

Revelations of the Kaiser's Personal Spy

By DR. ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES

Who, for a Number of Years Prior to His Arrest and Betrayal in England in 1912, Was Emperor William's Most Trusted Personal Spy

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT DR. GRAVES.

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

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

In Doctor Graves' articles appear again and again the names of the personages who loom big in the gigantic struggle of 1914.

How the Kaiser Prevented, in 1911, the Great European War.

IT was kaiser weather in Germany. Back from a five months' trip to the far East, Berlin seemed to me like heaven. I had finished secret diplomatic mission for the kaiser and, as a result, my pocketbook was full.

Days and days in the Orient make a man try to crowd into the first twenty-four hours at home all the enjoyments that Berlin offers. Accordingly, with money running through my fingers like sand, I planned a long ride in the Grunewald; I saw myself ordering the most expensive dishes on Kempinsky's menu; I would buy a good seat at the Metropole, and, to wind up, I would look in at the Admiral's Palace.

It being my first day back in Berlin, that program appealed to me far more warmly than the European diplomatic tangle. I had been idling the early afternoon hours at the Cafe Bauer, Unter den Linden, but my program for the rest of the day finally arranged, I got up, paid my bill, and strolled home.

My man must have been on the lookout for me; before I could use my key the door flew open.

A word about this man. During the South African war I had rescued him from a death flogging at the hands of a Boer Dopper. This humanitarian held the usual Boer view that a sjambok beats the Bible as a civilizing medium. Klim was a South African negro, a Basuto. He was wonderfully loyal and devoted. I could rely on him for anything—even for his life.

"Master!" he exclaimed in his heavy, jerky voice, "you are wanted on the telephone."

A Mysterious Summons.

I had an uneasy suspicion of what that meant, which was confirmed when the boy added: "No. A 11 wants you."

Bismillah! That settled it! That ended my Grunewald, Kempinsky's, the Metropole, the Admiral's Palace. It meant the highway again. It always means that when a man of my occupation is in Berlin and somebody tells me to call up that number—A 11. Whenever A 11 summons, it is wise to be prompt. It is the number of the Wilhelmstrasse, the foreign office of Germany.

I lost no time in getting a connection, and I was told to report at the Wilhelmstrasse at 10:30 that night. I was to hold myself ready for instant service.

I gave orders for my boy to have me dressed by ten o'clock. I decided to take a nap, for I knew that midnight interviews with the gentlemen at the Wilhelmstrasse often led to some mighty unexpected and protracted traveling. Before going to sleep, however, I went over the European situation. What was looming big? I hoped it was something big, for so long as a secret service agent is not blase, he likes to work when thrones or the boundaries of empires are involved.

I reflected that March—it was in 1911—had been a decidedly strenuous

month for more than one cabinet in Europe. Germany and France were snapping and snarling. France was going around with her chest stuck out, her attitude decidedly belligerent. Of course this was due to the fat fingers of honest John Bull; indeed, England had more than ten fingers in this pie that was baking.

I knew that the air was full of Morocco and war talk. I knew that there was a certain faction in Germany that was trying to push the kaiser into war. This clique, composed of army and navy men, the Junker—the "Jingo" party and the big-gun interests—backed by public opinion, were trying their utmost to urge war with France. What was the latest at the Wilhelmstrasse?

On the stroke of 10:30 I was there. I handed my number to the commissaire. This number is important. All German secret agents are known by numbers, all carry little cards.

Presently the commissaire returned and showed me into the chambers of Graf von Wedell, privy councillor to the German emperor. Together with another man, who had also just arrived, I was told to wait in an ante-chamber. We bowed, and although we took pretty good stock of each other, neither spoke. It is an unwritten law in the Imperial Secret Service not to hold unnecessary conversation.

After about half an hour's wait, we were shown into the count's private room. This rather astonished me, for the usual rule at the Wilhelmstrasse is to interview only one man at a time. Clearly something out of the ordinary was in the air.

After the count greeted us, he inquired if we were known to each other. Receiving a negative, he introduced us. My companion was a Herr von Senden, ex-officer of the Second Dragoon Guards.

"You will both be taken at half past eleven to a certain room," said the count. "You will advance to the middle, wheel to your right, face the portiere, and stand at attention. You will answer all questions, but make no comments or queries yourself. I need not enjoin you to the most absolute silence. You understand?"

I Face the Kaiser.

We bowed. Just then a gong boomed somewhere below us. And with a last word from the count—"Be ready!"—he left us. Reappearing almost immediately, he beckoned us to follow him. We noticed that he seemed even more grave than usual.

Down a flight of stairs along a great corridor we made our way, no one speaking a word. At the end of the corridor we saw two sentries; then a big solid oak door, guarded by an attendant in the livery of the royal household. At a sign from the count we halted; he nodded. The door was opened by an officer of the First Bodyguard, and, remembering our instructions, we entered and came to attention in the middle of a large room, facing an adjoining chamber, the portieres of which were divided.

The room in which we stood was brilliantly lighted, but the other was dark, save for a green glow that came from a shaded reading lamp on a big writing desk. Senden looked at the desk and gave a sort of gasp. I quite understood his emotion. For seated behind that heavy, old-fashioned desk was Wilhelm II, emperor of Germany.

We stood at rigid attention, absolutely silent for full five minutes. The dimly lit, solitary figure at the desk made no sign, but went on writing.

I am not a timid or a nervous man; the sort of work I was doing seasons one, pretty thoroughly. But this began to get on my nerves—drawn up in front of the emperor and waiting. The more I looked at that silent, lonely figure, War Lord of Europe, the more I began to feel a great longing for the African veldt, a thousand miles north of Port Natal preferably.

Suddenly the emperor made a move, and there came a sharp, rather high-pitched voice, saying, "Wedell, I will see the doctor."

At once Herr Senden was shown from the room; obviously the mission, whatever it was, was not for him.

I was bidden to step to within three paces of the emperor; the officer who escorted Herr von Senden from the room attempted to return, but was waved out. There were just the three of us. Count Wedell, standing at the corner of the desk on the right, the kaiser, and myself.

I had seen the emperor on many occasions before, but never so close. He appeared to be lost in some document. He looked well, but older than any of his portraits. Tanned almost dark, his rather lean face bore a striking likeness to Frederick the Great, more so than ever now that he is getting gray. I realized that none of his portraits do his eyes justice. Of a bluish steel gray, they have an icy, impersonal look in them that is impressive. It is hard to define, but it struck me in that moment that Lord Kitchener. Tewfik Pasha. Cecil

Rhodes, and Li Hung Chang had exactly those same eyes—the eyes of men who feel it in them to master the world.

Presently his majesty looked up, and in that same rather shrill voice, asked: "How long are you in the service?"

"Three years, sire."

"You know Morocco?"

"Morocco! So that was it! France and Germany quarreling over the bone; at the point of war over it!"

"Yes, sire!" I replied.

"How long were you in Morocco?"

continued the emperor.

"About twelve months, sire."

On this he seemed to hesitate. Frankly, I was nervous, so instead of thinking about Morocco, I noticed that the kaiser wore the undress uniform of a colonel of the First Grenadier Guards with the star of the order Pour le Mérite dangling from his coat button. As if making up his mind:

"You know Kaid Maclean?"

"Yes, sire."

"How did you get to know him?"

"I happened to be of medical assistance to Sir Harry Kaid Maclean, who was at that time commander-in-chief and man of affairs to the sultan of Morocco."

My answer seemed to please the emperor, for his eyes gleamed.

"Any likelihood of his remembering your services?"

I hesitated, then said:

"I cannot vouch for another man's memory, sire; besides, I do not care to put the Kaid to the test."

The emperor looked at me queerly, but, evidently satisfied with my answer, had given me and began to memorize its contents. Amazement must have shown in my face. A blow with a feather would have knocked me down. No wonder Wilhelm II was staring blankly, no wonder this message had to be delivered verbally. Hurriedly I began to memorize it.

Presently I saw Count Wedell come in, and he and the kaiser began to talk in whispers. Then the kaiser looked up and said:

"Have you memorized it?"

"Yes, sire."

Taking the note from me, he at once struck a match and held it under the paper until it was reduced to ashes. Then, making a curt gesture of dismissal, Wedell gave me a signal to retire and we backed toward the door.

I was in possession of a secret known only to the emperor himself—a secret which at that moment the cabinets of France and England and the financiers of the world would have given hundred of thousands of dollars to possess. Out into the hall we backed, always being careful not to commit the courtesy of turning our faces away from the emperor.

And the last I saw of him was that lonely figure seated at his desk, the greenish light playing over him, around and beyond him darkness, and his face illuminated against that background, grayish, old. There he was, at his desk at midnight, in an underground chamber of the foreign office, the emperor of Germany, working in solitude, while most of his subjects slept, tirelessly mapping out a policy the trend of which he dared discuss

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He will do. Have the dispatches ready."

I Learn of My Mission.

At once the Count hurried noiselessly into an adjoining room. The kaiser, making one of his characteristic sudden movements, flung himself back into the chair, and, looking straight at me, said:

"Besides the official dispatches you will memorize these commands for the captain of the warship Panther."

He handed me a note, which I did not immediately look at because he continued:

"Outside of Count Wedell, no one is to know anything of your mission. No one is to know that you are carrying a verbal message from me to the captain of the warship Panther. Understand?"

"Yes, sire."

The emperor as abruptly drew himself forward, and, propping up his head with his hands, fell into a deep study, gazing fixedly at nothing. He seemed in that moment to be considerably older. His face, even for the tan, had that grayish look of a man who is carrying some tremendous responsibility. It came to me swiftly—the popular clamor for war, the Panther!—the Panther was lying off Spain ready to steam across the Mediterranean to Morocco! And I was to bear secret orders from the Emperor to the Panther's captain.

Then I opened the note that the

emperor had given me and began to memorize it. Amazement must have shown in my face. A blow with a feather would have knocked me down. No wonder Wilhelm II was staring blankly, no wonder this message had to be delivered verbally. Hurriedly I began to memorize it.

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"Doctor, this is a most important affair. There is most serious trouble brewing somewhere. We have our suspicions as to what power is behind all this and we are going to find out. You are well enough acquainted with the situation to require no further illustration. You know how here at home they are also trying to force the emperor into a war."

"You will leave this package at the embassy in Paris. It must be there in the Rue de Lille by tomorrow noon. To do so you will have to catch the Orient express at half past three this morning. At the Paris legation you will receive another package which you will take on to Madrid. After delivering this, you have carte blanche to make your way to the Panther, which you will find off Barcelona. Also, you will visit Gibraltar and inform yourself of the strength and state of preparation of the British naval squadron there."

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