

# 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 Brixton 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 a secret diplomatic mission for the Kaiser and, as a result, my pocketbook was full. Days and days in the Orient make a man try to crowd into the first twenty-four hours at home all the enjoyments that Berlin offers. Accordingly, with money running through my fingers like sand, I planned a long ride in the 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 Doppler. This humanitarian held the usual Boer view that a sjambok beats the Bible as a civilizing medium. Khim 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 blasé, he likes to work when thrones or the boundaries of empires are involved.

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

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

I knew that the air was full of Morocco and war talk. I knew that there was a certain faction in Germany that was trying to push the Kaiser into war. This clique, composed of army and navy men, the Junker—the "Jingo" party and the big-gun interests—backed by public opinion, were trying their utmost to 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 Merite 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 an-

swer, he turned to Count Wedell, saying: "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 with a swift—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 its contents. Amusement must have shown in my face. A blow with a feather would have knocked me down. No wonder Wilhelm II was staring blankly, no wonder this message had to be delivered verbally. Hurriedly I began to memorize it.

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

"Have you memorized it?" "Yes, sire."

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

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

And the last I saw of him was that lonely figure seated at his desk, the 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



"There Were Just the Three of Us, Count Wedell, Standing at the Corner of the Desk on the Right, the Kaiser and Myself."

with no man save Wedell and possibly his eldest son.

Bowing, we were out in the hall; the big oak door closed. Wedell led the way to his private chamber. He produced a package of sealed papers and, handing it to me, said:

"Doctor, this is a most important affair. There is most serious trouble brewing somewhere. We have our suspicions as to what power is behind all this and we are going to find out. You are well enough acquainted with the situation to require no further 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."

He paused. "This time you will not apply at the cashier's desk. Your expenses are borne out of the emperor's private schatulle. In a few hours' time I will have French and Spanish money ready for you and send it to your lodgings. You thoroughly understand your instructions?"

Of course, you have not forgotten the message that you memorized before the emperor?"

A Dash to Spain.

I assured him I had not, and after a cordial handshake I bowed myself out and hurried back to my quarters. Here I found that my boy had my traveling bag ready with his usual thoroughness. One does not take much baggage on these trips. Pajamas, slippers, a smoking cap, and a toothbrush have seen me three-quarters around the globe, and I never carried a six-shooter in my life. In all my experience I have seen few secret agents who do carry one. The only protective article I ever carried was a little silk bag containing a mixture of cayenne pepper, snuff, and certain chemicals. It is very effective to throw into the faces of those who attack you.

Soon there came a messenger from Wedell with the promised funds, a thousand francs and two thousand pesos. It lacked a half hour to three-thirty, so I made my way to the Friedrichstrasse depot on foot. Experience had taught me that the Orient express was generally overcrowded and that unless one reached the depot early and used a good deal of palm oil, it was impossible to secure a decent seat.

A judicious oiling of palms enabled me to get a very pleasant window seat in a middle compartment. After making myself at home I took a tour through the train. It is my invariable custom to take stock of my fellow travelers, and in this case it was most imperative.

My arrival and what I accomplished in Paris are commonplace. Arriving in the Gare du Nord, I took a taxi to the German embassy in the Rue de Lille, where an undersecretary signed for my dispatches and handed me two letters addressed to the embassy of Madrid. I immediately posted his receipt to the Wilhelmstrasse, something German secret agents are always obliged to do—mail the foreign office signatures for documents as soon as they are delivered.

Without further adventure I reached Madrid. As the train was four hours late I did not present myself at the embassy. I was met by a commissaire at the station, delivered him the papers, received his signature, posted it to the Wilhelmstrasse, and made connections for Barcelona. Somewhere off that city, in the open sea, the Panther was waiting.

With the utmost difficulty I chartered a tug, and in the twilight set off to find the Panther. It was coming night when we finally saw her dark, trim hull lying against the horizon. She was well named the Panther, for in this case a false spring by her meant war.

As we steamed up alongside a sentry hailed us from the deck. I shouted that I had come to see the captain, but he told us to stand off. Finally, after persistently hailing the warship, the officer of the watch came to the rail and held parley with me. "I have imperial orders to see the captain," I shouted.

The Amazing Message.

Apparently this satisfied him, for he let me come on board. Without further delay I was shown into the captain's room. Very important the captain. Picture him, a man in the forties, straight-backed, rather jolly, and with one of those German naval beards. The slightest mistake by the captain of the Panther would have flung England and France into war with Germany. He stood for a moment regarding me.

"Well, what is this? What is your Wilhelmstrasse number?" he finally said.

"Seventeen," I told him. That appeared to satisfy the captain. I knew that the Wilhelmstrasse had wired him that "Number Seventeen" was coming. Still he was careful.

"Where were your first instructions received?"

"From Wedell."

"Subsequently?"

I felt him looking at me sharply.

"Confirmed by the emperor," I replied, "and I deliver you herewith the following message. You are requested to use the private service code as soon as I have delivered this message to you and repeat it at once direct to Count Wedell."

The captain got up and, moving noiselessly to the door, opened it swiftly. There was no one about.

"All right," he said, "let me have it."

I repeated what I had memorized, what the emperor had given me in the secret chamber, and immediately afterward destroyed all visible trace of it. I said:

"On no account, it does not matter what official commands you have received or may receive, are you to use open force when the Panther goes to Agadir. No matter what stress is brought to bear upon you by arising conditions, no matter what affront may be done your code of naval honor, you are under no circumstances to use any force against France or England."

Like myself, when the emperor gave me that message, the captain of the Panther was dumbfounded. It was a direct contradiction of the official orders he had received from the foreign office to go to Morocco and make a demonstration against the French and the English interests. Those previous orders had been to create war, this verbal message was to stop war!

Could the German "Jingoes," the big gun manufacturers, the steel people, the army and navy men, the powerful faction, have heard me deliver that message to the captain of the Panther, they would have belabored with rage. The whole empire

wanted war, but the tired, swarthy-faced man in the little underground chamber at the Wilhelmstrasse, not "absolutely absolute," as he is popularly supposed to be, deemed it wise not to fly in the face of public opinion at the time and countermand the official orders to the Panther. So he had done so in the dark, verbally, by me, knowing that so he served the best interests of his empire.

The rest is contemporary history. You remember how the Panther steamed to Morocco, how she forced her way into the harbor of Agadir and created an international sensation by remaining there about two weeks. You remember how one French and one English warship came almost simultaneously, and how the officers and everybody tingling to open fire, the terrible war that broke out in 1914 just missed being precipitated then. You may not know that the British and French admirals sent a secret ultimatum to the captain of the Panther! Unless he left Agadir he would be forced to leave. That meant war.

The Emperor's Discovery.

Now had the captain of the Panther not received the private message from the emperor, he would have been forced by his naval code to resist this ultimatum by force. Had he gone there acting under the original official orders, red war would have blazed across Europe in 1911 instead of 1914. The slightest slip would have caused it—the report of a rifle. But the Panther steamed away.

And this was the cleverest part of the emperor's scheme; he knew that France and England were allies; he did not know, though, just how sincere this alliance was. By sending the Panther into Agadir he learned that the entente cordiale really meant something, that England and France were allies, that they were prepared to resist Germany, shoulder to shoulder in war.

It took a master stroke to bring the situation up to the point of war—for it was dangerous business, with all Germany roaring for war—and then avert war when Germany and France were on the verge of it. But with his verbal message the emperor shrewdly accomplished it. The results were before him. By creating the situation he knew that he had powerful nations opposed to him. Good!

What he would do now would be to take one of those nations and, if possible, secretly ally himself with it, leaving the other out in the cold. Then began the intrigues which resulted in the isolation of France, as the Kaiser was led to believe, but which recent events have proved to be the contrary.

## DIFFERENT KINDS OF FOOLS

Comment of Indian Seems to Have Covered the Subject in a Pretty Thorough Manner.

Some years ago, when the Apache Indians were on the rampage, a party of one hundred attacked an army post, killed two of the escort, drove off the others, and captured the ambulance, in which was the safe containing \$7,000 in greenbacks. They knew that there was money inside, and they first pounded off the knob with stones, thinking the door could then be pried open.

It was a failure, of course, and then they tried to cut a hole in the safe with their tomahawks.

They had seen iron softened by fire, and the next move was to give that safe three hours roasting, but it was fireproof. After working in this way for a day and a night they dragged the safe up the side of a hill and tumbled it down two hundred feet, but the only damage done was to break off the wheels.

Finally they tried gunpowder, but not knowing how to apply it, the only result was the burning of a half dozen warriors. They then went away and left it in disgust, and it was six months later when it was found by the soldiers, and taken to a fort, where the door was blown open, and the money recovered.

When the Apaches heard that the safe had been opened, one of the braves who had worked hardest growled: "White man some fool, Indian more fool, and iron box great big fool!"

## Freak Plays in Baseball.

There was a play made the other day that ought to live in the history of freak plays in baseball: one that deserves a place with the ball that got caught in Cliff Carroll's shirt pocket and lost a game, with Isbell's drive that struck on a wire nail at the top of a fence and decided a game; with the ball that rolled into a tomato can on the Boston grounds and almost cost Boston a pennant.

The freak play happened at Buffalo in the ninth inning of a game between Indianapolis and Buffalo. The score was tied; each team had made four runs, when Hartford drove a fly to left. Kaiser sprinted over and, while running at full speed, got both hands on the ball. Just as he was making the catch he bumped the fence, the ball bounded out of his hands and went over the fence, turning the catch into a home run that gave Buffalo a 5 to 4 victory.

## New Cure for Lead Poisoning.

By plunging the victim of lead poisoning into a bath similar to that used by printers for electrotyping plates, the poison is drawn from his system, and he is usually cured after two or three baths. The effectiveness of this method is shown by the fact that after a sufferer has been given the bath large deposits of lead are found on the electrodes and in the water.