumbfounded did I feel. It was, of course, " Polish Mary " !

" Well," she demanded, giving me quite an ardent look, " how do you like me now ? Do you think I shall get through the Russian lines like this ? "

I had to admit, when I could find my tongue, that she could get through *any* lines—Russian or German—while all the time my eyes searched her up and down in utter and complete amazement.

" Yes," I said ultimately, " if the Russians have no sharper eyes than mine you'll get through anywhere. You're wonderful."

" I am very pleased to hear that—from you," she replied. " And I'll tell you what I am going to do. I am going to see Uncle Rennenkampf, whom I know very well. I am going to ruffle his big, ugly moustaches for him and for that he will have to tell me something which I shall tell again to Uncle Moltke " (the Chief of the German General Staff).

So that was the secret—Rennenkampf, the commander of the Russian Army which had invaded East Prussia and then fallen back in mysterious circumstances that had puzzled the

whole world. Here, in front of me, was the culprit—" Polish Mary," clad in an incredibly filthy Russian uniform, but smiling and laughing at me and inordinately proud of herself.

She chattered on—what a boaster she was ! Then she took off her dirty jacket, pulled off the muddy trousers, and jumped out of the heavy, clumsy boots. I looked on with great interest—for who knew what would come next ?

" Whole division turn," she commanded sharply in a loud voice. Of necessity, though with a heavy heart, I turned my back on her. She fumbled about with her clothing and then suddenly asked : " And how do you like me *now* ? "

Once more I turned and there, clad in a coloured cotton frock, stood a simple country girl as unlike a Russian soldier as any man could conceive. Again I complimented her and asked her if we might have lunch together.

An hour later we sat together in a comfortable restaurant enjoying our meal. She told me stories of herself—hair-raising episodes which I will not repeat here as I cannot vouch for their truth—about her experiences on the Western Front in French and Belgian uniform, as well as what I already partly knew, that she had repeatedly been through the Russian lines where she had made the acquaintance of Rennenkampf and other highly-placed officers. She knew all about me and had no hesitation in informing me that she was going into Russian territory again for the purpose of wheedling still more information out of Rennenkampf and his staff.

When we parted company I asked her to look me up when she came to Berlin, for I was anxious to know what success had attended her. The mission on which I had come to Danzig took me further afield to Ortelsburg, and from there on to Lyck, which had fallen to the advancing German armies. In this latter town I had to stay a few days and there, to my sorrow, I learnt that " Polish Mary " had carried her daring wiles too far.

Shortly before the capture of Lyck, the Russian High Commander had hanged nine people for spying, three of them being women. The bodies were still hanging from the trees when the victorious German troops entered the town. Like a presentiment the sickening thought shot through my brain that in all probability Mary Sorrel was one of the victims.

I inquired from some of the inhabitants the appearance of the women and from what I heard there was no doubt that poor "Polish Mary" had ended her life with a rope around her pretty neck. The next day I got hold of a Russian-speaking policeman with whom I went into the matter thoroughly. He told me exactly what had happened.

Mary Sorrel, it seemed, had been with the Russian High Command for eight days. She had slipped through the Russian lines in the uniform I had seen her wearing in Danzig and had requested to be taken to the Commander-in-Chief.

What took place then is buried in oblivion. For eight days she remained at headquarters and then, just as mysteriously as she had come, she disappeared. A few days afterwards she was caught by a Cossack patrol as she was attempting to slip back through the lines, still in her Russian uniform.

It must have been one of the most dramatic events of the war. The Cossacks found her lying in the snow, half-frozen, without any sort of head covering—which was her undoing—apparently waiting for an opportunity to get through the lines. They hauled her up, took her into a dug-out where there was a light and, of course, quickly discovered that she was a woman. With three other women suspected of spying she was thrown into the prison at Lyck, then still occupied by the Russians.

Poor Mary requested that she should be taken once again to the Commander-in-Chief. But the Cossacks had no intention of listening to her, if only for the reason that our armies were fiercely attacking at that time and Rennenkampf was continually changing his quarters. Lyck was stormed from all sides and the panic-stricken Russians before they evacuated the town brutally took all the suspected spies they had in prison and hanged them without trial—nine of them.

The fate of "Polish Mary" worried me night and day. With a good deal of trouble I succeeded in obtaining permission from one of our officers to have a look at the different things that had belonged to the people who were hanged. It was a pathetic little collection, a few weapons, some soldiers' coats, women's shawls and handbags. With a heavy heart I recognized the pretty coloured cotton frock Mary Sorrel had worn when I lunched with her in Danzig. I could also identify other things of hers, for instance, a sharp knife in a

leather sheaf, a small brass powder box, and a yellow wallet which with characteristic Russian thoroughness had been robbed of its contents.

There was other evidence to show that Mary Sorrel had been hanged. Shortly before the capture of Lyck—and during the taking of the town—many Russians went over to the Germans and were made prisoners. They were still lying in prison in Lyck waiting to be taken away when I arrived. Amongst these people was one who had been present when the nine spies were hanged. This man told me that one of the women, on account of her great beauty and proud bearing, stood out from all the others. Under her soldier's dirty uniform she wore the finest silk underclothing and there were other distinctions that proved she did not belong to the common order of women.

When she was brought out for execution she called defiantly to the officer who was directing this ghastly tragedy :

" If your General learns what you are doing now you will be hanged yourself. Greet him from me, you murderer, and tell him what you have done to his sweetheart. Give him this locket."

Before the rope was put round her neck—there was a vast crowd of onlookers kept in check by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets—she took out of her bosom a locket set with black stones in which there was a little picture of the Russian army commander, General von Rennenkampf. The officer cut short any further uncomfortable revelations by ordering the rope to be pulled. The unfortunate Mary died as she had lived, bravely and defiantly, and her body was still hanging from its rough gibbet as the cowardly Russians fled from the town.

I knew then, for certain, that she had really been in Rennenkempf's company. When I first met her in Aarhus and drew a copy of the message on the card which she had dropped on the floor of the restaurant, I had had the words deciphered. This is what they said :

" You are always welcome, my dove, and I long for you. Loving you always."

This card came from General von Rennenkampf and was signed with his initials. On the back of it was yet another message :

"Dimitry sends his regards," the latter, as far as I could ascertain, also being a Russian general.

There was nothing I could do to help the poor girl, even to give her decent burial, for her body had disappeared. As far as I could learn from what she had told me about herself, she came from Lemberg, but said that she had been brought up in Bromberg. I never forgot her. When the end of the war came I wrote to the police at both these towns with the idea of trying to find her relations. But no information about them could be obtained.

So ended Mary Sorrel, much too early in life for such an accomplished young woman, and undoubtedly a person who could have rendered innumerable services as a spy. But, I have always asked myself, for whom? She was a born adventuress. She would, I think, have spied for any one, if only for the sheer lust of excitement.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TRAP THAT FAILED

THE war had been dragging on for the better part of two years. In Germany the dejected population still firmly believed that the conflict would be brought to a victorious end, even though they contemplated with a misery pitiful to behold the appalling casualty lists that came from both the Eastern and Western Fronts.

Wholesale slaughter was taking place in the west where the armies of Haig and Pétain were furiously attacking on a two-hundred-mile front. In the east, the combined armies of Austria and Germany were falling back before Brussiloff and the people of Germany were beginning to wonder whether the starvation that was their daily lot was likely to be worth while.

There were long faces everywhere. I, at any rate, did not delude myself that Germany could do anything else but sue for peace on the most favourable terms procurable. It was a relief to get out of the country, if only temporarily.

One morning there arrived at the offices of the Admiralty Staff an intriguing communication from our principal agent in Copenhagen. This man, Borgmann by name, guardedly informed us that he had been approached by a spy who professed to be in possession of drawings showing the latest construction of English warships, together with the plans of all their minefields.

But what interested us most of all was the statement that this spy claimed to be in a position to reveal the whole of the organization of the English Secret Service in Germany. He had, Borgmann said, a list of all the English agents.

It smelt fishy. I have been too long in the business myself to

believe any man who makes promises of this sort, not to mention the grave improbability of the English espionage officers being so incredibly foolish as to allow anybody access to the names of *all* their agents. One could even doubt whether such a list existed, because spies of all the nations at war with Germany were coming into the country from Copenhagen, Stockholm, Rotterdam, Lausanne and many other places.

Nevertheless, I did not look a gift horse in the mouth. To get away from Berlin with its interminable ration cards and shortage of everything that made life worth living was an opportunity much too good to be missed. Even on the Danish ship that took me from Warnemunde to Gjedser you could notice the difference in the food. Butter and fresh, crisp rolls ; luscious ham, the best of meat, fresh vegetables and everything you wanted to drink made a trip abroad, however dangerous, a pleasure that no sensible man could deny.

Copenhagen at that particular time was the Eldorado of the spies of both sexes. Russians, French, English, Germans, you could meet them all there in the leading restaurants and cafés. Outwardly at least it seemed as if they were all living together in perfect harmony and were all members of one big family. The tall forms of the Russian officers contrasted oddly with the fair, stocky Teutons. The swarthy-skinned French and Italian agents made an agreeable foil to the fresh-complexioned Englishmen. Into this strange medley of nations I intruded myself in the summer of 1916 to have a look at the super-spy who could reveal so much.

On the evening of my arrival Borgmann and I sat together in the restaurant of the Hotel Weber discussing the object of my visit. But there was very little that Borgmann could tell me about the man who had promised so much. In fact, the whole affair was shrouded in mystery. Except that he appeared to be well known amongst the international crowd that thronged Copenhagen, and spent his money freely, Borgmann knew next to nothing about him.

" Does he work for the English ? " I asked.

" He says he has done so," said Borgmann. " His story is that they have treated him badly. He calls himself an Irishman."

In all likelihood it was a " plant." What a feather in a cap

it would be for the English Secret Service to palm off a lot of worthless information and also get a big sum of money for it !

" Where is this man to be found ? " I inquired. " There is no harm in having a look at him."

Borgmann told me that we should probably come across our quarry at the well-known café which is called " Thomas S.", famous throughout all the northern countries as a haunt of the *demi-monde*.

" Perhaps," he added, " if you come in there two hours or so later, Herr Steinhauer, you will find me sitting with him. He is usually there late at night."

About half an hour after midnight I found myself in the café. My appearance was animated ; the casual observer would have imagined that I had spent a bibulous night and was now in a mood bordering on recklessness.

Borgmann himself seemed to have been spending an hilarious evening. I discovered him seated in one of the discreetly darkened recesses with three women and a man whom I guessed to be the one I was looking for. A whole battery of champagne bottles gave hint of an expensive evening.

Without taking any notice of them I went past, ostentatiously following the alluring eyes of a handsome young lady who had marked me down for her own. Somebody shouted out after me and I turned round. It was, of course, Borgmann.

" Hello," he cried, " what are *you* doing in this place ? Come and sit down with us."

I hesitated and then, with apparent reluctance, accepted the invitation.

" This is a friend of mine from Berlin," he remarked to the other man at the table. The ladies he ignored altogether—which did not matter very much, for introductions under such circumstances are superfluous. The emphasis on the name " Berlin " told me that Borgmann had already done part of his duty.

" My name is Skinner, " said Borgmann's companion, with an accent that told me it wasn't. " I am home [*sic*] in Ireland."

" Are you ? " I said to myself, certain now that a trap was being laid for me.

We continued to speak in English, much to the regret of the

ladies at the table. They pouted and pulled long faces and consoled themselves as best they could with copious draughts of champagne. The more "Skinner" talked the more I realized that he was neither an Englishman nor an Irishman, for his Danish and his German were infinitely better than his English.

Borgmann went off after a few minutes and "Skinner" called for the bill. It came to a tidy little sum, something like £7, but he appeared to have money to burn.

"Come on," he said to me, "let's get down to business."

The ladies grumbled about being left in the lurch in this cavalier fashion, but "Skinner" said something to them sharply in Danish which told me he was no novice at dealing with the *demi-monde* who were so frequently utilized by the master spies of the warring nations.

Outside in the darkened streets—it was then well after one o'clock in the morning—he led me straight off to his rooms. He asked me if I would care to discuss our business there over a glass of whisky, or whether I would prefer to go to an hotel. He did not mind where we went.

Neither did I. I had my Browning pistol in my pocket and I fully intended to use it at the first sign of treachery. It might be a plot to kidnap me, or even to kill me. But, if I was not greatly mistaken, money was at the bottom of the whole affair.

I found myself in Henrik Ibsenweg Street. "Skinner" led the way to a flat on the first floor of a house just round the corner. The moment I got inside I knew beyond all doubt that he had been lying to me when he claimed to be an Irishman. The appearance of his living room told me he was either Danish or German; there were no newspapers and magazines such as the English and Irish carry about with them. However, "Skinner" hospitably bade me be seated, brought out some excellent whisky, and then made me some coffee, so that in a short space of time I began to feel quite at home.

At the café of "Thomas S." I had been unable to study him too closely. But seated just in front of me, with no one else to distract my attention, it struck me that there was a hang-dog, shifty expression about his face which put me more on my guard than ever. When he talked he had the appearance as if he were keeping his eyes shut; in reality, he was

watching every movement of *my* face, every change of my features.

"Now," he began after we had talked about nothing for a quarter of an hour, "I understand you have come from Berlin to do business. But first of all I want to know whether you have authority to buy what I have to sell. Or possibly you are in a position to make a bargain with me."

"I am commissioned to find out whether you really have anything worth buying," I said cautiously. "If it is so, and everything is genuine, then I can promise you that we shall be able to come to a satisfactory arrangement."

He didn't like that. For a minute or two he looked at me intently, wondering, possibly, what to say next. Then he remarked that our Intelligence Staff couldn't expect to examine a number of priceless documents and then make use of the information without paying for it.

"We are not buying a pig in a poke," I retorted sharply. "Your own common sense must tell you that we must be assured we are not being swindled."

Finally he agreed to let me have a look at what he had to sell. From underneath his bed he dragged out a fairly large iron box and opened it, taking good care that I should not look over his shoulder. I watched him more closely than ever. There were various possibilities in my mind. He *might* be genuine; more likely he was an out-and-out swindler, and he might also be an English Secret Service agent playing a clever game.

Out of the box came a roll of drawings which, as I could see by the writing, were of English origin. The first roll contained a fairly large drawing showing the construction of a warship, and perhaps a dozen smaller ancillary drawings. He showed them to me, without allowing me to handle them. I noticed that the name of the ship was not stated, or the dockyard from which the drawings were supposed to have come, nor any dates or names which might have proved their authenticity.

"Where have these come from?" I asked.

He looked up at me—he was on his knees at the time—and said:

"Ah, if I told you that now it would be dangerous for me. And a good many people would get into trouble if it became

known to the English that their confidential plans were being sold to Germany. They have cost a very big sum of money."

Outside in the street all had become quiet. We sat together in the dimly-lit room eyeing each other like a couple of wolves wondering who was going to devour the other first. "Skinner" poured out another tot of whisky hoping, no doubt, I would become more amenable to reason.

I said little or nothing of any consequence. "Skinner" carefully rolled his drawings together, put them away in the box, and then took out another bundle of drawings which he spread out on the table. They were maps of the English coast, that is, the East Coast. But I could clearly see that they were not official maps—only copies—and made a remark to that effect. He admitted this, and when I asked why the drawings should be so valuable he replied that they comprised all the alterations which had taken place on the entire English coast after the beginning of the war with regard to buoys and signal lights.

"This box," he explained impressively and pointing to it, "is worth £500,000 to Germany. If your Admiralty Staff really means to do business you can have everything the box contains for £100,000."

I nodded, while all the time my brain was trying to size up the reason for this stupendous plot. "Skinner" must have thought I was trying to calculate the actual worth of the box's contents, for he remarked: "I can supply you with all the official maps of the French coast as well."

"So," I said a trifle sarcastically. "And have you got similar drawings of the German coast?"

He became a bit embarrassed at this, but told me he could get them if they were wanted.

Now I brought the talk round to English spies in Germany and asked him for further information.

"You are sure that you are not exaggerating?" I inquired. "You really have a list of all the people who are working for the English Secret Service?"

He was a good liar—I will give him his due. Without blinking an eyelid he swore that he had for sale such a list. But when I pressed him for further particulars he demurred and said that he could not give away anything more until he

had the money in his hands. I must get into communication with the Admiralty Staff and let him know the result as soon as possible.

We arranged to meet in two days' time at eight o'clock in the evening in the restaurant of the Bristol Hotel. On fairly friendly terms we rose from the table, but all my detective instincts were on the *qui vive* for danger. Something had told me as we came in that the house was being watched. "Skinner," I had noticed, took an unnecessarily long time to unlock the front door. Further, after he had let me in, he had stood longer in the porch than was reasonable. A layman may not have noticed the significance of this, but I, used to spies and their ways, could comprehend that a third person, with whom "Skinner" was in connection, must be following us.

He came downstairs to let me out and we were already nearly at the bottom of the stairs when he suddenly excused himself and went back again, murmuring something about getting himself a cap. I couldn't swallow that yarn. Noiselessly I ran after him and I saw that he did not fetch a cap, but pulled open the window.

I felt certain now that this was an arranged signal. My hand closed on my pistol to make sure it was safe and sound. When he came downstairs, in front of the door, "Skinner," in a needlessly loud voice, described the way I had to go to reach my hotel. That voice was for the benefit of somebody close at hand.

I had told both Borgmann and "Skinner" that I intended to stay in the Weber Hotel. Actually I had not taken up my quarters anywhere, but had left my bag at the station. All I wanted to do now was to definitely establish the fact that I was being followed. If that were the case there was treachery of some sort afoot.

"Skinner," with assumed geniality, had told me to go straight down the Fredericksberg Hallee to reach the Weber Hotel, but at the second side street I did a "right turn" and temporarily vanished from view. I stood in the doorway hidden by the shadows. Then I chuckled to myself. A man came padding by with almost noiseless footsteps. He started when he saw me standing there, but even if he knew who it was he could not excite attention by stopping. I took one

quick glance at his face, noticing his build and his clothes, and then speedily turned back the way I had come.

I found a carriage standing at the entrance of the Vesterbrogade. It was one of those prowlers of the night to be found in all big cities, the drivers of which ask no questions. Quickly I got inside and told the driver to wait as I expected a lady to be following me shortly.

I had calculated aright. Looking out of the back I saw my " shadow " come running along to the Vesterbrogade, looking right and left, uncertain of the direction I had taken. He had lost me all right.

With great glee I told the cabman to take me to the station, where I got my bag and put up at a quiet hotel for the night —or I should say the remainder of it. Early next morning, disguised beyond all recognition, I took up my stand in the neighbourhood of the Weber Hotel on the look-out for developments.

I was not mistaken. About half-past eight, " Skinner " came along in the company of my " shadow," the pair of them talking together in eager, excited tones. Then, for the first time in this amazing comedy, I really felt flabbergasted. My follower of the night before, whose face I had not been able to recognize in the darkness, was one of the most notorious espionage swindlers in Europe.

We knew him by the name of Lassen—and we had long desired his presence in Germany. He was supposed to be a Dane by birth and lived on the Danish-German frontier. I knew then beyond all doubt that the whole business was a swindle from beginning to end. The drawings of the ships, the maps of the English coast and the list of spies were utterly worthless. But, as I saw the pair walk on totally oblivious of my presence, the thought flashed through my brain that here was the grand opportunity to get this arch-scoundrel Lassen across the frontier and mete out to him the punishment he deserved.

When nations are at war half the tricksters of the world utilize the opportunity to get a little easy money, especially in espionage, where it is well-nigh impossible to establish the genuineness of information. The English had tricked us

repeatedly and we had done the same to them. The French had suffered, as had the Russians. Spies and counter-spies carried on underground a battle of wits a million times more intriguing than the fighting that went on in the trenches.

But this Lassen had not only cost Germany huge sums of money; he had brought about complications that had involved the lives of many men. Germany was not the only country that wanted him. Once he caught sight of me, however, I could say good-bye to any chance of getting him into German territory. "Skinner," I thought, was probably only a pawn in the game.

On the evening arranged I met "Skinner" in the billiard room of the Bristol Hotel, the restaurant being too public for his liking. We got together in a quiet corner.

"Now," I said, "we are willing to buy everything that you have, provided you are agreeable to have the plans of the ships and the coast tested by one of our officers from the Admiralty Staff. Also, you must tell me what the price is to be. It is no use your asking £100,000 or anything like it. You must name a figure and then, if we agree, and everything else is all right, you can take the money away with you. It will be better, perhaps, if you come with me straight away to Kiel or Warnemunde, then the matter can be cleared up in two hours."

That scared him—badly. He shook his head decisively.

"No," he said, "I shall not do that under any circumstances. Where shall I be the moment you get me into Germany? You understand as well as I do."

"Then," I suggested (with Lassen in mind), "perhaps you have a friend whom you could trust."

"Skinner" thought awhile.

"Give me a safe address," he said, "and in three days' time you shall have news as to where we can meet. Of course," he added, "you must bring the money with you for which you will receive the things."

"Yes," I replied, "but what about the price? We will pay £5,000—not a penny more."

That started him off. For the better part of half an hour he talked and talked about what his information was worth. I kept my face straight and eventually, with a great show of reluctance, agreed to £10,000. I gave him an address in

Copenhagen to which he could communicate safely and left him on the understanding that I should hear from him in the course of the next few days.

In the meantime I had written a long and confidential letter to the Chief of the Admiralty Staff explaining the circumstances and suggesting that I should set a trap to catch these swindlers. I received a telegraphic reply telling me to go ahead ; they could do with Lassen in Berlin.

The precious couple suspected nothing wrong. Life in Copenhagen went on its merry way for four or five days—I being careful to lie low—and then there came from " Skinner " a letter written in English proposing a meeting at Vandrup in the neighbourhood of Hadersleben, on the Danish frontier. There the plans and the list of the spies could be handed over, tested, and the money paid. He carefully enclosed a small sketch showing the exact spot where the meeting should take place and in his letter made it a condition that only two men should be present on each side.

Now, with great inward glee, I began to get busy. At the proposed spot—no doubt carefully selected by Lassen—the German frontier is divided from the Danish by what, if I am not mistaken, is called the Aue River. There was a primitive bridge over it, used mainly by the peasants. On the Danish side of the river there was a small cottage where the exchange was to be made—that is, if everything panned out as Lassen and his confederate hoped.

I had to send " Skinner " an answer by telegram if I agreed to the rendezvous, whereupon he would inform me when the transaction, which in any case must take place in the night, was to be effected. I telegraphed my consent to this and almost immediately received an answer that we should meet four days later at eleven o'clock at night.

The plot was thickening. The very next day, with no time to waste, I travelled to Hadersleben and carefully studied the lie of the land. From Hadersleben I went to Lunderskow in Denmark where I appeared in the guise of an American wearing a beard.

Lunderskow is only a small place, the centre of a prosperous farming district. The innkeeper, highly delighted at the arrival of a wealthy tourist in such troublous times, readily placed a carriage at my disposal in which I could satisfy my

curiosity about what he said was the closely guarded German frontier. But what I wanted to see was the peasant's house mentioned by "Skinner." When I had done that I went back to Hadersleben.

My plan was to try to get either or both these rogues over the boundary. The next day I left Hadersleben, where I was well known, in woman's clothes, dressed as a stout peasant woman, in order to have a closer look at the land. Two other men—detectives of mine—clad in the poorest, tattered rags, bore me company, but by a round-about way.

The district was not altogether unknown to me. I had had a similar adventure in the neighbourhood some time before. All these precautions were necessary as the countryside swarmed with Danes who would readily have given us away. In all likelihood one had to reckon that Lassen also had friends on the German side.

"Skinner"—or Lassen—had chosen a peculiar, and at the same time a highly suitable spot to get his money safely. The ground sloped down towards the little river Aue so that every one who came along, when he had climbed the hill, could be seen from the opposite bank outlined against the horizon. This circumstance made it necessary, if I wanted to take more than one person to help me, to place the others so that they could not be observed from the opposite bank.

In true conspirator manner, "Skinner" had proposed in his letter that each of the persons there should hold a roll of white paper in his hand so that there should be no chance of mistake. On the day in question a fine drizzle was falling which, if it made things very uncomfortable personally, also had its advantages.

As I have already mentioned, there spanned the river a small wooden bridge, the middle planks of which were very loosely fastened to the supports. This I had ascertained during the course of my reconnaisance and around it I had built my plan.

My two detectives had nothing further to do than to go on to the bridge as far as the middle planks with rolls of paper in their hands at eleven o'clock that night. Then, if everything went off according to calculation, either Lassen or "Skinner" would come from the other side of the bridge in order to lead them to the house where the testing of the drawings was to take place. As near as one could gauge it, the centre of the

river Aue was part of the boundary line between Denmark and Germany. One slight error on the part of the two swindlers and they would find themselves in German territory.

Half-past nine came. It had now become pitch dark and the rain drizzled down ceaselessly. I started on my expedition, with the realization that a bullet might be the end of this fantastic plot. Outside the people in Berlin and the two men with me not a soul in the world knew what was going to take place, for I feared international complications.

The conditions were worse than I had ever imagined. On the slope before me, right up to the top of the hill, were hundreds of cows grazing, between which I had to crawl on my stomach. They did not appear to mind me at all. With bovine stupidity they chewed the cud and stared at me as though I were some strange being from the nether regions. The fine rain helped to bring out the odour of their presence. Not always, I thought, as I crawled along, is a detective surrounded by sweet perfumes.

Inch by inch I wriggled my way towards the bridge. Over on the other side, I knew, sharp eyes were searching the land with field glasses to discover if I was keeping my part of the bargain, or if an ambush had been set. At that time in the districts adjacent to the frontier anything was possible and everything was permitted.

At last my odoriferous ordeal came to an end—and not before it was time. I got down over the hill, slithered down the slope and found myself beneath the bridge where I could use my chisel.

What was I going to do? I can hear my readers asking. I was going to prepare what the English call a booby trap. Standing in the water under the bridge I could not be seen from either side and so I had no need to spare my strength to loosen the middle planks which formed the bridge over the river. They were only fastened to the piles with ordinary nails in the most primitive fashion.

A few minutes' work and the planks on the German side were loose. When I went over to the Danish territory—all in the middle of the river—I had no need of my chisel. I could force the planks up with my shoulder. But I had to push them slightly towards the German side so that they would fall into the water when some one stepped on them.

All sorts of suspicious sounds came from the peasant's house in Denmark. But, luckily, if anybody looked up, they never looked down.

I finished my trap and crawled back through the water to the German side where my two highly-excited detectives were waiting to take up their position on the bridge. Rolled up like a hedgehog, and just as motionless, I lay in the stinking mud. The two men came towards me talking together loudly as had been arranged beforehand. They nearly fell backwards when they suddenly heard : " Pst ! Pst ! " at their feet. I showed myself and gave them their final instructions. They were to walk up to the bridge as far as the middle planks—but no further, as I warned them, or they would find themselves in the river—and wait. Whatever happened they were to get the two swindlers on German soil.

The time was drawing near. Noiselessly I crawled down the slope and lay on the bank of the river, while my two detectives with their rolls in their hands went about twenty yards further on to the left until they came to the bridge. Cautiously peeping out I noticed on the other side of the river two men, one of whom also made towards the bridge.

The sky had cleared a little in the south and I could watch what was happening without a great deal of difficulty. My two men walked along the bridge as far as the loosened planks and I then saw that the man who had come from the Danish side had no roll of paper in his hand. One of my men asked the reason and received in German the answer which I could hear plainly : " Come over, everything is there."

Apparently with the intention of doing so my man said : " Give me a hand, I can't get over by myself."

Without hesitation, Lassen, for it was he, did so and now stood on the middle plank which I thought I had loosened. On account of the darkness I must have missed something, for the plank did not immediately give way. Lassen stepped right on to it. For just a second or two I thought my plan had miscarried altogether.

Suddenly, with a flash that lit up the whole scene, there was a pistol shot. Lassen uttered a cry and fell with his entire weight on the plank. It gave way and, together with Lassen, crashed with a resounding " plonk " into the river below.

I rushed into the water and pulled Lassen out—to the

German side. My two men came running back and leaving them with Lassen I swam across the river to the house. As I got near I could see two men taking to their heels. Calling one of my men across I searched the cottage. No human being was to be seen. Two rolls of paper which had been trampled on were lying on the floor, but there was neither a drawing of a battleship nor a list of English spies to be found anywhere.

Lassen was taken from Hadersleben to Danzig to stand his trial for a long series of frauds over quite an extended period. He was no Dane, it turned out, but a Russian. According to what he told us, and he may have been speaking the truth, he had deserted from the Russian Navy before the war and after that had spent most of his time in the Scandinavian countries. With the beginning of the World War his chance came. He had, and I am only quoting his own words, swindled and cheated all the nations in affairs of espionage.

I spent a night with him in Hadersleben before the police took him away and he told me many extremely interesting stories.

" Do you know, Steinhauer," he said, " I have had thousands of pounds from England as well as from France."

He boasted to me that he had had breakfast with Admiral Hall and had enjoyed his confidence which, however, did not deter him from swindling his host. That is what he told me ; the truth of it is highly doubtful. He wound up by informing me that at the Savings Bank in Copenhagen he had £26,000 on deposit, half of which would be mine if I would only let him go. What a liar!

He got ten years' penal servitude, but whether he served his sentence or not is more than I can say. The agile-minded Mr. " Skinner," whom I met in Oslo a couple of years later, informed me that Lassen had not served his term but was just then working as a spy in Russia—for Germany. Poor old Baron Munchausen ! If he had been in existence during the Great War what a fortune he might have made for himself !

One could not but admire the audacity of such people. Even " Skinner," who apparently bore me no animosity, came up to me in the restaurant, smiling as though nothing had happened, offered me his hand, and wanted to know whether I had a job for him in the German Secret Service !

CHAPTER XIX

THE BARONESS IN GREEN

WHAT was it your old English poet Oliver Goldsmith wrote about women?

> When lovely woman stoops to folly,
> And finds too late, that men betray,
> What charm can soothe her melancholy?
> What art can wash her guilt away?

Ah, my beautiful Baroness in Green, you did indeed stoop to folly when you began playing with the hearts of men—and at such a time! It would not have mattered had the nations not been at war, but to find you, the seductive little siren of whom the great war lords in the Wilhelmstrasse thought so highly, biting the hand that fed you! What art, indeed, could wash such guilt away?

And yet . . . and yet, there is still in my by-no-means hard heart a tender spot for you, even though it was fated that I should be the instrument of your doom. For you gave me many a happy hour, even though I was all the time playing a part with you, so that when the time came for your downfall I could not bear to witness your suffering.

And, although you probably do not know it, my sweetheart for a few brief weeks, I saved your life. They would have shot you for the secrets you betrayed, but that I pleaded for you and begged that they should do nothing more than put you out of harm's way for the rest of the war.

It was hard—but duty must be done. There were times innumerable when I would willingly have whispered a word of warning in your pretty ear, but then . . . then, I said to

myself, you have, unconsciously perhaps, sent many men to their death and for that you must be punished.

Where did you come from, you winsome witch of the war? You called yourself, I know, the Baroness Lilika d'Audreve Sevillja, and told a story of your family in far-off Chili which was rather difficult of belief. And what could have induced you to mix yourself up with that unsavoury gang of international adventurers which infested Copenhagen all through the Great War, especially in the dangerous game of espionage where hearts are trumps—but only for a time?

It must have been the Call of the Wild in your hot Spanish blood, for spying when nations are at war is not a fit and proper occupation for gently-nurtured women. You may have had the lust for excitement in your veins; you may have wanted the money. Whatever the reason, you were incredibly foolish to play a double game; there is no honourable place in the world for the man or woman who grossly betrays a trust.

Long before I knew that you were employed by our secret service I saw you in Copenhagen, always dressed in green. You wore green frocks, green hats, green shoes, green stockings and even, it was whispered, dainty green lingerie. But you were not green in the metaphorical sense of the word, for our highly-placed officers who put such confidence in your powers of cajolery had received through you much that was of vast importance to Germany.

You could speak French like a Parisian, German like a true Berliner, English like one of those aristocratic madams from Mayfair. The tall, pleasure-loving officers of the Tsar were delighted with your Bohemian vivacity; the deep, suspicious Frenchmen forgot the almost ceaseless intrigue that marked their lives when they were in your charming company—even the serious-faced English were content to take you as you were as they sat by your side.

But perhaps you allowed the power you wielded to turn your pretty head; you became intoxicated with the thought that one of those handsome Russian princes who made such ardent love to you would really carry out the promises he made and take you back to his feudal castle where you could settle down in that sense of security for which all women long.

You did not know the Russian, my innocent one! The secrets that you whispered to your unscrupulous lover, the secrets that you should never have been allowed to know, were never intended for Russian ears. It was inconceivably wicked of you deliberately to worm out of people who should have known better information of German plans on the Eastern Front and to betray those confidences to the enemy.

Perhaps you did not realize what your treachery meant! Your Slavic prince did not tell you that you were costing thousands of men their lives—or if he did you were indifferent. He did not warn you that it was only a matter of time before your double-dealing became known, and when that happened that a bullet might be your fate. But I could have told you, for it was my business to trap the traitor.

All the great services you had rendered to the Fatherland, the innumerable daring expeditions you had made into the Russian lines in soldier's garb, could never compensate for base treachery. And besides, although you may not have realized it, you knew too much. You had worked for us too long; you were in a position to ruin too many people.

You still wonder, that is, if you are yet alive, how your crime was revealed. But that you may be told. When you became suspect, you were purposely supplied with information to see whether you would communicate it to your Russian lover. And you did—even though we had to buy the proof of your guilt with the lives of a good many German soldiers. They knew in Berlin when a Russian army corps suddenly made an overwhelming attack on a weak spot in the German line in Poland that the culprit must have been you—for they had prepared the trap a long time beforehand. And then, the decision was taken to put you in a place where you would find it rather difficult to continue your fascinating occupation of having a dainty foot in either camp.

You did not know me—then. But you might have been interested in me if you had happened to find yourself in the Intelligence Department of the Great General Staff one morning in the early part of 1917, especially if it had been your privilege to hear what was being said to me.

"We are not too hopeful, Herr Steinhauer. She"—that was you—"is a very clever young woman. Though she is very fond of champagne and burgundy we cannot make her drunk.

Many of our officers have tried, but without success. See what you can do," with the accent on the word "you." "Expense does not matter, for this Baroness has done us very serious damage."

Such commissions, I admit, made a pleasant break in the arduous life I led in those days. For one thing, money would be plentiful, a factor no sensible man would despise in the year 1917 when short commons were the order of the day. And secondly, I would be rendering signal service to my country, which is also a matter for congratulation with any right-thinking man, be he German or any other nationality.

But, of course, when I left the General Staff I had to rack my brains for a device that would enable us to obtain a confession of your treachery. I thought it would be better to travel to Copenhagen and have a good look at you before I decided what part I should play—surreptitiously, of course. It would never do for you to recognize me once I had set out on my rôle.

So I saw you in Copenhagen; I was there eight days. I watched you in the afternoon taking tea with the Japanese military attaché—how dexterously you wheedled things out of him—and I had a glimpse of you at dinner time with our attaché. You seemed to be enjoying yourself; it must have been a wonderful sensation to think you were the recipient of the secrets of all the Great Powers. And, later that evening, I discovered you with your Russian prince. He, no doubt, if all they had told me in Berlin were true, would hear everything that *you* had heard that day.

But what a *cocotte* you were! I looked at you, and I said to myself: "You are playing with fire."

You did not see me talking to Borgmann, my principal agent in Copenhagen. He, in ignorance of what *I* knew, asked me: "Do you know that woman? I can't quite understand what her game is. Originally, I believe, she was employed by the English. But now I see her mostly in the company of the Russians and our own people. I think you should make a few inquiries about her."

"Hush, hush," I said to him shortly. "She"—meaning you—"is one of ours."

I did not tell him anything further, my Lilika, for spies, like walls, have ears. Besides, Copenhagen was a whispering

gallery ; for a man like myself even to be seen conversing with a secret service agent as Borgmann was known to be and nodding in your direction was sufficient to give you warning.

You were blissfully unconscious of all that occurred when I left the gay life of Copenhagen, and I am sure you never suspected anything amiss when you were asked to come to Berlin a week or so later to confer with one of our generals regarding the progress of events in the Danish capital. Why should you ?

You could not possibly have associated your fate with the Dutch Baron Jan van Leuwarden, who arrived one day, just after you had come to Berlin, at the Central Hotel close by the Friedrichstrasse station. He was quite a resplendent person, this nobleman from the Netherlands. His luggage—and plenty of it—was decorated with a coronet and a lordly " L," his attire at night, evening dress, diamond studs and links, beautiful new patent leather shoes such as no German could afford then, clearly bespoke the man of wealth and rank.

And he had engaged a suite—also regardless of expense. Altogether, the Baron was a man of some little importance, so much so that even the Dutch Consul-General in Berlin deemed it politic to call upon him as soon as he heard of his arrival. But just as well, possibly, my beguiling Baroness, that you were not intimately acquainted with Potsdam, or you might have recognized in the Consul-General mine host of the Koenigsberg Hotel ! All, they say, is fair in love and war—and this *had* to be both.

When you came out of the restaurant of the Kaiserpavillion at Wannsee that afternoon, clad in a long dark green coat trimmed with fur and a hat which besported a big green feather —you see, I still recollect your attractive appearance—accompanied by the tall officer with the fur collar on his military greatcoat, you did not deem it at all unnatural that he should be greeted by some one whose acquaintance he had made at The Hague. Again, as I have said, why should you ? Holland was a neutral country ; dozens of German officers were to be seen there.

It seemed quite a commonplace that two such men should be glad to meet again, for the German officer had been the

guest of the Dutch baron. And quite in the accepted order of things that the officer should introduce his fair companion, to both the Baron Jan van Leuwarden—his very good friend—and such a distinguished person as Consul-General Brockmann. And you, being, if you will pardon me, just a trifle conscious of your power over us poor, weak men, were not at all displeased when I remarked *sotto voce* to your cavalier: "What a beautiful lady!" I was not lying, Lilika; you *were* beautiful.

We got on very well together, did we not? We arranged to have a little dinner party together—at my suggestion, for it seemed that I also was deeply smitten.

There was still nothing to make you think you were falling into a trap when you sat in that café in the Friedrichstrasse the following afternoon drinking a cup of coffee with your officer friend. It seemed, no doubt, no more than one of the common coincidences of life that there should enter the café the Dutch Baron whom you had met at Wannsee and that he, being a man of the world, should pass by your table with a courteous bow and, apparently, be anxious not to disturb *your tête-à-tête.*

But you, if you will remember, called out: "Baron Leuwarden" and the Baron being, as I say, more than a trifle enamoured of you himself, openly showed his delight at the opportunity of furthering his friendship. You, if I am not mistaken, rather liked the Baron. He was frankly interested in you and he sat down, for the better part of an hour and a half, until a man in uniform appeared and said something to the officer which necessitated his immediate departure. But, as he said before he went, he left you in good hands.

To make love to you, little Lilika, was neither a disagreeable nor a difficult task. Many men would have envied such an opportunity. When the Baron suggested that you should dine with *him* and then go to a theatre you accepted the invitation as no more than your due. And then, later still, when you accompanied the Baron into one of those wine restaurants for which Berlin is so famous—you would not drink the Rhine wine but preferred Burgundy—everything was *couleur de rose*, was it not? It was a very, very nice evening too! Frequently the man had to whisper to himself: "Baron, do not give way. *Deutschland über Alles.*"

You were on the best of terms with yourself—and the Baron—when your companion took you to your temporary place of abode, the Monopole Hotel, and said: "*Auf Wiederschen.*"

And the next morning, very early, when you telephoned to the Baron at his hotel and said:

"If you like to come to lunch, dear Baron, you are welcome," you were sublimely innocent that the poor Baron was even then reviling himself for being such a martyr to duty. No thought of danger had entered your mind. You had specially ordered, regardless of expense, a sumptuous meal and the waiters, to whom such patrons were scarce in those days, were quick to serve your slightest need.

You waited for me, you will remember, in the vestibule of the hotel, but you did not see something that very nearly happened. But how could you know that the head porter of your hotel was a man who had formerly been at the Central Hotel and, furthermore, that he was one who had frequently assisted the Kriminal Kommissar Steinhauer in his professional duties.

You did not see this porter's eyes grow large with wonderment when he caught sight of the detective fashionably attired in a frock coat and top hat. Nor, probably, did you notice the slight movement he made to shake hands with this strange apparition, which was speedily checked by the threatening glance he was given. It passed unseen, the perturbation that came over your guest when all his plans were on the verge of collapse.

The by-play that went on afterwards—you also missed that. When the Baron said to you: "Excuse me a moment. I must give the porter a telegram," you still had no suspicion. But had you come out into the vestibule and seen the Baron giving the porter, not a telegram, but certain peremptory instructions, you might then have come to the conclusion that the Baron was not all he pretended to be. It might have sounded slightly incongruous had you heard the Baron say to the porter: "Who am I?" and to receive the reply: "I do not know, Herr Kommissar," this with a grinning face that belied his words.

Innocence is bliss. You enjoyed your lunch with the Baron; you invited him upstairs to your suite and there, with

your feet tucked under you, you lay in an armchair a picture of voluptuous beauty. You drank your coffee together and you talked of everything but secrets of State. Later in the afternoon you went for a ride together through the Tiergarten and your friendship was rapidly growing warmer. In the evening you had dinner with the Baron, then you went to another theatre, and after that was over made your way to the same *weinstube* where you had sat the night before.

You thought that your Baron was in love with you—and so he was, but he also had to remember that in reality he was nobody more than Kriminal Kommissar Steinhauer who lived in modest apartments just outside Berlin with his wife and three strong boys.

He was really playing Cinderella, was Baron Jan van Leuwarden. When the revels were over he had to leave his fairy princess (that was you) and make his way home, where he could look at his sleeping children, bring the coals up from the cellar, and, when that had been done, tumble into his modest bed.

But, for more than a week, it was a pretty game of make-believe. Your Baron could aptly compare himself to a man who had been offered a glass of champagne and was just about to sip when it was snatched away from his lips. If you did not like his tie—and you were fast getting to that pouting stage when your lover must dress according to your wishes—then he must wear another one. Oh yes, my charmer, what is not done for love—of your profession?

It never occurred to you, I believe, that when your new inamorata had to absent himself from your side because of a visit from the Dutch Minister, or because he pleaded a headache, that he was actually in the bosom of his family looking after the mundane affairs of life? Every day, did you but know it, he had to come back to earth with a crash and ask himself whether his passionate peach at the Monopole Hotel was nothing more than a figment of his imagination.

And it was rather trying playing this double game. There was always the possibility that some one who knew your lover well—for a great many people in Berlin did know him—would come up and greet him by a name that would certainly have sounded strange to you, not to mention that all your suspicions would have been aroused. So, one way and another, the

Baron thought it advisable to bring his deception to an end as quickly as possible.

You cried, did you not, my little one, when your Baron told you he had to go to Holland next week and you said to him, weeping on his shoulder: "Jan, where you go, I will go."

Maybe you were obsessed with the idea of becoming the Baroness van Leuwarden and settling down on that family estate in Holland far away from the unsavoury people with whom you had been associating for so long. You said that you had come from a good family and that you could not live without him, and altogether made such a pathetic picture of womanly helplessness that it was all your Baron could do not to blurt out that he was only tricking you.

As you sat together drinking an early bottle of champagne, your eyes and your lips pleading hard, you little imagined that your lover was all the time asking himself how he could induce you to confess your sins. It was when he told you, after you had been pressing him to take you to Holland, that he must know something more about you and that your friendship with the military officer (whom the Baron knew to be high up in the Intelligence Department) had given him considerable food for thought, that the tears again welled up into your pretty dark eyes.

When the second bottle of champagne came along you evidently came to the conclusion that it was time for confession.

"Jan . . . Jan . . ." you sobbed, "I . . . I . . . will tell you all. I cannot deceive you any longer. I am a spy in the German Secret Service."

You are unable to recollect, probably, what Jan said, or what his face looked like as you made your avowal, because you went on eagerly to say that you had taken up the work because you liked the adventure. And then you said brokenly that while in Copenhagen you had met a Russian officer with whom you had fallen in love—if you will forgive me remarking so, Lilika, you seemed to have no great difficulty in falling in and out of love—and that this unscrupulous fellow had persuaded you to betray your employers.

You told him, as one thoroughly ashamed, that you had given away, not once, but a dozen times, secrets that you had

THE BARONESS IN GREEN

heard from officers of our General Staff who had unthinkingly spent the evening in your company and revealed to you matters which you should have kept within your breast at all costs. But, even as you confessed your wickedness, you did not seem fully to realize the infamy of it.

And now, with the tears falling fast, you told the Baron, who was looking at you very gravely, that they were becoming suspicious about you in Germany. You feared that something horrible might happen to you. The Germans were a nasty vindictive race to quarrel with.

Ultimately you told the Baron all. He did not like this confession of yours and he said you had better rest awhile until he could find a way out of the difficulty. For he knew—and so did you for all your tears—that it might be impossible for you to make your escape from Germany if they wanted to prevent it.

But at five o'clock that afternoon you were feeling much easier. A letter had miraculously made its appearance by a messenger from the *Kriegministerium*. It said—and the words must have seemed as a dispensation from heaven just then—that you must go to Holland on a special mission, being particular to travel by yourself. That did not appear strange to you, for a spy receives many extraordinary instructions. Ah, my little one, you never thought, did you, that many things had been decided since you poured out your confession of treachery?

When you spoke to your lover on the telephone, asking him to come round immediately to hear the wonderful news, you never had the slightest inkling how busy he had been since he had left your side earlier in the day. You made him promise to see you in Amsterdam a week later, and you never believed that you would never see him again.

You had another evening together, and in the morning, when you bade each other good-bye at the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof, it never entered your head as you took that bunch of red roses—which are for remembrance—that you were already on the way to a doom from which your lover would gladly have saved you.

Passionately you kissed him farewell—it was a very uncomfortable time for him—and as the train pulled out of the station nothing could have been further from your thoughts

that you were going, not to Holland as you believed, but to a cold and miserable prison where they could keep you out of harm's way until the end of the war.

But better that, sweet one, than a firing platoon in the early hours of the morning. For that would surely have been your fate had your Baron not pleaded for you. They thought in Berlin—and their word was all-powerful—that you were deserving of death for such base treachery as you had been guilty of.

You were never told, even when you had to face your judges in Hanover on that July morning in 1917, what had taken place in Berlin when your lover, anxious only to save you, said to the officer in whose hands your life really lay : " Do not shoot her. She may reveal too much." That was only bluff, Lilika, because you were to be tried in secret and the outside world would never have known anything about you.

Nevertheless, the little bluff—it was nothing else—succeeded. You were saved, not because you deserved it, but because there lived in modest apartments just outside Berlin a Kriminal Kommissar who had spent many happy hours in your company and could not bear the thought of your beautiful body lifeless and bloody in the early morning sunshine.

Farewell, thou charmer ! The war is long since finished, but there is still one who will never forget those days he spent with you.

PART II

IN THE SHADOW OF THE KAISER

INTRODUCTION

IN the year 1892, after serving for two or three years in the royal yacht "Hohenzollern," I left the Imperial service and made a trip round the world as courier to a party of gentlemen whose acquaintance I had made on board the "Hohenzollern."

We went to Egypt, China, Japan and thence back to Germany via the United States of America. I made many friends in America and after returning to my native land decided to try my luck there. Bidding good-bye to my old parents, I turned my back on Germany and sailed for New York.

But profitable employment was not so easy to find as I had thought possible. Failing to get anything in New York, I went on to Chicago, and afterwards to Kansas City, where I discovered to my dismay that all my money had gone. Eventually, for want of something better, I took a position in a vaudeville theatre—I was nothing more than an attendant—where I made the acquaintance of a good many German-Americans.

It was a chance meeting with one of my countrymen over a quarrel that occurred in the theatre that resulted in my going to work at the cigar factory of Charles F. Pusch and after being with him for some little time I became the proprietor of a cigar business of my own in Milwaukee. There I came to know several Pinkerton detectives. Their work fascinated me. On several occasions they used my shop when they were anxious to change their appearance.

I decided that I, too, would like to become a detective. I sold my business and under the guidance of a former Bavarian officer named Weber received a fairly good training in detective work.

One day, in Chicago, a sensational bank robbery took place. A messenger from one of the leading banks was waylaid, badly assaulted, and robbed of 135,000 dollars he was taking to another bank. The Pinkerton brothers were put in charge of the case and on the recommendation of Weber I was despatched post-haste to Europe where it was believed the bandit had gone.

It would take me too long to describe in detail the multifarious adventures I underwent before I succeeded in finding the wanted man. But eventually I ran him down in Brussels and after informing the American Embassy a warrant for his arrest was telegraphed from Chicago. He was, I might add, more than a little surprised to see me. "You are the stoker from the 'Majestic'?" he said sharply. "I am very glad to see you, because I thought I had murdered you."

In the guise of a stoker, I had ransacked his luggage on the way across the Atlantic. Unseen and unheard, he had come upon me and dealt me a blow on the head which had nearly killed me.

I handed him over to the Belgian police, which finished my connection with the case. I had a return ticket to America, but being in Europe I decided that I might take advantage of the opportunity to see my father and mother again. They begged of me not to go back to the States. Much against my better judgment, I said that I would try to find employment in the Berlin detective force.

The official whom I interviewed, Polizeirat von Mauderode, told me I must first serve two years in uniform, much the same as Scotland Yard men do. Such a course was not agreeable to me. In the course of the conversation I mentioned that I had spent some time in the service of the Kaiser, which probably decided von Mauderode that I might become a detective without undergoing any probationary period. Whatever the reason, I received a letter from him a few days later saying that he had been given special authority to engage me forthwith.

That was the beginning of my career in the Secret Police. In the year 1894 I became a member of the Kaiser's bodyguard and naturally saw a great deal of him.

I want to make it perfectly clear that the stories I tell of the Kaiser in this part of the book extend over something like thirty years. Some of them refer to incidents that happened when I first joined the "Hohenzollern," others later.

My secret service work was something entirely separate. It is hardly necessary for me to explain that when the Kaiser was in residence at Potsdam or Berlin the bodyguard duty was on an altogether different footing than when he went abroad. I had many criminal cases through my hands. One way and another, I have led a fairly busy life.

CHAPTER XX

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE KAISER

IN beginning these reminiscences of my thirty years' association with William II of Germany, it might not be inappropriate if I open the story with the opinion I have formed of him as a result of the long period I spent in his service.

I knew the Kaiser as far back as 1889. I last saw him in November 1918, shortly before he fled to Holland to escape the assassination that he believed would overtake him when his infuriated subjects saw the defeated German armies returning to Berlin.

It seemed incredible that the man who ruled by Divine right, the All-Highest War Lord of the Universe, should flee like a coward in the night. But, alas! it was all too true. Flee he did, leaving behind him a nation whose amazement speedily turned to disgust, and then to bitter hatred, when it became evident that their Almighty Ruler had indeed left them to their fate.

Now, over a period of thirty years, I was privileged to see the Kaiser in every conceivable walk of life, to hear the innumerable stupid, indiscreet speeches he made, and thereby to glean more than an intimate knowledge of his real character. I was his personal bodyguard for many years and I have also been called his Master Spy. Be that as it may.

The Kaiser, in my opinion, was partly the product of his early upbringing and, after he had succeeded to the throne, the product of his environment. Like the Prussian princes of days gone by, he was brought up in a strict, narrow-minded

military fashion according to the ancient traditions of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

There would have been nothing objectionable in this if he had remained the heir to the throne until, say, his fortieth year. During that time he might have been enabled, under the care of his parents, to have acquired a sensible knowledge of mankind and a wide outlook on life.

But he came to the throne, after the disastrous hundred days' reign of his father Frederick III, when only twenty-eight years of age, just out of his youth. The people of Germany were not yet mature in the political sense, but were then beginning, under the experienced guidance of Bismarck, to develop their full powers in which the army was the trump card and the military caste had the upper hand.

Even if the young Kaiser had not been extraordinarily headstrong, it would have been strange had he not in some way succumbed to the temptations that surrounded him on all sides. He would need to have been marvellously gifted by God, or to have possessed outstanding mental talents, to keep a cool head when he suddenly found himself German Emperor with an immensely powerful army at his command and a people devotedly attached to the monarchy.

But he would not yield to the advice of his old and sage counsellors ; for that, he was too impulsive, much too independent in his own personal character. In addition, there was a considerable leaven of vanity in his composition which was increased by the fact that he was a cripple. People with bodily failings are generally vain. One can frequently see it in hunchbacks who for the most part make themselves conspicuous by a particular and often morbid form of vanity.

The Kaiser was neither especially favoured by God nor did he possess anything but an ordinary intellect. He was just an average being like thousands, nay, millions, of other men, and if it had not been his fate to be an emperor's son he would scarcely have risen above the common level of mankind. I am not doing him any injustice when I maintain this : whole mountains of articles have been written about him at every possible opportunity, extolling his virtues and gifts as though he were indeed the ruler of Germany by Divine right.

What was largely at the bottom of this kind of judgment about him? At the yearly manœuvres, when there would

be a parade of old soldiers to be reviewed by the Kaiser, it would be carefully ascertained beforehand if amongst them there happened to be any one who had served with the All-Highest at any time, perhaps a man who had been one of his military instructors. If such were the case then the Kaiser would be informed and when he walked up the lines and had reached the man in question the officer accompanying him unobtrusively made a sign to His Majesty. Then and there the Kaiser would honour the fortunate man with a friendly chat.

All very nice and democratic, I thought, until one day I read in a newspaper :

" It says much for the extraordinary memory of our Kaiser that at yesterday's parade he recognized the former Corporal So-and-So in spite of the fact that he had not seen him for fifteen years ! "

Unfortunately, it happened more than once that they picked out the wrong man ! The Kaiser would go up and say : " Haven't I seen you before ? "

" Yes, Majestat."

" You were a sergeant in my company ? "

" Yes, Majestät."

" Well, that's a long time ago."

" Yes, Majestät."

And so it would go on, with the wretched man stammering out " Yes, Majestät," until the Kaiser bade him a friendly good-bye.

It used to cause me unending amusement to read in the papers that while nearly all the guests on the royal yacht " Hohenzollern " were violently ill, the Kaiser himself was the life and soul of the ship and never under any circumstances became sea-sick. My official duties with the All-Highest took me aboard the " Hohenzollern " more times than I can remember, in good weather and bad, and I can truthfully affirm that the Kaiser was no more immune from *mal-de-mer* than any other human being. I have seen him lying in his cabin white in the face and hopelessly miserable, suffering all the pangs of a rolling sea. So, at any rate, he had no Divine exemption in that direction.

Fulsome flattery haunted his footsteps day and night. I still have in my possession a cutting from a newspaper dated

1890. It says that the Kaiser, together with his brother Prince Henry of Prussia and different people of his suite such as Count Goertz and Count (afterwards Prince) Eulenburg, had painted in the panels of the smoke-room of the "Hohenzollern" some beautiful Norwegian landscapes. According to the newspaper, they were pictures that revealed the touch of artists who had gone far beyond mere dilettantism.

Frequently, when the Kaiser and his friends were not about, I have shown these paintings to real connoisseurs of art. If *they* knew they were free from observation and hearing, they would say, with a pitying smile: "What terrible rubbish! The Kaiser ought to know better than to allow such daubs in his yacht."

But, according to the Press: "The pictures by the Kaiser are, however, the most energetic in tone and afford an indication of the great natural power of will of the Emperor." Who is that laughing?

These are just a few examples of the ridiculously exaggerated flattery that was showered upon him right up to the last. I do not know how much he liked it; I only know that the people guilty of it were those always to be found in attendance upon him. No doubt it was the fault of his surroundings. From the beginning of his reign to the end one always saw the one type; even if the name differed the type remained the same.

He liked officers six feet high whose sole advantage, in his eyes, was that they always looked splendid. It never seemed to occur to him that their entire mental outlook consisted of nothing but military matters. When the Kaiser talked with them, it was either about manœuvres or battles of the past.

How could one wonder, then, that his whole being became wrapped up in militarism? There was no one in his entourage who could check it. On the contrary, the people surrounding him did everything possible to nourish it. In all the years I have known him, I never knew a civilian who could obtain a firm footing with him.

For over twenty years I had the opportunity of watching the Kaiser at the annual manœuvres, military and naval. I have been with him in England, Italy, Russia, in the Northern countries, in Turkey and even in Syria, usually as his bodyguard, often too as his so-called Master Spy. One might say that it is the duty of a spy to watch; certainly I could not help

watching my Imperial master. In a way, he is the greatest personality the world has known since the days of Napoleon Bonaparte. But it was only the ambition that was there—never the ability.

Military displays marked his appearance wherever he went. At home or abroad pomp and circumstance surrounded his every movement. One could never mistake the change in him at any particularly exciting military event which was taking place. He became a totally different man.

Some of his cynical old generals, the men who had been blooded in the war of 1870, were merely contemptuously amused at his military ideas. I recollect, in the first years of his reign, the astonishing plan he put forward to mass cavalry and throw them into action. I was present on one of these occasions at some great army manœuvres that took place near Stettin. Under the special orders of the Kaiser a spectacular cavalry attack was taking place. His Majesty remarked to the famous and well-beloved General Haeseler who stood by his side :

" Isn't that wonderful, Haeseler ? Isn't that splendid ? "

" Yes, your Majesty," replied Haeseler in his thin, cutting voice, " but if it came to reality not a man or a beast would come through with his life."

I noticed that the Kaiser was silent for a long time after that.

It may have been one of these cavalry attacks, or perhaps infantry and artillery going into action on the grand scale, possibly a squadron of the battle fleet would open a terrific bombardment : on all these occasions an electrical change came over the Kaiser. His eyes glowed, his fists clenched. One could realize that he saw in these manœuvres real war. I have even watched him on the slope of the Lebanon near Damascus bursting with the lust of war as a body of Arabs came charging up the hill yelling and shouting and firing their rifles. One could see in his eyes the uncanny fire of a bloodthirsty mind.

For the time being I will conclude these incidents of the Kaiser's life and character by setting out something that happened with Prince Eulenburg at Liebenberg shortly after I had returned to Berlin from that historic tour of the Kaiser's in the Holy Land.

I had reported to the Prince and asked for my orders of the day.

" The Kaiser is not likely to appear so early this morning," the Prince informed me. " He got very excited yesterday and then he usually doesn't sleep."

I asked the reason.

" Oh," said his highness disgustedly, " the talk last night turned once again to politics and war. The possibility of war between France and England was discussed and His Majesty got so excited about it that I feared for his health. The thought of fighting France at England's side has become an obsession with him."

When I took the liberty of remarking that such a war could hardly bring us any gain and, further, that I did not believe a war on England's side would find much sympathy in Germany—not to mention what the English people thought about such a matter—Prince Eulenburg remarked :

" The Lord's ways are impenetrable. The Kaiser makes our politics and he must have a real good war, otherwise we shan't have any peace. And then, Steinhauer, don't forget that he is the father of a big family. He has six healthy sons and in the event of a successful war each of them would probably get a share. God only knows," he added emotionally, " what the future has in store for us."

I should like to make it perfectly clear that I only heard this remark about the six sons from Prince Eulenburg. Whether the Kaiser so expressed himself or not I dared not ask.

" But if we should lose such a war, *Exzellenz* ? " I ventured to inquire.

" What are you thinking about, Steinhauer ? Such a possibility doesn't come into the question at all." Not one of the people around him would at any time allow the word defeat to enter into their calculations.

So, without any undue equivocation, one heard from the man who was probably the Kaiser's closest friend the watchword of William II. War ! Stay, there is one other word—Victory. The two of them could only be mentioned in the one breath.

But of this I am absolutely convinced : the Kaiser laboured under the belief that he was specially chosen by God. When you saw him, as I frequently did, the embodiment of a War

Lord, and the next day conducting Divine Service with a simple fervour befitting a Lutheran pastor, you began to wonder what sort of strange creature was this German Emperor.

When his favourite game of war became bloody reality, not once, apparently, did the thought come to him that it might be the greatest disaster the world had ever known, as it might also determine the existence of that great line founded by Frederick the Great. The full seriousness of the position never dawned upon him until the closing months of the war.

Only a few days before the Armistice he was still in Potsdam. For the first time I noticed how remarkably his expression had changed. The former confidence had disappeared. A gloomy, almost hopeless, sternness showed itself in his face. Then, out of the darkness, official announcement came that the Kaiser was going to the Front to rally the army.

That very same day I met one of his oldest aides-de-camp, the aged General von Estjoff, whom I had often encountered in the course of my duties with the Kaiser.

" Herr Steinhauer," he exclaimed with marked joy in his face, " to-morrow we are going with the Kaiser to the Front. Thank God ! He has been so depressed lately that I nearly lost my faith in him. Now, perhaps, we shall come to the happiest moment of this unhappy war. Maybe he will die the honourable death of a soldier. But anything is preferable to this dreadful uncertainty."

I said little or nothing. I had not known the Kaiser for thirty years without forming a fairly accurate estimate of his personal courage.

Some few weeks later in Potsdam I again met General von Estjoff. He looked many years older. Sadly, in bitter, disillusioned tones, he replied to my query about the " honourable death of a soldier," by saying to me :

" It was no fault of mine, Steinhauer. I begged and prayed the Emperor to stand by the nation, but he simply declined to listen to me. Even now I can hardly believe it. For me, and for many brave officers, it was the culminating disappointment of the whole war. Defeat we knew to be inevitable—but this ! " He went off shaking his head in sorrow, as a man who had lost all desire to live.

However, I have no intention of recapitulating the historic events that surrounded the flight of the Emperor. The world,

I think, has already heard more than enough of that ignominious episode in one form and another. Instead, I would like to begin at the beginning and tell the story of my first meeting with the Emperor and from thence onward relate the experiences I underwent in his service and some of the piquant things that were said and done by his intimate associates.

CHAPTER XXI

MY EARLY LIFE IN THE NAVY

AFRICA had always been the land of my dreams. When, as a humble sailor in the Imperial German Navy, I set foot on its soil for the first time, I thought that I had entered Paradise. This illusion, however, speedily vanished, for the torrid climate and homesickness greatly troubled me. I awaited the day of our departure with intense longing.

This was in the year 1889, when British and German naval detachments were co-operating in the suppression of the African slave trade. For close on three years we had upheld the German interests in Africa, had battled with malaria and many other unpleasant diseases, not to mention the incessant fighting with the natives. Admiral Deinhardt, our commander-in-chief, saw to it that we did not lead an idle life. He squeezed every ounce out of us.

Our task was to put down the slave traffic and stop the supplies of foodstuffs to the rebellious Arabs. To these ends we blockaded the coast from Zanzibar to Madagascar—not with our men-o'-war, but with a cutter. Well stocked with rifles and revolvers and with a small gun mounted in the bows, we steamed away from our ship for a period of six weeks or more. Clad during the day in bathing slips, with a blanket to cover us at night, we signalled many a dhow to stop and consigned its merchandise, consisting of rice, oranges and other foodstuffs, to the waves. More than a hundred people were sometimes on board, sinister-looking creatures who would like to have eaten us alive, but our weapons kept them at bay.

As soon as we sighted one of these little craft the crew were invited to stop by placing a shot over their bows. Did they

not comply, we fired at their vessel. The fragments of their mast and the hole in the sail spoke a more formidable language than any blank shots could do. When at last they hove-to, our interpreter would ask the captain to assemble the crew on the afterdeck. Thereupon as quick as lightning we climbed on to the dhow only clad in bathing-slips, revolver in hand. Our cutter was manœuvred so that we had our guns trained on their afterdeck. Then the captain had to produce the ship's papers and to open the holds. Should the cargo contain contraband, that is to say foodstuffs, the captain had to compel his men to throw them overboard. Often the surface of the water was covered for over a hundred yards with oranges, bananas and all kinds of fruit. Grinding their teeth, the Arabs would execute our orders, for they had no choice, but if looks and curses could kill, none of us would have left their boat alive.

Our principal task really was to capture slave dealers. This trade enjoyed a great popularity amongst the Arabs in those days. Whole negro tribes were overwhelmed, robbed and brought to Arabia on the dhows. We had only the luck once of such a capture, but the circumstances were so ghastly, so dramatic, that I cannot, even now, recollect them without a shudder. We had pursued a dhow of medium build. The crew did not make the slightest pretence of surrender. Only when the fourth shot was fired did they drop the sails. With great circumspection we climbed on board, where we were received, apparently, with affability. The captain apologized a thousand times and regretted he had not stopped before. The search did not reveal anything particular ; there was no contraband and his papers were in order. We were already on the point of leaving when the coxswain called out that he perceived two chains hanging from the stern of the vessel.

I still remember the fiendish eyes of the captain, his clenched fists, when he listened to these words. We discovered eighteen negroes fastened to these two chains which this monster of a captain had ordered to be dropped overboard so that we should not find them. Only through our greatest efforts were we able to haul them back on board, though some of the men were already dead. An uncontrollable rage seized us and those who resisted us were simply overpowered and flung into the

sea. The captain and crew were put in irons and conveyed to Zanzibar. We also took the dhow as a prize.

Whilst this sort of life had its attractions, it played havoc with our health and sooner or later all of us suffered severely from fever. We desired to go home. We were, therefore, delighted when news came that orders had been received for our return and to leave the country which at one time we had so ardently desired. The Kaiser's sister, Sophie, had become engaged to the Crown Prince of Greece and the marriage was imminent. At this function the Kaiser desired our presence, thenceforth off to Athens.

We set our sails, lifted anchor and made for Alexandria, where we coaled and spring-cleaned the ship. On the third day the Khedive came on board. He inspected the boat and made a speech in which he expressed his great admiration for Germany and her ruler. It was a pity that he stammered and that his speech was rather unintelligible. He wore a coat made of gold thread covered with decorations. Even the lapels of his coat were ornamented in this way. We thought at first that he was going to distribute these decorations amongst us, but we were mistaken. They were all his own. He was invited to dinner by the captain and officers, who had hoped to be able to economize their champagne which was running low. They understood that Mahomedans were teetotallers, but they were wrong, since it was the favourite drink of the Khedive as well as his followers. They laughingly declared that Mahomet himself used to drink this beverage and that champagne was not alcohol at all.

Wiser through this experience, we left Alexandria and anchored on October 24, 1889, at the Piræus, the port of Athens. At this place the wedding was to take place. Of my stay at Athens I cherish the most pleasant recollections. As we were, so to say, wedding guests, the population accorded us a most overwhelming reception. Although there were present representatives of all nations and the place was thronged with sailors of all nationalities, we Germans were singled out for special favours. The ladies, those of good birth as well as those of easy virtue, made a great fuss of us. That the officers as well as the rank and file missed various of their belongings after the event, such as scarf-pins and watches, was considered a mere detail. It was fraternization all round from

the illustrious royal couple down to the lowest sailor and the idea of mine and thine was of little account.

On the third day the Kaiser came on board to inspect the crew. On this occasion I saw him for the first time and heard him speak. There were six of us who had distinguished ourselves during the fighting and assaults on Bagamoyo and Tanga, as the commander asserted, and who were proposed for decoration.

We six had to take our position up at the "fallreep." This expression, in the language of the marine, means a sort of guard of honour, at the time a notable visitor comes on board. The Kaiser spoke to every one of us, shook hands, and wished to know the circumstances which led to our distinguishing ourselves. I described shortly the occurrence, how the natives had entrenched themselves behind their burning huts and were shooting when we started to storm their position. He listened with interest to all the details and exclaimed, thumping his fist on the table: "I hope you gave them no quarter."

Whereupon I answered: "Certainly not, your Majesty."

He laughed and said: "Did those chaps shoot well?"

I told him truthfully: "No, your Majesty, they could not do that. They did not have any proper ammunition, but loaded their rifles with all sorts of odd bits of iron and rubbish and their shots went high."

"Well," he said, "a bit of luck for you chaps, but don't copy them and never shoot too high."

After having spoken a few words to each of us, he made the following little speech.

"It pleases me to decorate you on the recommendation of your commander. Remember that you will henceforth be wearing the highest decoration on a black and white ribbon which even I am not entitled to wear. I envy you. Remember always to uphold the honour of the Fatherland."

The reception over, he proceeded to the saloon to decorate the officers and make a similar speech. We had a lieutenant on board, a most objectionable fellow and hated by his subordinates because of his brutal manners. He was a tall fellow and his chief delight was to bully the crew. This man happened to be our gunnery officer on a punitive expedition against an Arab tribe. It was well known that he was also

a most inefficient officer and did not know much about the firing of guns. The result was that while the attack was in progress, something went wrong and a nasty accident occurred, wounding a sailor. I myself was nearly blinded by black powder. Of course when the Kaiser heard of it he had the officer before him.

" I have no use for an officer who is only ornamental. If you fail at the hour of peril, should your men not be able to rely upon your guidance, then I have no use for such leaders. The size of a man means nothing ; what counts are his brains."

He looked him up and down and dismissed him. We were glad he was in disgrace, for he deserved it.

After some days the " Leipzig " with Admiral Deinhardt on board joined us. I was temporarily transferred to the flagship since the coxswain on the " Leipzig " was down with malaria. Deinhardt was one of the most competent of admirals. Of large build, with grey beard, he gave the impression of a bear. The greatest part of his service on German men-o'-war had been spent abroad. Inconsiderate, blunt, he stood for German interests in distant waters and there is no doubt that through him German prestige was well upheld everywhere. He was very popular all the same with English and French alike and much sought after as an arbiter. Once at Zanzibar when more than a dozen battleships of different nations were assembled he was elected Chief Admiral and took the chair in the discussion of international affairs.

It happened one day that a small Portuguese steamer arrived. For some unknown reason the captain neglected to salute the Admiral, but Deinhardt ignored the insult. A few days later, as is usual, Deinhardt gave an official dinner. An English and a French officer both pointed out to him the rudeness of the Portuguese captain's behaviour and asked him what he would do in the matter. He simply laughed. It happened he had on board a box containing a small tiger. He told the steward to fetch him one of those small animals called a Kabulak. He got hold of it and threw it into the tiger's den. Of course, the tiger took no notice.

" Here you have the answer to your question," he said : " As little notice as the tiger takes of so small an animal, as little notice do I take of the rudeness of this Portuguese gentleman." That same night the German flag was hoisted on

board the Portuguese ship and a salute of 21 guns was fired from her deck.

The Kaiser greatly enjoyed listening to Deinhardt's stories of his experiences. During our stay at Athens he told His Majesty the strange incident which occurred with Seyyid Burgash, the notorious Sultan of Zanzibar.

The Sultan, like most Eastern potentates, was very fond of the fair sex and his harem harboured several European ladies, notably Greeks. He fell in love with a handsome Hamburg girl who, after much persuasion, agreed to grace the royal harem with her presence. She was, however, shrewd and made an arrangement with the Sultan whereby she became entitled to a compensation of three million rupees should he at any time decide to discard her.

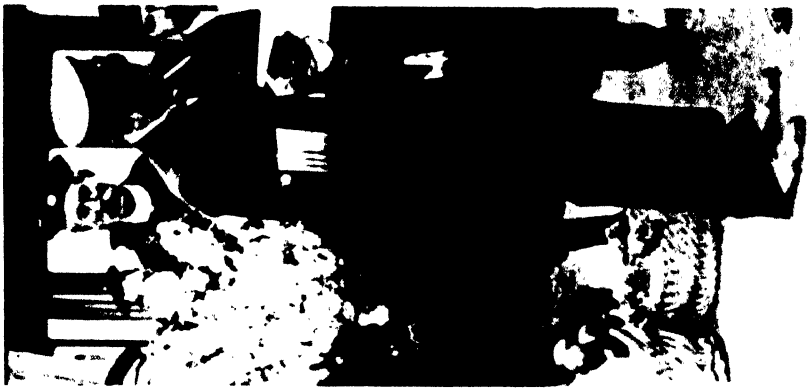
Like all men very much in love, the Sultan signed and for a time at least all went well. But in the end he transferred his affections to a beautiful Greek woman who thus became the first lady of the harem. When the Hamburg girl pressed her claims the Sultan laughed and refused to pay up. He kept a watch on her and saw to it that she did not communicate with the outside world.

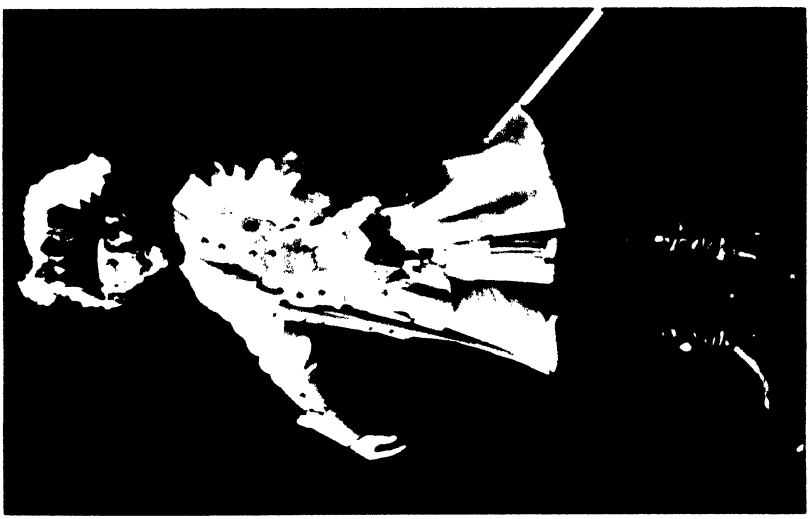
But the girl was cleverer than he. She managed to outwit her guardian, got into touch with her relations in Hamburg, who in turn approached the Emperor (William I). Deinhardt was ordered by the Emperor to investigate the matter and, if the girl's claims were genuine, to act as he thought fit.

Deinhardt had been waiting fo a long time to get even with the Sultan. On more than one occasion he had behaved very badly towards German people, with the result that Deinhardt decided to do the job thoroughly. When he arrived at Zanzibar with his fleet he found only one other ship in the port, an English vessel whose captain cheerfully agreed that it was time the Sultan received a little attention.

He sent an intermediary to the Sultan requesting an interview, explained his mission, and in a friendly but very firm tone gave His Majesty three days to settle the matter. He also informed the Sultan that he would hold him responsible for the safety of the lady in question.

For a time things looked rather awkward. The Sultan took a good look at Deinhardt's formidable figure and then had a glance at the German warships lying out in the bay.





Reluctantly he agreed to Deinhardt's terms and then, as Deinhardt told the Kaiser, he vented his spite on three of his unfortunate subjects by having them executed the very same day.

Deinhardt had said that he would not leave Zanzibar until he received the money. The following day he and his officers had an invitation to dine with the Sultan at the palace. The German Consul warned him to be careful.

"You will probably be poisoned," he informed the Admiral. "I have known these things happen before."

"That won't happen with me," replied the Admiral with a great laugh. "I'll blow him and his palace to pieces if he tries any of his tricks with me."

Before he went ashore he made all the necessary arrangements if anything did go wrong. First of all, he asked the English captain to take his ship outside in case there were complications and then placed all his warships in a circle with their guns trained on the palace.

"It was very amusing, your Majesty," Deinhardt told the Kaiser. "At one o'clock my officers and I went ashore and were received with great pomp by the Sultan. During the exchange of the customary flowery remarks I took occasion to inform the Sultan that all my guns were pointed at his palace and that unless I returned in safety my officers had instructions to open fire. I requested that he would forgive my little precaution, which I thought necessary in view of what I had heard from the German Consul."

The Sultan, apparently, didn't seem at all pleased, which was hardly to be wondered at. The dinner went off satisfactorily and nobody died of poison. The Sultan duly paid over the three million rupees, stipulating only that his discarded lady-love should leave behind her the jewels he had bestowed upon her. One supposes that he wanted them for the new arrival.

There was no doubt that Deinhardt made a tremendous impression on the Kaiser. Later in the evening, when the latter was standing by the railing of the "Leipzig" with his brother Prince Henry, I heard him remark:

"What a marvellous man this Deinhardt is! With his easy manners and his knowledge of the world he reminds me more of an Englishman or perhaps an American. Had I

only twelve similar men around me, how gentle my sleep would be ! "

" Truly there are plenty like him," said Prince Henry.

" Yes, but where can I lay hands on them this moment ? " answered the Kaiser.

Deinhardt appeared and the Kaiser asked him which nations could claim the best sailors. He reflected for a moment and answered with caution : " England and Japan, I should say."

" The Japs ! " exclaimed His Majesty in great surprise, " what makes you say that—they are dwarfs ? "

" These little chaps have been taught not to fear death and are unconquerable," replied Deinhardt.

" And our friends ? " asked the Kaiser.

Deinhardt looked surprised. " Whom do you mean by that, your Majesty ? "

" The French," said Prince Henry.

" My experience is," said the Admiral slowly, " that all Latin nations are good fishermen, but not good seamen. The climate may have something to do with it, or it may be that they are not accustomed to long journeys abroad in strange waters."

Deinhardt subsequently delivered a little lecture on Nelson's victory at Aboukir. He ordered some dominoes to be fetched and arranged them to represent men-o'-war. When he had finished the Kaiser asked : " Do you think if the French had done the attacking they would have been successful ? "

" I cannot give your Majesty an opinion," replied the Admiral, " but no doubt the belief in their invincibility, which every English sailor from the highest to the lowest rank cherishes, is a great asset and would be a deciding factor in battle."

How true, I have often thought. The Kaiser seemed greatly impressed and repeatedly assured Deinhardt of his Imperial appreciation of all he had learned.

" I shall tell my wife and children about you," he said genially. " You should become my aide-de-camp."

" Oh no, your Majesty," Deinhardt said with a smile. " An admiral would never make a good courtier, and vice versa."

The Kaiser left the " Leipzig " that night very animated and pleased with himself. The admiral and his affable manners had been a pleasant change from the people he usually met. But for how long? one might ask. Only for one day. Out of sight, out of mind, was always one of the Kaiser's little failings.

CHAPTER XXII

FIRST EXPERIENCES OF THE KAISER

THE immediate consequence of my meeting with the Kaiser proved to have a far-reaching effect in my life. After returning to Wilhelmshaven and going on two months' furlough I received instructions to undergo a special course of signalling and navigation with a view to entering the service of the Kaiser on board the royal yacht "Hohenzollern." His Majesty desired that the men who had distinguished themselves in East Africa should be close to his person.

I had no ambition then, or intention, of launching out in other and more adventurous walks of life. It was two or three years later, after I had temporarily left the Imperial entourage and gone to America to try my luck, that a few experiences with the famous Pinkerton brothers inculcated in my breast the longing to become a detective and ultimately led to my joining the secret police in Berlin and thus on to the more exciting life of the secret service.

When I joined the "Hohenzollern" I found myself as assistant navigating officer and supervisor of the man at the helm. My rank was not an exalted one ; I stood on the lowest but one of the thirty-two steps that lead to an Admiral. It corresponded to the rank of a sergeant in the army. Still, no man served aboard the "Hohenzollern" unless he had been specially chosen. One had to possess a certain amount of intelligence and an examination had to passed before being accepted for the job.

I also had to attend to the signals, a very trying sort of post as I speedily found. In those days we used a semaphore, an apparatus which had two arms worked by a lever. The

Kaiser had learned to use it and frequently signalled himself. That in itself did not greatly matter if it had not been that he insisted on interfering by reading the messages whilst I was on duty. Generally he got impatient and cursed and swore if I was not quick enough, consequently all was confusion.

We were on a trip to the north, His Majesty's guests, of whom there were many, having their quarters on the battleship "Baden." I was on duty about nine o'clock in the morning. The Kaiser appeared, saluted all round, and mounted the bridge. After addressing the officer and me very affably, he demanded to be put into communication with his guests on the "Baden."

"I want to know how my guests are this morning," he remarked by way of explanation, "and also to learn whether they have slept well."

I walked to the semaphore and started signalling, but the Kaiser kept interrupting me all the time. It is not a job where you want to be worried; you can easily forget what you are doing. At that moment the signaller on the "Baden" replied and one could easily see with the naked eye that there was a great commotion amongst the guests. They stood with the commander and some of the officers around the semaphore. The words "His Majesty" electrified them all.

"Like sheep they trot upstairs," growled the Kaiser behind me. It did not seem to embarrass him that I could hardly help overhearing his remark.

The answer from the "Baden" came across: "Thanks, we are very well. His Excellency General Hahnke wears shoes." At least, that was how I took it. I had got so flurried with the Kaiser standing behind me that I omitted the word "yellow."

"Well," said the Kaiser sharply, "what do they say?"

"Thanks, they are very well," I replied. "His Excellency General Hahnke wears shoes."

"Hahnke wears shoes!" snapped His Majesty. "Nonsense, he wears yellow shoes. You must go in for more practice."

I had to swallow this rebuff and dared not explain to my irate monarch that it was his own fault I had muddled the message. I must add that in those days yellow shoes were

not so commonly worn as now and it caused rather a sensation that such an eminent person as General von Hahnke should be wearing them.

"Ask again," the Kaiser shouted, "why does Hahnke wear yellow shoes? Has he stepped into eggs?"

A tremendous yell came across the water in appreciation of the royal wit. Seemingly, all the people aboard the "Baden" were convulsed with merriment.

"Yes," the answer came, "he stepped on the plovers' eggs." Whereupon I had to signal: "So, after all, there are plovers on board the 'Baden.'" The Kaiser was alluding to the expression used at cards which means in Germany that plovers are cheaters. Another outburst of hilarity from the "Baden," which made the Kaiser ejaculate: "I think they have all gone mad over there."

That ended the morning's little diversion and I don't mind admitting how glad I was. Those were my early days on the "Hohenzollern" and one of my very first experiences with the Kaiser. It made me hot and cold in turn with nervousness to have him standing behind me. However, the incident seemed to have pleased the Imperial gentleman. He remained in high glee all day and welcomed his guests later on with effusive geniality.

"Splendid joke your Majesty cracked this morning," they all told him, whereupon the Kaiser beamed.

Occasionally, as I look back over the time I spent on the "Hohenzollern," I have a good, hearty laugh when I recollect some of the extraordinary things that used to happen. The Kaiser was a different man away from the pomp and ceremony of the court. He became something like his natural self and revealed how different he might have been had not fate made him German Emperor.

The old "Hohenzollern" had on the upper deck a specially fitted cabin without doors. It was entirely open. The Kaiser used to invite his guests there after supper and in the most unconventional way they were jolly parties indeed, lasting late into the night. One could see the Kaiser enjoying himself like a schoolboy. Cigars made the rounds and drinks were served in mugs with handles, just the same as they might be in a *bierhaus*. To complete the resemblance, the sailors who waited upon the guests carried trays on straps round their

necks like the vendors one sees in so many restaurants. Cigars and cigarettes stood in twelve tumblers on each tray.

But it used to cause the Court Marshal intense annoyance that the sailors acting as stewards waited upon their own officers first in preference to the guests. The first time it went unnoticed, but later, when the Kaiser himself spoke about it, there was a tremendous row. That was nothing, however, to something else that took place shortly afterwards.

The chief steward came to me one night on the occasion of one of these parties and offered me some of the expensive cigars intended for the Imperial guests.

"Here you are, Steinhauer," he said, "they are very fine cigars such as the Court Marshal [no particular favourite aboard] reserves for himself. It goes without saying that this sort of man would have nothing but the best."

I hesitated, naturally, even though I was always very fond of a good cigar. But when the steward put five cigars on the table in front of me and proceeded to replace them with an inferior brand out of his own pocket I withstood the temptation no longer.

"See," said the steward with a grin, "the Court Marshal will smoke one of these for a change and learn to suffer without complaint, as the old Emperor used to say."

Looking at them, I had no doubt about the suffering. They were what the English call "stinkers." I knew something about cigars, for years before in America I had been in the business. So the five of them disappeared in my pocket with the resolution that I would share them with my shipmates. I certainly thought they were wasted on the Kaiser; he didn't know the difference—in my opinion at any rate.

That evening, as was the custom, the guests sat around the table after dinner and listened to stories. While they were being told no one was allowed to interrupt. Count Goertz had the honour first. He started to tell a long and pathetic story of a nobleman of long lineage who was badly in debt, but who had decided to get married again. He would have liked to present his fiancée with a handsome gift, but had neither cash nor credit. He was at a loss how to set about it. Suddenly, sitting one day in the tower of his

old castle, an idea struck him. He rang for his old servant Johann who had been with him all his life.

"Johann," said the Count, "do you remember your dear mistress the Countess Clothilde?"

"My lord," replied the old man, "how could any one forget an angel so good and beautiful?"

The Count sighed and tears came into his eyes.

"Johann," he said, "you remember those fine pearls she used to wear and which were my wedding present to her?"

"I do, my lord. The whole district talked of nothing else. How much your lordship must have loved the Countess to have those pearls buried with her."

There was a long silence which was broken by the Count suddenly jumping from his chair and exclaiming: "Johann, go down to the vault with a candle, open the coffin, and fetch the pearls."

Pale and with shaking limbs, the old servant left the room to obey his master's orders. But he was still paler when he returned covered with dust and grime and said in a voice almost inaudible: "My lord, I have opened the coffin, but when I touched my lady she broke up into dust and ashes. Then I fled."

Thereupon the Count rose, went to a cupboard, and took out two glasses together with a bottle of brandy. He filled them and while they drank, he said: "When you have finished this fetch a sieve from the kitchen. Then go down to the vault, sift the ashes of my lady, and bring up the pearls."

Everybody in the saloon was sitting with bated breath waiting for the dénouement. Suddenly the Kaiser sniffed and then gave a loud exclamation of disgust. Turning to the Court Marshal, he said: "That is an awful cigar you have got hold of, my friend. You poison the air. Take another one."

The steward came hurrying along and presented the cigars, but the second one proved to be no better than the first! A clever fellow, that steward. With a wry face the Court Marshal flung it through the port-hole. Other people around the table also suddenly discovered that they were smoking "stinkers." One or two of them declared they felt absolutely ill.

Conversation about the cigars then became general. The

THE KAISER AND KAISERIN, HIS MOTHER, PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, AND HIS SISTERS

Kaiser took a hand in the proceedings and ordered an investigation, chaffing the Court Marshal for being such a fool as to buy such filthy cigars for the Royal household.

"You must use your wits, my friend," remarked the Kaiser sarcastically. "I'm surprised that you should allow yourself to be duped in this fashion."

It was Prince Henry of Prussia who saved the situation. He took the last cigar in the box, which happened to be a good one, lit it, and said to his brother: "This is the best cigar I have ever smoked." As I was also smoking one of the same brand I could corroborate this opinion. While they were holding the inquest below I sat on the deck and enjoyed mine blissfully unconscious of the Court Marshal's troubles.

The "Hohenzollern" was on a trip to Russia. We had passed Rügen the day before where the Empress and her children had gone for a holiday. She sent them to meet their father, and when their boat came alongside and the gangway was lowered we had by order of the Kaiser to escort them on board. They kissed and embraced him and asked to be allowed to accompany him. That, however, was out of the question. He, told them to give his fondest love to their dear mother and to be of good behaviour whilst he was away. Long after their departure he stood on deck lost in thought.

At dinner time the subject came up about the education of children and the Kaiser told the following story:

"My brother and I," he said, "were by no means model children and as a punishment, when we had been noisy, we were told to sit under the table and be quiet. One day my mother had visitors and as we would not listen we were promptly ordered beneath the table. It dawned upon her after a time that we were uncommonly quiet and she called out: 'Wilhelm, Heinrich, what are you doing? Show yourselves.' She nearly fainted when she saw us. We had stripped ourselves of all our clothing and stood before her as God made us."

One of the most agreeable men I ever met during my association with the Kaiser was the Imperial Chancellor, General Caprivi. One might say without offence to his memory

that he did not make a suitable successor to Bismarck, but nevertheless I always found him even-tempered and amiable, serious in his manner and yet kind. He differed from other people around the Kaiser by sedulously refraining from the incessant bowing and scraping that was so annoying to onlookers. In consequence, he was not very popular. He told us one night a simple little story of the Emperor Frederick III, the Kaiser's father :

" Thirteen years ago," said the Chancellor, " I was attached to the household of His Majesty's illustrious father, Frederick III. Those were memorable days when, in close touch with this eminent man, I had ample opportunity to study his fine character and the beauty of his soul.

" One day, my royal master suddenly asked me if I would care to accompany him and the Crown Prince to Kiel, where Prince Henry was stationed as a cadet on board the ' Niobe.' I accepted with pleasure, being very fond of the sea.

" It was typical of the Emperor's kindly character that he wanted this visit to be a complete surprise to Prince Henry. Leaving at seven in the morning accompanied by only one of the court officials, we started by rail for Kiel. The Crown Prince (William) mentioned during the journey how much he enjoyed a trip to the East, which he had made some time ago in connection with the opening of the Suez Canal. He " (the Chancellor was referring to the Kaiser himself) " had a wonderful way of describing all that he had seen and heard and I could not help being struck how well he remembered all about the foreign battleships he had seen *en route*.

" In Kiel we entered a cab and whilst I went in search of some one to inform the captain of the ' Niobe ' of our plans, the Emperor and the Crown Prince waited in the cab. We were taken on board the ' Niobe ' by a young lieutenant, who, though rather excited, kept the secret well. To our great surprise we found Admiral Köster awaiting us. He asked the Emperor if he should summon Prince Henry. ' No, no,' said His Majesty, ' do not let him know we are here.'

" We were aboard some considerable time watching the cadets at drill and in the riggings. Then Prince Henry was brought along and there were great rejoicings. The Crown Prince had all of the cadets and some of the crew presented to him and on his suggestion cakes and sandwiches were

distributed amongst the boys, whilst coffee was made on board. The royal couple spent a few very enjoyable hours in an unofficial way and received a rousing send-off when they took their departure."

Every one was deeply affected by this simple little narrative, for the pathetic circumstances of Frederick III's brief reign —which he had only consented to after the strongest pressure from Bismarck when he was a dying man—was still a poignant memory. There was deep silence for a time until the Kaiser broke it by raising his glass and saying in a voice filled with emotion : " To the memory of my beloved father ! "

CHAPTER XXIII

THE KAISER AS GENERALISSIMO

IN the early days of my association with the Kaiser, shortly after the dismissal of Bismarck, there took place the historic manœuvres which, if they demonstrated nothing else, opened the eyes of the world to the undoubted fact that William II fully intended becoming the absolute ruler of Germany.

As far as I could gather from the excited conversation of the entourage, the Kaiser had the idea of massing all the fighting forces of Germany and in order that the operations should be as spectacular as possible he had dragged the nonogenarian Field-Marshal von Moltke out of his well-earned retirement to act as umpire. Probably he thought that the presence of the famous old man would put his army commanders on their mettle, even if it actually did so in a way the Kaiser could hardly have reckoned on. Possibly, also, he wanted the Field-Marshal's moral support, for he was then only thirty-two years of age himself.

We lay with the "Hohenzollern" at anchor just off Sonderburg in Schleswig. One could not help hearing the ill-natured remarks of the distinguished generals about the Kaiser dragging a ninety-year-old man from his bed to criticize their soldiership. He could hardly walk, much less ride. Certainly it seemed rather strange. The suite described it as nothing more than a passing whim on the part of their ruler. "Old Moltke" had made the German Army, yes, but in the opinion of the younger men he had long ago passed the age of usefulness and it was scarcely to be expected that he could take over such an irksome task as arbitrator of important military operations.

However, the Emperor had spoken and that was an end of the matter. I remember the time the old man came aboard, an unpleasant rainy evening. A pinnace from the shore came alongside the " Hohenzollern " and, standing up, saw with more than a slight thrill of curiosity the man who I had shared with Bismarck forty-odd years of fame.

He wore no coat. The Kaiser, who had watched his arrival from the bridge of his yacht, suddenly took off his own coat, threw it over my arm and said : " Go and take it down to Moltke."

It was a very luxurious coat, too. As the pinnace came alongside I sprang down with the coat, the Kaiser watching me. With much trouble the steersman and I helped the old warrior up the platform of the rope ladder. Then I tried to put the coat round him. But, at first, he would not have it. Maybe he thought it was ill-becoming the dignity of a soldier to wear a fur coat in the presence of his Emperor. He merely stroked the soft fur collar with his right hand and murmured softly to himself several times : " A fine fur, a fine fur. To whom does this fine fur belong ? "

" His Majesty sent this fur coat down for your Excellency," I replied. Up on the bridge the Kaiser was getting impatient. He shouted out to Moltke : " Put it on, Moltke, put it on. What do you think I sent it for ? "

Almost by force we had to put the fur coat on the old Field-Marshal. Then he went slowly up the ladder and came on deck. Here he clung to the railing for a short time, and asked : " Is His Majesty on top ? " whereupon I answered : " At your service, he is on the bridge." Then he straightened himself up and, with an almost elastic step, mounted the steps.

" Good-day, my dear Moltke," said the Emperor very amiably. " To-morrow we shall see what our soldiers can do."

Moltke only nodded his head. I, although I was not concerned, could notice how this " elastic " step up the ladder must have been a terrific strain on him. In that moment I felt what a great wrong it was that this old gentleman, who had done so much for the Fatherland, should be dragged here as a decoration for such a display.

" We shall lie up with the ' Hohenzollern,' " added the Emperor, " so that you will be able to watch the movements

on land from the bridge. Then I shall hear your opinion." That was the only greeting.

The next morning the Kaiser with his staff went on land and Moltke took up his position at about ten-thirty on the highest point of the bridge. I had been ordered to look after him and that was not easy. I had to stand in front of him and he placed the three-quarter-yard-long telescope, which in sailor's slang we called a " kieker," on my head. In this position he watched the movements of the troops. As the " kieker " would not rest properly on my round skull I ran quickly down to the chart house, snatched up a towel hanging there, folded it together, and stuffed it into my cap. I was up again in no time but all the same he asked :

" Where have you been, my son ? "

When I showed him the inside of my cap and explained why I had fetched the towel, he said :

" Good ! You're not such a fool, my boy."

I stood for four hours at a stretch, always in the same position with the " kieker " on my head. Really, it was a terrible strain ! Without sitting down once the old gentleman stood there too with the telescope before his eyes the whole time, and seemed to be watching the movements of the troops on land. Only once did he press himself against the rail, put his right arm on my shoulder, supported himself and whispered to me : " One gets older."

Every ten minutes he felt in his right-hand overcoat pocket and fetched out a piece of chocolate. They were small tablets, each one packed in white paper. On the outside of each packing there was a little picture, usually a portrait of some famous person or building. Of course, I would have liked a piece of chocolate too and waited longingly for him to give me one. Each time he studied the picture very carefully, crumpled it up and threw it overboard.

After several hours, when he had eaten heaps of these little tablets, he gave me one with the friendly words : " That is for you, my son, take good care of it."

Thanking him, I took it. My mouth was already watering when I found to my disappointment that he had taken the chocolate out and had only given me the picture ! It was one of the Kaiserin. My hunger was by no means appeased by that. Resignedly, I shoved a piece of " swarten Krusen "

FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE

between my teeth and started to chew vigorously with mortification. Because of this my jaws moved and he asked :

" What are you eating ? "

" Tobacco, *Exzellenz*."

" That's not supposed to be very healthy," he answered. " I tried it once in Turkey. You should eat chocolate."

Yes, but how could I get it without stealing ?

In the afternoon at about four o'clock the Kaiser came back. He stormed up the bridge and shouted to Moltke : " Well, that was a fine mess to-day ! Did you see it, Moltke ? Not a man knew what to do, least of all those donkeys, the commanders. Two regiments blissfully went over to the enemy and a third didn't know at all where it was. That would have been a fine war ? But I shall remedy all that, you may be sure of that."

He looked angrily at me without saying anything. I had no idea what I had done but soon found out. The Kaiser had scarcely left the bridge when the officer on duty came running along, looked hard at my head and bawled out :

" What on earth have you got on your head ? The Kaiser has just arrived in a fearful temper and snorted at me that I must be a damned fool to allow a member of the crew to go about looking like a Turk. What is the matter with your cap ? "

Then it suddenly struck me. The towel was still in my cap, and, no doubt, after four hours of old Moltke's telescope, it had taken on a strange shape. Trust the Kaiser to notice it ! Nothing escaped his eagle eye. He couldn't tell me about the matter himself, for I had not yet reached the dignity of a rank that could be honoured by the receipt of the Imperial snub. So all I could do was apologize and ask the officer to explain the incident to the commander who, I knew full well, would hear about it from the Kaiser.

When the Kaiser had finally vented his spleen on every one handy, Moltke, profoundly thankful that the whole business was over, allowed himself to be led to his cabin. He did not appear again until the evening meal, when the commander told the story of my cap and aroused much laughter. Evidently they approved of my idea, because while I was sitting in the messroom eating my supper the steward brought me a

small case of cigars as a recognition of my endurance on behalf of the Imperial Army.

The Kaiserin was also present at these manœuvres. On this occasion she visited Gravenstein, a small town lying on the Flensburg Fiord. Here stood Schloss Gravenstein where she had spent the best part of her youth. Of course, whenever she allowed herself to be seen there great joy reigned amongst the people of Schleswig. At the conclusion of the manœuvres the Kaiser with a few of his gentlemen went to Gravenstein and there met his wife. He was in civilian dress and, in spite of his famous turned-up moustache, was seldom recognized by the people. It was different with the Kaiserin. She was known by every man, woman and child and received enthusiastic greeting everywhere.

But to the Kaiser's intense mortification, the people of Schleswig took little or no notice of him. That, naturally, ruffled his vanity very badly. As he and the Kaiserin were coming into a village where a big crowd waited to welcome the Empress, he called out spitefully, in a voice that every one could hear : " Augusta, your loyal subjects are greeting you."

The Kaiserin did not appreciate her royal spouse's irony.

" Yes," she said sharply, " with my people it comes from the heart."

As a consequence of this slight difference between the Imperial pair the Kaiser left Gravenstein somewhat earlier and returned to the " Hohenzollern." The members of his suite had had a good many drinks on the way from Gravenstein to the boat. They were all very merry, and as they got out of the pinnace and climbed up the ladder the steersman looked after them full of apprehension and made a sign to be careful.

As they came on deck the gentlemen who had stayed behind, amongst them old Moltke, were standing ready to receive them. The Kaiser had a kind of thick tweed coat on and a soft hat. He looked more like a little bailiff than anything else. I would hardly have recognized him had I not known who he was.

" Just imagine what fun we have had ! " the Kaiser burst out as soon as he got on deck. " We went for a walk to-day, my wife with her two ladies, I and the doctor, and a fellow, a shepherd, drove a whole flock of sheep in the way. In the end, when he recognized my wife, he tried to drive them out

of the road. The silly animals, however, were obstinate and couldn't be moved out of the way, and now comes the best part of the story. Just where we were standing, one of these stupid beasts, a ram, started to buck. That started the whole flock off, of course, and they ran all over the place. Then you should have seen the ladies! They fled with their handkerchiefs before their faces as though they were ashamed of themselves. Although I shouted out to them: 'My dear ladies, this is quite a harmless affair,' they refused to be quieted."

As I have already related, the gentlemen were very animated. It did not strike us as strange when, behind the Kaiser's back, one of his most faithful servants and aides-de-camp made the remark: "The sheep wanted to see their ruler too!"

Those who heard this joke had to laugh, and the Kaiser, who noticed from the convulsive shaking of their shoulders that something was afoot, asked sharply: "What is the matter with you?" whereupon the joker in his South-German accent devotedly answered: "We are still laughing over the sheep Majesty."

Impudently he made no pause between "sheep" and "majesty."

In the self-same years referred to in the preceding pages, Zanzibar was handed over to Great Britain in exchange for Heligoland. For me the matter had more than a little passing interest, because only the year before I had taken an active part in the anti-slavery war which was waged against the Arabs by the combined British and German Fleets. It was more or less in consequence of being decorated by the Emperor for supposed bravery in that campaign that led to my presence on the "Hohenzollern."

In later years I was to know Heligoland very well. In a comparatively short space of time it became a perfect hot-bed of espionage. By then I had been posted to the secret service and in consequence found myself in Heligoland hunting spies.

The taking over of Heligoland was carried out in extremely ceremonial fashion. The actual German occupation took place on a Sunday when, with our own hands, we dragged

up the guns for the salute some two hundred steps to the plateau above the cliffs. In the presence of the Kaiser, high British and German naval officers, as well as a good many political dignitaries, the Union Jack was hauled down and the German flag hoisted to the accompaniment of a salvo of gun-fire.

Naturally, many speeches had to be made. The Kaiser spoke at great length, emphasizing his hope that the inhabitants would feel themselves as prosperous under German rule as they had been under the British. He looked, he said, upon the transfer of Heligoland to German possession as another sign of the great and lasting friendship that bound these two great nations. The English representatives made answer in the same honeyed fashion, little recking, naturally, what was really in the Kaiser's mind.

Later in the evening one heard another tale. The Kaiser was on board the " Hohenzollern " with his officers and had arranged a sort of beer festival in commemoration of the event. There were no English people present then.

" I have often been reproached," he said in the security of the dining saloon, " for having given up Zanzibar for Heligoland. But I look upon it as one of my greatest achievements in diplomacy. We shall fortify Heligoland so that it shall always be one of our strongest bulwarks against hostile attacks." He paused for a moment or two, and then made what could not be regarded as anything but a most significant pronouncement.

" I do not wish it," he said emphatically, " but, should it ever come to pass that I have to turn my guns to the west " —and there is no doubt at all that he meant England—" then I hope and wish that the eyes of my officers will be as sharp and their hands as sure as if I wished to turn them to the East " —by which, probably, he meant Russia. " Every shot must be a hit."

What terrible indiscretion ! In England, as well as in Germany, there had been widespread comment over the Kaiser's acquisition of Heligoland. Severe strictures had been passed on the Marquess of Salisbury by the people of England for making the exchange and lo, so soon, was comfirmation forthcoming of the Kaiser's real intentions.

But, apart from that, the speech was heard not only by the

officers, but also by those of the crew of the "Hohenzollern" who were present as stewards. In the course of the next few days, we were absolutely overwhelmed by journalists, who naturally wanted to know more about the matter. Even I, then nothing more than an ordinary sailor in His Majesty's navy, thought how foolishly the Kaiser had overstepped the bounds of ordinary common sense. Not once, but a dozen times, after the affair did I hear old and experienced naval officers who had been present make the remark :

" If he goes on like that, we shall soon be in the soup."

CHAPTER XXIV

HUMOUR ON THE HIGH SEAS

IT frequently happened, despite the fine weather, that life aboard the "Hohenzollern" became very uncomfortable for everybody when the Kaiser was in one of his black moods. At the best of times he was easily upset if anything went wrong. Then nobody dared go near him for fear of his Imperial wrath.

With secret rejoicing, which I must admit partook of the malicious, I often watched how wretched and uneasy his guests felt.

"Yes," I used to say to myself, "and it serves you right. If you didn't kow-tow to him in such ridiculous fashion he would behave himself."

The Kaiser's best friend could not describe him, when a young man, as one possessed of much self-control. Amongst his suite there was hardly a man who ever had the pluck to contradict him or give him a piece of his mind. It would have been better had they done so, for he got more self-centred and conceited as the days went by.

One fine morning, when everybody should have been happy, the Kaiser appeared about eight o'clock looking out of sorts.

"What can be the matter with him now?" flashed through my mind. I had seen him the night before apparently in the best of spirits. He walked up and down the deck carrying a newspaper and taking no notice of anybody. I made myself scarce and reported to the officer on the bridge "Bad weather" with His Majesty.

"Probably had a bad night," said the officer. "I'll keep out of his way."

The Kaiser, I might explain, was very sensitive. It was his invariable custom to take cuttings from the leading articles in the newspapers to his cabin in the morning. Unfortunately, he sometimes managed to read others not really intended for him, with the result that he was upset for the rest of the day. When this occurred he used to prance the deck from end to end wild with rage and none of his guests dared to show themselves.

This particular morning, just as I was clearing out of the way, he suddenly bawled at me : " Fetch Caprivi "—a nice way to describe his unfortunate Chancellor. Anyhow, I stood not upon the order of my going, but went. In fact, I went so quickly that I tripped over a broom which went flying against the Kaiser's shins. He didn't say a word ! which told me that something had really disturbed him. Instead, he only gave me a deep stare and mumbled something to himself. I watched General Caprivi mounting the stairs and saluting His Majesty.

The Kaiser was trembling with rage.

" Here," he shouted, thrusting the newspaper into the Chancellor's face, " read this. These swine, these filthy journalists, never even take the trouble to understand me. They are vile, rotten people who do nothing but insult me. Whatever I do is wrong according to them."

I was listening to this diatribe, and, later, got hold of the offending newspaper and read the article. It described the Kaiser as three Kaisers, the wise, the venerable and the travelling Kaiser, and it was also full of bitter sarcasm about His Majesty's multifarious activities. Caprivi, however, remained unruffled.

" Your Majesty's people like to read this sort of thing," he remarked soothingly. " The higher your place in this world, the more criticism is levelled against you. It does not amount to anything." For fear of hearing anything more he left the Kaiser and went below.

None of the guests dared join His Majesty. They all remained in the security of the saloon looking at each other like a lot of stuffed owls. The Kaiser paced up and down the deck with infuriated face swearing to himself. When he got tired of that he went up on the bridge, to the great discomfort of the navigating officer, and still continued mumbling.

Down in the saloon the guests held a council of war to decide what could be done about restoring the royal temper.

It was decided that General Hülsen, the man who afterwards became the controller of the Imperial Theatre in Berlin, should try some of his famous conjuring tricks and see if they would improve matters a little. Hülsen courageously agreed. Followed by his friends, he came up on deck and did a comic walk. He was a very tall man and seemed to have no bones. Everybody burst into roars of laughter—but not the Kaiser. He continued pacing up and down and appeared not to have noticed Hülsen at all.

He was reading a book called " Organization of the Navy." Suddenly he stopped dead and without the slightest sign that Hülsen had done anything out of the way, handed him the book, with a haughty, condescending air, nodding in the direction of the companion-way to indicate that he was to take it downstairs. Hülsen took the book and, apparently, flung it overboard. A stroke of genius that ; it was exactly what ought to have been done with it. For one moment the Kaiser looked as though he would strike his audacious friend dead. But he didn't. He burst into loud laughter and remained in a good humour for the rest of the day.

It must not be thought that he was always—or at any rate very frequently—in such bad moods. As I say, he was very easily upset, but nevertheless there were innumerable occasions on which he took a prominent part in the merriment aboard, especially when his friend Admiral von Senden was concerned.

The Kaiser respected Admiral Senden very highly. During the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 he had commanded a gunboat and the Kaiser paid heed to everything he said. When Senden's birthday came along, somewhere about the end of June, it usually happened that he was aboard the " Hohenzollern " and the Kaiser would order it to be celebrated regardless of expense.

This particular year the preparations for the event were to be made in grand style. General Hülsen and Count Eulenburg took over the arrangements. No fewer than forty trunks of fancy dress costumes and theatrical " props " were ordered by Hülsen from Wiesbaden. With an experienced

eye he picked out from the crew a number of the younger men who would make suitable ballet girls.

I must say that Hülsen made a marvellously good job of it. Any connoisseur entering the improvised ballroom would have had difficulty in believing our sailors were not really stage beauties. The band was dressed up à la Neptune, with long beards and green seaweed wound round their heads.

The preliminary festivities went on all through the night with terrific hilarity, while the amount of drink consumed broke all records for the "Hohenzollern." At eight o'clock the next morning when the band in their costumes were inspected by the Kaiser, several gentlemen were still lying in their bunks *hors de combat*. At the instigation of the Kaiser they had to be reminded that the Admiral's birthday was still being celebrated.

With great difficulty all the missing ones were collected—except the "birthday child" himself. He could not be got out of his berth under any consideration. After the Kaiser had sent down three times and the messenger had come back on each occasion to report that the door was locked and that no one would answer, he lost his patience.

"Follow me," he ordered the band and his guests. He led the way to Senden's cabin door where one could hear a noise as if a steam saw was at work.

"I'll cure his snoring for him," said the Kaiser. He ordered the band to play the Triumph March as loudly as they could blow. But even that did not wake up the gallant admiral; his snores almost drowned the band.

"Get the carpenter," ordered the Kaiser. The Admiral's door was forced open. Four of the guests caught hold of him and took him up on deck in a sheet amidst great shouting and laughing. It was raining hard, but the Kaiser didn't mind that. He bestowed his birthday congratulations upon the Admiral as he lay in the sheet and kept him there while everybody else went up. Senden himself was swearing lustily all the time and muttering into his beard all sorts of remarks about the Kaiser which I would rather not repeat here.

Then his birthday presents were brought along, most of them more comical than valuable. Amongst other things he got a nice big parcel which took him a quarter of an hour to unwrap. He had already thrown aside 239 sheets of paper

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when at last there came to light a dainty little box resembling a ring case. He opened it and found, not a nice diamond ring, but a little roll of chewing tobacco.

After the morning's festivities were over and the "frühschoppen" (morning drinks) finished, the gentlemen retired for a rest so as to be prepared for the evening dance and theatricals. You could really imagine yourself in a proper ballroom, so cleverly had the two organizers changed the sailors into ballet girls. General Hülsen was the life and soul of the party; he could have had no idea that fifteen years later he would be snatched away by death at a similar festivity.

Towards one o'clock in the morning a Norwegian postman (we were in Northern waters) came on board to deliver telegrams. Eagerly he asked me to show him the Kaiser if it were possible. I went with him to the aft-deck and let him have a peep through one of the port-holes into the ballroom. The Kaiser at that moment was very animatedly conducting the band with a baton in his hand. When I said to the Norwegian: "There's the Kaiser," he laughingly shook his head and uncompromisingly refused to believe me. When I persisted, he became cross and angrily said to me: "You are insulting your Kaiser in telling me such a lie. If I report this to your superiors you'll be put into the lock-up." He then left the ship fully convinced I was a wicked "spoofer."

We lay with the "Hohenzollern" at Ostend. It was Sunday morning. The Kaiser had given orders that the ship should be open to the public for that day. Everything was spick-and-span; the yacht had been scrubbed and polished until you could almost eat off the deck. Early that morning a huge crowd surged on the quay, every one wanting to have a look at the Kaiser. Journalists and photographers from all countries were there closely watching everything that took place on board.

At nine-thirty the crew came on deck for Divine service. Shortly before this an improvised altar had been erected and covered with the German flag. In a large semi-circle round the altar the crew took up their positions, while at both ends of the half-circle the officers and gentlemen of the suite stood in full-dress uniform.

Word was sent to the Kaiser and he appeared in Admiral's uniform with the Bible in his hand. In a loud voice he gave out the hymn : " Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and with his right hand gave the sign to start. From one hundred and forty men's throats came solemnly the old impressive hymn. A thrill went through me as I saw the vast crowd on the quay tear off their hats and join in the tune, which was very likely known to them through the opera " Hugenotten."

After it had come to an end, the Kaiser read a chapter from the Bible : " And there arose a great storm on the waters, and Jesus stood up and calmed the sea and the waves."

That was the text of his sermon. Following this, he started to preach, saying that sailors should not lose courage when they found themselves in the greatest storm, but should think of Christ's words which He uttered to His disciples : " Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith ? " After the sermon there followed another hymn : " Now thank we all our God." Following this, there was a roll-call which he took himself.

For me, this roll-call was of special importance, for that day I had been promoted and had to report the fact to the Kaiser. When he came to me and heard what I had to say, he thanked me and, tapping my war medals which I had got in East Africa, asked me something. I did not properly understand his question and thought he had inquired where I had received my decorations. So I answered : " In East Africa, your Majesty."

I was very astonished when he answered in quite a friendly way : " No, my boy, I haven't been there yet."

All the officers laughed with him. One of them whispered to me that the Kaiser wanted to know where he had seen me before. Thereupon I said to him : " In Athens, your Majesty."

" That's right," he replied with a smile. " Go on serving me as faithfully."

After he had received the reports of the other two men promoted he came back once more and called me out of the ranks, asking : " What have I been preaching about to-day ? "

" That sailors should not lose courage when they find themselves in danger—from Matthew," I added.

" Good, good," he said. Then he called Major von Seckendorff to him and demanded : " Seckendorff, what did I preach about ? "

The Major could not answer so promptly, whereupon the Kaiser pointed at me and said to him : " Let that African tell you." Then he turned to the members of his suite : " I take it as a matter of course that everybody who attends Divine service should follow the sermon thoroughly, and not only know the subject, but should think over it. You will all need your God one day, gentlemen," he concluded, a prophecy which has turned out to be all too true.

After the service was over the crowd stormed on board to look over the ship

I have recapitulated this interesting incident in the Kaiser's life to show the extraordinary versatility of his character. He could, and did, conduct Divine service with the most intense religious feeling, sincerely and fully believing every word he uttered.

A Parisian journalist who had watched the whole scene with great avidity offered me a thousand francs if I would repeat the Kaiser's conversation with me so that he could telegraph it to his paper. I asked the officer on duty, but it was too ticklish a matter for him to decide. He spoke to the commander, who also declined the responsibility. Ultimately the matter reached the Chief of the Naval Staff, who nearly fell backwards with fright.

" Not a word about what the young gentleman [the Kaiser] says. Somebody will be beheaded if it gets out. We've had quite enough of his speeches lately."

CHAPTER XXV

LÈSE-MAJESTÉ

THE eventful years spent in close personal attendance on the Emperor naturally brought many strange sights to my eyes. Some were tragic, some humorous. When the Emperor was in one of his none-too-frequent friendly moods, and he happened to be particularly pleased over anything, he would show mercy where in the ordinary course of events severe punishment might have been inflicted.

The " Hohenzollern " was in Norwegian waters and the stock of provisions on board was beginning to run rather low. It was not always possible to obtain in the small villages food suitable for the royal table and when the opportunity did occur full advantage was taken of it.

Towards nine o'clock in the morning the torpedo boat which acted as the courier vessel of the " Hohenzollern " came alongside bearing mails and provender. Great rejoicing ! The officer responsible for the Emperor's " messing " had had a most successful time. Fresh cucumbers, beautiful green lettuces, new-dug artichokes, succulent celery were in the basket. Beside a fine leg of veal there gleamed a delicious-looking 5 lb. salmon. But between all these dainties there lay, like a modest violet, a luscious roasting chicken which had been specially procured for the Emperor and to which he was visibly looking forward if the eagerness with which he examined it told but a particle of the truth.

The Emperor was holiday-making. After the post had been distributed and looked through and the cares of State attended to, the fun started. There was to be a shooting competition and for that purpose a target was set up on

deck. A few small-calibre rifles were brought up and handed out to the Emperor and his guests. Being the petty officer on duty that day I had the task of judging. I stood under cover behind the chart house and rushed out whenever a shot was fired much the same as the pigeon shooters do at Monte Carlo.

It may have been the hilarity of the night before, or possibly the uneasiness of the "Hohenzollern"; the shooting was certainly very indifferent. When the Emperor shot for the first time I could truthfully report a "nine." But His Majesty's second shot, in spite of my eager search for the damage, could not be found at all, whereupon I called out "wide."

High treason! You should have heard the indignation and astonishment. If I had dropped a bomb on deck I could hardly have caused greater consternation.

"Rubbish, man," shouted the Kaiser, apparently unable to believe that *he* could have missed anything. With several of his guests he came up and had a look at the target. But no one could find anything. To give the Kaiser his due he merely laughed, saying: "So the hole was in the air all right!"

Everybody breathed again. The Kaiser felt in his pockets, took out a *taler*, and handed it to me with the remark that next time he would get a twelve.

Lunch time drew near. Without knowing the hour, any intelligent person could have guessed that hunger was beginning to gnaw at the vitals of the Emperor's guests, for behind the back of their host they kept making signs that it was time to eat. At last the steward reported to the Master of Ceremonies that luncheon was ready. The guests went down first, waited in the dining saloon until the Emperor appeared, and then informally took their places.

Then happened a remarkably funny, but for the time being very serious accident. As I have already stated, a fine chicken had been prepared for the Kaiser's own lunch. At the moment when the steward was going to serve the Kaiser with the chicken, which should have been on a silver dish, he suddenly became as white as chalk and stood stiff as a poker on the right side of the All-Highest. The other people at the table quickly sensed that something had gone wrong.

What could have happened? The dish was empty. The chicken had mysteriously disappeared. I saw the Emperor

look at the vacant dish, apparently unable to believe the evidence of his eyes. He believed that the steward had forgotten his little tit-bit. He frowned.

"Well," he said at last, "what about the chicken?"

The unfortunate steward stood there with shaking knees and could only stammer forth: "Gone, your Majesty."

"I know that," retorted the Emperor sharply, "but where is it? What do you mean by coming here with an empty dish?"

The steward could give no answer; all he could do was mutely look at his royal master. Up jumped the Master of Ceremonies and rushed along to the kitchen to see the chef and the chief steward.

"Where is it?" demanded the Emperor when he returned. "Have you all gone mad?"

"I cannot say, your Majesty. The chicken was done to a turn, so the chef says, garnished by himself, placed on the dish, and given to the steward. It must have disappeared on the way from the kitchen to the dining saloon."

The Emperor was growing angry. No one dared laugh.

"Disappeared!" he barked out, "who would steal such a thing?"

Admiral von Senden, one of the Emperor's greatest friends, could not resist the opportunity of calling out in his deep voice: "It must have flown up the chimney."

Every one then laughed and the Emperor joined in. But he had no intention of losing his chicken so easily as that. The commander of the "Hohenzollern" was sent for and instructed to hold a strict inquiry about the missing bird. For the time being the luncheon continued without the chicken, the chef doing his best to repair the damage by bringing in a dish of wonderful crabs that were being reserved for dinner.

The first officer, who had been briefly told of the happening by the commander, came on the bridge where I was on duty and related what had taken place. I thought I might be able to solve the mystery.

The old "Hohenzollern" was so built that the stewards carrying the dishes had to go a fairly long way from the kitchen to the dining saloon. Their way lay for the most part along the upper deck and the passage was so narrow that they had to carry the dishes on their right palms above their heads, other-

wise they would have bumped themselves. The upper deck had several windows which opened like trap-doors, so-called skylights. These were always kept open in good weather to make an outlet for the hot air below. If the stewards ran along under these skylights with the dishes it would be an easy matter for any one standing above to put his hand through and snatch something off. It had happened before, but only in the case of harmless things which were never missed. But this was serious! The Emperor had set great store by his beloved chicken.

Shortly before lunch I had seen sitting beside the skylight a Hamburg boy by the name of Tetje Schmidt. I had him under my charge and I knew his habits. Like lightning, it flashed across my mind that here was the culprit.

"Ah," I said to myself, "Tetje, my boy, you are the one who has had the chicken."

I told the first officer how it could have disappeared, but said nothing about Tetje. Silently I went up to the instrument room where we kept such things as compasses, telescopes, sextants, as well as the flags that are necessary on board a sea-going vessel. The room belonged to the steersman and ordinarily could not be used by any one else.

I knocked at the door, but there was no answer. I tried to open it, but found it locked. Then I called out in a low voice: "Tetje!" Cautiously the door opened and what did I see? Tetje sitting on a bundle of flags with fingers that were still greasy pushing into his mouth the last piece of the Kaiser's chicken. He looked at me very reproachfully for disturbing him.

"Tetje, my boy, you've made a bad mistake this time. You've got away with the Emperor's chicken."

He looked dumbfounded and crestfallen, as well he might. Apparently, from the tale he blurted out by degrees, he had thought that the chicken belonged to the Master of Ceremonies whom he, and everybody else on board, cordially detested. Tetje had heard him speaking to the chef about the chicken and had rashly come to the conclusion that it was for himself.

"Well," I remarked, "you'll have to face the music now. I shan't say anything, but I'm sure the Kaiser will."

In the dining saloon all was merry and bright. Glasses

were clinking around the table, the Kaiser himself laughing heartily as the badinage flowed too and fro. Even Tetje Schmidt forgot his fears. He had a most prodigious appetite ; I saw him peering suspiciously towards the kitchen on the look-out for something else to steal.

About six o'clock in the evening there came an unusual order. All men were to parade on deck for roll-call. In five minutes' time the entire crew were standing to attention on the fore deck, curious to know what was going to happen. The commander reported to the Kaiser that all the men were present and in a few minutes he appeared, accompanied by several members of his suite, saluted the men, and nodded to the commander.

" This afternoon," said the commander in a very serious tone of voice, " at about one o'clock, a chicken on its way from the kitchen disappeared. The Kaiser is waiting for the man who took it to confess so that he will not be in the unpleasant position of having to punish the whole crew for the sake of one man."

At first there was a dead silence. Not a man spoke or stirred. I, as a petty officer, was standing in front. I looked at Tetje—he looked at me. Then, very red in the face, he stepped out from the ranks, pulled himself stiffly to attention, and said : " I took the chicken."

Another profound silence. The Emperor seemed thunderstruck. The commander glared. Personally, I felt very glad poor Tetje had played the man. But, oh, what a comical figure he made ! He had a small, under-sized figure with what is called a nut-cracker nose and chin. His head was large, round as a bullet, covered with untidy bristly hair. And his mouth ! I'll swear he could have eaten asparagus broadside on. But easily the most comical thing about him was his feet. They were so huge that when he stood on his heels he could almost touch his knees with his toes.

Already he had won. Everybody burst out laughing, Tetje as well. The commander, vainly attempting a serious expression of face, demanded to know what he was doing in the kitchen.

" I wasn't in the kitchen, Captain."

" Then the chicken must have flown into your mouth," chuckled Admiral von Senden.

"No, sir, I took it through the skylight."

The commander explained the affair to the Kaiser, who thereupon said to Tetje: "But why did you take the chicken? Don't you know any better?"

Poor Tetje! Talking to the Emperor wasn't much in his line. In his broad "Hamburger Platt" (low German dialect) he managed to stutter out: "I just wanted to make the steward angry."

"Oh," said Admiral von Senden, "so you have hidden the chicken?"

"I wanted to do that at first, but I was afraid that some one would find it. So I thought I had better eat it and take no risks."

I saw the Kaiser almost run away and thought, for a moment, he had suddenly been taken ill. But then I noticed that his shoulders were shaking with laughter. With a shriek of merriment he disappeared down below, leaving Tetje wondering what he had done now.

That, of course, did not end the matter. *Lèse-Majesté* such as this couldn't possibly go unpunished. The commander said that Tetje should have six months in a fortress, that there should be no leave for the whole crew on his account, and many more dire threats. But the Kaiser had something to say about the matter. The next morning Tetje was informed that he would escape this time with fourteen days confined to ship. Being an incorrigible glutton, all he could remark was that he wouldn't mind lifting another chicken so long as it wasn't the Emperor's private property!

Life aboard the "Hohenzollern" certainly had its compensations. After all, why not? The Kaiser went yachting for a holiday and it was there one saw him at his best. The arrogance and the vanity which characterized a great deal of his official existence disappeared when he was away from the prying eyes of the public. No doubt he was a born *poseur*. I cannot recollect more than half a dozen occasions of any importance when he was not in uniform.

And it always appeared that he was not a man who readily made friends. The older members of his suite, naval as well as military, seemed to regard him with amused contempt, while the younger ones, not unnaturally, vigorously applauded all his sentiments whatever their actual worth.

One of the best of the Emperor's friends was undoubtedly Admiral von Senden, who usually accompanied him on his sea voyages. He was not a young man by any means, but he was that *rara avis*, a sailor as well as a courtier.

Certainly he did not in the least resemble the famous Admiral Deinhardt, whose opinion of the Emperor lacked nothing in the way of candour. I remember, in 1889, when we went to Athens for the wedding of Princess Sophie to the Crown Prince (Constantine) of Greece, the Emperor going aboard Deinhardt's flagship thinking thereby to do him a great honour instead of the Admiral calling upon him.

When he entered Deinhardt's private quarters he seemed dazed with the splendour of the surroundings. Never in the whole of his life had he seen so many beautiful and rare *objets d'art* except, perhaps, at a museum.

" But, dear Admiral, your cabin is much more splendid than mine."

Deinhardt grinned.

" Pardon me, your Majesty, but I am a *real Admiral*."

One may suppose that the Emperor had never been spoken to in such fashion in all his life. But to give him his due he took the reproof pretty well.

" Oh, then you mean to say I am not. Nobody has dared to tell me that before, but I dare say you are right."

Prince Henry of Prussia and the A.D.C.'s who were present looked flabbergasted. Probably they thought that the fiery young Emperor would take great umbrage at such rudeness. But that day, fortunately, he was in rare good humour.

He actually permitted himself to indulge in a good deal of horseplay aboard the flagship, although Deinhardt, challenged to give an example of his tremendous strength, again made matters rather awkward by lifting the Emperor right in the air and holding him out at arm's length ! I was watching this little episode, as were a good many other members of the crew, and the Emperor's face was certainly a study in mixed expression.

CHAPTER XXVI

SOUVENIR HUNTERS

WHEN the Kaiser lay in any harbour in England with the "Hohenzollern," it always pleased him that the English people should visit his ship. He even encouraged it, for, at the time I am referring to, he was seeking an alliance with England and, naturally, deemed it politic to court a certain amount of popularity.

One may be permitted to remark that this tacit invitation did not go unregarded; the ladies, especially, utilized it to the full. Eminent people from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales regularly came aboard the "Hohenzollern," a large number of them being titled folk who, no doubt, were anxious to catch a glimpse of, or even have a talk with, the famous German Emperor.

The Kaiser had given special orders that the visitors should be taken around and shown everything with the greatest possible politeness. He said that those members of the crew who could speak English should be entrusted with the duties of cicerone. I, having been in America for some years before I joined the Imperial Service, became one of the conductors and had, not only an interesting time, but very frequently a highly amusing one.

It is, as everybody knows, a common failing of most people who go visiting strange places to take back with them some souvenir. Who has not seen travellers in Egypt bargaining for a piece of stone from the Sphinx, in Athens for a bit of marble from the Acropolis, in Japan in Kamakura for a piece of copper from the Diabutau, and in Portsmouth for a splinter of wood from the old battleship "Victory"? I have even

heard it said that the " Victory " must have been not one, but twenty ships, to have contained so much timber, if all the splinters that the souvenir hunters have bought could be put together. But that has nothing to do with me.

One found ample confirmation of the general passion for souvenirs when the " Hohenzollern " lay in an English port. Splinters of wood from the mast or from the ship's stern such as are procurable aboard the " Victory " were not sold on the Kaiser's yacht—nor were they asked for. But otherwise, everything that had any connection at all with the Kaiser, the most trifling object imaginable, was dearly prized by the people who came visiting it.

Dear me, what a trade we did do in flowers out of the Imperial cabin, cardboard cigar holders supposed to have been used by His Majesty, pens he had written with, pencils he had carried about and coins he had distributed to the crew as largesse ! On a good day, it was nothing uncommon for an enterprising sailor to earn as much as his month's wages.

According to orders, this money had to be handed in to a common pool, in much the same fashion that restaurant waiters have to pay their money into what is known as a *tronc*. The actual recipient would get about ten per cent.

The Kaiser often stood in a corner of the yacht, unnoticed and unrecognized, watching the doings of the visitors and the bickering and chaffering that went on over the souvenirs. Perhaps it was from this that he, in common with a good many of his advisers, gathered the somewhat erroneous impression that in the event of a European War the English people, as well as the American, would stand clear and content themselves with taking the profit. That was undoubtedly the opinion prevalent in Germany immediately prior to the outbreak of hostilities. He may also have thought, judging by the crowds of people who flocked aboard the " Hohenzollern," that they had a tremendous enthusiasm for him personally. But as to that, he alone can supply the answer. He has not yet thought fit to inform the world what his private and individual thoughts and feelings were.

The Kaiser had a pleasant habit at sea when the " Hohenzollern " was getting near the coast of giving half-a-crown to the man who first sighted and announced land. At the time when the incident I am about to relate happened, I had been

the winner of the Imperial half-crown. We arrived at Cowes and were very quickly boarded by hundreds of people who gazed around with avid curiosity. Up on the bridge, unnoticed by the visitors, the Kaiser stood talking to one of the English royal family who had arrived from Osborne.

He must have wondered how many half-crowns he had given me for sighting land! Not once, but ten times during that day, did I find a buyer for His Majesty's gift. There used to be an old American song called: "All coons look alike to me." It was much the same with the Kaiser's half-crown; no doubt they all looked alike to the people who bought them for fancy prices.

But this was only a minor transaction. During the afternoon I saw an extremely smart steam launch approaching the "Hohenzollern." It came alongside, straight up to the Kaiser's own gangway on the starboard side where, as a rule, private boats were not allowed to go. I jumped down in order to send them to the port side, but the Kaiser, who was watching, angrily shouted out: "Let them alone!"

A distinguished-looking old gentleman led by a couple of servants laboriously climbed up the ladder in the company of two ladies who addressed him as father. They were not, I might say, quite as handsome as they might have been, or at any rate to German eyes. In fact, they were very thin, angular, high-shouldered and decidedly *passée*. To put it quite mildly, they would not have taken a prize in any beauty show. But apparently the old gentleman was a very rich peer who had specially come all the way from Scotland in order to show his daughters the Kaiser and the royal yacht. Of course, I put myself at their disposal and conducted them round.

Having come on the bridge, one of the ladies whispered in my ear: "Could you not let me have something which the Kaiser has used? I should dearly like to take a souvenir back with me. Just get me something nice and I shall see that you are well rewarded."

The second lady chimed in: "Yes, we must have something. Let us have a personal souvenir of the Emperor." His lordship boomed in a deep voice that it would be awfully nice. Even the two servants evinced signs of approval and nodded at me not to be a fool.

Now, the trouble was that I had very few real souvenirs about that day. Trade had been extra brisk. I felt in my pockets and all I could find was a few boxes of matches, one paper cigar-holder, and a few half-smoked cigars which may —or may not—have been smoked by the All-Highest. But obviously such things would never do for an English lord.

When the " Hohenzollern " ran into Cowes the Kaiser had been on the bridge. Shortly before the ship dropped anchor, he had asked the steward to fetch him a bottle of Apollinaris and a glass. He poured himself one glass out of the bottle, drank it up, and then poured another. But in the meantime the anchor was dropped and he left the second glass of water untouched. In the general disturbance that reigned on board that day glass and bottle were forgotten.

I looked round the bridge to see what I might dispose of without trouble and clapped eyes on the glass of water.

" There," I said to the old lord, " is a glass of mineral water which the Kaiser has left. Only a few hours previously he was drinking out of that glass."

All five of the visitors gazed at the glass with reverent eyes. Finally one of the ladies whispered in my ear : " Do you think his lordship could possibly have it ? "

Personally, I had no objection whatever to doing a deal ; the only thing that troubled me was whether the glass was in the ship's inventory.

" I must first speak with the mess officer," I replied.

" Ah ! " said the old lord, nodding his head cunningly, " I'll send one of my servants ashore to bring half a dozen such glasses. No one will know the difference."

I had no objection to that. In half an hour's time the faithful servitor came back with the glasses. I had already spoken to the mess officer and received his full and unqualified permission to do the best I could in the way of business.

Solemnly, as befitted such a memorable matter, I handed over the Kaiser's glass full of Apollinaris. Just as reverently the nobleman passed it on to his daughter adjuring her not to spill the contents. Then he pressed a very welcome sovereign in my hand, murmured a few words to his servants, who ran down the ladder and brought up a bottle of whisky. I replied that I thought it hardly likely the Kaiser would like me to accept intoxicating liquor, but promised to let him know

later. In the meantime, the whisky could rest in a safe spot where nobody would find it. But when he solemnly took his leave the whisky was still there.

The procession left the ship. In front went one of the servants, then the old peer, then a daughter carrying the glass of water in both hands as though she had the Koh-i-noor itself. Then the other daughter and, to finish up with, the second servant. The Kaiser and his English relation were up in the bows of the "Hohenzollern" watching the scene doubled up with laughter. Luckily for me, the whisky they did *not* notice; we had strict orders about those sort of things.

Unfortunately, the story got about the ship. The man who relieved me during the afternoon informed me at six o'clock at night that he, also, had been lucky enough to do a little business in glasses of Apollinaris drunk by the Emperor! Other members of the crew began to find them equally profitable; before we left Cowes the "Hohenzollern" had lost most of her glasses. So far, so good. The matter would probably have faded out of my memory had it not been for the sequel.

Some few weeks later we were on a voyage to Russia, during which we encountered Prince Henry of Prussia's private yacht "Irene." The Prince came aboard the "Hohenzollern" one evening and after dinner confidentially instructed the commander to send to him the petty officers who had shown English visitors round his brother's yacht at Cowes. Three men, including myself, reported to his Royal Highness.

"Who," asked Prince Henry sternly, "showed Lord —— and his two daughters over the 'Hohenzollern'?"

I pleaded guilty—there was nothing else to do. Prince Henry told the other men to go.

"Petty Officer," he demanded angrily, "how many water glasses did you give away as souvenirs of the Kaiser at Cowes?"

"One, your Royal Highness, and that with the consent of the mess officer."

Then the Prince let fly: "This is a disgraceful business to have on board! I shall take good care it does not happen again. In one of the most exclusive clubs in London there

KING EDWARD AND THE KAISER AT QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL

are at least four Englishmen who boast that they possess a water glass out of which His Majesty the German Emperor has drunk. I have been twitted with it and asked if the German royal family have taken to dealing in glasses. What have you got to say for yourself, you damned scoundrel ? "

I had nothing to say. The only thing I wanted to do was to make myself scarce. The Prince kept glaring at me. I turned to go when he shouted : " Stop ! what about the whisky ? "

That was a nasty one ! Just fancy that old skinflint of a lord offering any one a bottle of whisky and then talking about it. Without thinking, the words slipped out of my mouth : " So the old fellow told that too ! "

" No, he didn't," said Prince Henry. " I heard that from another source. You can go now."

When the Kaiser was safely out of the way that night Prince Henry told the commander of the " Hohenzollern " to say nothing more about the matter to His Majesty, but to see that nothing of the sort ever happened again. And I, at any rate, felt quite content to let bygones be bygones.

When the Kaiser hurriedly left Berlin in January 1901 for the funeral of Queen Victoria, he took his departure at such short notice that his adjutant forgot to provide him with a pair of black trousers. Probably the matter never entered the adjutant's head, for it was so rarely that the Kaiser wore civilian clothes.

Two days after the Queen died the adjutant came to me in a tremendous state of agitation.

" Herr Steinhauer," he said in great distress, " what shall I do ? I have forgotten to provide the Kaiser with a pair of black trousers for the Queen's funeral. You must find a tailor who can make some in twenty-four hours. Also, it will be necessary to have some for those of us who will attend the funeral with him."

They gave me most of these little jobs because I was the only member of the Emperor's suite who spoke English. So I said I would see what I could do.

" Hurry, man," said the adjutant. " There'll be the devil to pay if the Kaiser hears about this."

I ran down to the village of Osborne and routed out the only tailor in the place.

"How soon can you make a pair of trousers?" I inquired.

"In four hours," he replied, picking up his tape measure.

"No, no, they are not for me. They're for the German Emperor."

He laughed. "You're having a nice joke with me, sir. The Kaiser would not come to me for trousers."

It took me quite a long time to convince him that the Kaiser *did* want a pair of trousers. He became very pleased.

"Shall I be able to measure the Kaiser himself and put up on my shop that I have been appointed tailor to the German Emperor?"

I could promise him the latter, but I didn't feel quite so certain about giving him the privilege of measuring the body of the All-Highest. The Kaiser looked upon his person as sacred. Anyhow, I said I would try and arrange the matter with the adjutant.

Would the Kaiser be measured by a common tailor? Not a bit of it.

"He can take the measurement from another pair," he snapped at the poor adjutant.

So, when the tailor arrived, he never even saw the Kaiser—only a pair of his old trousers. The members of the suite, including myself, who were to take part in the funeral procession, also utilized the opportunity of ordering black trousers, as well as collars and ties suitable to the occasion.

The *schneiderman* certainly achieved marvels in the short time at his disposal. He was back at eight o'clock that night with four pairs of trousers—and the bill as well. Maybe he thought we were not all we were supposed to be!

"But, man," I exclaimed, horrified, "you've charged the same price for all of us! What do you think the Kaiser will say if he is paying no more for his trousers than me? If such a thing should happen in Germany the sky would fall. Just let me correct your bill for you."

So, to put things right, I made the charge £7 10*s.* for the Kaiser's trousers, £5 5*s.* for those of the suite, and a mere thirty-five shillings for myself.

"Now," he said after that question had been satisfactorily settled, "what about the royal warrant?"

I took a piece of paper and wrote upon it that he had delivered a pair of trousers and other things to the German Emperor and that he was allowed to announce the inspiring news in his shop window. The very next morning, when I went down to the village, I saw outside his premises :

" Tailor to H.M. the German Emperor ! "

CHAPTER XXVII

INSIGHTS INTO THE KAISER'S CHARACTER

ANYBODY who knew the Kaiser at all well could hardly help coming to the conclusion that vanity was the predominating note in his character. No injustice would be done him by this observation ; the almost unfailing regularity with which he bedecked himself in military garb inevitably prompted the thought that with him uniform was the trump card.

In civilian clothes he cut an almost miserable figure, all the more accentuated by the fact that he loved to surround himself with big, handsome men who overshadowed him in the physical sense. It was unfortunate for him, of course, that he could not use his left arm at all and that the deformity was more noticeable in civilian clothes than in the gorgeous uniforms he was so fond of wearing.

In this respect he was the direct opposite of his uncle, Edward VII. The latter, I know, hated uniform as much as the Kaiser detested civilian clothes. One may have thought that the English king was recognized and welcomed the whole world over as a king, whilst the German Emperor would hardly have been recognized in civilian garb by any one.

How many people, I wonder, have ever known how much the Kaiser owed to his barber, Erbest Haby? A clever fellow, Haby ! He was the man who invented the Kaiser's famous upturned moustache and, I might add, without him the Kaiser never travelled anywhere. I knew him from my very early days on the " Hohenzollern," when the War Lord's

moustache was just beginning to attain its martial upward twist. The Kaiser would never make his appearance until Haby had been to his cabin and done his duty. Then, and not before, would His Majesty appear, confident and arrogant, more or less at peace with the world.

I have seen some very funny things happen between Haby and the Emperor. It sometimes occurred, during our many trips abroad, that Haby had to abandon an enjoyable little festivity to be on time with the Emperor. However, he attained the reward of his devotion ; he now possesses a prosperous business in Berlin and does not need to trouble any longer about the moustache of his Imperial master.

When the Kaiser moved about in civilian clothes people sought for him in vain. By his natural vanity and his endeavour to play the chief rôle everywhere he went, one can well imagine how unpleasing it must have been to him to be out of uniform. Even in a circle of his officers he liked to be the one outstanding figure and, one must say, he placed no difficulties in the way of onlookers recognizing him. It might have been that he alone wore a white cap on his head while all the others wore black.

More than once, when I was with him in England, I have thought how foolishly he misjudged the English people. The reader might well wonder how I, a police officer, could come to such a conclusion. But just as I had the opportunity to hear what they said to him to his face, so I could also hear what they said behind his back. There I had the advantage over the prominent members of his suite, who in any case would never have dared to have told him anything to his detriment.

Frankly, I think the Kaiser had a weakness for the English, one reason for which may have been that his mother, the Empress Frederick, was of English birth. But in my humble opinion the real reason was that he got thoroughly sick and tired of the flattery and fawning that characterized the attitude of all his own people. They tolerated almost any insult from him in a way that made me fairly sick.

The relation between Edward VII—and George V—with the gentlemen of the court was altogether different. In English royal circles the King's personal attendants could, and did, talk freely. But with us it was precisely the opposite.

When the Kaiser came to England, he was spoken to as a man—and not as a god. He liked that, at all events from foreigners. Frequently I have heard him remark how he wished it were possible to have around him a suite composed of men and not worms.

But what could any one do with a monarch who would shout to one of his aides-de-camp, referring to King Edward : " Is the fat fellow still asleep ? "

One may be sure that this shocking indiscretion got back to the ears of the " fat fellow."

I lived for some time in Osborne which, as I need hardly say, is one of the seats—or was—of the kings of England. My duties were carried on in close proximity to the Kaiser as well as to King Edward. Frequently I have had to wait for hours in the hall in which the rooms of the two monarchs converged. All the time English and German dignitaries would be passing in and out or talking together in groups expressing their most intimate thoughts. They took no particular notice of me, but I all the more of them.

What did I not hear there ! How the faces of these highly-placed gentlemen changed when they came out of the Imperial rooms ! What would the Kaiser have said if he could have heard such remarks as these : " Why doesn't that idiot spare us his presence ? " or, from some one of an even more outspoken turn of mind : " I hope he will break his neck ! " Such friendly remarks as these have come from the mouths of dukes and lords. They were not by any means the worst I heard, either. I merely give them as an example of what used to be said about the Kaiser behind his back.

Occasionally one received a little compensation in the shape of a demonstration of real feeling. One night at Osborne towards twelve o'clock when I was on guard outside the Emperor's suite, Queen Alexandra, one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, opened her door and came out. She waved to me in a friendly fashion and asked me if the Kaiser was still asleep. I replied in the negative, whereupon she gave me an envelope in which she had put a number of picture post cards which she said were for the Kaiser.

Then she gave me a number of written post cards and asked me to take them down to the post office. Finally, she gave me a card with her own portrait and autographed, saying :

"That's for you, Mr. Steinhauer." This little ray of light was a happy incident in what I regarded as a most uncomfortable job. They did not care very much for us at Osborne; the Kaiser upset everybody too much for that.

Not only in connection with his ministers and the members of his suite was the Kaiser often very regardless. Even his own children, to say nothing of his unfortunate relations, had to suffer under that remarkable selfishness of his which so rarely saw anybody's interests but his own. His usually impulsive judgments, which often left out the human touch altogether, have, to my mind, brought about more misfortune than he could have deemed possible. If I had the space at my disposal I could relate hundreds of incidents, but I will content myself with telling a few which appeared especially drastic to me.

Some years ago, as many people will remember, there was produced in Germany a play by Bayerlein called "Out of a Small Garrison Town." * Putting the matter bluntly, it was a biting parody on German military life—and none the worse for that. But it simply infuriated the Kaiser; he immediately issued orders forbidding all officers of the army and navy to see the play. To my mind, it was one of the most foolish things he ever did in his life—for stolen fruit is proverbially the sweetest. What happened?

One evening the Kaiser, who at the time was living in Berlin, gave a big dinner in the New Palace at Potsdam, twelve miles or so out of the capital. To this function the Crown Prince received an invitation but refused, alleging that he did not feel well. What troubled him was the fact that he, and four or five young officers from the First Regiment of the Guards, had decided to pay a visit to "Aus einer kleinen Garnison."

What sensible man could see anything wrong in such a proceeding? After all, the Crown Prince was the future ruler of Germany and therefore had every right to know what the civilian population thought of the army, more so as the play had achieved tremendous popularity. Anyhow, he went. After the performance he and his friends intended to go to his house for a glass of good German beer which would no doubt wash away any nauseating flavour the play might have left in their mouths.

In England, the people say that man proposes and God

* The English edition of the novel on which the play was founded was published by John Lane.

disposes. But in Germany, it was always different. Men proposed—but the Kaiser disposed. Who has not heard of "Me and Gott"?

On the Potsdamer Bahnhof in Berlin the Crown Prince and his fellow culprits went into the so-called royal waiting room to wait for the train to Potsdam. Unfortunately for them, the train from Potsdam came in a minute or two afterwards bearing the Kaiser and the Kaiserin. They, too, had to go through the waiting room and a meeting was unavoidable. Quickly the Kaiser sensed something wrong.

"Where have you been?" he shouted to the Crown Prince.

The latter, colouring like a naughty schoolboy, had no option but to tell the truth; he had been to see "Aus einer kleinen Garnison."

"Five days' confinement," ordered the Kaiser on the spot. Turning to the other officers, he said in a harsh voice: "You will hear from me, gentlemen." Then, in high dudgeon, he stalked out of the station leaving behind him five very crest-fallen young men. To drown their sorrow, they went to the Crown Prince's house and drank his beer cellar dry.

The next morning, faithfully obeying his Imperial papa's orders, the Crown Prince travelled by the first train to Wernigerode and without any preliminary announcement presented himself at the house of Princess Stolberg.

"William, you?" she inquired in great surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh," said William in great disgust, "my father has ordered me to be locked up for five days, so I am going to confine myself with you—and shoot a few boars at the same time."

That was the more humorous part of rather a striking little episode. But it had its tragic side. All four of the Crown Prince's companions were transferred from their regiment and practically blotted out from any decent official career in Germany. The Crown Prince's equerry, Stülpnagel, was sent to Karlsruhe in some minor capacity, while another of his friends, Würmb, disappeared into the obscurity of an African regiment. He died there soon afterwards. Where the others were transferred I have forgotten.

Was such harsh judgment in any way justified? Did the Kaiser ever think afterwards of the misfortune he had brought

upon the families of the so-called culprits by his impulsive, and certainly ridiculous, punishment? Only take the one who died in Africa. Carrying out an order of the Crown Prince, which he was more or less bound to do, he joins a party to go to a play and is banished to Africa where he dies. Can any one wonder that the German people were growing very tired of their Kaiser long before the war?

It may not be without interest if I repeat something Prince Eulenburg said to me during one of my frequent visits to Liebenberg. We were discussing the colossal vanity of the Kaiser and the Prince said:

"He suffers from a certain conceit which unfortunately is played up to in a most inexcusable way by the gentlemen of his suite. I am sure the idea that any one would go to his death voluntarily on his account would please him immensely.

"You were on the 'Hohenzollern' yourself," the Prince continued, "when young Hahnke fell over the cliffs. You know, too, that shortly before this happened the end of a rope hit the Kaiser on the head and hurt him. As a seaman yourself, you can corroborate what I say that it was not Hahnke's fault, just the same as you know that his untimely death was really an accident.

"But I have the feeling," the Prince said, "that the Kaiser still imagines that the young man sought death of his own accord because he had fallen into disgrace over that episode on the 'Hohenzollern.' I should have retired from his service long ago, but for the fact that I must do my duty to my Fatherland by trying to influence him for the better."

Our conversation came to an end with that, but it might be as well if I relate the true story of this unfortunate episode.

On a voyage to the north, I believe in the year 1896, the masts of the "Hohenzollern" were to be freshly oiled. For this purpose a pulley had to be brought on top through a rope which was pulled up. On one end of the rope was a plank in the form of a seat. On this plank sat the man who had to do the work. There is no necessity for me to explain the process in detail; most people have seen similar tackle in use outside a big building. In this particular instance the first mate who tied the pulley at the end of the mast forgot to make a knot at the end of the rope. It slipped out and fell with a good deal of force on the deck below.

Unluckily for all concerned, the All-Highest himself happened to be on the spot talking with the captain. The end of the rope caught him in the face and injured one eye rather seriously. The famous eye-specialist, the Bavarian duke Karl Theodor from Kreuth, came on board and supervised the treatment of His Majesty.

The superior officer of the offending mate was Lieutenant Hahnke. A few days later some of the officers of the "Hohenzollern" went ashore for an outing, some mounted on bicycles, others on small Norwegian two-wheeled carts. Rather foolishly, they travelled very close to the edge of the steep cliffs and young Hahnke, by some carelessness, pitched over with his bicycle and was killed instantly. People in Germany obtained the idea that the Kaiser's displeasure had so worked on his mind that he had voluntarily sought death. But, to the best of my knowledge, it was nothing more than an accident. But during the war we had a case of an officer shooting himself in circumstances that left no doubt about the reason.

The Kaiser had arrived at General Headquarters, which at that time were at Charleville. One evening he ordered a four-in-hand in order to drive close to the French lines which had been pushed forward fairly near headquarters. There were plenty of volunteers for the task. A man named von Eckstein, heartily hated by his fellow officers on account of what the English call snobbery, received the order to take the Kaiser and apparently thought it an excellent opportunity to demonstrate his own courage.

In a very short space of time he had the Kaiser under fire. Machine gun bullets whizzed around them with ferocious intensity.

"What are you doing?" shouted the Kaiser wildly. "Where do you think you are driving me?" He may have thought he was being taken over to the French lines.

What subsequently happened between the Kaiser and von Eckstein that same night very few people know. Whatever it was, von Eckstein shot himself.

CHAPTER XXVIII

HUNTING PARTIES AT LIEBENBERG

I

LIEBENBERG, the residence of the famous Prince Eulenburg, was the place where the Kaiser's political intrigues were supposed to be woven. As is generally known, the Kaiser in his younger days—and, indeed, right up to 1907, was on extremely friendly terms with the Prince and regularly visited him in the autumn for the purpose of shooting.

My official post as principal bodyguard of the Kaiser took me to Liebenberg every year from 1894 to 1907, the latter being the year when Eulenburg, following upon the appalling scandals that shook the very foundations of German society, fell in disgrace and was never heard of again in public life.

I had known Prince Eulenburg since my very early days on the " Hohenzollern " when he was one of the Kaiser's boon companions. At that time I was aboard the royal yacht and naturally came to know well most of the distinguished people whom the Kaiser invited to accompany him. On the bridge, when the course being steered, the prevailing winds, the speed of the vessel, are all topics of immediate interest, it is only natural that there springs up an intimacy between the crew and the guests which would be impossible on land. There are all manner of questions to bring up a sort of confidential relationship which has frequently been of great benefit to the officer afterwards. I know, for example, that a mate and two sailors of the " Hohenzollern " found highly remunerative positions on the estate of a rich American who had spent a day on board as the Kaiser's guest.

In this way I became acquainted with Prince (at that time Count) Eulenburg. Later on, when I was employed in the police in Berlin, I was sent to Liebenberg and on being introduced to the Prince reminded him of our former acquaintance on the "Hohenzollern," much to his pleasure. He showed the greatest interest in criminal jurisdiction and was always glad when I related to him some of the notorious cases which had been through my hands. For instance, I had run to earth abroad under especially difficult circumstances two Prussian officers guilty of espionage on behalf of France. I told him about this case in a letter. On the occasion of a friendly gathering he had read this letter to the Kaiser and some of the gentlemen of his suite. Much to my surprise, I received from the Kaiser a letter thanking me for my work and also expressing his appreciation of the manner in which I had brought the culprits to book. Incidentally, I showed His Majesty, or at least proved to him, how frequently the smaller officials did all the hard work while the higher ones took the honour. I dare say such a state of affairs is not confined to Germany.

As is often the case with such gentlemen, Prince Eulenburg now and then had orders for me of a political and private nature. I made it a condition right in the beginning that in the execution of such orders in every case, even if they were done in my spare time or during my leave, I would first obtain the permission of my superiors.

He agreed to this, but asked that he should inform the President of the Police personally. Only once did he give me an order with the request not to tell any one, not even Richtofen, the Police President. Of course, I refused to carry out this order without the knowledge of my superior. A few days later I was called up by the President and informed by him personally that I could accede to Prince Eulenburg's desires.

I have rather elaborated this matter of my friendship with the Prince, because, afterwards, when Eulenburg was compelled to go into retirement, there were a great many people in Germany who were inclined to find a different reason for my relationship with him. Of course, he was a very important man in Germany for many years. People frequently said that he was the power behind the throne, though he always disclaimed any such honour himself.

As time went on there sprang up between the Prince and me an intimate understanding. He always asked for me to be sent when the Kaiser came to Liebenberg. This he meant as a recognition of the services I rendered him from time to time. Even in 1901, when I had been transferred to Aachen as Commissioner of Police, the Prince asked the Home Secretary that I might be sent with the Kaiser when he visited Liebenberg.

As a result of our relationship, he not only discussed official business but opened his heart to me in the frankest possible manner. He grumbled at the Press because they were always saying that Liebenberg was the place where all the political plots were hatched. Once he turned the conversation to the ex-Chancellor, General Caprivi, whose downfall had been ascribed to him.

"I never had anything to do with the dismissal of Caprivi," said the Prince. "It is utterly impossible for me to forbid the Kaiser to take any action while he is staying in my house. I am held up"—and these were his actual words—"as the person who suggests all the things that the Kaiser decides upon while he is my guest. I once told the commander of the 'Hohenzollern' that he ought to be extremely glad he was not held responsible for all the stupidities committed by the Kaiser when he was aboard the yacht.

"It has often happened," continued the Prince, "before the Kaiser left the Stettin Bahnhof for Liebenberg, that an aide-de-camp or a guest has bought one or two newspapers to read and brought them into the compartment where the Kaiser is sitting. Of course, the Kaiser has a look at them, happens to come across something disagreeable about himself, much to his surprise, and arrives here in a raging temper. The very first thing he does is to have the article cut out and sent up to Berlin with a lot of rude remarks about the idiocy of the people who are supposed to look after him.

"I have often been compelled to have my horses specially harnessed so that His Majesty's official snub may get to the mail train in time. In Berlin they say that the young gentleman is at Liebenberg again and that we are receiving our usual blessings.

"Don't you believe it, Steinhauer. The Kaiser's visit is not always a joy to me. If he has come for the hunting we

are all praying six weeks ahead that the weather will be fine and that he will have good sport. Anything so long as we keep him in a good humour. Should he happen to be in a bad temper then his visit is a punishment from Heaven for my guests as well as for myself."

This was the manner in which Prince Eulenburg frequently expressed his views to me. One may gather that he looked upon his friendship with the Kaiser as something of a mixed blessing.

I, as well as Prince Eulenburg, soon came to realize the effect bad weather had on the Kaiser when the hunting failed to come up to expectations. Then his sullenness was something to marvel at. He snapped at every one who spoke to him, answered them with a curt monosyllable, and in such a rude voice that everybody kept out of his way.

His hosts on these occasions watched the shooting grounds a long time ahead looking for places where the Kaiser would be certain to get a shot at something. I have often heard it said in public that some of the nobility in East Prussia who had been honoured with a visit from the Kaiser had their foresters—and their game—so well disciplined that they need only whisper : " A boar for the Kaiser," and a boar by some magic means came into his range.

I spoke about the matter to Prince Eulenburg and he answered smilingly : " Yes, something like that happened in East Prussia, but His Majesty must not know about it or his fame as a hunter will be diminished. But nothing of that sort ever happens here," added the Prince. " My hunting is carried out in the true sporting spirit. The Kaiser must take his chance like everybody else."

I must say myself that the Kaiser usually entered heart and soul into the fun on all the occasions I accompanied him to Liebenberg. The formal restraint of the Court went by the board, the Kaiser himself being the first to set the example. At the hunting breakfasts in the open air, which were always connected with baking potatoes, any one could crack a good joke. The host had a fire of brushwood made on the spot where the meal was to take place. In fine weather the guests lay round this fire. Raw potatoes were thrown into it and

everybody was provided with a long pointed stick to fish out the baked potatoes. They were supposed to be very appetizing. At least, the Kaiser said so and all the guests had to agree.

There were any number of humorous incidents at these hunts which at the same time revealed how the guests obsequiously flattered His Majesty. Such was the case one rainy day when the Kaiser had not been able to get a shot at anything and was therefore in extremely bad humour. Fortunately, some game—I believe it was a boar—came into the range of his gun just as Count Kiderlen-Wächter unintentionally intruded his body into the line of fire. Angrily the Kaiser bawled at him: "Kiderlen!" whereupon the Count, realizing the situation in a flash, flung himself flat on the ground.

Unluckily for this spontaneous exhibition of loyalty, there was a huge puddle of water at his feet which splashed up a yard high and utterly ruined a new fluffy camel-hair coat he had put on only that day. The Kaiser burst out laughing so much that he could not fire, but for the rest of the day, despite the bad weather and the poor sport, he remained in the best of temper.

Usually, the hunt was carried out in this fashion: to begin with, the party had something to eat on the stand, and then began shooting. Deer and black game were driven into range of the guns, while in the hunting proper everything that came into sight, especially hares and wild-fowl, was shot. Then the hunting horn to cease operations would be blown, usually at the command of the Kaiser, after which the party, in twos and threes, would drift back to Liebenberg chatting about the events of the day. If the Kaiser had been successful everybody would be happy.

When the hunters had returned, the game was laid out and some of the party would relate their experiences during the day. But the Kaiser was rather particular that these tales were not too much exaggerated. When, for instance, some one made three hundred yards out of a hundred he would like to chip in with a dry: "Now, now, enough of that," or he would ask, if it were too much to swallow, if the narrator of the tale had heard the story of the elephant and the rücksack. If the offender had not heard it, he would say to Prince

Eulenburg: "Phili [Philip, the Prince's Christian name], tell them about it." So the Prince had to relate this yarn:

"A hunter who had lived in East Africa was entertaining his friends with his heroic deeds. He said that one morning he had wandered out to shoot provided with nothing but a gun and rücksack. In the hunting grounds he suddenly comes across a tiger. With cold-blooded courage he puts his gun to his shoulder and shoots the tiger—in the head, of course. He pops the tiger into his rucksack and continues on his path.

"Suddenly he hears a terrific roaring quite close at hand. He springs behind a tree and sees a magnificent lion come out of the undergrowth. Without a tremor he puts his gun to his shoulder and shoots the lion stone dead—right through the head. He pops the lion into his rucksack and goes on, his lust for blood not quite appeased even now. He hears a terrible trumpeting and out of the clearing comes a huge elephant intending to attack him. Does he run away? Not a bit of it. He puts the gun to his shoulder and then—he doesn't get any further, for his friend, the Head Forester, interrupts him with: 'You can shoot him all right, but if you're going to put *him* in the rucksack too I'll give you such a slap that you'll never want to tell any more lying hunting tales.'"

When the inspection of the game was finished the gentlemen of the party went to their rooms and assembled again in the dining room when the gong sounded. Usually there would be a dish connected with the hunt—young roast boar, hare, roast deer, or something that had been killed that day. During the meal anecdotes would be related about the day's sport. For instance, the Prince would be ordered by the Kaiser to describe the scene when Count Kiderlen-Wächter, in order to leave a clear field, had thrown himself into the puddle. Everybody would laugh—except the Count.

Politics were not discussed at such a meal because ladies were present. The Princess, as well as her daughters, would be sitting at the table, while now and again there would be smuggled in an old aunt supremely happy in the knowledge that she had gratified the ambition of a lifetime in being able to dine once with the Kaiser.

As a rule, the Kaiser did not like to have ladies at table at

such intimate gatherings. In this direction he was the typical hunter, who, as is so often the case, doesn't like to have the fair sex present on such occasions.

In Liebenberg, however, it was different ; the Kaiser felt quite at home there. He entertained for Princess Eulenburg, an extraordinarily great-hearted woman, a feeling bordering on reverence. As he could only use his right arm, and could not wield a knife and fork like other people, the Princess was allowed to put his plate before him with the meat or poultry already cut up. This was a privilege which Princess Eulenburg shared only with the Kaiserin. He would permit no one else to touch his food. In other company where the Kaiser was present without his wife he used at his meals a clever contrivance combining knife and fork which enabled him to cut his own food.

When the hunt dinner came to an end, the ladies retired and the gentlemen informally made themselves comfortable in the corner of the large room. Beer and wine were passed round as desired, together with cigars and cigarettes. Sometimes the party played skat, but mostly they talked together.

This, I might say, was the hour in which the many intrigues were supposed to have been woven. But they existed mainly in the imagination of envious men. For instance, events of the day would be discussed, especially criminal cases important and otherwise. I have heard my own doings debated at great length and, occasionally, been called upon to supply further details.

II

With the permission of Prince Eulenburg I was usually allowed to sit in the dining room at Liebenburg while conversation of a non-political nature was taking place. On one occasion I have cause to remember very well the talk turned to the famous ritual murder in Konitz which had set the whole word astir. As a detective, it interested me to hear the different opinions expressed by the Kaiser himself as well as by his guests.

The Emperor, whose views to my mind were the most reasonable of all, roundly declared the whole business to be mere imbecility.

" It gives me great regret," he said, " that there are influen-

tial and otherwise sensible people in the country who not only spread and exaggerate anti-Jewish feeling, but even go so far as to encourage it."

One could see by the faces of the gentlemen sitting round the table that they were far from agreeing with their august ruler, as it was also noticeable that the Kaiser became very annoyed. When one of his suite—I believe it was Count Varnbuler—remarked that all the same the Jews socially kept apart from the Christians so that one could well imagine they really did practise secret ritual of a nature abhorrent to Christian people, the Kaiser replied in ironical fashion :

" I have not noticed much of this social seclusion, especially in the higher circles. Also, I cannot say that my father, or my grandfather, had any special prejudice against the Jews. On the contrary, my grandfather had a Jewish banker by the name of Cohn who was held in high esteem by him right up to the time of his death."

The Kaiser went on to say that in his idea the charge that Jews practised ritual murders emanated from people who were envious of their prosperity.

" Just look at England and America," he said emphatically. " No one worries about the Jews there, and without a doubt my uncle Edward has a great many personal friends of the Jewish faith."

Unfortunately I had to leave the room just then and therefore heard no more of this interesting conversation. But it must have been continued for some time, because when I went to Prince Eulenburg the morning after to receive my orders for the day, he again raised the subject by saying :

" Herr Steinhauer, you are a detective, and therefore you might know if there is any law which condemns to death a woman of the Jewish religion if she gives herself to a Christian."

I could not answer him, but offered to obtain the information.

" How quickly can you do that ? " asked the Prince. " The Kaiser is very much interested and would like to know at once."

" If I can have a carriage to the station and one to bring me back I can ascertain what you want by three o'clock," I replied.

PRINCE EULENBURG

"Good, good," said the Prince. "But see you do not make any mistake. Last night some one told the Kaiser that death was the penalty for any Jewish woman who consorted with a man of another faith. The Kaiser said he was talking nonsense, but would like to know for certain one way or the other."

Post-haste, therefore, I travelled to Berlin and by one o'clock found myself in the office of a Jewish lawyer whom I had known for many years. Although he laughed at my question, he remarked that as the Kaiser wanted the information he would inquire from a reliable source. Forthwith he got into touch with a Rabbi, who decisively and shortly told him that no such law existed. At three o'clock that afternoon I was able to give Prince Eulenburg the answer. When the Kaiser heard about it he said laconically: "I never believed that nonsense and I am only surprised that any intelligent man could take such a thing seriously."

Life at Liebenberg was pleasant enough provided politics did not come up for discussion. The conversation would be going on quite amicably until one of the guests misguidedly turned the talk to foreign affairs, which immediately made the Kaiser excited.

The views he expressed did not often obtain the sympathy of his listeners with the result that he then became angry.

"What I should like to do best," Prince Eulenburg confided to me one day, "would be to take by the collar any guest who starts on politics of an evening and throw him out. Unfortunately, I am not always able to do as I like. These people are not invited by me, but by the Kaiser. The worst of it is that he never sleeps well after these rows about politics. He leaves the table in an excited state and goes to bed still thinking about the matter. And when he doesn't sleep well, like any other man, he gets up in a bad humour the next morning."

Something of this sort happened one day when the Bavarian Baron von W. was at Liebenberg. The Kaiser was charmed with him and as a sign of his favour gave him a valuable matchbox. Over the breakfast table the conversation turned to England and the Baron made it clear that he was in favour of a pact with that country. That started the Kaiser off! Banging the table with his fist, he shouted out at the top of his voice: "No, I shan't do that again. I've tried it often

enough with them. I was the only man in Germany who thought of it, but now my patience is exhausted.

"Haven't I always taken the side of our cousins across the Channel?" he continued, "and earned nothing but ingratitude. Just remember Fashoda! What sort of position did I have there? Why, I would sooner believe that I have misunderstood the French. Look what Siegel wrote from Paris at the time!" (He was referring to our former naval attaché in Paris, Admiral Siegel.)

In short, clipped words, he went on to tell the gathering that Admiral Siegel had sent him a report in which he said that he had given a dinner to the French naval officers who had represented their country at the opening of the North-East Sea Canal. At this function, inspired, no doubt, by a certain amount of alcoholic ardour—though Siegel did not say so—the French Admiral had declared how greatly he and his officers had been charmed by the German Emperor. And in one final burst the Frenchman demanded to know what heroic deeds might not be performed and what worlds might not be conquered with the Kaiser as the commanding deity of a Franco-German alliance!

"That is what the leading Frenchmen say about me," shouted His Majesty when he had finished. "Don't talk to me about the English any more. I am through with them."

Everybody around the table looked very uncomfortable—as well they might. These uncomfortable ebullitions of temper were always taking place; the look of relief on the faces of Prince Eulenburg and his guests when the Kaiser thought fit to retire was something to remember.

But, strange as it may seem, the Kaiser was always very reluctant to make his exit. Why? Because he knew that the moment he left the room the other men would begin talking about him in no particularly complimentary fashion. How often have I, sitting in a corner of the room with a glass of Münchner in front of me, found it difficult to contain the merriment I felt as I heard the All-Highest pulled to pieces by his previously fawning sycophants? How they did enjoy themselves to be sure, telling amongst themselves the truths they dared not utter to His Majesty's face.

One night, I remember, when some very candid expressions were flying about, one of the entourage said, referring to the

Kaiser, " Oh, well, I suppose there ought to be an institution for monarchs. It is about the only place where they are likely to be safe."

Prince Eulenburg turned round to me and with a very friendly smile said : " You can go to bed now, Herr Steinhauer. There's nothing more to do to-night."

I would dearly have liked to remain, but orders were orders and I could see that before that night was out some very nasty things were going to be said about the Kaiser. One thought came to me as a result of the numerous candid opinions that were uttered by the men whom the Kaiser thought to be his friends. Although only a detective myself, I often used to think how much better it would have been if the constitution of Germany had laid it down that the members of the Kaiser's suite should be freshly chosen every year—and then not by the Kaiser himself, but by the Government.

The reader must remember that I, in my capacity of the Emperor's bodyguard, was allowed to go everywhere and hear everything that would be forbidden to any other mortal. It is easy enough now to understand how the Kaiser fell from his high estate. He shouted down everybody, uttered the most alarming views in front of all sorts of people, while behind his back the gentlemen of his suite openly expressed their contempt for him.

Years before, when I once visited a Japanese theatre in Tokio, I noticed a person in a brown cloak and cowl who moved unobtrusively between the actors, but did not take any part in the play. As my Japanese friend noticed my astonishment and curiosity, he whispered to me, smiling : " That's the prompter. He is there, but you are not supposed to see him." That was my position with the Kaiser. I had to be there, but no one was supposed to see me.

One day, while travelling to the station with Prince Eulenburg in his carriage to receive the Kaiser, I expressed my intense astonishment that the entourage should speak so unfairly of the Emperor behind his back.

" You'll soon get used to it," said the Prince with cynical amusement. " And I believe the Kaiser knows all about it too. A good deal of it is his own fault. By nature he is dogmatic and regardless of consequences and he does not like to be answered back. He would simply throw out of his

service any one who did not say 'yes' and 'amen' to everything.

"Not for all the money in the world," the Prince went on as we jogged towards the station, "would I take a post concerned with his person. If I did, it would be necessary to part with my backbone. The people he has around him, whether they be aides-de-camp, masters of ceremonies, or chamberlains, find their posts influential as well as interesting and well paid, so that they don't mind now and again receiving a kick from His Majesty or a box on the ears.

"Then," said the Prince, "the Kaiser is indiscreet and earlier in his life has been even more foolish. It is only natural, for after all he is no more than a man, that he should occasionally make a *faux pas*. It may be political or social, but the knowledge of the mistake gives the person who knows about it a certain hold over the Kaiser of which he is not slow to take advantage."

Now, while I could readily understand the bitterness felt towards the Kaiser by people like Prince Eulenburg, I would like myself to give an instance of the genuine good feeling and sympathy he could sometimes display towards humble people. After all, I had the opportunity of knowing the Kaiser pretty well in every phase of his diversified life. I saw him in his youth and in his maturity, in sadness and in gladness.

He always gave me the impression of striving to hide his innermost feelings from the eyes of others, perhaps because he thought that outwardly at least nothing should disturb an Emperor. But I have been enabled to watch how an accident could bring tears into his eyes and move him to a show of sentiment I am not likely to forget to my dying day.

It happened during the early years of his reign when he wished to pay a visit to the King of Sweden. On the voyage across the Baltic to Stockholm a member of the crew fell overboard and was drowned. This man, a Westphalian by birth, had been employed during the voyage in touching up the paint. Against orders, he had neglected to tie a rope round himself but had worked on a swaying plank suspended at either end from ropes above. Through a movement of the ship he must have lost his hold and fallen down the side

into the sea. In all likelihood a blow from the ship's screw killed him instantaneously.

"Man overboard" was at once signalled and the ship's boats lowered. The commander of the cruiser "Gefion" which was following close behind the "Hohenzollern" himself jumped overboard to try to rescue the unfortunate sailor. But it was all in vain. The only thing the commander could find was the cap of the drowned man and this he brought back on board.

The Kaiser, who had known the sailor personally, took the sudden death of this poor fellow very much to heart. For hours the rescue search went on until finally every hope had to be abandoned. He ordered the flag at half-mast, had a provisional altar erected covered with the flag, and had placed on it the cap of the drowned man. Officers and crew as well as a detachment from the "Gefion" took up their positions before the altar. With a very grave face, the Prayer Book in his hand, the Kaiser appeared and went behind the altar. First a verse of a hymn was sung, then the Kaiser preached a moving sermon.

In eloquent words he described how the father had hurried from Westphalia in order to see his son once again, how he had expressed his joy that his son was able to carry out his service under the eyes of his Kaiser, and had exhorted his son to be worthy of it. Fate had been doubly hard to the poor boy. He had not suffered a sailor's death before the enemy, but in the quiet fulfilment of his duty had been snatched away by death.

"We, however," added the Kaiser, "must take this unfortunate accident as a lesson to resign ourselves to the idea of death which haunts our every step, so that we learn to face it without fear."

And when, at the end, he asked for the Lord's Prayer for the dead man, caps were taken off and from many a hoarse throat came the Prayer. The short service was so stirring that, especially when the Kaiser described the relationship between father and son, the tears were running down the cheeks of many old and young sailors. When the Kaiser had finished he looked up and shook hands with the commander and the tears were in his eyes too. He had cried over the death of his sailor.

Up till then the weather was fine but now it suddenly changed. It seemed to me as if the Lord was confirming the Kaiser's warning that death was lurking in every corner. A thick wall of fog had set in such as I had never before experienced on any of my innumerable sea voyages. Sirens hoarsely shrieked their warning. Cannon shots were fired at regular intervals. Then all of a sudden out of this thick fog a terrible cry from many throats was heard, and like a phantom ship a huge barque glided by the "Hohenzollern" two yards away from it. The cry had been uttered by the crew of the sailing vessel who thought a collision was inevitable. Here, too, death would have gathered in its harvest.

As quickly as it had come the fog lifted again and both ships could peacefully continue their journeys at full steam. At dinner that evening the Kaiser referred once more to the death of the sailor, saying how very deeply he had felt it, and added that he considered this regretful accident, as well as the danger of a collision in the fog, as a warning from God to be always prepared for death.

CHAPTER XXIX

WITH THE KAISER IN THE HOLY LAND

I

IN the year 1898, bearing what he called the "shining sword of Christendom," the Kaiser and his consort set out from Potsdam on that historic journey to the Orient which was to have such a far-reaching effect on the fate of Europe.

Abdul Hamid, the "Sick Man" of Europe, was to be impressed with the might of Germany and the Kaiser was to show the barbarous peoples of the East that he, and he alone, was God's Own Anointed.

Constantinople awaited his arrival in holiday spirit. From far-off Arabia, Hindustan, Egypt, and even from the most remote provinces of the Ottoman Empire, the faithful subjects of the Sultan hurried to greet the great German Emperor. The turban and the fez were to be seen everywhere. Worshippers thronged the Aga Sophia imploring Mahomet to send down his blessings on the distinguished visitors.

The usually dirty town had changed as if by magic. The streets, for once in a while, were swept clean; tumble-down houses were demolished and in their places arose gaily-coloured hoardings. Potemkin would hardly have known the new Constantinople. The night before the arrival of the royal party found the streets already packed to suffocation with sightseers. The Turkish police had not troubled to bar the streets, as is usual in most countries when a procession is about to take place. Instead, announcements were posted

everywhere stating that during the entry into Constantinople no one would be allowed to go in the roadway, otherwise they would run the risk of being run over, or ridden down, not to mention the likelihood of a taste of the knout.

Early in the morning of the Kaiser's arrival, the Sultan went from Yildiz Kiosk to the palace of Dolmar Bagdsche where the Kaiser would land and where the official reception would take place. Up to that point, everything passed off without any untoward incident. The Kaiserin with the Sultan got into the first coach and the Kaiser with a few Turkish generals entered the second. It was a thrilling spectacle when the Kaiser, standing in the coach, impressively greeted the crowd. In that moment, thousands of people bowed their heads to the ground to return the royal salute.

Then the rich State coaches, ornamented with gold and silver, moved off. In front of each coach there were two runners. It is an old Oriental custom to have two men running about ten yards in front of the horses of a high personality, to warn the crowd to make way. The gorgeous procession started off amidst tremendous acclamation and enthusiasm.

Yet, all the same, what should have been a time of great joyfulness was marred by a demonstration of cruelty enough to make any inhabitant of the Western world detest Oriental ways and blush with shame to think he was involved in it. The journey was made at a fast gallop. Right and left the royal carriages were protected by members of the Sultan's bodyguard. These fellows were armed with heavy knouts and with these they unmercifully lashed the crowd lining the roadside. Even I, too, received a blow. Next me stood an engineer from one of the English merchant ships lying in the Bosphorus. He received a cut which made the blood stream over his eyes. In his mad rage he drew out a revolver and was going to shoot at the soldiers. But before he could press the trigger the rapidly moving procession had passed on and a crowd of curious sight-seers closed in its wake.

There was method in this travelling, no doubt, but it made me wonder what sort of strange mentality my Imperial master must possess to visit a country and to be the guest of a monarch like "Abdul the Damned," when there existed such barbaric cruelty.

The Turkish police colleague with whom I had co-operated

since my arrival in Constantinople subsequently confided to me that it was only by this hasty journey and beating everybody into temporary submission that they could ensure safety from assassination !

I am quite positive the Kaiser himself had hardly noticed what was happening, or he would certainly have expressed his displeasure. I followed the procession as quickly as I could and came across hundreds of men, women and children bleeding profusely. But, strange to say, they did not seem to mind. Apparently they took it all as the price they had to pay for the privilege of seeing the Sultan and the German Emperor.

Arriving at Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan led his guests to their suite, which was furnished with great Oriental splendour. All the rooms converged in a large hall in the form of a rectangle. I saw standing in the hall six round massive silver tables each of them worth a fortune. On each table there stood a heavy silver casket filled with long Turkish cigarettes. They were specially made for the Kaiser, who did not indulge in such doubtful luxuries. The panelling of the hall was of beautiful polished sandalwood. In this hall every morning Abdul Hamid greeted his guests and every evening took his leave from the same place. *En route* to his own apartments he visited the harem.

It was not long before the Kaiser, at any rate, discovered the difference between East and West. At twelve o'clock that night, after the finish of the great reception dinner, the Kaiserin expressed her wish to greet the Sultan's mother and the Sultana, and also asked that she might visit the harem.

The Sultan himself led the Kaiserin to the door leading to the harem. Before he reached it it sprang open as if by magic. With a bow the Sultan invited the Kaiserin to come nearer, which she did. The Kaiser, too, probably more than a little curious, pressed forward laughing, apparently to accompany his wife.

"You stay outside," said the Kaiserin quite shortly.

The Sultan, too, jokingly called out to him : "Only for ladies, your Majesty."

The Kaiser took the rebuff in good part.

"All right," he said amiably, "keep it for yourself."

This little episode gave the Turkish Master of Ceremonies

the opportunity of relating an incident which had happened in Yildiz Kiosk not long before. In all probability he wanted to impress upon us the serious consequences which might ensue by male visitors asking to see the harem or have a peep at the Sultana.

"The English Lord C——," began the Master, "had won the special favour of the Sultan, with the result that he had been informed that the Sultan would grant him anything he might wish for. This lord, who was very wealthy, wanted nothing in material riches. But he would dearly love, he said, to take a peep into the Sultan's harem.

"Such a request was, naturally, very painful to the Sultan. But he had given his word and so he himself led the Englishman into the harem. In the very first room, decorated in the Oriental fashion with lavish splendour, unveiled, lay the Sultan's favourite wife buried in billowy cushions.

"Startled, she sprang up. The Englishman bowed helplessly and no doubt wished himself many miles away. The Sultan stood beside him, silent, not moving a muscle of his face, while the Sultana had tears in her eyes. Another bow and then, without a word being spoken, the two men turned their backs on the pretty woman and left the harem.

"Outside, the Englishman complimented the Sultan on the beauty of his wife.

"'She is no longer among the living,' answered the despot coldly.

"Pale as death, the Englishman demanded an explanation. For a reply, the Sultan pressed a secret spring in the panelling. The door flew open and the horrified Englishman could just see four eunuchs carrying away the dead woman with a dagger in her left breast."

There was a profound silence after this little narrative. The Kaiser looked as though he were rather sorry he had come to the Sublime Porte.

II

Alarming reports of Nihilist plots kept coming into Constantinople—according to the Turkish police. I did not regard them very seriously, but nevertheless they had to be investigated. There were grave incidents in plenty quelled

with savage conscientiousness by the local gendarmerie. The Turkish detective who had been placed at my disposal was a splendid fellow who spoke English and French. He informed me a few days after the arrival of the Imperial couple that there were signs that they were to be done away with whilst in Turkish territory. He requested me to ask the Kaiserin particularly to observe the greatest care.

On that day, as it happened, the Kaiserin had planned to make an expedition to the Sultan's old palace of Beylerbei. She was to be accompanied, cleverly and unobtrusively, by twenty detectives in all manner of disguises. I had the special task of following close behind her.

On the way back from the palace the Kaiserin wished to make some purchases in the bazaars. She soon found herself in the worst quarter of the town. Thousands of people, sinister-looking creatures, stepped right in her path and refused to move any further. In spite of all my precautions it was utterly impossible to keep at the Kaiserin's heels. After a time she found herself literally alone surrounded by all kinds of uncouth people. A particularly villainous-looking individual—I learned later that he was supposed to be an Armenian anarchist—planted himself directly in the Kaiserin's path and looked as though he intended to do her some mischief. It was all the work of a second and it happened so suddenly that we ourselves were taken unawares.

Regardless of whom we injured, we beat everybody close to the Kaiserin with the butt ends of our revolvers and got close to her side. But the Turkish detectives did something else, and that so expeditiously that it seemed like magic. As we got quite close to the Kaiserin, who, by the way, bore herself with wonderful courage, the Armenian collapsed noiselessly. A Turk had cleverly slipped between the legs of the throng and, quick as lightning, had thrust his knife into the fellow's side !

Now the " clearing " started. A detachment of uniformed police arrived and in a few minutes the crowd was beaten back. A body of detectives surrounded the Kaiserin and her ladies-in-waiting and with great celerity escorted them out of the bazaar. I don't think she saw the numbers of badly wounded people who were running away with bloody faces. I, too, received a severe blow on the head from an un-

fortunately unknown Turk which nearly knocked me senseless.

Something else struck me—the thought that if this was the glittering East, the sooner we were out of it the better. In the evening, after our return to Yildis Kiosk, I received a request to interview Herr von Mirbach, the Kaiserin's equerry. I had just tied a bandage round my head which was still humming from the blow I had received, but I had to take it off to see Mirbach. He informed me that the Kaiserin very much wanted to see me :

" What happened this afternoon, Herr Steinhauer? Tell me quite frankly and openly. Did they want to kill us? " she asked anxiously.

" Oh, no, your Majesty," I replied, lying as gallantly as I could. " It was only a collection of bad characters who wanted to utilize this opportunity to plunder the rich bazaar owners. They hardly knew who was amongst them. But for the future it would be better if your Majesty made such visits public ; then the necessary preparations can be made."

" That's true," she answered. " I had an hour to spare coming back from Beylerbei and wanted to fill it up. Were some of the people wounded? "

If I had had my way—not approving of Constantinople—I would have told the Kaiserin that there were a good many dead people, but Mirbach shook his head and put his finger to his lips.

So I answered shortly : " No, your Majesty, only skin abrasions."

But evidently the Kaiserin felt very anxious. She, also, must have heard the rumours that were flying about.

" Tell me," she said gravely, " do you know anything about a number of anarchists who are supposed to have left Alexandria for Constantinople? "

" I do not believe in this rumour at all, your Majesty. It is quite impossible for any person here in Yildis Kiosk to come near you."

By way of reply, the Kaiserin pointed to a group of black men who, though very well dressed, sat on the ground.

" Who are they? " she inquired apprehensively.

" They are eunuchs off duty," I said. " I know them all by name."

"Oh, that is very interesting." Then, as she turned to leave, she said: "I thank you again. Please keep a good watch and see that nothing happens to the Kaiser. I am afraid of this country and I hope my experience to-day will not become known."

I might add that my feelings were very much the same as those of the Kaiserin. Death seemed to be lurking everywhere.

III

The tall, dark fellows whom the Kaiserin had seen from her window and who had aroused her interest were really eunuchs. One had heard of such people often enough, but never seen them before. They intrigued my curiosity greatly and, as a few of them spoke a little French and English, I had a good deal of conversation with them.

Most of them were negroes, as tall as trees, with high, piping voices, and were most elegantly dressed in black frock coats, striped trousers, silk stockings and black patent shoes. When they were off duty they sat in these clothes in the sand in the greatest heat of the day and threw dice or played cards; they were just like little children.

One could not envy them; if they did anything wrong, they were made short work of. They were simply sent into the next world. I had become particularly friendly with one by the name of Muzza. He spoke fairly good English and read English books with great avidity. But all these men were very loath to speak of their duties, in fact, to speak about any of the affairs in Yildis Kiosk. They earnestly begged me not to ask them anything, informing me in a frightened whisper that death would be their punishment if they told anything.

My friend Muzza was also very fearful of being seen in conversation with me. If we only sat together and spoke about anything there was always a man walking stealthily to and fro who appeared to take no notice of us. But I could see from the behaviour of the eunuchs, and especially of Muzza, that they were in great fear of this man prowling about.

One day I sat with Muzza and talked with him very softly. This mysterious fellow walked up and down close to us and Muzza would only speak in monosyllables. On that day

Muzza had presented me with a nice cigarette holder and I, as a return present, had given him a German meerschaum pipe which he had wanted. Suddenly tears came into his eyes ; with a murmur of farewell he gave me his hand and suddenly disappeared. I was afraid that he might be ill.

That evening I used the opportunity of looking for my black friend. On the way through the palace I met the mysterious man who had been sneaking around us that afternoon. He laughed mockingly in my face and made a sign of cutting his throat, standing there with arms akimbo like Napoleon Bonaparte, with a diabolical smile on his face. I would have liked to shoot him down.

Next morning I hastened to the place where the eunuchs usually sat, but did not find Muzza. Instead, one of his friends came up and gave me back my meerschaum pipe and a small pocket knife with a greeting. To my question as to whether Muzza was ill I only received the answer : " Dead." All the eunuchs fearfully implored me not to ask anything further. Later, I told my Turkish police comrade the incident. He looked at me coldly and said : " If he sent you your present back and a knife as well, then you can take your oath on it that he is dead. If you'll take a piece of good advice from me," he added significantly, " don't worry about things here that don't concern you. In this country fate often plays a large and, mostly, a very unpleasant part. And don't ask any more questions ; it is the Sultan's will."

That was a clear enough hint. I took the death of the poor negro very much to heart, although, to be sure, death for him was nothing so very terrific, only something that was bound to happen to him sooner or later. But what an extraordinary country ! I longed to be out of it.

IV

In the small village of Hereke situated on the Anatolian railway there is, as is generally known, a famous silk and carpet factory which belonged at that time to the Sultan. The Kaiser had expressed the wish to inspect these works, in which about a thousand men were employed. With an army of Turkish detectives I had to rush there before them because we had received alarming news concerning this

visit. The anarchists from Alexandria were at last going to strike a blow.

Even in this instance I did not take the matter seriously, but believed it to be an invention of the Turks, the more so as the stay of the Imperial pair was coming to an end and the box of medals had not yet been opened. But in Hereke the Turks seemed to be especially worried so that I gave up the idea that all these preparations were only fancy. Their whole attention was centred on the water. The Kaiser and Kaiserin arrived by train and were returning on the Sultan's yacht "Lorelei."

The factory was inspected, tea was drunk in a tent specially erected for the purpose, and the time came for departure. At this moment my Turkish colleague gave me a sign and we hastened to the beach. All the police were distributed unobtrusively about as I could notice. A boat was waiting for us and my Turk and I jumped into it. Now a high Turkish official gave an order and about twelve boats moved off. My colleague pointed to a little skiff which was coming in from the sea and appeared to be making for the landing stage.

"There they are," he whispered to me. "They must not get under the bridge."

The police boats, spreading out into a semi-circle, closed in on the skiff. Still the occupants, who were paddling their craft with their hands, did not appear to notice anything. When we were about fifty yards away from them one of the men seemed to draw a revolver and looked as if he wanted to shoot his companion. The latter made movements with both hands to ward him off, but before he could shoot their skiff had already been rammed by two of the heavy police boats and the side was crushed so that it began to sink. Both men had already disappeared and carefully, with cocked revolvers, the Turks watched the surface if one or the other would appear again. Once a dark object came into view, it looked like a hat, and immediately four or five revolvers were discharged. But of the two there was nothing more to be seen. They must have met their death.

This time it was really an attempt on the Kaiser, as was made known to the officials at the end of the Jerusalem journey. He was to meet his death when passing over the provisional landing stage. The bridge was to be blown up.

The Turks knew long before of this plan but had not informed us of it. But then they lost sight of the would-be assassin, which was the reason that they sent such a lot of police to Hereke. First intentions were to advise the Kaiser against visiting Hereke, but it was believed that this would not be successful, so they doubled their precautions.

The Sultan, who had also known of it, had sent his friend, the famous General Fuad Pasha, to protect the Kaiser if necessary. Without the Imperial pair knowing the real reason of his presence he kept very close to them the whole time. There was nothing in his face to show the great excitement he must have felt. Only when the Minister of Police informed him that the whole business was finished did he gratefully press his hand. A load was off his mind.

For the personal protection of the Kaiser, the Sultan had provided him for the entire journey with two soldiers who had orders to remain on close guard near the Kaiser with fixed bayonets. It was impossible to imagine the Kaiser on this journey without his escort. I was often with them, especially when the royal couple had retired. We sat in front of the Kaiser's tent and conversed as well as we could. They both spoke a little French. It was interesting the way they described the scene when they were introduced to the Sultan. They boasted that they were the only soldiers with whom a Sultan had ever spoken. On the introduction the Sultan had addressed them as follows: "You have found favour in my eyes. I have chosen you to accompany my friend the mighty ruler of the German Empire on all his journeys in my countries. You are responsible for his personal safety and also that no enemy shall strike him down. From the moment he is displeased with you you can consider yourselves dead."

They then fetched out from their pockets a small elegant case.

"A present from the Sultan," they both said. "If your Kaiser returns home safely, we must give it up again and shall receive the Medjidiorden; but should a mishap befall him then we shall drink the contents, for we shall no longer have any right to live." I can now disclose that they gave up their uncomfortable present and received the Medjidi as well as the medal of the Kronenorden for their devotion to duty.

For that reason they took their duties very seriously and

THE KAISER ON WHITE HORSE AT DAMASCUS

more than once they presented their bayonets when some one wanted to draw near to the Kaiser's tent. They even held up the highest officers. I myself witnessed how an aide-de-camp with a document the Kaiser wanted to see had to wait a quarter of an hour before they would let him through. The Kaiser had watched this scene from his tent and came out to praise the two soldiers for strict adherence to orders, much to the chagrin of the waiting aide-de-camp.

In comparison to Berlin, where the Kaiser would never see a police officer, he was very pleased with the guarding of his person here in the Orient by the two Turkish soldiers as well as by us. One could see that by the way he used to greet us in the morning, and he often had a friendly word for us. When he saw us he usually made a sign with his hand as if grabbing somebody, which meant as much as: "Have you caught one yet?" Evidently he did not feel as safe as he pretended. He carried a loaded revolver about with him, much to the secret fear of his suite. The latter were always in dread of their lives.

Especially great was the anxiety of the Kaiserin that nothing should happen to her husband. On every opportunity, without the Kaiser knowing about it, she impressed upon us with words and signs to keep a good look out. So great was her anxiety that she herself sometimes drew our attention to some one who appeared suspicious to her, usually only with looks and movements of the head. We quietened her then in the same way. Sometimes she sent Herr von Mirbach or a lady-in-waiting to me to draw my attention to a certain person.

In Ramleh, a small village in front of Jerusalem, she sent for me through Herr von Mirbach while the Kaiser with several gentlemen was viewing the village. She made me tell her in detail of all the measures taken for his protection.

"The Kaiser is, up to now, very pleased, Herr Steinhauer," she said. "Particularly that everything went off so well in Constantinople. But nothing must happen to him; it would break my heart," she added gravely. "Before all things do not be timid." (She used the actual word.) "If you notice anything, go straight up to my husband. Don't be kept back by the gentlemen of his suite. I will support you in every case. If you do happen to find opposition turn to Herr von

Mirbach; I have ordered him to let me know immediately. I am very worried that everything will not go as smoothly in Jerusalem as it has done up to now. Do you think that the Turkish police will guard my husband with all devotedness?'

I could only answer that in my opinion the Turks had done everything that it was possible for any human being to do. I added: "And, your Majesty, the Turks are so much under the influence of the Sultan that they, for this very reason, would give their own lives for those of your Majesties merely to carry out his orders."

She was comforted and I was freed.

Mirbach then told me that I had access to him at any time. When I related to him on this occasion that the aides-de-camp made it difficult for me in every possible way, only because they wished to be the first to report to the Kaiser, he answered laughing: "I know that. They stick like burrs, but you have heard the Kaiserin's order and so you must come to me. As for the others, this conversation of Her Majesty with you must, of course, be kept secret."

I can only mention again that the aides-de-camp really made life almost intolerable for the members of the royal bodyguard. Unfortunately we were placed under them and often had to fall in with their unreasonable wishes. I should like to relate a small episode which, on the one hand, is not devoid of humour, and on the other hand, shows again how jealous these gentlemen were of one another.

Before the entry unto Jerusalem I was at various times in the town to find out, with the help of the Turkish detectives, if there were any questionable elements of the political sort. The Turks drew my attention to several Europeans who had aroused their mistrust. Amongst others there was one whom they took to be an exiled Eastern prince of some sort. Carefully one of the Turkish police led me into the only European restaurant, which was frequented by this prince. One will understand my surprise when I saw this suspicious character and recognized in him an old friend of mine named Kaufmann. He was well known in Berlin as the proprietor of a famous peasant inn in the Taubenstrasse. As he entered the restaurant clad in elegant clothes with a fez on his head I could understand that he might easily be taken for an exotic prince.

Our meeting was a hearty one and we celebrated it with a bottle of wine. In the course of conversation I told him what a high rank the Turks had given him. Jokingly he entered into the spirit of the thing and called himself the Sultan of Johore. He introduced himself as such to my Turkish comrade who had joined our table in the meantime. He had merely taken the name of this prince as shortly before he, the prince, had been in Berlin. Kaufman, by his impressive manners, had caused quite a sensation in Jerusalem. Unfortunately my Turk took the matter seriously and, without my knowledge, reported this confidential talk to his Chief, who also believed it. From this moment onwards Kaufmann was treated with a certain esteem by the Turks.

On the entry of the Kaiser into Jerusalem the streets were thronged by huge crowds. In one special place thousands of negroes, natives and Bedouins had taken up their stand. In the midst of this black wave of humanity, on a raised place, in fashionable frock coat with white waistcoat, a fez on his head and a shining top hat in his hand, lustily shouting hurrah, stood Kaufman. About twenty yards in front of the Imperial procession there rode and ran about sixty persons, the highest police and military officials. I, too, belonged to this lot. I was nearly speechless to see how all the high Turks respectfully saluted my pseudo-prince. Like a flash the thought came to me that something was wrong. I saw how the Kaiserin, who was driving in front, greeted him, and how the Kaiser turned with a question to General von Plessen.

I stopped until I was alongside the aide-de-camp General von Scholl. He bent down to me : " Steinhauer, what prince is that over there ? "

On account of the terrible clamour I could only tell him in snatches that it was Kaufman, the well-known Berlin innkeeper. He inquired again if there was no mistake, whereupon I was able to assure him that I had been with him the previous evening. Proudly and dignified he now rode up to the Kaiser and informed him about this Berlin " prince." While Plessen looked sullen, Scholl smiled with great satisfaction.

After the celebrations of the entry were over Plessen called me to him and said in a rather gruff voice : " I want to be

informed by you of special happenings. I am the oldest aide-de-camp. Imagine yourself in my position when the Kaiser asks me something and I have to answer 'I don't know.'"

I knew quite well what he wanted, but I looked blank and replied that I had reported everything up till then.

"Well," said Plessen, "there was that business to-day about that fellow from Berlin. I didn't know anything about that."

I could only answer that there was no reason for a special report as there were a lot of Berlin people staying in Jerusalem. General von Scholl, however, sent me that evening something to drink and a box of the "best."

So that Kaufman should not have any unpleasantness I had enlightened the Turkish Chief of Police as to his real identity. The latter was very put out about it and said: "I shall spit in his face whenever I see him!" When I explained to him that the Kaiser and most of the gentlemen of his suite had all been guests of this gentlemen and had amused themselves very well at his place, his face cleared and he said: "Then Allah prefers him to the Sultan of Johore!"

In the daily programme during the stay at Jerusalem, which had been drawn up beforehand, it was arranged one Sunday to attend service at the Christmas Church and to visit the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. Bethlehem lies about six kilometres south of Jerusalem on a hill. In brilliant sunshine we left Jerusalem in a long procession at about nine o'clock in the morning; the Kaiserin in a coach, the Kaiser on horseback. The Kaiser was in a very good humour. He often engaged in conversation the Turkish General Sadik Pasha who had been put at his service by the Sultan, and remarked on the wonderful Arab steed the General was riding.

A great crowd of people had lined up on either side of the road to Bethlehem and greeted the Imperial pair with their extraordinary ringing cheers. The entry into the church had been kept clear, but all the same the knout of the police had to be brought into action to clear the way. The service went off without any interruption and when the Kaiser and his consort left the church the solemnity of the service could be seen in every one's face. Even the crowds of people were

impressed by it and respectful silence reigned in the place of the previous cheering.

Just out of Bethlehem the Kaiser expressed the wish to visit the Templar Colony of Raphaim. As no one knew the way he turned to Scholl and asked him shortly : " Which is the way to the Colony ? "

Scholl was perplexed and made a helpless gesture ; apparently he did not know. Angrily the Kaiser stormed at him. " You've already been six weeks here before to find out the roads. What have you been doing if you do not know that ? "

It is true that Scholl had already been over the whole ground to learn his way about so that he should know everything. In spite of this he did not know where the Templar Colony was.

Plessen turned this awkward situation to his advantage. He came up to me : " Steinhauer, the Kaiser wants to go to the Templar Colony—where is it ? "

Of course, at first, I had no idea, but I asked my English-speaking interpreter, Abdullah, where this wretched colony lay. He knew the way about and answered promptly : " The first road on the right leads straight there."

A second later Plessen reported to the Kaiser : " Your Majesty, we take the first road on the right which leads us straight to it."

" There, you see," answered the Kaiser. Then, turning to Scholl, he added reproachfully : " If I didn't have Plessen ! He hasn't been here before and yet he knows. You don't know anything." That was a bitter pill for Scholl.

Through another incident, however, the bad humour of the Kaiser showed itself. The Turkish general who was escorting the Kaiser on that day heard where the Kaiser wanted to go. *He* knew the way. He spurred his steed, rode up to the Kaiser, saluted, and started : " Your Majesty, I believe——" He was going to tell the Kaiser that he believed that the first path on the right led to the Templar Colony.

But the Kaiser did not let him go as far as that. He looked down on him and then shouted : " I don't want to know what you believe, I want to know where the Templar Colony is." Hurt, the Turk drew back. I am sure he never forgot this curt dismissal.

The Kaiserin, who respected the Turkish general very highly, heard too the rudeness of her husband. While on the journey back to Jerusalem, as well as in the town itself, she favoured him with her conversation. She always had a few friendly words for the victims of her husband's arbitrariness.

That evening the Kaiser distributed the Jerusalem Cross, of which he was the originator. Accompanied by an aide-de-camp who carried the case with the crosses under his arm, he went from tent to tent and handed one to every occupant. Only one tent did he pass by and that was the police tent. When the aide-de-camp drew his attention to this he remarked: "They can wait till I am safely back home."

And so it was. At the evening meal every one appeared with the cross bestowed on him, which was worn on a vivid red ribbon. There was a kind of red glow over the whole company that evening! It might have been the Soviet generals of to-day having a banquet. The ladies-in-waiting told each other in confidence that the Turkish general had wanted to appear that evening without the Cross. The Kaiserin, who had noticed him before, had called pleadingly to him: "Mon General, vous avez oublié de remettre votre Croix Jerusalem."

V

The bodyguard duty to the Kaiser and Kaiserin in Jerusalem was very exhausting. This was to be put down to the nervousness of the Turks who, on the one hand, were very much in awe of their Sultan, and on the other hand, imagined they must make themselves important. Each day the most astounding blood-and-thunder stories were dished up for us. They were always supposed to concern an attempt on the Imperial pair. From Russia, France, Italy, everywhere, anarchists had set out for Jerusalem to strike a blow there. It was mostly humbug.

One day the Turkish police reported to us with great secrecy that Russian nihilists had hired two blacks to murder the Kaiser and Kaiserin in Jerusalem. The news came from the police in Constantinople. I myself saw the letter. As

was always the case, no one was to be worried. At the conference with the Turkish police over this news the Chief proposed to organize a house-to-house search with the help of the military force the same night. For humane reasons I strongly advised against it, because I knew that through these harsh measures only the poorer people would suffer, and success was hardly to be expected. I proposed instead that our precautions should be doubled. Unfortunately I had no success with my warning. Most of the members of the conference were pleased to be able to organize such a search, as by this they could give full vent to their inhuman lust.

I had joined with my Turkish interpreter a patrol which was led by a very decent Turkish N.C.O. By three o'clock in the morning we had arrested a whole crowd of negroes, mostly Nubians, and freed them again. Then we found ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Jaffa Gate. We had had no occasion yet to use our arms. There we suddenly heard shrieks coming from the many-cornered streets and the firing of occasional shots. Our N.C.O. divided up his men into three groups and let them advance into the maze of narrow streets and passages so as to ascertain where the fighting was taking place. Quite suddenly, as we rounded a corner, we came to the spot. Out of the entrance to a cellar sprang three negroes, the first one opening up a lively fire on us with a revolver. But a bullet from the leader of our patrol laid him low. The other two ran as hard as they could. We stormed into the house and stopped the massacre which was going on. Three corpses and two badly wounded lay there.

And the reason for this slaughter? A number of natives had gathered there for religious purposes to carry on their devotions! The leader of one patrol with his five soldiers had gone into the building and had asked the people gathered there to declare who they were. Of course, they did not like it and there was a fight in which the armed soldiers naturally got the upper hand. They beat their victims unmercifully. In two other places in the town did this round-up claim more victims and this event made very bad blood amongst the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

On one of the last days in Jerusalem the Kaiser visited the

highest Christian Church dignitary. Solemnly the representatives of the Church took up their positions in the large hall. At the back of it was a magnificent carved throne-like chair which was evidently for the Patriarch. Right and left of this throne were similar magnificent chairs for the Imperial pair. Respectfully greeted from all sides they walked up the hall directly to the throne. There stood the Patriarch, who invited the Kaiser and Kaiserin with a wave of his hand to take their places right and left of him. The Kaiser, without changing his countenance, pushed the representative of God to one side and sat down on the throne himself! With a polite wave of the hand he invited the Patriarch to the chair which had evidently been meant for him.

Then the greetings in French commenced. It appeared that the Church dignitaries were not pleased with the despotic action of the Kaiser, for they all made astonished, almost long, faces. On the other hand, this independence might have impressed them, for their " Vive L'Empereur ! " at the departure rang as heartily and enthusiastically as if nothing had happened.

Only a few people had been invited to this reception. Scholl and I stood in the background of the hall in a corner. As the Kaiser sat down so independently on the throne Scholl murmured to himself: " He is sitting in the wrong place." From this I could gather that the arranging of the places had been done after a special plan and that the Kaiser's treatment of the man of God had not been etiquette.

In spite of the minor discord brought about by this incident we, belonging to the suite, were invited by the friendly monks to drink some wonderful brew with them in the dark cloisters. It is true that the monks were shocked when we told them the tale of the changed seats. They remarked that the Kaiser had not acted according to principles. " Give to God what is God's and to the Kaiser what is the Kaiser's." But after the sixth mug of this brew the unpleasant impression was washed down and we sat for a long time with these good-natured men of God.

In the meantime the climate had had its effect on the health of the distinguished visitors; both no longer felt so well. For this reason the intended visit to Nazareth and Tiberias was cancelled. Political events also helped to shorten the

stay. The Kaiser, with many followers, visited the Mount of Olives ; he had prayed there and was in the act of leaving the Mount to return to Jerusalem. At that time there had been a long interval without hearing of any political events. He was still on the Mount of Olives when a courier came to him bringing him the post. He brought telegrams about the quarrel which had broken out between England and France over Fashoda.

The Kaiser was very excited.

"War between France and England," he shouted out. "This news upsets all our plans, Eulenburg ; we will get back as quickly as possible. Under the circumstances, our presence is more necessary there than here."

To Bülow he remarked : "I hope the English will stay firm and show the French that they cannot interfere with everybody's business without going unpunished."

He was openly glad and on the return journey informed himself thoroughly of the coming war situation. General Sadik Pasha was especially well informed. He had held a leading position in the Sudan for some time where the English were supposed to have been in possession. In the evening the Kaiser spoke of nothing but the chances of an eventual war. He was absolutely on England's side.

The gentlemen of the suite were not always satisfied with their Imperial lord. If one or the other got a snub, which often happened on account of the Kaiser's temperament, they gave full vent to their wrath and His Majesty was usually pulled to pieces. On the return journey the conditions were so that one could hear, even had to hear, every word spoken by the gentlemen. We had pitched our tents in Mualakka, a village between Beirut and Damascus. Towards ten o'clock the courier had arrived with the post and some of the gentlemen sat in their tents and prepared their reports. First of all Bülow made his report to the Kaiser. That day it was very hot and the Kaiser did not receive Bülow in his tent but heard what he had to say in an open field under the blazing sun. That lasted quite a long time.

Now the others, for instance, the aides-de-camp, who had also received their mail, wanted to report too, and they were very annoyed that they had to wait so long. Stamping on the ground with their feet, of course so that the Kaiser could

not see them, they walked angrily to and fro. It certainly was not pleasant waiting in the burning heat of the sun. When, at last, all the reports had been given, the aides-de-camp grumbled lustily about the Kaiser.

"This is a bit too thick," said Plessen, "that Bülow should have to stand half an hour in front of him with his hat in his hand in this blazing sun."

Every one nodded and Admiral von Senden added: "What a pity that he did not play with his dogs, then Bülow could have roasted."

All sorts of nice remarks were made about the so-called heedlessness of the young gentleman. In this case they all grumbled without cause. I was standing at the most six paces from the Kaiser when Bülow gave his report. He had his great tropical helmet in his hand and it was the Kaiser himself who got hold of his arm and had made him put his helmet on.

I did not dare draw the attention of the aides-de-camp to their mistake. But the most remarkable thing in this case was that one of the gentlemen—it was Count Eulenburg—expressed his regret to Bülow over this event. He and the others congratulated him that he had not got sunstroke on this occasion. Bülow, of course, did not know what they were talking about. He couldn't know, as it was only invented. He was, however, so clever that he did not let any one see his uncertainty. By careless remarks he found out that the regret which had been expressed was on account of his having had to stand half an hour in the blazing sun before the Kaiser without a head covering. I thought that he would say: "But, gentlemen, you are mistaken. The Kaiser himself told me to put my helmet on, so I was not without a head covering."

But nothing of the sort. He only shrugged his shoulders.

"The young gentleman is still in his first infancy, so one must have a lot of patience with him," he replied.

Apparently he rather fancied himself as the victim of his august master!

Another time they grumbled lustily about the Kaiserin. It was after a ride in which she had taken part on horseback. One of the accompanying gentlemen, I believe it was Mirbach, came too near her with his animal, whereupon she called out

angrily : " Mirbach, you are quite a good fellow, but keep your damned horse out of the way." This friendly remark was sharply criticized afterwards, not by Mirbach himself, but by the other people who had heard it.

" How can she use the sinful expression ' damned ' here in the Holy Land ? "

" That's not done," said one in his South German dialect ; whereupon another added in straightforward Berlin fashion : " She should have travelled with her old owl [he probably meant the Countess Brockdorff] in the carriage ! "

Shortly before Damascus I had to attend on the Kaiserin. She had received a letter from a French language teacher in which the writer, a woman, asked for a favour. I was just to inquire into the affairs of this lady and then to tell her about it. On this occasion she asked me again not to lessen the precautions for the Kaiser. Then she asked if any serious news had come to hand, but I could assure her that this was not the case.

Damascus had had a magnificent tent erected for the Kaiser outside the town on the Kasjun Mountain from where there was a wonderful view over the town. In this tent the Imperial pair drank tea and enjoyed the view. All the leading people of Damascus were invited to this and an enormous crowd surrounded the tent. It was a real Oriental picture that met the eyes of the spectators ; the dignitaries in their gold-encrusted uniforms, the representatives of the various Syrian towns, other religious bodies, Bedouins with their leaders, the picturesque Turkish military force ; it all looked like a fairy tale. As well as this there were many thousands of spectators collected on the slope of the mountain, all in a very happy mood.

In the midst of this festive gathering there was heard a cry of fright ; sabres flashed in the sun, revolvers were drawn. My Turkish policeman rushed up to me white as death.

" Sir," he cried, " an attempt on your Kaiser."

We ran towards the crowd of people. Fortunately the centre of this uproar lay about a hundred yards from the Kaiser's tent so that he had not at first noticed anything of the excitement. Quickly my policeman and I, with our revolvers in our hands, made a way through and we were soon in the midst of the crowd. Two men were madly beating

a third, lying on the ground. I did not want to let any man be beaten to death even if he had wanted to attempt assassination, so, with pointed revolver, I ordered them to stop the beating while my companion shouted that he was a police officer. As the victim was foaming at the mouth and his eyes were starting out of his head, in fact, his whole body was convulsively twitching, I asked the policeman to tell the crowd that the man had probably gone mad. I knew that Orientals have a great respect and sympathy for lunatics. The crowd drew back.

With the help of a few policemen who had arrived on the scene in the meantime, the victim, who had fainted, was carried to one side. I noticed that from a buttonhole of his waistcoat there hung the end of a gold watch chain. Quite by accident on arriving on the scene I had noticed that one of the men who had beaten him had popped a shining object in his pocket. Suddenly the thought flashed across my mind that the beaten man might have been robbed as well. This thought became a certainty when I saw how the fellow was trying to make himself scarce although we had told him to stay as a witness. Quickly enough I was after him and took hold of his collar to bring him back. He refused, but when I put my revolver to his breast he came along. Shortly I explained to my Turkish comrade that the victim's watch had been stolen and that this man probably had it. My Turk looked at me astonished.

"How do you know that?"

"I am a detective," I answered.

In the meantime more Turkish police officials had arrived and searched the suspect. They had finished and had not found anything, but when I felt along the bottom seams of his coat, between lining and material, I felt the watch, a ring and a little silver purse. They were all stolen things. If looks could kill I should have been dead on the spot, so angrily did the elegant Turk look at me. When the watch was fetched out he shouted that it was his own property. This excuse did not avail him much as the two chain ends fitted together perfectly and the owner of the purse had already reported the loss to the police.

That was all the work of a few minutes. The crowd had grown even bigger and when the robbery became known

they pushed the police aside and tried to lynch the wrong-doer, so that he was finally taken away by a vehicle in a practically lifeless state. Not one of the police lifted a hand when the mob attacked him. He was later discovered to be a famous Constantinople pickpocket who had shortly before been sentenced in Vienna to four years' gaol, but had escaped.

The terrible uproar had attracted the attention of the Kaiser's suite, and General Scholl, together with a Turkish officer, came running up and inquired jokingly if there were any bombs about. We calmed their alarm by telling them that the whole affair concerned an epileptic. My Turkish companion was still so astonished at my discovering and unmasking the pickpocket that he felt obliged to make me a compliment.

"Sir, you have a great Kaiser, and your Kaiser has a great detective," he said to me.

How, then, did the rumour spring up that this man wanted to make an attempt on the Kaiser? He was a respected citizen of Damascus. On the evening before his house had been much visited by members of the suite. Now he had a daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen years, who disappeared the same night. He was obsessed by the idea that the foreigners had taken his daughter with them. Putting on his clothes, he went into the town to make inquiries from the police. On account of the terrible crush which reigned at that time in Damascus because of the Imperial visit, he was turned away everywhere. The excitement over the disappearance of his beloved daughter together with the heat of the day had so worked on him that he really had lost his reason.

The delusion came to him that Allah had sent him a message which he was to give to the German Emperor. With loud cries and raised sword he announced this message in his own language by calling out over and over aga'n: "To the German Emperor! To the German Emperor!" By this shouting the people came to the conclusion that he intended to assassinate the Kaiser. Through the beating and through a brain stroke he died the same night. His daughter was already safely at home when her father lost his reason on the mountain-side.

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The Kaiser himself had noticed nothing of the incident. On this account the Syrian police official, on whose breast there was still probably room for one more medal, had told him at a great dinner given that night a long story about it all in which he showed himself in a very favourable light. The Kaiser was obliged to gather from the story that there had been some attempt against him, and reproached his gentlemen for not telling him of it, as the chief aide-de-camp, Plessen, related afterwards. At ten o'clock that night Plessen requested me to enlighten him about the case. In the presence of my Turkish companion I did so and did not keep silent on the unmasking of the pickpocket. The next morning Plessen told the Kaiser the whole truth and the latter was supposed to have remarked humorously : " Then he will get his medal for it because our officials have caught a pickpocket."

On another occasion when the Imperial couple were riding out in Damascus—they wished to visit the grave of the Sultan Saladin—a heavy piece of masonry fell down from a house by which the procession had to pass. In Damascus it was not only the streets that were thronged with people, but the flat house-tops too. Through the falling of the masonry a few people were injured or killed. We never learnt properly what had happened. There was terrific excitement, the whole procession was stopped, and, of course, the idea sprung up again that there was something in the wind against the Kaiser. Quickly enough the Kaiser was enlightened by us as to the meaning of the excitement. Here again the Syrian police official pushed up to the Kaiser to tell him a long story. As Plessen told us afterwards, the Kaiser waved him aside jokingly but shortly : " I know, another pickpocket has been caught."

From Damascus we travelled by train to Mualakka and from there with carriages and horses to the old temple town of Baalbek. It was one of the most interesting tours of the whole journey. The highroads along which the procession passed were crowded with thousands of Bedouins in their picturesque garb who displayed their wonderful horsemanship before the Kaiser, at the same time raising clouds of dust. Baalbek was the last place on Syrian ground where the Kaiser and Kaiserin stayed. Here there happened an event which turned out to be much more dangerous than any previous

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one : an event which might easily have cost the Kaiser his life and one that was not made known only because the Turkish police kept silent.

In the middle of the town of the old ruins we had pitched our tents. In beautiful sunshine took place the unveiling of the monument which had been erected by the Sultan's order in memory of the visit of the German Kaiser and Kaiserin. This unveiling had drawn a whole crowd of strangers to Baalbek and we had a difficult task to keep an eye on them all. After the unveiling, the Temple ruins were visited. From these ruins a long dark passage led out. At the end of it my black interpreter and I stood. At the mouth of the passage where we were waiting for the Kaiser there suddenly came up a black-clad, very pretty lady who, when we asked her for an explanation, declared in French that she wanted to see the Kaiser.

At first I was very astonished as to how she could know that the Kaiser would use just this way to come out, as he had had no intention before of using the passage. I had no idea of allowing her to stay there, but at the request of a uniformed Turkish police official, with whom she had evidently spoken before, I let her remain. Suddenly she fainted and the interpreter and I caught her in our arms. At this moment there was a movement in the entrance of the passage. One by one the gentlemen who had accompanied the Kaiser appeared. I still had the lady in my arms and the gentlemen who knew me looked at me astonished. Then the Kaiser appeared and something remarkable happened with regard to the lady. Every trace of faintness, which had evidently been assumed, disappeared. Her eyes opened wide and, like a flash, she dived into the pocket of her dress. Here I must express admiration for my Turk. He had noticed the action of the woman : his hand went down into her pocket at the same time as hers and he gripped her dainty wrist in an iron grasp so that she groaned aloud and the small gold and ivory ornamented revolver slipped from her nerveless fingers.

Magically from all sides appeared Turkish detectives who grouped themselves unobtrusively around the woman so that she could not be seen by the royal company and the suite. The removal of the woman could easily be done while a

learned professor gave an interesting lecture about the age of the ruins.

I joined them when they took her away and saw that she had now really fainted. She was half carried, half dragged away by the Turkish police officials, and in this way was taken to the provisional office of the Chief Commissioner.

In the meantime I had again joined the Kaiser's escort as I knew that she was now in safe hands. After a short time, however, my Turk, in a very excited state, came up to me.

"Sir, my Chief wants to see you. Prepare for something terrible. The lady, whom you had in your arms just now, is dead."

I wanted to run quickly, but he held tight on to my coat and said: "Go slowly, otherwise your Kaiser or one of the generals will notice that something has happened."

On arriving at the office it was no pleasant sight that met my eyes. Almost totally unclothed, smeared from head to foot with blood, lay the mysterious woman. The small ornamented revolver lay on the table. A cartridge had been fired out of it.

"She knew what was awaiting her and took her own life," explained the Turk. "She is a dangerous Nihilist on whose track we had set half a hundred detectives."

On my question as to what her intention had been, he shrugged his shoulders.

"A devil went to hell with her death. Perhaps she wanted to meet the Sultan to kill his friend your Kaiser. But I am not sure about it and I should fall into disgrace with my august Sultan if your Kaiser should come to learn anything about it. On the whole, though, congratulate me," he added thoughtfully. "I am certain to get the highest Medjidiorden for this case. I shall also advance your name for a medal. Come to me afterwards and we will drink a glass of champagne to our luck."

I do not believe that she sought death voluntarily; the wound in the left breast was too large for that and was not the result of one bullet only. It was, however, entirely a Turkish affair and I was not supposed to step in. But I refrained from drinking that glass of champagne. The whole business had made me sick. As a European one cannot get used to the Oriental manner of holding human life so cheaply.

I told this story to both General von Scholl and General von Plessen.

"Was that the pretty woman you were holding in your arms this afternoon? I nearly envied you on that account," said Plessen.

"Shall we tell the Kaiser about it?" asked Scholl.

"No," answered Plessen shortly and decisively.

Through the everlasting changes of the journey this drama was soon forgotten. I was only reminded of it six months later when the news came through the papers that the Turkish police had arrested and imprisoned the members of a great Armenian revolutionary body. The leader, a woman, a famous political criminal, had fallen into the hands of the Turkish police six months previously in Syria. I am quite sure that in this case it was the same person I had seen lying dead in the ancient city of Baalbek.

CHAPTER XXX

A DRAMA OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S FUNERAL

I

QUEEN Victoria lay dying. The Chancelleries were a-flutter with thoughts of the international complications which would ensue when Edward VII became King of England. It was no secret in Europe that England would pursue a different political course once the old Queen was laid to rest.

When the news came to Berlin, all projected festivities were immediately cancelled. Although the Kaiser's birthday was drawing near, hurried preparations were made for him to go over to England to be present at the funeral of his grandmother. I received orders to accompany him in the following fashion :

" You are responsible for the Kaiser's life. God help you if anything should happen to him."

One wonders, in passing, what *would* have happened, not so much to me, as to the civilized world, if the Nihilists then so active all over Europe had achieved their desire. Would the Great War have come to pass in any case ? I am not going to express any opinion, for that would mean discussing the responsibility of the war, a subject I am determined to avoid.

The famous Superintendent Melville of Scotland Yard was full of perturbation when I arrived at Osborne where the old Queen lay dying. The Kaiser had stopped at Buckingham

Palace on the first night of his arrival and thereby gave me a chance to discuss with Melville the rumours that the funeral procession of the Queen would be made the opportunity for the assassination, not only of the Kaiser, but also of Leopold, King of the Belgians.

This Melville was a silent, reserved man, never given to talking wildly.

"I have spoken to the Prince of Wales," he informed me, "and he has requested that neither the Kaiser nor any of the members of his suite shall be told what is in the air. The Prince thinks it more than likely, if the Kaiser has any reason at all to fear assassination, that he will not attend the funeral. That would be disastrous from a political point of view."

During the evening the Queen died and the situation became more tense. Preparations were at once made for the funeral. On the fourth day of my stay I saw the new King and Melville in earnest conversation. I stood a little distance away and saluted. In friendly fashion the King acknowledged my bow, pointed at Melville, and then put his finger to his lips.

"What am I to do about this?" I asked later. "What will the Kaiser say if it comes to his ears?"

"To-night," said Melville slowly, "I hope to arrest three of the most dangerous Nihilists in Europe. It may be that I shall want your assistance. But in the meantime, not a word to any one. The King has forbidden it and I cannot possibly go against his orders."

Shortly after lunch that day I received a note from Melville:

"Meet me on Southampton station at six o'clock. We shall be going to London."

He was in very grave mood when I met him. Without saying much, he led the way to a reserved carriage and not until the train was on its way to Waterloo did he reveal what was about to take place.

"Steinhauer," he began, "I hope you have made your will."

"So," I said, "it is as bad as that!"

"Yes," he replied, "some time this evening, if we are lucky, we shall be at grips with these anarchists. Just before I sent you the note a special messenger came down from Scotland

Yard with the information I was waiting for. The men we want are hiding in the East End of London and they are known to be armed. It is our lives or theirs."

As the train sped on through the darkness of the cold winter's evening he told me that the men we were seeking were Russians who had sworn to assassinate the Emperor. They had been hiding in London for several days and were merely waiting for the funeral procession.

Waterloo loomed up and without any unnecessary waste of time Mr. Melville called a cab and took me to his private room at Scotland Yard.

"You will probably want this," he said with a smile, taking an automatic pistol out of his desk and handing it to me. "I don't know whether you have got one of your own, but even if you have it might be just as well to have a spare. And take this," he added, giving me a black scarf. "When we get near our destination wrap it round your neck and over your shirt-front. You're going into a dark spot where a patch of white would present quite a nice target. Now come along and we'll have something to eat. It may be the last time."

The Fatherland seemed rather far away just then. No one could accuse me of being devoid of courage, but the idea of venturing into the foreign quarter of London to hunt out a trio of desperate anarchists made the job of guarding an Emperor look none too good.

"There's just one thing more," remarked Melville before we left Scotland Yard. "I have written a letter which is only to be opened in the event of my death. You had better do the same."

I obeyed him—there was nothing else to be done. Before we left, he picked up a package which I surmised, although I did not ask him, contained gunpowder and thus equipped we made our way to Simpson's Restaurant in the Strand where we had a hearty dinner and a bottle or two of wine to fortify ourselves for the ordeal in store. Over the meal, Mr. Melville told me there were only three people in the world who knew of our expedition that night—King Edward and the two of us sitting in the restaurant together.

It is a curious, unenviable feeling discussing what might be your last meal on earth. I have known it quite a number of times in my life. Try as you will, you cannot get any flavour

and went off in search of Melville. Two shots rang out and then, to my unspeakable relief, I heard Melville's voice.

"Hello, who are you, and where are you going to?"

Hurriedly I told him what had happened in the anarchist's cab.

"My God, this is serious," he exclaimed. "That other brute has gone back to kill the girl. Let's go after him."

We ran back, got into the cab which was still waiting, and rushed up the stairs of the house where our guide should have been lying.

The room was empty! The girl had disappeared, and so had the man who had been lying wounded on the floor beside her. The handcuffs Melville had put on him in the brief moment that had elapsed since he had followed me downstairs had been broken off and lay on the floor. We lit the gas and saw a scene of terrible disorder. The room itself looked as though it belonged to a woman of the streets. There was a bed in it, a table, two or three chairs, a couple of mirrors and a small oven. On the walls were photographs of actresses. Over the bed there were a number of pictures in the nude and a large paper fan which Melville took away with him. There was blood all over the floor.

What had occurred? No detective instincts were required to realize that the men who had escaped through the window had, daringly, returned, released their confederate from the handcuffs and, between the pair of them, carried the girl off.

There was nothing else we could do that night. By now, the entire neighbourhood fairly hummed with excitement. Police were on guard outside.

"It's time we went," said Melville. "There's nothing more to be done here to-night."

The centre of a highly-intrigued crowd of frowsy aliens, we took our departure, got into our cab, and were driven back to Scotland Yard, where Melville gave a few orders to a man awaiting his arrival and then escorted me to an hotel in Charing Cross where I did my best to snatch a few hours' sleep after the thrilling events of the night.

On the way back to Portsmouth in the morning, with a couple of first-class Havanas to soothe our ruffled nerves,

Melville told me for the first time the full story of the events that had led up to our great adventure.

"Some few weeks ago," he began, "an Italian girl—the one who led us to our destination—went up to a police constable in the street and informed him that she knew where some anarchists were staying.

"He didn't think very much of the information because, after all, it wasn't his job. He took a look at the girl and probably came to the conclusion that she wanted to be revenged on somebody. However, he told her she had better go down to Scotland Yard and ask for me.

"I never turn down these sort of people. You don't need me to tell you that informers are a detective's greatest stand-by. This girl told me a story which rang true enough. She had a friend, an anarchist, and he had thrown her down. This particular individual, it seemed, was waiting in London for two friends and when they arrived something was going to happen.

"Very cleverly the girl found out that the three of them were Russian anarchists who were coming to London for the funeral procession of the Queen to assassinate the Kaiser and the King of the Belgians. Possibly she thought they were not serious and merely hoped that I would cause her faithless lover a certain amount of trouble. Anyhow, I sent her away after she had promised to give me immediate information of the arrival of the other two.

"That very same day I went, disguised, and had a good look at the house where the first anarchist was living. It was the place we were in last night. So that there should be no mistake, I also reconnoitred the neighbourhood and fixed my plans accordingly.

"The very next day, to my intense surprise, the girl turned up at my private address to notify me that the two gentlemen from Russia had made their appearance. They had actually arrived during the night. There could be no doubt that a dangerous plot was on foot. Practically the first thing that the three men had done was to get a map of the route to be taken by the funeral procession. Evidently they did not know London well enough to come to a decision there and then as to where the assassinations should take place. They tore up the drawings they had made and put them in the

fire, without bothering to see if they burnt. When they had gone out, after arranging to meet two days later, the girl rescued the plans and brought them to me.

"One could easily see what was in their minds. They evidently meant to discover a way of escape once they had thrown their bombs. What has happened to the girl now, God only knows," he concluded. "I have got half a dozen men looking for her, but I shall be more than surprised if they find anything but her dead body."

As events turned out, he was perfectly right. Some time after the Emperor returned to Berlin, I received from Melville a photograph of a woman's body which had been found floating in the Thames close to the West India Docks. In the letter he wrote, Melville asked me if I could recognize our companion of that fateful night in London. There was no doubt, he said, that the body had been in the water for some considerable time. To all intents and purposes it was unrecognizable.

I could not possibly identify the photograph of the unfortunate creature. The features were somewhat similar, but I had never seen the woman clearly enough to say for certain that it was the same one I had seen lying half-strangled in that house in the East End of London. But Melville himself had no doubt whatever about the matter. The probabilities were, he said, that she had been killed the same night and her body hidden in some dark hole until it could be thrown into the river.

Even more mysterious was the fate of the anarchists. They were never captured in London. Melville hunted for them high and low after the arduous duties of the Queen's funeral had been concluded, but without success. Strangely enough, a clue to their fate came in Berlin one day when an official of the Russian Secret Police informed me that two anarchists who had come from England had been hanged. One of them had had an arm amputated on account of a shot in the left shoulder. The description of this man strikingly resembled that in the possession of Melville.

Never very communicative at the best of times, Melville, no doubt, continued the chase long after my return to Germany. What astounded me more than anything else was the cleverness he displayed in keeping the details of this dramatic affair

out of the Press. Such a thing would not have been possible in Germany.

No one, I think, has revealed the true facts of this amazing story before now. When we got back to Osborne after our night's adventure, Melville related to King Edward exactly what had happened and, apparently, gave me full credit for the part I had played. At any rate, when His Majesty saw me in the park he raised his hat to me as if to thank me.

The funeral procession passed off without untoward incident. The Kaiser went back without hearing a word of what had taken place and I, as usual, returned to my duties in Berlin to be congratulated on an enjoyable holiday which might now be offset by doing a little *real* work.

CHAPTER XXXI

ARISTOCRATIC DOWRY HUNTERS

WHEN you are the detective of an Emperor you are entrusted with all sorts of confidential tasks which have to be kept secret at all costs. A good many years ago, shortly after I had joined the secret police in Berlin, there appeared in many of the leading German papers advertisements inserted by officers seeking marriage—and also money.

Putting the matter quite plainly, they were nothing less than unblushing attempts to sell a certain position in society in exchange for good hard cash. The announcements used to run like this :

" Officer, fine appearance, tall, wants to marry. Lady must have dowry of at least 500,000 marks."

Or, much to the Kaiser's disgust, there would appear an advertisement worded in this fashion :

" Officer of one of the crack Guards regiments, handsome, well set-up, seeks marriage. Large dowry essential. Faith subordinate matter."

Now, one must understand that in Germany at this time the army was all-supreme. When an officer entered a restaurant or a café the unfortunate people sitting down had to rise to their feet and wait until the great man condescended to seat himself. That was all part and parcel of the Kaiser's play for the future glorification of Germany. One can well imagine, then, how annoyed His Majesty was to find that officers out of his swagger regiments were actually descending to the indignity of putting themselves on offer to any old frau with money. Herr von Richthofen, the Police President at the time, was sent for and in a somewhat stormy interview with the All-Highest received imperative instructions to find

out who the advertisers were and report their names to the War Office, after which they would be severely dealt with.

Richthofen, for whom I had already carried out several discreet commissions satisfactorily, at once sent for me and told me what the Kaiser had said.

"You will use your discretion," he remarked. "Of course, you are not to take any action beyond ascertaining the names. As to how you will do that must rest entirely with you."

As I have already said, I liked these commissions that came direct from the Emperor. You could take your own time and spend plenty of money, conscious of the fact that no one would dare to query the expense. Behold me, then, a few days later installed in a comfortable little office which I intended to utilize as a sort of matrimonial agency. A tactful lady friend of mine was engaged as a sort of agent who could play the potential mother-in-law or bride as the case may be. I also supplied her with a nice selection of notepaper tastefully decorated with coronets and coats-of-arms.

My task was to study all the different Berlin, provincial and foreign newspapers looking for these matrimonial advertisements. One day there appeared in a Dresden paper this notice:

"Hoeherer Beamter [High Civil Servant] and also officer in reserve of one of the smartest cavalry regiments, tall, splendid appearance, wants to marry. Religion subordinate matter. Dowry necessary. Offers under Box A.R. 1876 to the office of this paper."

The day this advertisement appeared it was also noticed at the War Office and sent on to the Police President in order that I might discover who "A.R." was. So I at once got busy.

"With reference to your advertisement of the 20th instant," wrote my fair confederate on a sheet of notepaper that would have done credit to a Grand Duke, "will you please be in the waiting room of the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof on Monday the 28th, for an interview. It is not concerning myself, but my daughter, with whom I shall shortly come to Berlin. As a distinctive mark I will carry two white carnations and a white handkerchief in my right hand."

The letter was not posted in Berlin. Oh, dear no. I sent it on to Neustrelitz in Mecklenburg because "A.R." might

smell a rat at the idea of a Berlin woman answering a matrimonial advertisement. In the meantime, while awaiting a reply, it was decided that my assistant should pose as a widowed landowner of Waren who wanted to marry her daughter. Everything else would be according to the letter sent. On the day of the meeting I was to fetch her at four o'clock at her apartment and carefully see that she looked the part.

Unfortunately, my plans didn't work out according to schedule. They say that disasters rarely come alone and on the 28th one of my police colleagues had his birthday. Half a dozen of us went out at midday to a festive luncheon instead of going home to our wives. The wine began to flow and soon everybody was in a good humour. One o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock, four and then five passed by. I had forgotten all about my appointment at four o'clock. But at about 5.30 p.m., when things were getting very jolly indeed, I suddenly remembered. That was just about after the twentieth "Hoch" to the man whose birthday we were celebrating.

If it had been anybody but the Minister of War interested in the matter I shouldn't have worried. But he, I knew, was waiting for a report the next day. Quickly I told my colleagues that the party must break up, at any rate for the time being, and also that they must help me. One I sent out to buy some white carnations. With another I rushed off to the Central Hotel just opposite the Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof. The hotel porter was an old friend of mine. I explained the situation and told him he must lend me his uniform. A few minutes later, looking the part to the life, I was dressed up in a gorgeous blue and gold-braided contraption worthy of a regimental band.

Something else had to be done. I was already so late for the appointment that I had to write a letter on the hotel paper expressing my deepest sorrow that I could not come at six o'clock because I had received visitors and had to accompany them to the theatre. But at eleven o'clock I should be in the waiting room. I imitated as well as I could the writing of my assistant and addressed the envelope to "A.R. 1876." I also took with me as a precaution a second envelope and a piece of the hotel letter paper.

Equipped in the porter's brand-new uniform, with his beautiful gold-trimmed cap on my head, I left the hotel on

very good terms with myself carrying a bunch of white carnations in my hand. A minute or so later I was in the station room. One of my colleagues with my own hat and coat waited outside, while the others, all agog to see what happened, were in a small street behind the station where they could look into the waiting room.

There is nothing better than military punctuality. Sharp at six o'clock a distinguished-looking gentleman entered the waiting room dressed in a fur coat and top hat. It was all I could do to prevent bursting out laughing when I saw that he carried in his hand two white carnations and a white handkerchief. He examined the people standing about and for some time did not notice me. I felt like an actor on the stage. Taking off my cap with one hand, and holding *my* carnations, handkerchief and letter in the other, I went up to my man. He didn't appear very glad to see me.

"What do you want?" he asked sharply. Then he caught sight of the carnations and was a little more friendly.

"Your pardon, mein Herr," I said humbly. "I am from the Central Hotel and a lady who stays there told me to come over here with a letter for a gentleman who would be here at six o'clock with two carnations and a handkerchief in his hand."

He looked—and no doubt felt—a perfect fool. He flushed right up and it was all I could do to preserve my gravity but, keeping a straight face, I went on:

"The lady begs you to excuse her. Quite unexpectedly some people came to see her and she had to go out with them. But she has written you this letter and also sent an envelope and some paper in case you wish to reply."

He opened the epistle and read it through, I watching him with great interest. Then he sat down at the table and wrote an answer, handed it to me, then asked me for the two carnations I carried. Better still, he opened his purse and took out a twenty-mark piece.

"What is the name of the lady?" he inquired before giving me the money.

"Herr Baron," I said very civilly, "I have orders not to speak about that."

"Oh, all right, tell the lady you have seen me and that I shall be here at eleven o'clock."

He handed over the twenty marks and left the waiting room with his head in the air. My colleagues came in and loudly expressed their delight at continuing the birthday party with my tip. Like lightning I opened the envelope. But, sad to say, there was no name there—only the initials that had been in the advertisement. I swore, but duty is duty.

Off came my porter's coat. Both it and the cap went into the arms of one of my colleagues. From one of the others I snatched my own overcoat and hat and ran after "A.R." Luckily for me, one of the men outside had orders to watch which way the marriage candidate went. More fortunately still, he had been held up on the corner of the street by a friend. They were still speaking together when I caught sight of them. I waited a few minutes until they had finished, put a monocle in my eye, and then hurried after the friend.

"Pardon," I said when I got up to him, "but is that gentleman you just spoke to Captain Goerne? My name is Helldorf. He and I, I believe, were in the same regiment some years ago."

"Oh, no," replied the stranger quite affably. "The gentleman I was talking to just now was Councillor of State A. R——" (I had better not give his real name). "He has been a Cuirassier officer in Brandenburg."

"Oh, then, I am mistaken," I said apologetically, raising my hat. I went off and returned to the station. Now the birthday party could go on. Picking up my police colleagues, we went back to the café where the celebration had been taking place and quickly got rid of the twenty marks—as well as a little more.

At one o'clock in the morning the man who had been watching the waiting room came in and reported that "A.R." had been sitting there from eleven o'clock until midnight looking very disconsolate. He had drunk three cups of coffee, half a dozen cognacs, and had then gone across to the Central Hotel muttering to himself. He had spoken a few words to the night porter. Then he went to a large house in the Wilhelmstrasse.

We soon established his identity then. The next morning I gave his name to the Police President and as far as I was concerned the matter was at an end. Afterwards, I heard,

A PHOTOGRAPH FROM DOORN

he received from the War Office a letter which effectually deterred him from any further advertising for a rich wife. He was cashiered. The only sequel for my part was the request I received to account for the twenty marks !

But the advertisements still continued. One morning Richthofen received instructions to attend on the Kaiserin immediately. When he came back he sent for me and spoke so politely that I thought he wanted to give me a decoration. But it was something else.

" Herr Steinhauer," he said, producing a newspaper cutting, " I have just come from the Kaiserin and she would like to know who this prince is."

I read the notice, which ran as follows :

" German prince wants marriage. Dowry at least 5,000,000 marks. Offers under K.A. to Wien-Alstadt, Hauptpostant [Vienna Old Town General Post office]."

The advertisement had appeared in a Vienna newspaper about six weeks previously and I gathered from Richthofen that both the Kaiser and the Kaiserin had been trying to find out who the advertiser was. But apparently without success.

" What can you do about this ? " asked Richthofen.

" Well," I said, " if it is really a prince, it is hardly likely he will go to the post office and ask for the replies."

" That is what I told the Kaiserin. She thinks it very unlikely that we shall be able to find out who this prince is. But do your best," he added, " and if you are successful you will receive a special reward."

Thus stimulated, I set to work. This time I didn't bother about any elaborate schemes of enticing the impecunious dowry hunter to Berlin. Instead, I went to the nearest post office and sent this telegram :

" K.A., Wien-Alstadt, Hauptpostant. Why no answer to letter of June 6 ? Send letter and photograph back at once if offer is not accepted. Dowry not four but six million. If further communication wanted, please test the name of the candidate. King's Counsel, Central Hotel, Berlin."

The bluff was successful. By four o'clock the next day came the reply :

"Not received your letter of June 6. Must have got lost or in other hands. Please renew offer. It is about Prince of H., Cassel."

Perhaps I had better not disclose the Prince's identity; he might not like it. The moment I knew his name I hurried off to see Herr von Richthofen, but found that he had left his office. However, he had given orders where I could see him if anything urgent cropped up. I found him with some friends enjoying a bottle of wine. His usually serious face relaxed when I reported my success. Another bottle was produced—and another. It would be a tremendous feather in his cap to be able to tell the Kaiserin that *he* had found the erring prince so quickly.

I was young then; I did not realize that none of the credit would be mine. Richthofen hurried off to see the Empress. The next morning, more pleased than ever, he handed me a hundred-mark bill and expressed the opinion that I had a bright future before me. The Empress had been astonished at the speed with which the secret had been unearthed. The only fly in the ointment was that Richthofen himself had been unable to tell her how it had been done. That little matter I kept to myself.

CHAPTER XXXII

GUARDING THE KAISER

AS may be gathered from the preceding chapters, it was a varied life I led. In spite of the fact that a strong personal guard was as necessary in Germany as it was abroad, the Kaiser refused to have detectives about him. Perhaps he only pretended, or probably he knew nothing of the many attempted assassinations which were usually nipped in the bud by the political police.

One must bear in mind that a few years before the war Nihilists were extremely active all over Europe. For a time at least the sad death of the Empress of Austria badly frightened the Kaiser, at any rate until the scare died down.

The members of his entourage would never tell him anything unpleasant, so much so that when he thought he recognized an official he would send word through his aide-de-camp that he did not want any detectives about; they could go back to police headquarters without worrying about him.

It seemed to cause His Majesty a certain amount of malicious amusement to " discover " detectives of his own, in all probability the idea being to annoy the Chief of Police. It always used to please the Kaiser if he could find a reason for telling the head of a department that he did not know how to conduct his business. In this little matter his aides-de-camp supported him. They liked to be able to whisper to him and were secretly gratified when the Chief of Police had been hauled over the coals.

But nevertheless the safety of the Emperor had to be considered; that lay in the interests of the State, whether the

Kaiser and his adjutants wanted it or not. Finally it reached the point that the detectives had to carry on their service in all sorts of disguises. One went as a butcher, another as a baker and a third as a mason or a carpenter. That such a state of things could prevail was due to the fact that the police very seldom had at their head a man with a backbone. Most of them had never been trained in police work. They were usually either members of the same university corps or people who had influence with the Kaiser in other directions. They got their posts as a " birthday present " and kept them until a better place came into view for them. One could not hope from such people that they would seriously make a stand against the actions of the Kaiser as I have depicted them, although they represented a direct encroachment on the right of the Chief of Police. They ought to have done it but were afraid to do so because they were under an obligation to the Kaiser.

One day the Kaiser was riding with his chief adjutant through the Tiergarten. I was responsible for his personal safety just then and, since I did not want to be recognized, I had tied round me a butcher's apron and had a butcher's tray on my shoulder. As he crossed over the Tiergartenstrasse to ride in the Bendlerstrasse the aide-de-camp noticed me. I had spoken with him during the morning in order to find out what the Kaiser was going to do during the day. I saw how he grinned and whispered something to His Majesty. The latter looked round and nodded to the aide-de-camp with a smile.

The next afternoon I had to appear before the Chief of Police and he angrily told me the following tale: On the previous evening the Kaiser had been with some of his Ministers at an evening party. There he had related aloud with a laugh that on riding in the Bendlerstrasse he had immediately recognized one of the bodyguard disguised as a butcher's boy. Of course, all the people present were merry over the incident and made a laughing-stock of the Chief of Police and of his detectives.

" You were that detective and I have to tell you that you went about your business in a very unskilful manner," said the Chief.

I got my own back, however.

"Herr President," I said, "if anybody maintains that the Kaiser recognized me then it is a lie."

"How's that?"

Then I told him the occurrence as it had actually happened.

"These hypocrites," he murmured. Then he gave me his hand and said: "That's all right, carry on."

At that time there lived in Berlin a high Russian official, a Colonel, who was in the service of the Ochrana (Secret Police) at St. Petersburg and whose task it was to guard the life of the Tsar from outside. His job was to watch the Nihilists and other revolutionary elements abroad. He had about a dozen officers at his disposal, mostly Russians, but also some Germans who had been previously in the German police force. As he had plenty of money from Russia at his command his officers worked splendidly.

One day I was called to the grey-headed Chief of Political Police, Geheimrat Muhl. In his office the Russian mentioned above was present. Both told me that for some time there had been a Nihilist in Berlin who had pretended to be an Englishman and had reported himself to the police as such, but in reality was a Russian and belonged to the Terrorist section of the Nihilists. He lived in a little hotel in the neighbourhood of the Schlesischen Bahnhof. I had to make his acquaintance as quickly as possible and to get everything out of him I could. It was very incriminating for the man that they had found in his possession the address of a dentist named Sylvester in Berlin Koniggratzerstrasse near the Brandenburger Gate.

Sylvester was known to all of us, for he was the Kaiser's dentist, to whom he often went. On the same evening I took up my residence in the little hotel at the Schlesischen Bahnhof and next morning I had already made the acquaintance of the Nihilist at the breakfast table. I had so arranged my time that I was in the hall with the porter when he came down. I asked the porter in English where the English Consulate was. That individual did not understand my question and the stranger came to my assistance. He offered to take me to the tram which I should have to use in order to get there. After that we took breakfast together.

In excited chatter the Nihilist had forgotten that we had to take a tram, and suddenly we discovered that we were in

front of the English Consulate. There I left him and at five o'clock in the afternoon I met him again in the hotel. I did not take the slightest notice of him in order not to arouse his mistrust. I had calculated correctly, for finally he came to me and asked how I thought of spending the evening. As I had no particular plan we both went into Schippanowskie's Bierhallen. Being together with him was very unpleasant for me as I had to represent in his presence an Englishman who could not understand German. On that account I had told him that I was going to start for Hamburg the next morning. In the night Geheimrat Muhl had already a complete report about the man. He was neither Russian nor English but a Pole by birth and a Nihilist of formidable reputation.

From the next morning, together with the officer who had been deputed to do duty with me, I shadowed him. This was not particularly easy, for he knew me. I had, as it happened, disguised myself with a pair of side whiskers. On the fifth day of our acquaintance, about eight o'clock in the morning, he left his dwelling. In contradiction to his usual habit he was fashionably dressed that day in black frock coat and top hat. In his hand he carried a yellow leather case of medium size. In front of the Schlesischen Bahnhof he took a closed cab and gave the driver the direction "Brandenburger Gate." We both followed in two cabs. He got out at the Gate, went through it, and then walked slowly up and down in front of the so-called Blucherschen Palace. In his smart attire one might have taken him for a member of the Diplomatic Service. On that day he certainly fitted the picture better than we did.

Suddenly we saw that further on towards the Potsdamer Bahnhof crowds of people were collecting. The Kaiser had come out with his adjutant from the back door of the Foreign Office, crossed the street diagonally, and gone off to the dentist. My Pole had known all that beforehand, for he did not seem at all astonished, but went slowly and thoughtfully towards the dentist's house. There, as always on such an occasion, a large number of people had gathered and were waiting for the return of the Kaiser, being kept back meanwhile by several uniformed and plain-clothes police. My Pole mingled with the crowd, and then went up to an officer and asked the address of the French military attaché. Shortly

before I had seen three or four men entering the dentist's house without attaching any importance to this circumstance. The uniformed officer shrugged his shoulders and answered the Pole that he did not know. The Pole bowed very politely and went into the house.

The moment had now come for me to act ; I could now take it for certain that our suspect was up to something. I gave my colleague a sign and we both went into the house. To my great astonishment I was received there by the Russian colonel who whispered to me with a smile : " It's all right. We've got him."

I heard a noise on the stairs as if somebody was dragging away something heavy, but at the request of the Russian I left the house with my colleague since the Kaiser might come out at any moment. We had scarcely got outside when the crowd began to shout hurrah. As we turned round the Kaiser stood with his aide-de-camp in the door in the act of leaving the house. He went fifty yards down the Koniggratzerstrasse. There stood his carriage ; he got in and drove off to the cheers of the crowd.

In all this disturbance nobody had noticed that behind the Kaiser five persons had left the house in which the dentist lived, deep in conversation. Nobody noticed either that amongst these five persons there was one who went with them compulsorily and had a fine steel chain on his wrist the end of which was wound round the wrist of the person accompanying him. It was also not noticed that these persons went towards a fairly big carriage and, laughing and joking, put the chained and deadly white Pole forcibly into it. As a matter of fact, the spot was fairly clear of people since most of the passers-by had rushed off to the spot where the Kaiser had driven away.

The above-mentioned episode was the work of perhaps three minutes. I was still quite taken aback by the happening when the Russian came up to me.

" Now you can take off your beard again," he said with a laugh. " You have worked splendidly and I shall not forget to tell your Chief about it. We have captured one of the most dangerous Nihilists and God alone knows what would have happened if we hadn't acted. Look here," he said, and with that he opened the yellow case.

I saw two round objects with a handle, each of them weighing something like ten pounds.

"Bombs," he remarked laconically. Then he gave me a 100-rouble note for any expenses we might have incurred and said: "This dangerous Nihilist has accomplices here. We can only get hold of them if his arrest is kept absolutely secret. Ask your Chief to see to it."

An hour later we both sat with the old Geheimrat. We shook hands on an agreement not to talk about the business. When he was ordered to go to the Chief he asked us to wait. What did not pass through our heads while we waited? Reward, praise, what might we not receive from the All-Highest? And what did come? The Kaiser expressed to the President of Police through his aide-de-camp his displeasure at noticing several detectives even in front of the dentist's house! Of course, we looked astonished and my comrade, one of the oldest police officials in Berlin, allowed himself a word in the matter, remarking dryly: "Well, we might as well have allowed the bombs to be thrown."

"Don't worry about it, gentlemen," said the Geheimrat. "You'll often get a snub without deserving it. After all, you are serving the Kaiser. But I am very pleased with you and shall make it known on the first opportunity."

For me, the most pleasurable moment of this adventure was when the Russian pressed the 100-rouble note into my hand. This sounds material but it was more than that for me. It was a recognition in the midst of the All-Highest's displeasure and narrow-mindedness.

A few years later when I was with the Kaiser at Rominten in East Prussia I met the Russian colonel again. Round his neck he wore a white cross. "The reward for that little episode," he declared, smiling. But I did not envy him.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE ECCENTRIC PRINCE FREDERICK LEOPOLD

ONE of the most peculiar figures at the German court, one who gave endless opportunity for the gossips of the Berlin and Potsdam population, was undoubtedly Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia. He was the son of the famous Red Prince and had married the sister of the Empress.

But the Prince, who lived at his castle on the River Havel called " Klein-Glienicke," completely failed to get on with his self-opinionated and selfish brother-in-law, the Kaiser. Being an immensely wealthy man himself, he deemed it beneath his dignity to submit to the Kaiser in any shape or form. Also, he was eccentric to a degree.

Although they both lived in Potsdam, they seldom met; in fact, it might almost be said that they were enemies. To a certain extent the Kaiser was to blame. I often thought it would have been wiser had he made some attempt to be on better terms with the Prince and also made some allowance for his little eccentricities. Perhaps then he would have discovered that the Prince was not half a bad fellow.

The Kaiser's openly expressed contempt embittered him and in time he became almost a recluse. Unfortunately, the Prince was by way of being a snob, a failing somewhat common in this branch of the Hohenzollern family. It certainly made him extremely unpopular with high and low alike. All his subordinates detested him. My duties as a detective frequently took me into the households of a number of royal personages, where I speedily discovered that the servants were nothing like so submissive and loyal as they were at the court

of the old Emperor. But, as the French say, *Autres temps, autres mœurs*. In some of the royal residences one came across real respect and even affection towards certain members of the family. At least they were not entirely antagonistic to their masters.

How different it was with Prince Frederick Leopold ! Master and servants hated each other with equal bitterness. I don't think a single retainer of his would have made an attempt to save him from drowning, even if the opportunity had presented itself. As for the Princess, she was no less unpopular.

It is fairly obvious, then, that in a household where there is no sympathy and understanding all sorts of irregularities will occur. For this reason I frequently had occasion to visit the castle in an official capacity. Although the Prince was very extravagant and spent a lot of money on himself, he could also, at times, be unbelievably mean. The result was very much what might be expected ; the servants retaliated by robbing him right and left.

The immediate consequence was, in a way, rather humorous. The Kaiser himself heard that his brother-in-law was spending enormous sums of money on his household expenses and therefore took it as his prerogative, he being the head of all the German royal families, to order an investigation into the matter. Maybe he resented any one in Germany spending more money than he did.

His Majesty had another grievance. Prince Frederick quarrelled with his various Court Marshals so frequently that he was always changing them, the result being a long succession of pensions which the Kaiser thought nothing less than a scandal. The upshot of the matter was that he instructed Count von Donnersmark to overhaul the Prince's household with full authority to investigate everything and to report to him, the Kaiser, personally. Such things could, and did, happen in Germany, strange as they may seem.

Naturally enough, Prince Frederick very much resented this interference and made himself so rude to Count von Donnersmark that the latter came to Berlin and requested my assistance. He knew I was familiar with the Prince's household, there having been many other occasions on which I had been called in. The Count told me about the Kaiser's command

to put the Prince's house in order, adding that His Majesty particularly wanted me to discover how it was that the bills were so heavy. He said I could have a free hand.

Prince Frederick's household affairs were nothing new to me. I had known for a long time that he was being heavily plundered by his servants. But there was only one way to get to the bottom of the mystery and that was to smuggle a man of my own into the house as one of the staff. He would then be able to report to me everything that took place.

The Prince had a great fondness for French chefs. At police headquarters in Berlin we had a clever detective who had been with Count Münster, our Ambassador to Paris, and who spoke French very well. I sent for him and gave him certain instructions. The next day, looking like a tramp, he called at the castle and asked for a meal. But he could speak nothing but French. Thereupon a servant took him to the chef, who not only fed him, but, out of pity for a distressed countryman, promptly gave him a job in the royal kitchen. So far, so good.

This detective of mine had arranged to meet me three times a week at night. Our rendezvous was an unused gate at the garden wall. We met at midnight and then I learnt many interesting things as to where the Prince's money was going. Strictly speaking, it did not matter much what he spent. At the time, he owned that great stretch of land between Berlin and Potsdam worth many millions of pounds. After the revolution, it was taken away from him. However, orders were orders.

Within a fortnight the man inside had already got together sufficient evidence to make a case. The amount of robbery going on was simply appalling and the manner of it so impudent as to be almost incredible. According to the tradesmen's books, over 200 eggs were delivered daily, whilst in reality no more than thirty were consumed!

The detective told me what happened to the rest. The eggs generally stood in the kitchen on a side table, close to a boy entrusted with the job of peeling the royal potatoes. When the various servants had finished their work they used to pass through the kitchen because they were on the look-out for something to steal. Cunningly they placed themselves with their backs against the table and chattered in con-

descending fashion with the boy whilst they helped themselves to the eggs. They took no notice whatever of my man. In German, believing he did not understand a word of it, they would boast : " See, you silly French fool, we are taking your eggs." The boy himself knew what was happening but dared not say a word.

Other things were disappearing as well, sausages, meat and bacon, and even kitchen utensils. The more they took the better my pseudo-Frenchman liked it. He told me that some of the servants even had their pockets lined with leather to prevent the food spoiling their clothes !

The Prince bought most of his household necessities in Berlin. The result of this was downright swindling. The monthly bill for meat was anything between 16,000 and 18,000 marks, but the amount actually consumed in the house was worth no more than 2,000 marks. Cucumbers would be charged at ten times their proper price, a fowl which you could buy at any shop for seven marks would be charged at seventy, while the livery of the servants was charged at double its proper price, the difference going into the pockets of the men concerned. One of the cooks actually had the audacity to have 2,000 marks' worth of wine delivered to himself and charged to the Prince. He, I learnt, suddenly got frightened and disappeared.

Of course, Prince Frederick himself set the example. It was a pleasant little habit of his, if anything annoyed him, such as a salt-cellar not being in its proper place on the dinner table, to take hold of the tablecloth and sweep everything off the table in one fell swoop ! Also, it was rather amusing to learn that his French chef liked him so well that when he passed through the kitchen he, the chef, would call after him : " Sale cochon de Prussien " (Dirty pig of a Prussian).

For eight weeks the detective and I worked together and then the great spring-cleaning began. I got a complete list of all the tradespeople and servants who had been robbing the Prince and, together with a long report, forwarded it to the Kaiser, who was then at Naples. They were all dismissed, after which His Majesty suggested that it might be a very good thing if I became private secretary to his reckless brother-in-law.

I sought the advice of my then Chief, the venerable Count

Bernstorff, who promptly said: "Don't have anything to do with it, Steinhauer. It may mean trouble. At present, the Kaiser is at variance with the Prince, but to-morrow they might be reconciled and then you will get what is known as the order of the boot."

But other people had noticed my activities. Court-Marshal von Trotha approached my Chief with the request that I should come to his house for the same purpose. I declined with thanks. What did I get for all the trouble I took in saving Prince Frederick many thousands of pounds? My reward was £25 and that of my assistant £15. For this paltry sum we lost weeks of sleep and made scores of enemies.

I recollect a case at Liebenberg when several buildings were gutted through arson. Prince Eulenburg sent to Berlin for a first-class detective, but without success. It devolved upon the village policeman to find the culprit, who proved to be a lunatic. Great joy at Liebenberg! The Kaiser happened to be on a visit at the time. He called for the policeman to hear the ins-and-outs of the story, shook him by the hand, and said he was better than any Berlin detective. Others at the castle did the same. An old lady of noble ancestry pressed his hand with rapture.

"Just think of it," she gushed. "What a lucky man you are! The Kaiser has shaken hands with you."

But, as the policeman himself informed me, nobody dropped a coin into his hand—not even the Kaiser.

Prince Frederick's strange habits, as I have already indicated, brought about frequent changes in his domestic staff, with the result that all sorts of undesirable people got into his employ. That was how I came to be called in so often. But not in the ordinary way: it would never do for such a well-known "Kriminal Kommissar" as myself to be seen calling upon his royal highness so often. Instead, I had an arrangement whereby the Prince's carriage was sent for me once a week so that I might appear as a guest. I was privileged to take tea with the royal couple and the manner in which I did so is well worth recapitulating.

When I arrived at the castle a servant ran hot-foot to the park and announced me. Ten minutes or so later he would return to say that their royal highnesses were awaiting me.

After exchanging greetings, the Prince would raise his right hand, looking towards the opposite end of the park, which appeared empty and forsaken. As quick as lightning, however, the whole place seemed to come to life. Half a dozen lackeys appeared carrying tables, trays, screens, as well as chairs. They also brought lighted candles and incense. When all was ready the butler raised his right arm, the Prince did the same, and as if the earth had swallowed them all the servants disappeared simultaneously?

Then, and not before, did we take our seats round the tea-table. The water was boiling and the Princess herself made the tea. She offered me cucumber on toast: "Like they do in England," she remarked graciously. I don't think she had been there more than once or twice in her life, but that is neither here nor there. Once or twice I felt like telling her that caviar on toast was more in my line.

We dwelt for hours over our tea discussing the troubles of the household and the outer world generally at great length. On one notable occasion Prince Frederick's eldest son made his appearance. He had been ill and was now convalescent, but he made no appeal to me, so strongly did he reek of scent and powder. When I was introduced to him he took no notice. I got rather annoyed and showed it so much that the Princess began to look very uncomfortable. Thereupon she impressed upon her offspring that I was a person who stood very high in the Kaiser's regard and should not have been invited to tea otherwise. That made the youthful prince become slightly more condescending.

This was in the year 1916, when nearly everybody in Germany talked about food.

"Do tell us the story about the butter at Munich," said the Princess to her son.

The young gentleman related a story of how he had been a student there and found himself able to obtain ample supplies of fresh butter, although it was then almost unprocurable. When he asked his valet about the matter, that functionary replied that he obtained it from the grocer's across the road, adding that he had to pay a lot for it. The Prince felt a little curious. He went to the grocer and on the threat of divers pains and penalties demanded to know where he obtained *his* supplies.

"From the valet of your royal highness," said the obedient grocer.

It turned out that the valet had parents in the country who sent their son a big parcel of butter every week which in turn he sold to the grocer at a huge profit. Imagine the disgust of the Prince, who thought the lower classes had little or no right to live at all!

One day a real tragedy overtook this strange household. It was the practice of the Princess when a change of servants took place to request me to keep a watchful eye on the newcomers. On one of my weekly visits she informed me of the arrival of a new maid, adding that she was a perfect jewel of a girl and that I had no need to worry about her. This girl, it appeared, came from Kieff and soon got on intimate terms with her mistress. I thought the matter not a little strange, for the girl was a Russian and seemed out of place in the household of a German royal family. One afternoon a lady in great distress, heavily veiled, sailed into my office. It was the Princess.

"Herr Steinhauer, a terrible thing has happened. Just imagine, this person from Kieff has robbed me right and left. She has taken a lot of valuable jewels. What shall I do?"

I could hardly suppress a smile, for I had suspected the fascinating Russian girl all along. In any case, a Princess should never make friends with a maid. It is bound to be fatal.

After a lot of trouble I got from the Princess a list of the missing jewels. Then I sent two of my men to the lodgings of the girl to ask her what she had done with her plunder. She became hysterical, raved and screamed, but finally produced some of the missing articles. She was threatened with arrest if she did not find the others and ultimately, after a lot of trouble, promised that the rest would be forthcoming in the morning.

The following day I went to see her myself, but found the door locked. I knocked, but received no answer. Then I smelt tragedy. From beneath the door there came a whiff of gas. I sent for a locksmith and got the door opened and there, on the bed, lay the pretty maid with the gas tube in her mouth stone dead.

Prince Frederick nursed his grievances to an extent which almost unhinged his mind. If I had possessed his money it would have taken more than the Kaiser's autocratic ways to upset me.

"I am accused," he said to me one day with great bitterness, "of having a fence put around my park so that I may live in greater privacy, whereas I did it merely to get free from the Kaiser's spies and busybodies who are always looking for scandal. The Kaiser thinks he has the right to regulate my morals and I know he would like to see me discredited in the eyes of my people by exposing my private life.

"What would you do, Steinhauer," he continued, "if you suddenly found your own daughter married by royal decree to a man you perhaps did not approve of? This is what has happened to me," he said bitterly. "And yet people wonder why I am so hostile to the Kaiser. I live the life of a recluse because I am made to appear such a contemptible figure in the eyes of all my friends."

When that afternoon I took leave of the Princess—it was rather damp and foggy—she jokingly observed: "Take care you don't fall in the river, Herr Steinhauer."

I looked surprised, whereupon she continued: "At least you will be able to get out of the water and go home without any publicity. It is different with people like us. The Kaiser would have two soldiers with fixed bayonets accompanying us home whether we liked it or not."

She referred to an incident which took place when she was skating on the River Havel in the early days of her married life. Some how or other she slipped and fell in the water. Rescuers came promptly enough, but the Kaiser, who unfortunately happened to be in the neighbourhood, heard of the matter and had her sent home under the escort of two soldiers. Probably he thought she had committed a terrible indiscretion in behaving like one of the common crowd.

But that did not end the trouble. His Majesty ordered that Prince Frederick should be confined to his house for eight days for allowing his wife to fall down! However, the Prince anticipated the sentence by bolting and barring every entrance to his castle. When the official executioner arrived with the Kaiser's warrant he was told to go home because Prince Frederick had already passed sentence on himself!

These comical incidents were always taking place with the unfortunate Prince Frederick. On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion they had been ordered by the Kaiser to receive some highly-placed guests who had come from the north. The Kaiser had to go away, but he issued instructions that his brother-in-law was to spare no expense. Anyhow, the Prince gave a very swagger party and, besides his brother-in-law's friends invited one of the Kaiser's aides-de-camp. This particular individual created a sensation by his height. There was something like seven feet of him !

Among Prince Frederick's treasures was a very valuable coffee set presented to his father the Red Prince by an Emperor of Japan. The set comprised twelve cups and saucers worth so much money that they were seldom used. But in honour of this very special occasion they were to be brought out for the party that evening. The guests were full of admiration. Later, when every one had gone, the steward came to the Princess in fear and trembling to say that only eleven of the cups and saucers could be found. In spite of a search in all the rooms it was still missing and there were no broken pieces to tell that an accident might have happened. The only conclusion one could come to was that a guest had gone away with a souvenir. But nevertheless, the Princess dared not say anything. She, too, had a great fear of her irascible brother-in-law. I was the only person who heard about the matter.

The weeks went by. The Prince and Princess left home and paid a few visits. When they returned to the castle a joyful steward met them. The priceless cup and saucer had not been stolen, nor even broken.

" Where, then, did you find it ? " asked her royal highness.

" On a shelf over seven feet high," said the steward. " It must have been placed there by that very tall aide-de-camp of His Majesty."

I tell this story merely to illustrate how people in the most exalted circles are fond of running to the police on any and every occasion without bothering to make proper inquiries. Years ago a lady of aristocratic birth came to my office excitedly crying that one of her servants had stolen a valuable diamond ring. She pulled out her handkerchief to wipe away her tears when, lo and behold, what should fall out but the ring itself !

When the revolution broke out in Germany, Prince Frederick was accused of hoisting the red flag on his own initiative. Maybe people thought that being a son of the Red Prince it was only fit and proper that he should go "red" at the first opportunity. But, joking aside, the Soldiers' Council did compel the Prince to run the so-called emblem of freedom over his castle and also demanded that he should give further proof of his submission by taking his meals at the same table as they did. The Prince refused to tolerate this and told them they could kill him first. However, the Princess made the best of a bad job, presided at food with the rag, tag and bobtail of Berlin and got on rather well with them. She told me so herself.

In Potsdam, the revolution was comic opera. Two of its leading lights—one of them a shoemaker by trade—demanded that I should take them to the Crown Princess Cécilie.

"And mind you, Steinhauer," they said with great ferocity, "we shall stand no nonsense from her. We are as good as her."

I duly took them along and what did they do? They stammered and they stuttered. It was: "Yes, your royal highness. No, your royal highness," until I had to burst out laughing.

Another of these would-be Robespierres peremptorily requested an interview with Prince August William. He, too, intended to stand no nonsense, even from a son of the Kaiser.

"Ah," remarked the Prince, sizing him up pretty quickly, "you are an old soldier. I can see that by your military bearing."

"Yes, your royal highness," standing stiffly to attention.

"And where did you fight?"

"On the Eastern Front, your royal highness."

The Prince gave him a cigar and he went away as meek as a lamb.

APPENDIX

A LETTER FROM STEINHAUER TO HIS TRANSLATOR

NOW, you wish to hear in conclusion, as you say, what I really think about the Kaiser. You write that you know me to be an intelligent human being (incidentally I thank you for the compliment) and as such I must have formed some opinion about the man in whose company I have spent so much of my time, with whom I have so often come into contact, and whom I have so often been able to observe without being noticed.

This opinion, as you are kind enough to add, will doubtless be correct. You write further that you would like to have from me a conviction as to how the Emperor stood in relation to a war and, you add very carefully, not exactly the last World War, but to war in general ; if he was really in favour of warfare or not.

Had you asked me in what relation the Kaiser stood to the last Great War I should simply have refused to go into this subject, for, as I have already said in the most explicit terms, I am not going to discuss the responsibility of the war. One may safely say, however, that many people could be held accountable, but it is not for me to name them. If I understand your question rightly, you want to ascertain my opinion as to how the Kaiser stood in preparation for war, for you write that there have been and are monarchs who detest war and everything appertaining to it, and others again who devote themselves to it body and soul. You name the first type " Peace Emperors." Your question, then, amounts to

nothing more or less than this: Was the ex-Kaiser such a "Peace Emperor" or not?

You told me in your letter that a monarch who claims to be of peaceable intentions will under no circumstances allow any crisis to develop into war, even when an attempt is made to force one upon him.

I would say that a king should submit to almost any humiliation rather than sacrifice the lives of millions of people who, generally speaking, do not want war. Further, all military displays should be abhorrent to any sensible ruler, civilian dress more holy than military uniform, and everything connected with warfare nothing more than a necessary evil.

He must be a man always eager to get into personal touch with all classes of his people and that too in times of peace—not merely when a war is in sight or has actually begun. Also, he should be a man who would not confine his social intercourse to military people of high rank; in his heart an officer should take no higher place than a civilian.

He must, I think, be a man who in no way places himself on a level with God; who never considers himself specially chosen by the Almighty and before all things does not believe he is of different clay to his subjects. Such a belief can only lead to inordinate vanity.

If he is a sensible ruler he will protect himself from flatterers, sycophants, false friends and bad counsellors by choosing his entourage from all classes of the populace. Above all, he must make frequent changes, otherwise, of course, he will become narrow-minded.

A monarch to whom I would apply the attribute "peaceful" must refrain from appearing in uniform day and night, but now and again should wear the coat of the common man, for, after all, he is paid by such people.

It is fatal for the ruler of a country to mix with nobody but military people, who are naturally military in their outlook on life and have only this advantage over ordinary men in that as a rule they are six feet high. If he is to be a successful monarch, he must feel the necessity of having around him plain, educated civilians.

He should sedulously refrain from entering into alliances with military States, since such pacts only arouse the mistrust of other nations and fail to function in the event of a crisis.

STEINHAUER TODAY

An Emperor who is really desirous of peace will always keep in the background where big political questions are concerned, and if he is wise he will leave the solving of such problems to his ministers, counsellors and to the representatives of his people. He should not make the slightest attempt to influence these persons or the legislative bodies of his land.

Above everything else he must be firmly convinced that he is in no way cleverer or more learned than any of his ministers, or, for the matter of that, than any other normal human being, since he is only that himself.

Certainly one cannot forbid a "Peace Emperor" from maintaining a friendship with other monarchs, but this relationship should never have the slightest influence on the politics of his country or on the acts of his ministers. What he should have at heart is the well-being and the protection of all his people irrespective of their rank, and he must also treasure the life of the simplest soldier as highly as that of one of his own sons.

The country that is ruled by such an Emperor will seldom or never be attacked ; but if it should so happen, then the nation would stand by him to the last man. He would need to have no anxiety should the war be lost, and even if it was he would be able to live peaceably as the ruler in the midst of his people.

According to this dictum, I believe that Frederick III was a "Peace Monarch" in the real sense of the word. Unfortunately, the son failed to tread in his father's footsteps. If the principles I have laid down are true, then it would be a stupendous piece of flattery to call the ex-Kaiser a "Peace Monarch."

I think I have already told you that William II is in no way to be reproached personally on this account and that he is, or I should say was, the product of his upbringing and environment. But for over twenty years I was by his side at all sorts of military manœuvres where I could not help noticing the tremendous difference between him and other European monarchs. I have seen him in the company of the Tsar of Russia, the King of England, the King of Sweden, the King of the Belgians, the Sultan of Turkey and many others, but I have never seen in one of them the wild, almost fanatical, interest in war that showed itself all too plainly in the Kaiser's face.

On such occasions I have often worried about it, and have looked into the future full of apprehension, for I have said to myself that a man who is body and soul in the game of war will not always be satisfied with the game ; there must be in him the desire to attempt the reality.

Not only at manœuvres and other military displays did this intensive love of battle manifest itself ; it was noticeable at lectures given at the War Academy. I have often known him to pick out an officer and order him to give a talk on some famous battle of bygone days. It was sufficient for the Kaiser that this particular officer gave a true and interesting lecture. He would follow it with fiery zeal and often enough complete it himself. Also, it meant that the career of the officer was assured.

One afternoon many years ago I was waiting in the department of the Great General Staff for Colonel D. of the Intelligence. He arrived fairly late and excused himself by saying that he had been to the Military Academy where the Kaiser had also paid a visit. On this occasion different officers had lectured and were then followed by the Emperor, who had a great deal to say about the possibility of war with France.

I looked at the Colonel with astonishment and asked him if there was anything in the wind.

"In the wind?" replied the Colonel. "The Kaiser to-day gave a talk so stirring that we all had the one thought : He will strike as soon as possible."

Now, there are other aspects of his reign worth mentioning. For one thing, it soothed his vanity that his Ambassadors should have high rank. In a way, they reflected his glory. He sent Prince Lichnowsky to London, but as far as Germany was concerned he was more or less a cypher. Apparently he saw nothing and heard nothing. Certainly he gave the Emperor no warning that England would take part in the European War. Had he done so, I think it more than likely that this terrible conflict might have been avoided.

I think it only right to say that the Emperor deeply deplored the break with England. When Lichnowsky came back to Berlin he was furious with him and called him many things which I shall not repeat here. Lichnowsky, I believe, retorted in kind and told the Kaiser that he was surely leading the German nation to disaster. It was generally thought in

Germany that both Lichnowsky and his wife were better friends of England than of Germany. But, as I say, the Kaiser would have a prince at any price—even if he would not have peace at any price.

You will find it almost impossible to believe the amazing egotism, or optimism, which possessed the officers of the German Army just before England declared war. As you probably know, I received instructions from the Chief of the Secret Service to rush up to Denmark to try to ascertain whether the Danes would be likely to utilize the opportunity of a world war to get back Schleswig-Holstein. It was just a few days before England decided to fight. France had already declared war and I found myself one night in a café in company with a number of our army officers excitedly discussing the possibility of England coming in on the side of France and Russia.

One young officer—I think he was a captain—expressed the opinion that England would stand by the terms of her alliance, and demanded to know what would happen to Germany then. He thought that the British Army was a much more formidable fighting factor than anybody thought.

"The British Army!" cried one fat old bearded major. "What do we want to worry about that for? It can do nothing. Why, we shall not even need any rifles to fight the British troops. It will be quite sufficient if we send over a fire brigade or two with instructions to turn the hose on them." With that, he lifted his mug of beer and took a huge draught, completely satisfied that he had settled the fate of the war.

I am not going to repeat these examples of official stupidity *ad infinitum*. One recollects the Kaiser's stirring words to the Prussian Guard as they left for the Front on the outbreak of war: "A great and glorious opportunity awaits you. I am sending you, the flower of Germany, on a mission the world will applaud, etc. etc.," and also his trite aphorism that he would never sheathe the sword until the German armies were victorious.

So now we come to the real sequel of this strange creature's disastrous reign: the hunger-stricken populace eating cats and dogs, and even beginning to look eagerly for rats and mice. Aristocratically bred wives of famous soldiers buying horseflesh in the butchers' shops of Potsdam and pathetically pretending

it is for their dogs. A maddened populace looking high and low for scapegoats, a bewildered Government faced with the necessity of signing a peace that will leave Germany enslaved for more years than any man can count. Scattered over the world the mouldering bodies of nine million men. Europe generally bankrupt. All the nations waiting—just waiting for something further to happen.

If, my friend, you should deem it derogatory to the dignity of a great nation to have a "Peace Monarch," then I can only point to the deposed William II of Germany and leave you to come to your own conclusions. There is no more that I can say.

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