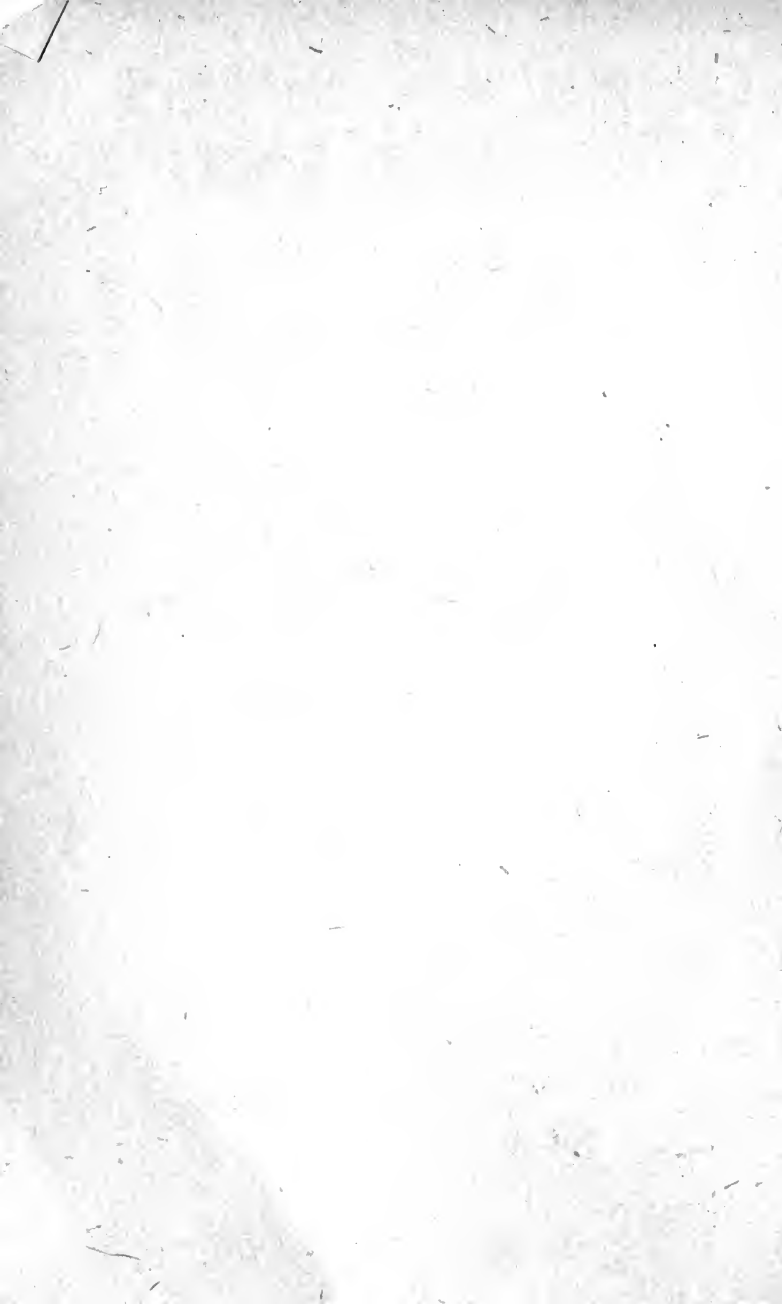


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**GERMAN SPIES IN  
ENGLAND**



# GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND

**AN EXPOSURE**

BY  
**WILLIAM LE QUEUX**

AUTHOR OF  
"LYING LIPS," "FATAL THIRTEEN,"  
"THE FOUR FACES," ETC.

UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA

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## CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	TO THE READER . . . . .	7
I.	HOW THE TRUTH WAS HIDDEN	11
II.	THE KAISER'S SECRET RE- VEALED . . . . .	22
III.	HOW THE PUBLIC WERE BAMBOOZLED . . . . .	36
IV.	UNDER THE KAISER'S THUMB	57
V.	HOW SPIES WORK . . . . .	66
VI.	SOME METHODS OF SECRET AGENTS . . . . .	78
VII.	MASTER - SPIES AND THEIR CUNNING . . . . .	93
VIII.	THE SPY AND THE LAW . . . . .	116
IX.	A REMARKABLE SPY . . . . .	138
X.	SOME RECENT CASES . . . . .	152
XI.	27,000 ALIENS AT LARGE IN GREAT BRITAIN . . . . .	171
XII.	HOW TO END THE SPY PERIL	196



UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

## TO THE READER

FROM the outbreak of war until to-day I have hesitated to write this book. But I now feel impelled to do so by a sense of duty.

The truth must be told. The peril must be faced.

Few men, I venture to think, have been more closely associated with, or know more of the astounding inner machinery of German espionage in this country, and in France, than myself.

Though the personnel of the Confidential Department established at Whitehall to deal with these gentry have, during the past six years, come and gone, I have, I believe, been the one voluntary assistant who has remained to watch and note, both here and in Belgium—where the German headquarters were established—the birth and rapid growth of this ever-spreading canker-worm in the nation's heart.

## 8 GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND

I am no alarmist. This is no work of fiction, but of solid and serious fact. I write here of what I know; and, further, I write with the true spirit of loyalty. Though sorely tempted, at this crisis, to publish certain documents, and make statements which would, I know, add greatly to the weight of this book, I refrain, because such statements might reveal certain things to the enemy, including the identity of those keen and capable officials who have performed so nobly their work of contra-espionage.

Yet to-day, with the fiercest war in history in progress, with our bitterest enemy threatening us with invasion, and while we are compelled to defend our very existence as a nation, yet Spies are nobody's business!

It is because the British public have so long been officially deluded, reassured and lulled to sleep, that I feel it my duty to now speak out boldly, and write the truth after a silence of six years.

Much contained within these covers will probably come as a complete revelation to many readers who have hitherto, and perhaps not unjustly, regarded spies as the mere picturesque creation of writers of fiction. At

the outset, however, I wish to give them an assurance that, if certain reports of mine—which now repose in the archives of the Confidential Department—were published, they would create a very considerable sensation, and entirely prove the truth of what I have ventured to write within these covers.

I desire, further, to assure the reader that, since 1905, when I first endeavoured to perform what I considered to be my duty as an Englishman, I have only acted from the purest patriotic motives, while, from a pecuniary point of view, I have lost much by my endeavour.

The knowledge that in the past, as now, I did what I conceived to be but my duty to my country, was, in itself, an all-sufficient reward; and if, after perusal of this book, the reader will only pause for a moment and reflect upon the very serious truths it contains, then I shall have accomplished all I have attempted.

We have, since the war, had a rude awakening from the lethargy induced by false official assurances concerning the enemy in our midst.

It is for the nation to now give its answer, and to demand immediate and complete satisfaction from those who were directly responsible for the present national peril, which, if unchecked, must inevitably result in grave disaster.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

Hawson Court,  
Buckfastleigh, Devon.  
*February, 1915.*

# GERMAN SPIES IN ENGLAND

## CHAPTER I

### HOW THE TRUTH WAS HIDDEN

THE actual truth regarding Germany's secret and elaborate preparations for a raid upon our shores has not yet been told. It will, however, I venture to think, cause considerable surprise.

A few curious facts have, it is true, leaked out from time to time through the columns of the newspapers, but the authorities—and more especially the Home Office, under Mr. McKenna—have been most careful to hide the true state of affairs from the public, and even to lull them into a false sense of security, for obvious reasons. The serious truth is that German espionage and treasonable propaganda have, during past years, been allowed by a slothful military administration to take root so deeply, that the authorities to-day find themselves powerless to eradicate its pernicious growth.

Unfortunately for myself—for by facing the British public and daring to tell them

the truth, I suffered considerable pecuniary loss—I was in 1905 the first person to venture to suggest to the authorities, by writing my forecast “The Invasion of England,” the most amazing truth, that Germany was secretly harbouring serious hostile intentions towards Great Britain.

The reader, I trust, will forgive me for referring to my own personal experiences, for I do so merely in order to show that to the grievous, apathetic attitude of the Government of the time the present scandalous state of affairs is entirely due.

I had lived in Germany for a considerable period. I had travelled up and down the country; I had lived their “home life”; I had lounged in their officers’ clubs; and I had indulged in the night-life of Berlin; and, further, I had kept my eyes and ears open. By this, I had gained certain knowledge. Therefore I resolved to write the truth, which seemed to me so startling.

My daring, alas! cost me dearly. On the day prior to the publication of the book in question, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, then Premier, rose in the House of Commons and—though he had never had an opportunity of seeing my work—deliberately condemned it, declaring that it “should never have been written” because it was calculated to create alarm. Who, among the readers of this book, would condemn anything he had not even seen? Now the last thing the



Government desired was that public attention should be drawn to the necessity of preparing against German aggression.

Once the real fear of the German peril had taken root in our islands, there would instantly have been an irresistible demand that no money should be spared to equip and prepare our fighting forces for a very possible war—and then good-bye to the four-hundred-a-year payments to Members, and those vast sums which were required to bribe the electors with Social Reform.

In the columns of the *Times* I demanded by what right the Prime Minister had criticised a book which he had never even seen, and in justice to the late Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman I must here record that he apologised to me, privately, for committing what he termed a “political error.”

Political error! If there had been no further “political errors” in this dear old country of ours, we should have no war to-day.

The Government was bent upon suppressing the truth of my earnest appeal; hence I was held up to derision, and, in addition, denounced on all hands as a “scaremonger.”

Now, at the outset, I wish to say that I am no party politician. My worst enemy could never call me that. I have never voted for a candidate in my life, for my motto has ever been “Britain for the British.” My appeal to the nation was made in all honesty

of purpose, and in the true sense of the patriotism of one who probably has the ear of a wide public. The late Lord Roberts realised this. Our national hero, who, like myself, was uttering words of solemn warning, knew what pressure the Government were endeavouring to place upon me, and how they meant to crush me; therefore on November 29th, 1905, he wrote the following:—

“Speaking in the House of Lords on the 10th July, 1905, I said:—‘It is to the people of the country I appeal to take up the question of the Army in a sensible practical manner. For the sake of all they hold dear, let them bring home to themselves what would be the condition of Great Britain if it were to lose its wealth, its power, its position.’ The catastrophe that may happen if we still remain in our present state of unpreparedness is vividly and forcibly illustrated in Mr. Le Queux’s new book, which I recommend to the perusal of *every one who has the welfare of the British Empire at heart.*”

But alas! if the public disregarded the earnest warnings of “Bobs,” it was scarcely surprising that it should disregard mine—especially after the Prime Minister had condemned me. My earnest appeal to the nation met only with jeers and derision, I was caricatured at the music halls, and somebody wrote a popular song which asked, “Are we Downhearted?”

Neither the British public, nor the authorities, desired the truth, and, ostrich-like,

buried their heads in the sand. Germany would never dare to go to war, we were told, many wiseacres adding, "Not in our time."

The violent storm of indignation sweeping upon my unfortunate head, I confess, staggered me. The book, which had cost me eighteen months of hard work, and a journey of ten thousand miles in a motor-car, was declared to be the exaggerated writing of a Jingo, a sensationalist, and one who desired to stir up strife between nations. I was both puzzled and pained.

Shortly afterwards, I met Mr. (now Lord) Haldane—then War Minister—at dinner at a country house in Perthshire, when, in his breezy way, he assured me over the dinner-table that he knew Germany and German intentions better than myself, and that there would never be war. And he waxed humorous at my expense, and scorned Lord Roberts's warnings.

The Kaiser's cleverness in ingratiating himself with certain English Statesmen, officers, and writers is really amazing, yet it was—though at that time unsuspected—part of the great German plot formed against us.

As an instance how the Emperor was cleverly misleading the British Cabinet, Lord Haldane, speaking on June 29th, 1912, at a public dinner, at which Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German Ambassador, was present, said :—

"I speak of one whom we admire in this country and regard as one of ourselves.

"He (the Kaiser) knows our language and our institutions as we do, and he speaks as we do.

"The German Emperor is something more than an Emperor—he is a man, and a great man. He is gifted by the gods with the highest gift that they can give—I use a German word to express it—*Geist* (spirit). He has got *Geist* in the highest degree. He has been a true leader of his people—a leader in spirit as well as in deed. He has guided them through nearly a quarter of a century, and preserved unbroken peace. I know no record of which a monarch has better cause to be proud. In every direction his activities have been remarkable.

"He has given his country that splendid fleet that we who know about fleets admire; he has preserved the tradition of the greatest army the world has ever seen; but it is in the arts of peace that he has been equally great. He has been the leader of his people in education, and in the solution of great social questions.

"That is a great record, and it makes one feel a sense of rejoicing that the man who is associated with these things should be half an Englishman. I have the feeling very strongly that in the last few years Germany and England have become much more like each other than they used to be. It is because we have got so much like each other that a certain element of rivalry comes in.

"We two nations have a great common task in the world—to make the world better. It is because the German Emperor, I know, shares that conviction profoundly that it gives me the greatest pleasure to give you the toast of his name."

The Government, having sought to point the finger of ridicule at my first warning, must have been somewhat surprised at the

phenomenal success which the book in question attained, for not only were over a million copies sold in different editions in English, but it was translated into no fewer than twenty-six languages—including Japanese—and, further, was adopted as a text-book in the German Army—though I may add that the details I gave of various vulnerable points around our coasts were so disguised as to be of little use to the enemy.

I had had a disheartening experience. Yet worse was to come.

A couple of years later, while making certain inquiries in Germany with a view to continuing my campaign, and my endeavour to disclose the real truth to the British public, I discovered, to my surprise, the existence of a wide-spread system of German espionage in England.

Just about that time Colonel Mark Lockwood, the Member for Epping, asked a question in the House of Commons regarding the reported presence of spies in Essex. For his pains he was, of course, like myself, promptly snubbed.

A week later, I ventured to declare, at a meeting in Perth, that in our midst we were harbouring a new, most dangerous, and well-organised enemy—a horde of German spies.

German spies in England! Who ever heard such wild rubbish! This completed the bitterness of public opinion against me. The

Press unanimously declared that I had spoken wilful untruths ; my statements were refuted in leading articles, and in consequence of my endeavour to indicate a grave national peril, a certain section of the Press even went so far as to *boycott my writings altogether!* Indeed, more than one first-class London newspaper which had regularly published my novels—I could name them, but I will not—refused to print any more of my work!

I was, at the same time, inundated with letters from persons who openly abused me and called me a liar, and more than one anonymous communication, which I have still kept, written in red ink and probably from spies themselves, for the caligraphy is distinctly foreign, threatened me with death.

Such was my reward for daring to awaken the country to a sense of danger. It caused me some amusement, I must confess, yet it also taught me a severe lesson—the same bitter lesson which the British public, alas! taught Lord Roberts, who was so strenuously endeavouring to indicate the danger of our unpreparedness. It told me one plain truth, a truth spoken in the words of the noble General himself, who, with a sigh, one day said to me, “ Nothing, I fear, will arouse the public to a sense of danger until they one day awaken and find war declared.”

On the day following my speech, the German Press, which published reports of it,

called me "the German-hater," by which epithet I am still known in the Fatherland. The editor of a certain London daily newspaper told me to my face: "There are no spies in England"; adding, "You are a fool to alarm the public by such a statement. Nobody believes you."

I, however, held my own views, and felt that it was my duty to act in one of two ways. Either I should place the confidential information and documents which I had gathered, mostly from German sources, in the hands of the Press, and thus vindicate myself; or give them over to the Government, and allow them to deal with them in a befitting and confidential manner. The latter attitude I deemed to be the correct one, as an Englishman—even though I have a foreign name. At the War Office the officials at first sniffed, and then, having carefully examined the documents, saw at once that I had discovered a great and serious truth.

For this reason I have never sought, until now, to vindicate myself in the public eye; yet I have the satisfaction of knowing that from that moment, until this hour of writing, a certain nameless department, known only by a code-number,—I will refer to it as the Confidential Department,—has been unremitting in its efforts to track down German secret agents and their deadly work.

Through six years I have been intimate with its workings. I know its splendid staff,

its untiring and painstaking efforts, its thoroughness, its patriotism, and the astuteness of its head director, who is one of the finest Englishmen of my acquaintance.

There are men who, like myself, have since done work for it both at home and abroad, and at a considerable expenditure—patriotic men who have never asked for a single penny to cover even their expenses—men who have presented reports which have cost them long journeys abroad, many a watchful night, much personal danger, and considerable outlay. Yet all the time the Home Office ridiculed the idea of spies, and thus misled the public.

The archives of the secret department in question, which commenced its activity after the presentation of my array of facts, would be an amazing revelation to the public, but, alas! would, if published, bring ignominy, disaster, and undying shame to certain persons among us towards whom the Kaiser, the Master-Spy, has, in the past decade, been unduly gracious.

I could name British spies. I could write things here, shameful facts, which would, like my first allegations, be scouted with disbelief, although I could prove them in these pages. But, as a Briton, I will not reveal facts which repose in those secret files, records of traitorous shame, of high-placed men in England who have lived for years in the enjoyment of generous allowances from a



mysterious source. To write here the truth I feel sorely tempted, in spite of the law of libel.

But enough! We are Englishmen. Let us wipe off the past, in the hope that such traitorous acts will never be repeated, and that at last our eyes are open to the grave dangers that beset us.

To-day we have awakened, and the plain truth of all for which I have contended is surely obvious to the world.

## CHAPTER II

### THE KAISER'S SECRET REVEALED

BEFORE proceeding further with this exposure of the clever and dastardly German plot against England, the reader will probably be interested in a confidential report which, in the course of my investigations, travelling hither and thither on the Continent, I was able to secure, and to hand over to the British Government for their consideration.

It was placed, in confidence, before certain members of the Cabinet, and is still in the archives of the Confidential Department.

The report in question, I obtained—more fully than I can here reproduce it—from an intimate personal friend, who happened to be a high functionary in Germany, and closely associated with the Kaiser. Germany has spies in England; we, too, have our friends in Germany.

Shortly after the Zeppelin airship had been tested and proved successful, a secret Council was held at Potsdam, in June, 1903, at which the Emperor presided, Prince Henry of Prussia—a clever man whom I know personally—the representatives of the leading

Federal States, and the chiefs of the army and navy—including my informant—being present.

I regret that I am not at liberty to give the name of my informant, for various reasons. One is that, though a German of high position, he holds pro-British views, and has, in consequence, more than once furnished me with secret information from Berlin which has been of the greatest use to our Intelligence Department. Suffice it to say that his identity is well known at Whitehall, and that, although his report was at first regarded with suspicion, the searching investigation at once made resulted in its authenticity being fully established.

That the Kaiser had decided to make war, the British Government first knew by the report in question—notwithstanding all the diplomatic juggling, and the publication of Blue Books and White Books. The French Yellow Book published in the first week of December, 1914, indeed, came as confirmation—if any confirmation were necessary—from the lips of King Albert of Belgium himself.

Now at this secret Council the Kaiser appeared, dressed in naval uniform, pale, determined, and somewhat nervous and unstrung. For more than two hours he spoke of the danger confronting the German Empire from *within* and without, illustrating his speech by many maps and diagrams, as well

as some well-executed models of air-craft, designed for the war now proceeding.

At first, the Emperor's voice was almost inaudible, and he looked haggard and worn.

\*“Gentlemen,” the Emperor, in a low, hoarse voice, commenced, “in calling this Council this evening, I have followed the Divine command. Almighty God has always been a great and true ally of the House of Hohenzollern, and it is to Him that I—just as my august ancestors did—look for inspiration and guidance in the hour of need. After long hours of fervent prayer light has, at last, come to me. You, my trusted councillors and my friends, before whom I have no secrets, can testify that it has been, ever since I ascended the throne, my most ardent desire to maintain the peace of the world and to cultivate, on a basis of mutual respect and esteem, friendship and goodwill

\* The German Government, by some means, learnt that I was in possession of a report of this secret speech of the Kaiser's, and a curious incident resulted. It was my intention, in September, 1908, to write a book pointing out that Germany meant war. With that object I gave to my friend Mr. Eveleigh Nash, the publisher, of Fawside House, Covent Garden, the opening chapters of the manuscript, together with the speech in question. He locked them, in my presence, in a drawer in his writing-table in his private room. Two days later, when Mr. Nash opened that drawer he found they had been stolen! German Secret Agents undoubtedly committed the theft—which was reported in certain newspapers at the time—for I have since learnt that my manuscript is now in the archives of the Secret Service in Berlin! This, in itself, is sufficient proof as showing how eager the Kaiser was to suppress his declaration of war. It was fortunate that I had kept a copy of the Emperor's speech.

with all the nations on the globe. I am aware that the course followed by me did not always meet with your approval, and that on many an occasion you would have been glad to see me use the mailed fist, rather than the silken glove chosen by me in my dealings with certain foreign nations. It was a source of profound grief to me to see my best intentions misunderstood, but bullet-proof against public censure and criticism, and responsible only to the Lord above us for my acts, I calmly continued to do what I considered to be my holy duty to the Fatherland. True to the great traditions of Prussia, and the House of Hohenzollern, I believed in the necessity of maintaining a great army and an adequate navy as the best guarantee of peace. In our zeal for the preservation of peace we were compelled to keep pace with the ever-increasing armaments of our neighbours, until the limit seems now to have been reached.

“ We find ourselves now face to face with the most serious crisis in the history of our new German Empire. Owing to the heavy taxation, and the enormous increase in the cost of living, the discontent of the masses is assuming alarming proportions, and even infecting the middle and upper classes, which have, up to the present time, been the strongest pillar of the monarchy. But worst of all, there are unmistakable signs that the discontent is spreading even among the

troops, and that a secret well-organised anti-military movement is afoot, calculated to destroy all discipline, and to incite both my soldiers and sailors to open disobedience and rebellion. As, according to the reports of my Secret Service, a similar movement is making itself felt in nearly all the states of Europe; all indications point to the fact, which admits, indeed, no longer of any doubt, that we have to deal with an international revolutionary organisation whose voiced object is the overthrowing of throne and altar, and the establishment of a Republican government.

“The gravity of the situation can, in no way, be underrated. In the last session of the Reichstag it was openly admitted that never before had there been among the German population so many friends of a republican form of government as at the present time, and the idea is rather gaining ground, not only among the masses, but also the classes, though I have given the strictest orders to my Government for its suppression. The fact, however, remains, and I cannot afford to ignore it.

“‘Breakers ahead!’ is the call of the helmsman at the Imperial ship of state, and I am ready to heed it. How to find an honourable and satisfactory solution of the problem is a question to which I have devoted the closest attention during these last months. The outlook is, I admit, dark, but we need

not despair, for God, our great ally, has given into our hands the means of saving our Empire from the dangers which are threatening its happiness and welfare. You know what I mean. It is that wonderful invention which His Excellency Count Zeppelin was enabled, through the grace of the Lord, to make for the safeguarding and glory of our beloved Fatherland. In this invention God has placed the means at my disposal to lead Germany triumphantly out of her present difficulties and to make, once and for all, good the words of our poet, '*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!*' Yes, gentlemen, Germany over everything in the world, the first power on earth, both in peace and war; that is the place which I have been ordered by God to conquer for her, and which I will conquer for her, with the help of the Almighty.

“ This is my irrevocable decision. At present we are, thanks to our airships, invincible, and can carry at will war into the enemy's own country. It goes without saying that if we want to maintain our superiority and to use it to the best advantage, we cannot postpone the necessary action much longer. In a few years our good friend, the enemy, may have a fleet of airships equal—if not superior—to our own, and where should I be then? Great Britain has thrown down the gauntlet by declaring that she will build to each German, two English Dreadnoughts, and

I will take up the challenge. Now is our time. The attack has always been the best defence, and he who strikes the first blow generally comes triumphant out of the fray. To find an outlet for the discontent of the nation; to nip the growing republican sentiment in the bud; to fill our treasury; to reduce the burden of taxation; to gain new colonies and markets for our industries across the seas; to accomplish all this and still more, we simply have to invade England.

“ You do not look at all surprised, gentlemen, and I see from the joy on your faces that my words have found an echo in your hearts. At last this idea, which is so popular with the greater part of my people, and to the propagation of which I am so much indebted to the untiring efforts of my professors, teachers, and other loyal patriots, is to become a fact—a fact certainly not anticipated by the English panic-mongers when first creating the scare of a German invasion. Our plans have been most carefully laid and prepared by our General Staff.

“ Another von Moltke will, true to his great name, demonstrate to the world at large that we have not been resting on our laurels of 1870 and 1871, and that, as the first condition of peace, we have been preparing all the time for war. The glorious deeds of our victorious armies will, I fear me not, be again repeated if not surpassed on the battlefields of Great Britain and France, assuring in their ultimate



consequences to Germany the place due to her at the head of nations. I need not go into details at the present moment. Suffice it to say that preparations have been made to convey, at a word, a German army of invasion of a strength able to cope with any and all troops that Great Britain can muster against us. For the safe transport of the army of invasion we shall, to a considerable degree, rely on the fleets of fast steamers belonging to the Hamburg-Amerika Line and the North-German Lloyd, two patriotic companies, whose officials, employees, and agents have—throughout the world—proven their zeal and devotion to the cause of the Empire, and whose tact and discretion have already helped my government in many an embarrassing position. Herr Ballin, Director-General of the Hamburg-Amerika Line, whom I received but a few days since on board my yacht 'Hohenzollern' at Swinemünde, is truly a great man and verily deserves something better than to be nicknamed 'the Napoleon of German Shipping'—as his enthusiastic compatriots call him. His activity, his energy, and his brains accomplish the most difficult things, and when the day of invasion arrives, he will reveal his plans.

“Of course it is too early yet to fix the exact date when the blow shall be struck. But I will say this, that we shall strike as soon as I have a sufficiently large fleet of Zeppelins at my disposal. I have given orders

for the hurried construction of more airships of the improved Zeppelin type, and when these are ready we shall destroy England's North Sea, Channel, and Atlantic fleets, after which nothing on earth can prevent the landing of our army on British soil, and its triumphant march to London. Do you remember, my Generals, what our never-to-be-forgotten Field-Marshal Gebhard Lebrecht von Blücher exclaimed, when looking from the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral upon the vast metropolis at his feet. It was short, and to the point. 'What a splendid city to sack!'

"You will desire to know how the outbreak of hostilities will be brought about. I can assure you on this point. Certainly we shall not have to go far to find a just cause for war. My army of spies scattered over Great Britain and France, as it is over North and South America, as well as all the other parts of the world, where German interests may come to a clash with a foreign power, will take good care of that. *I have issued already some time since secret orders that will, at the proper moment, accomplish what we desire.* There is even now, as you are all aware, a state of private war existing between our country on the one side, and Great Britain and France on the other, which will assume an official character as soon as I give the word. It will become the starting point of a new era in the history of the world, known

to all generations as the Pan-German era. I once pledged my word that every German outside of the Fatherland, in whatever part of the globe he might live, had a just claim to my Imperial protection. At this solemn hour I repeat this pledge before you, with the addition, however, that I shall not rest and be satisfied until all the countries and territories that once were German, or where greater numbers of my former subjects now live, have become a part of the great Mother-country, acknowledging me as their supreme lord in war and peace.

“ Even now I rule supreme in the United States, where almost one half of the population is either of German birth, or of German descent, and where three million German voters do my bidding at the Presidential elections. No American administration could remain in power against the will of the German voters, who through that admirable organisation, the German-American National League of the United States of America, control the destinies of the vast Republic beyond the sea. If man ever was worthy of a high decoration at my hands it was Herr Dr. Hexamer, the president of the League, who may justly be termed to be, by my grace, the acting ruler of all the Germans in the United States.

“ Who said that Germany did ever acknowledge the Monroe doctrine? The answer to this question was given by the roar of German

guns at the bombardment of the Venezuelan fort, San Carlos, by our ships. The day is not far distant when my Germans in the Southern States of Brazil will cut the bonds now tying them to the Republic, and renew their allegiance to their former master. In the Argentine, as well as in the other South American republics, a German-Bund movement is spreading, as is the case in South Africa, where, thanks to the neighbourhood of our colonies, events are shaping themselves in accordance with the ultimate aims of my Imperial policy. Through my ally, the Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary, I have secured a strong foothold for Germany in the Near East, and, mark my word!—when the Turkish ‘pilaf’-pie will be partitioned, Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine—in short, the overland route to India—will become our property, and the German flag will wave over the holy shrines of Jerusalem.

“ But to obtain this we must first crush England and France. The war will be short, sharp and decisive. After the destruction of the English fleets through our Zeppelins, we shall meet with no serious resistance on the British Isles, and can, therefore, march with nearly our whole strength into France. Shall we respect the neutrality of Holland? Under the glorious Emperor, Charles V., both Holland and Belgium formed part of the German Empire, and this they are this time to become again. We shall have two or three battles in

France, when the French Government, recognising the impossibility of prevailing with their disorganised, mutinous regiments against my German 'beasts,' will accede to my terms of peace. After that, the map of Europe will look somewhat different from what it does now. While our operations are going on in England and France, Russia will be held in check by Austria-Hungary.

"The Empire of the Tsar is still suffering from the effects of its unfortunate war with Japan, and is, therefore, not likely to burn its fingers again, the more so as it is conscious of the fact that any warlike measures against Germany would at once lead to a new outbreak of the revolutionary movement—the end of which no man could possibly foresee. Thus, you will agree with me, we have no real cause to fear Russia. After the war, it will be time to set things right in America, and to teach my friends over there that I have not forgotten the object-lesson which Admiral Dewey saw fit to give me some years since, when we had the little altercation with Castro.

*"If God will help us, as I am convinced He will, I trust that at the end of the coming year the Imperial treasury will be filled to overflowing with the gold of the British and French war indemnities, that the discontent of our people will have ceased, that, thanks to our new colonies in all parts of the world, industry and trade will be flourishing as they*

never were before, and that the republican movement among my subjects, so abhorrent to my mind, will have vanished.

“Then—but not before—the moment will have come to talk of disarmament and arbitration. With Great Britain and France in the dust, with Russia and the United States at my mercy, I shall set a new course to the destinies of the world—a course that will ensure to Germany for all time to come the leading part among the nations of the globe. That accomplished, I shall unite all the people of the white race in a powerful alliance for the purpose of coping, under German guidance, with the yellow peril which is becoming more formidable with every year. Then—as now—it must be ‘Germans to the front!’”

The notes before me describe, in vivid language, the effect which this speech of the Emperor had upon his devoted hearers.

The old white-headed General von K—— even knelt before his Majesty to kiss the hand which was gracefully extended to him.

“It is truly the voice of God that has spoken out of your Majesty,” he cried in deep emotion. “God has chosen your Imperial Majesty as His worthy instrument to destroy this nightmare of British supremacy at sea, from which Germany has suffered all these many years—and God’s will be done!”

The blasphemy of it all! In the subsequent Council, which lasted nearly five hours through

the night, the Kaiser arrived with his advisers at a perfect understanding regarding the best ways and means to be adopted for a successful carrying out of his Majesty's secret campaign for war.

And Prince Henry of Prussia soon afterwards organised a British motor-tour in Germany and throughout England. And he became the idol of the Royal Automobile Club !

## CHAPTER III

### HOW THE PUBLIC WERE BAMBOOZLED

THOUGH the foregoing has been known to the British Cabinet for over six years, and through it, no doubt, to the various Chancelleries of Europe, not a word was allowed to leak out to the world until December 2nd, 1914—after we had been at war four months.

The determination of the War Lord of Germany—whose preparations against Great Britain had been so slyly and so cunningly made—was at last revealed by the publication of the French Yellow Book, which disclosed that in a dispatch dated November 22nd, 1913, M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador in Berlin, reported a conversation between the Emperor and the King of the Belgians in the presence of General von Moltke, the chief of the General Staff. King Albert had till then believed, as most people in Great Britain had believed, that the Emperor was a friend of peace.

But at this interview King Albert, according to an excellent summary of the dispatches published in the *Star*, found the Emperor completely changed. He revealed himself as the



champion of the war party which he had hitherto held in check. King Albert learned that the Emperor had "come to think that war with France was inevitable, and that things must come to that sooner or later." General von Moltke spoke to King Albert "exactly as his Sovereign." He, too, declared that "war was necessary and inevitable." He said to King Albert: "This time we must settle the business once and for all, and your Majesty can have no idea of the irresistible enthusiasm which on that day will sweep over the whole German people."

King Albert vainly protested that it was a travesty of the intentions of the French Government to interpret them in this fashion. He found the Emperor "over-wrought and irritable."

M. Cambon suggested that the change in the Emperor's attitude was due to jealousy of the popularity of the Crown Prince, "who flatters the passions of the Pan-Germans." He also suggested that the motive of the conversation was to induce King Albert to oppose no resistance in the event of war. The French Ambassador warned his Government that the Emperor was familiarising himself with an order of ideas once repugnant to him. In other words, as long ago as 1913 the Kaiser was no longer working for the peace of Europe, but was already in the hands of the Prussian gang of militarists, who were working for war.

The French Yellow Book proves up to the hilt the guilt of Germany, in shattering the last hopes of peace at the end of July, 1914. Russia had proposed a formula for a direct agreement with Austria, but on July 30th Herr von Jagow, without consulting Austria, declared that this proposal was not acceptable. When Germany discovered that Austria was wavering and becoming more conciliatory, she threw off the mask, and suddenly hurled her ultimatum at Russia. M. Cambon reminded Herr von Jagow of his declaration that Germany would not mobilise if Russia only mobilised on the Galician frontier. What was the German Minister's reply? It was a subterfuge. He said: "It was not a definite undertaking." The German Government, in its White Paper, suppressed its despatches during the crucial period to Vienna. It did not publish them because, we now know, it did not dare to reveal the truth.

Germany, as I have shown, had for a long time planned the attack on France through Belgium. So long ago, indeed, as May 6th, 1913, von Moltke said: "We must begin war without waiting, in order to brutally crush all resistance." The evidence of the Yellow Book proves that the Emperor and his *entourage* had irrevocably resolved to frustrate all efforts of the Allies to preserve the peace of Europe. It confirms the Kaiser's secret intentions revealed in the previous chapter, and it establishes—fully and finally—

the guilt of the Kaiser and of the German Government.

Those British newspapers which were most active and resolute in keeping the country unprepared for the war that has come upon us, and which, if they had had their way, would have left us to-day almost naked to our enemies, are now suddenly rubbing their eyes, and discovering that Germany had premeditated war for *quite a long time*. And this is up-to-date journalism! The public, alas! reposed confidence in such journals. Happily, they do not now. What the country will never forget, if it consents to forgive, is the perversity with which they so long refused to look facts in the face.

It is surely a damning coincidence that when the Kaiser and von Moltke were telling King Albert that war was inevitable, was the very time chosen by the National Liberal Federation to demand the reduction of our Navy Estimates, and to threaten the Government with a dangerous division in the party unless the demand were complied with!

Reduction in armaments, forsooth!

The Government knew the facts, and did indeed resist the demand; but for weeks there was a crisis in the Cabinet, and even in January, 1914, as the *Globe* pointed out, a Minister took the occasion to declare that a unique opportunity had arrived for revising the scale of our expenditure on Armaments!

While Mr. McKenna was, as late as last

November, endeavouring in an outrageous manner to gag the *Globe*, and to prevent that newspaper from telling the public the truth of the spy-peril, Lord Haldane—the scales from whose eyes regarding his friend the Kaiser appear now to have fallen—made a speech on November 25th, 1914, in the House of Lords in which he, at last, admitted the existence of spies. The following are extracts from this speech :—

“ With the extraordinary intelligence system which Germany organised in this country *long before the war*, no doubt they had certain advantages which they ought not to have even of this kind. . . . If he were to harbour a suspicion it would be that the most formidable people were not aliens, but probably people of British nationality who had been suborned. . . . He wishes he were sure that when really valuable and dangerous pieces of information were given they were not given by people of our own nationality, but some of the information which had been given, could only have been given by people who had access to it because they were British. His belief was that we had had very little of this kind of thing, but that we had some, and that it was formidable he could not doubt. In seeking these sources of communication with the enemy it was desirable to go about the search in a scientific way, and to cast suspicion where it was most likely to be founded.”

Such a contribution to the spy question was really very characteristic. It, however, came ill from one whose legal *confrère* was, at that moment, being referred to in the House of Commons as having a German

chauffeur who had been naturalised after the war broke out, and *had gone for a holiday* into Switzerland! Switzerland is a country not in the Antarctic Ocean, but right on the border of the land of the Huns in Europe, and the Lord Chief Justice, according to Mr. Asquith at the Guildhall, is in close association with Cabinet Ministers in these days of crises.

Perhaps, as a correspondent pointed out, it never struck our Lord Chancellor that the Lord Chief Justice's "now-British" chauffeur might — though I hope not — have gone through Switzerland into Germany, and might, if so disposed, quite innocently have related there information to which he had access, not only because he was British, but because he was in the service of a highly-placed person. Or, perhaps, he did realise it, and his reference to information given by persons of British nationality was a veiled protest against the action of some of his colleagues—against that other who also has a "now-British" chauffeur, or to a third, whose German governess, married to a German officer, left her position early in November, but has left her German maid behind her. Perhaps he did not know these things, or he would also have known that other people may have access to information, not because they are British, but because they are in the employ of British Cabinet Ministers.

Hitherto, the security of our beloved Empire had been disregarded by party

politicians, and their attendant sycophants, in their frantic efforts to "get-on" socially, and to pile up dividends. What did "The City" care in the past for the nation's peril, so long as money was being made?

In the many chats I had with the late Lord Roberts we deplored the apathy with which Great Britain regarded what was a serious and most perilous situation.

But, after all, were the British public really to blame? They are discerning and intelligent, and above all, patriotic. Had they been told the hideous truth, they would have risen in their masses, and men would have willingly come forward to serve and defend their country from the dastardly intentions of our hypocritical "friends" across the North Sea, and their crafty Emperor of the *volte-face*.

It is not the fault of the British public themselves. The blame rests as an indelible blot upon certain members of the British Government, who now stand in the pillory exposed, naked and ashamed. The apologetic speeches of certain members of the Cabinet, and the subdued and altered tone of certain influential organs of the Press, are, to the thinker, all-sufficient proof.

In the insidious form of fiction—not daring to write fact after my bitter experiences and the seal of silence set upon my lips—I endeavoured, in my novel "Spies of the Kaiser" and other books, time after time, to warn the public of the true state of affairs which

was being so carefully and so foolishly hidden. I knew the truth, but, in face of public opinion, I dared not write it in other fashion.

Naturally, if the Government jeered at me, the public would do likewise. Yet I confess that very often I was filled with the deepest regret, and on the Continent I discussed with foreign statesmen, and with the Kings of Italy, Servia, Roumania and Montenegro in private audiences I was granted by them, what I dared not discuss in London.

Our national existence was certainly at stake. Lord Roberts knew it. He—with members of the Cabinet—had read the Kaiser's fateful words which I have here printed in the foregoing pages, and it was this knowledge which prompted him to so strenuously urge the peril of our unpreparedness until the outbreak of war.

The hypocrisy of the Kaiser is sufficiently revealed by the fact that two months after his declaration at the Secret Council at Potsdam he made a public speech at Strasburg on August 30th in which he assured the world that the peace of Europe was not in danger.

In the same month, however, that the German Emperor disclosed his secret intentions towards Great Britain, some important military manœuvres took place in Essex and were watched most closely by the German authorities. The spy-peril had then commenced. It would seem that the Kaiser took the keenest interest in the matter.

Despite the fact that there was an officially accredited German military attaché, a number of German agents were also present, and among the number was Count Eulenburg, a Secretary of the German Embassy in London. A military correspondent of the *Daily Mail* wrote that the Count's taking of notes and making of sketches had excited a good deal of adverse criticism among the British officers who were familiar with the fact. The reports of all these secret agents were apparently to be laid before the Kaiser, who was well aware of the significance of the operations in Essex to both the German Army and Navy.

The only organ of the Press which recognised the spy-peril in its earliest stages was the *Daily Mail*, which never ceased to point out the imminent and serious danger, and to warn the public that Germany meant us harm. Because of this open policy, it was from time to time denounced by the deluded public—deluded because of official lies—for what was termed its "scaremongering." But recent events have surely shown the world that that journal spoke the open truth, while all others, and more especially a certain dear old delightful London daily paper, so glibly told us that "there will be no war with Germany," while even three days before the outbreak of war this same journal actually made a plea for "German Culture."

Culture indeed! Have not the modern Huns now revealed themselves? What must



readers of that paper now think? It has truly been said that the influence of the half-naked barbarians who swept over the Thuringian forests soon after the birth of Christianity has never been totally eradicated. There is, *au fond*, an inherent brutality in the German character which the saving grace of the art of music has never destroyed, the brutality which caused the destruction of Louvain, of Rheims, of Ypres, of Termonde, of Malines, the wreck of cathedrals and churches, and the wholesale savage butchery of innocent men, women, and even tiny children.

And this is the gallant and "cultured" nation which has been so admired and eulogised by certain well-known papers: the nation which has so cleverly spread its spies through every phase of our national life, and made such elaborate plans for her conquest that, in her arrogance, she has now risen to defy civilisation.

Here is one of many equally ridiculous extracts from that same journal which pleaded for "German culture." It was published after a Zeppelin had flown 610 miles, on January 1st, 1909: -

"... as far as national danger goes, the thing is not yet within sight. 'Dirigibles' may, in the future, be useful for scouting and collecting intelligence when war has once begun, . . . but talk about invasion by airship, or bombardment from the sky, need not, for a long time, be considered by ourselves or any other nation."

Again, a few days later, this same pro-German journal wrote :—

“ It is maintained by some of our contemporaries that Germany is struggling to regain her position of predominance in Europe, such as she held more than thirty years ago. That is not our reading of the situation.”

I will not quote more. There are dozens of such expressions of opinions in the files of that unreliable organ of “ public opinion.”

Where should we have been to-day, I ask, had we suffered ourselves to be led by the nose by this “ patriotic ” organ of the Press, which, with its sinister commercialism on the declaration of war, urged upon us to keep out of the fighting, and to capture the trade of our friends the Belgians, French, and Russians ?

This self-proclaimed organ of “ humanitarianism ” actually urged us to stand aside and make capital out of the agonies of those countries at war. I will quote the following from the article in its actual words on August the 4th—the day upon which war was declared :—

“ If we remained neutral we should be, from the commercial point of view, in precisely the same position as the United States. We should be able to trade with all the belligerents (so far as the war allows of trade with them) ; we should be able to capture the bulk of their trade in neutral markets ; we should keep our expenditure down ; we should keep out of debt ; we should have healthy finances.”

And this same organ of humanitarianism

has assured us, for years, that no spies of Germany existed in England, and that war was utterly out of the question. And the British public have paid their half-pennies for such bamboozle! One sighs to think of it!

Times without number—even to-day as I write—this journal has sought to ridicule those who attempt to tell the nation the truth concerning the underground peril existing in every part of our islands. Its motive for so doing may be left to the inquisitive.

Probably few men have travelled so constantly up and down Europe as I have done, in search of material for my books. In the course of my wanderings, and perhaps a somewhat erratic life on the Continent, I have—ever since I recognised the spy-peril—made it my practice to seek out the spies of Germany, and I know a good many of them.

An incident which may interest the reader occurred on October 29th, 1914 :

I was on the platform of Waterloo Station buying a paper, and chatting with the book-stall clerk, when I noticed a group of men, mostly in shabby overcoats and presenting a woebegone appearance, surrounded by a cordon of police in silver-trimmed helmets—county constabulary from the North. An excited crowd had surrounded them, and as I glanced across my attention was attracted by a man slightly better dressed than the others, though his well-cut grey overcoat was somewhat shabby. As his dark, narrow-set

eyes met mine, he lifted his grey plush hat to me, and smiled across in recognition.

For a moment I halted, puzzled. I had not realised that the group of men were prisoners. The fellow's face was familiar, and the next instant I recognised him. We had met a dozen times in various places in Europe—the last time at Salvini's, in Milan, early in the previous year. He was a well-known agent of the German General Staff, though I had never met him before on British soil.

I crossed over to him, arousing the distinct suspicion of the constables and the curiosity of the crowd of onlookers.

“ You recollect me, Mr. Le Queux—eh ? ” he asked in good English, with a laugh.

“ Of course,” I said, for I could not help a grain of sympathy with him, for, usually a resident of the best hotels, he was now herded with the scum of his compatriots. “ Well, what's the matter ? ”

“ Matter ! ” he echoed. “ You see ! They've got me at last ! ”

“ Speak French,” I said in that language. “ The police won't understand ” ; for the constable near him looked at me very suspiciously, and I had no desire to be arrested on Waterloo platform.

“ *Bien !* ” said my friend, whom I will call by his assumed name, von Sybertz, “ I am arrested. It is the fortune of war ! I am simply detained as an alien, and we are

going to Frimley, I hear. Do not say anything ; do not make it worse for me. That is all I ask, M'sieur Le Queux. You know me—too well—eh ? ” and he grinned.

“ I shall say nothing,” was my reply. “ But, in return, tell me what you know. Tell me quickly,” I urged, for I saw that the constables were preparing to move the prisoners towards the train. “ What is the position ? ”

He shrugged his shoulders.

“ Bad. My friends are frantic,” he replied. “ All their plans have gone wrong. It is, I fear, our downfall. The Kaiser is mad. I have no money. I came to England in the middle of August. I have been to Portsmouth, to Rosyth, Hull, and Liverpool ; now I am deserted. I was arrested yesterday near Manchester, though I had registered as German and thought myself safe. I was, as I have always been when in England, a teacher of languages. It covers so much,” and he smiled. “ Is not this meeting strange, eh ? We have chatted together—and laughed together, too—in Nice, Florence, Rome—in many places. And now, monsieur, you have the laugh of me—eh ? We must be beaten. Germany begins to know the truth.”

“ No, not the laugh,” I protested. “ It is, as you say, the fortune of war that you have been taken.”

“ Pass on, please,” commanded the big constable gruffly at my elbow.

“And you?—you will say nothing? Promise me, M’sieur Le Queux,” von Sybertz urged again in French.

“I have promised,” was my reply. “You are arrested—for me, that is sufficient. I wish you no ill-will, though you are my enemy,” I added.

“Ah, yes, you are English!” exclaimed the spy. “I knew—I have known always that the English are gentlemen. *Au revoir*—and a thousand thanks for your promise.”

And my friend the spy—a man who, on account of his refined and gentlemanly bearing, and the money which had, for years, been at his command, was a particularly dangerous secret-agent of the Kaiser—lifted his shabby grey hat politely, and then passed dolefully on, with the big constable at his elbow, to the train which stood waiting to convey him to that barbed-wire enclosure high upon Frith Hill.

I watched him pass out of my sight, while the crowd, on their part, watched me in wonder. I knew I had aroused the suspicions of the police by speaking in a foreign tongue. That meeting had been a strangely dramatic one. In those moments there came up before me visions of past meetings. Five years before, I had first known him living in a pretty white villa, with palms in front, on Mont Boron, outside Nice, and taking his lunch daily at the Reserve, at Beaulieu, one of the most expensive luncheon-places in

Europe. I had met him in the *Russie* in Rome, in *Doney's* in Florence, and in the *Pera Palace* in Constantinople. He was a gay, merry companion, and half a dozen times I had been to variety theatres with him and to garish night-café's afterwards. Yet I knew him to be a German international spy, and so intimate had we become that he had scarcely taken the trouble to conceal the fact from me.

In those few brief moments there had been enacted before me, at that busy London terminus, the dénouement of a great life-drama, and, as the spy disappeared, there arose before me recollections of the gay places of Europe where we had before met—the Rooms at Monte Carlo, the Casino at Trouville, and other places where he had been such a well-known figure, always exquisitely dressed, always the acme of correctness, and always a great favourite with the fair sex. What would the latter think could they see him now?

In silence and in sorrow I have watched the proceedings of many a German spy in this country—watched while the public have been lulled to slumber by those who rule. Ah! it has all been a fearful comedy, which has, alas! now ended in tragedy—the tragedy of our dead sons, brothers and husbands who lie in unnumbered graves in France and in Belgium.

My thoughts revert to individual cases

which I have investigated during recent years.

At Rosyth, I lived in an obscure hotel in Queensferry under the name of William Kelly, enduring three weeks of wearisome idleness, boating up and down the Firth of Forth, and watching, with interest, the movements of two Germans. They had arrived in Edinburgh from a tourist-ship which had touched at Leith. The first suspicion of them had been conveyed to me by my friend Mr. D. Thomson, proprietor of the *Dundee Courier*, and I sped north to investigate. In passing I may say that this journal was one of the first—with the *Daily Mail*—to point out the danger of German spies. My journey was not without result, for I waited, I watched, and I returned to the Intelligence Department with certain important details which proved to be the beginning of a long campaign. Those two Germans, unsuspecting-looking professors with gold-rimmed spectacles, were making elaborate maps. But these maps were not ordnance maps, but maps of our weaknesses. Our secret agents followed them to Plymouth, to Milford Haven, to Cromarty, and afterwards on a tour through Ireland.

Surely it is betraying no confidence to say that one of our secret agents—a man whose remarkable career I hope to some day record in the guise of fiction—acted as their guide on that curious tour!



I know I have written times without number of spies in the form of fiction. Many people have asked me, "Is it true?" To such I will say that the dramas I have written, short and long, have been penned solely with one single purpose—in order to call public attention to our peril.

Many of the stories I have written have been based upon actual fact. Half a life spent in travelling up and down Europe has shown me most conclusively how cleverly Germany has, with the aid of her spies, made elaborate preparations to invade us.

So intimate have I been with Germany's secret agents that, during this last Christmas, I had the *displeasure* of sending Compliments of the Season to two of them!

I have dined at the Ritz in Paris on more than one occasion with the yellow-toothed old Baroness X——, an Austrian, high-born, smart, and covered with jewellery. With her she has usually one and sometimes two pretty "nieces," who speak French, and pose as French. Perhaps they are, but one may be forgiven if one is suspicious. The Baroness X—— always has on hand a goodly supply of these "nieces." I have met them at Doney's in Florence, at Ciro's at Monte Carlo, at Maxim's in Paris, at Shepherd's at Cairo. I have chatted with these young ladies at the Hotel Hungaria in Budapest, at the Royal at Dinard, at the Grand in Rome, and in the aviary at the Métropole at Brighton.

But these merry little "nieces" are always different! Baroness X—— and myself are in entire agreement. She knows what I know, and she sent me a Christmas card this season and dated from The Hague! She is certainly the ugliest old lady I have ever met, a figure well known in every European capital. Her speech is like the filing of brass. As a linguist, however, she is really wonderful. I believe she speaks every European language perfectly, and Arabic too, for she once told me, while we were together on a steamer going down the Mediterranean, that she was born in Smyrna, of Austrian parents.

As a spy of Germany she is unique, and I give her her due. She is amazingly clever. To my certain knowledge, she and her nieces, two years ago, while living in Nice beneath the same roof as myself, obtained through a young artillery officer a remarkable set of plans of the defences of the Franco-Italian frontier near the Col di Tenda. Again, I know how she and her attendant couple of "nieces" were in Ireland "on a tour" during the troubles of last year. And, further, I also know how many a military secret of our own War Office has been "collected" by one or other of those pretty cigarette-smoking flapper "nieces," with whom I, too, have smoked cigarettes and chatted in French or Italian.

How often have I seen one or other of

these sirens—daughters of a foreign countess as their dupes have believed them to be—driving about London in private cars or in taxis, or supping at restaurants.

On a day in last November I found one of these interesting young ladies, dark-haired and *chic*—Parisienne, of course—enjoying a tête-à-tête luncheon at the Hut at Wisley, on the Ripley road, her cavalier being a man in khaki. I wondered what information she was trying to obtain. Yet what could I do? How could I act, and interrupt such a perfectly innocent *déjeuner à deux*?

Yes, to the onlooker who knows, the manœuvres are all very intensely interesting, and would be most amusing, if they were not all so grimly and terribly tragic.

And who is to blame for all this? Would it be suffered in Germany?

The law of libel, and a dozen other different Acts, are suspended over the head of the unfortunate man who dares to risk ridicule and speak the truth. Therefore, with my own personal experience of the utter incapability of the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police to deal with spies, or even to reply to correspondence I have addressed to his hopeless department, and to the still greater discourtesy and amazing chaos existing in his ruling department, the Home Office, I ask myself whether it is of any use whatever *to trouble, or even exert oneself further in the matter*? It is for my readers,

the public themselves, to demand the truth. The public are assuredly not blind to the fact that air raids have been made upon us directed by spies.

I can only address these serious words to my circle of readers throughout the Kingdom, and to make my bow, assuring them that while they were being gulled and bamboozled by those whom they have so foolishly trusted, I have, at personal loss to myself—which need not be counted—done my level best to counteract the evil which Germany has spread in our midst.

And my only request is that, by my works, constant and earnest as they have been, I may be judged.

## CHAPTER IV

### UNDER THE KAISER'S THUMB

By every subtle and underhand means in her power Germany has prepared for her supreme effort to conquer us.

Armies of her spies have swarmed, and still swarm, over Great Britain, though their presence has been, and is even to-day, officially denied.

The method adopted at the outset was to scatter secret agents broadcast, and to allot to each the collection of certain information. Men, and women too, in all walks of life have made observations, prepared plans, noted the number of horses locally, the fodder supplies, the direction of telegraph-lines, the quickest method of destroying communications, blowing up tunnels, etc. ; in fact, any information which might be of use in the event of a raid upon our shores.

Each group of spies has acted under the direction of a secret-agent, termed a "fixed post," and all have been, in turn, visited at periods varying from one month to six weeks by a person not likely to be suspected—usually in the guise of commercial-traveller,

debt-collector, or insurance-agent, who collected the reports and made payments—the usual stipend being ten pounds per month. Some spies in the higher walks of life were, of course, paid well, as much as one thousand pounds a year being given in one case—that of a lady who, until recently, lived in Kensington—and in another to a German who, until a few weeks ago, was highly popular in the diplomatic circle. The chief bureau, to which all reports from England were sent, was an innocent-looking office in the Montagne de la Cour, in Brussels—hence Ostend was so often made a rendezvous between spies and traitors.

It is certainly as well that the authorities have already taken precautions to guard our reservoirs. As far back as five years ago, a large number of the principal water supplies in England were reconnoitred by a band of itinerant musicians, who, though they played mournful airs in the streets, were really a group of very wide-awake German officers. They devoted three months to the metropolis—where they succeeded in making a complete plan of the water-mains supplying East London—and then afterwards visited Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, and Newcastle. At the latter place they were detected, and being warned by the authorities, fled. They were “warned” because at that time there was no Act to deal with them.

Just at this juncture a most fortunate incident occurred, though probably it will be met with an official denial. A young German who had been making observations around Rosyth and beneath the Forth Bridge, was detected, and fled. The police sought him out and he was compelled to again fly without paying his rent, leaving his suit-case behind. After a month the landlady took this bag to the police, who, on opening it, found a quantity of documents, which were sealed up and sent to London. They were soon found to be most instructive, for not only was there a list of names of persons hitherto unsuspected of espionage, but also a little book containing the secret code used by the spies! Needless to say, this has been of the greatest use to those engaged in the work of contra-espionage. Of the good work done by the latter, the public, of course, know nothing, but it may be stated that many a confidential report destined for Berlin was intercepted before it reached the spy's post-office, the shop of the barber Ernst, in London—to which I will later on refer—and many a judicious hint has been given which has caused the suspect to pack his, or her, belongings and return by the Hook of Holland route.

East Anglia has, of course, been the happy hunting ground of spies, and the counties of Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex have, long ago, been very thoroughly surveyed, and

every preparation made for a raid. It was found—as far back as four years ago—that next door, or in the vicinity of most village post-offices near the coast-line of those counties, a foreigner had taken up his residence, that German hairdressers and jewellers were everywhere setting up shops where custom did not warrant it; that Germans took seaside furnished houses or went as paying guests in the country, even in winter; while, of course, the number of German waiters—usually passing as Austrians—had increased greatly.

When the Kaiser rented Highcliffe Castle, in Hampshire, under the pretext that he was ill, he brought with him no fewer than thirty secretaries. Why? A foreigner who comes here to recuperate does not want thirty secretaries—even though he may be an Emperor! Napoleon never wanted such a crowd of scribblers about him.

But the truth was that these thirty secretaries were engaged with their Imperial master-spy in reorganising and perfecting the various sections of his amazing spy-system in this country—a system that the British Government were with culpable untruthfulness declaring only existed in the imagination of a novelist—myself. I wrote pointing out this, but only execrations again fell upon my unfortunate head. I was laughed at as a “sensationalist,” scorned by the Party of Criminal Apathy, and a dead set was made



at me by a certain section of the Press to jeer at, and crush myself and all my works into oblivion.

Let us go a step further. Mr. Anthony Nugent, who writes with considerable authority in the *Globe*, shall here speak.

“The oddest situation in England,” he says, “was just before the outbreak of the war. We had then, not only an Ambassador’s cloak in London covering Prince Lichnowsky, but a real Ambassador in Herr Kühlmann, Companion of the Victorian Order. [I wonder if he still wears the honourable insignia?] The Ambassador was an honest man, and believed that he had a free hand in trying to improve our relations with Germany. He was only here to give us ‘taffy’—as the Yankees say. All his speeches at Oxford and at City banquets were sincere enough from his point of view, but he knew nothing of what was going on in the Chancelleries at Berlin, or downstairs in the Embassy residence at Carlton House Terrace.

“Those who descend the Duke of York’s steps in Pall Mall, will see a common, unpretentious door on the right hand side, part of the way down. That was one of the entrances to the Embassy, and quite a different class of people used it from those gay folk who came boldly in motor-cars to the front door, which sported the decoration of the Imperial eagle. It was by the lower door there passed the principals in the espionage system, and it was in the lower rooms that Herr Kühlmann interviewed his ‘friends.’ He was a tall, good-looking man, with a specious suggestion of being straightforward and open dealing, but probably there never was so tortuous-minded a person at the Embassy. He was there for many years, and knew all who were worth knowing. He it was

who furnished the reports on which the Emperor and the Crown Prince acted.

“ Prince Lichnowsky, for instance, foresaw that in the event of war, the Unionists in Ulster would support the Government. Herr Kühlmann had sent over spies who masqueraded as journalists, and they came back from Belfast believing that civil war was inevitable. Herr Kühlmann accepted their view, and thus deceived the Kaiser and the German Chancellor. The same gentleman was much interested in the Indian movement, and I remember discussing with him the causes that led to the murder of a great Anglo-Indian official at the Imperial Institute. He was convinced that India was ripe for revolt. Again he deceived the Emperor on the subject. The German spy system was wide, and it was thorough, but its chief lacked imagination, and took niggling and petty views. In a word it is efficient in signalling, prying into arrangements, spreading false news, and securing minor successes, and that it can still do here, but had it realised how the whole world would be opposed to it, there would have been no war.”

The gross licence extended to our alien enemies in peace-time has, surely, been little short of criminal. Fancy there having been a “ German Officers’ Club ” in London, close to Piccadilly Circus! Could anyone imagine an “ English Officers’ Club ” in Berlin—or in any other Continental capital, for the matter of that? In the first place, there would not have been a sufficient number of English officers to run a club, even if it had been allowed by the German authorities, which would have been most unlikely. But, on the other hand, there were enough German

officers in London, not only to support a club, but to give a large and expensive ball not very long ago at a well-known West End hotel!

Germany has a large army, and a considerable navy, but is leave-lavished with such prodigality on her officers as to make it worth their while to have a special club of their own in the metropolis? One can hardly imagine this to be the case. Why, then, were there so many German officers in London? We may be sure that they were not here for the benefit of *our* country. The German Officers' Club was no secret society, and was, therefore, winked at by the sleepy British authorities. The War Office may have argued that it enabled them to keep an eye on them, and there may be something in that plea. But what possible justification could have been found for allowing a considerable number of German officers to assemble near Southborough—between Tonbridge and Tunbridge Wells—not so very long ago, and to carry out what practically amounted to a "Staff Ride" in the "Garden of England" over a very important strategic position? Fancy such a piece of espionage being attempted in Germany! It is even known that the German Ambassador dined with the officers in question.

Had the German Officers' Club been under observation, could this have possibly been done without the cognisance of the authorities?

The authorities knew of all that was in progress, but calmly looked on, and, as usual, did nothing. The downfall of England was being plotted, but what did they care, so long as all went smoothly and they enjoyed their own social standing and their own emoluments.

There is an air of refreshing candour and simplicity in the official statement that no alien enemy is permitted to reside in a prohibited area without a special licence granted, after his case has been carefully examined, by the police.

Now, we know that proprietors and managers of hotels and licensed premises, as well as prominent residents, are usually on good terms with the police. It would surely be to their interest to cultivate good relations with them. And as the Lord Chancellor has assured us that the Germans are people of "greater astuteness," it is only reasonable to suppose they would be particularly careful to entrust their spying work in this country to only the smartest and most crafty emissaries.

One can imagine that a really clever German spy "bent on business" has had but very little difficulty in hoodwinking the honest man in blue, and obtaining from him the "permit" required for his signalling, or other work on the coast.

The experiences of the last four months at Liège, Antwerp, Mons, Rheims, Ypres, and

other places, has taught us that it is not always the alien who is the spy. In each of those towns men who had lived for years as highly respectable and law-abiding citizens, and whom everyone believed to be French or Belgian, suddenly revealed themselves as secret agents of the invaders, acting as their guides, and committing all sorts of outrages.

In our own country it is the same. There are to-day many who have lived among us for years, and are highly respected, only waiting for the signal to be given to commence their operations.

It is true that bombs from German air machines have been dropped on English ground—one fell in a garden at Dover and damaged a cabbage, or maybe two—also that Zeppelins flew over Norfolk and dropped bombs, but so far no air fleet from Germany has given the signal for German spies to start their arranged work of destruction in our midst, for the enemy has declared with its usual cynical frankness that their army of spies will only start their dastardly work when all is ready for the raid and the fleet of Zeppelins sail over London and give the signal.

## CHAPTER V

### HOW SPIES WORK

THE German spy system, as established in England, may be classified under various heads—military, naval, diplomatic, and also the *agents provocateurs*, those hirelings of Germany who have, of late, been so diligent in stirring up sedition in Ireland, and who, since the war began, have endeavoured, though not successfully, to engineer a strike of seamen at Liverpool and a coal strike.

First, every German resident in this country may be classed as a spy, for he is, at all times, ready to assist in the work of the official secret-agents of the Fatherland.

The military spy is usually a man who has received thorough instruction in sketching, photography, and in the drafting of reports, and on arrival here, has probably set up in business in a small garrison town. The trade of jeweller and watchmaker is one of the most favoured disguises, for the spy can rent a small shop, and though he cannot repair watches himself, he can engage an unsuspecting assistant to do so. Therefore, to all intents and purposes, his business is a legitimate one. If he is a devout church or

chapel-goer, and subscribes modestly to the local charities, he will soon become known, and will quickly number among his friends some military men from whom he can obtain information regarding movements of troops, and a-thousand-and-one military details, all of which he notes carefully in his reports, the latter being collected by a "traveller in jewellery," who visits him at regular intervals, and who makes payment in exchange.

Every report going out of Great Britain is carefully tabulated and indexed by a marvellous system in Berlin. These, in turn, are compared, analysed and checked by experts, so that, at last, the information received is passed as accurate, and is then indexed for reference.

Now the military spy also keeps his eyes and ears open regarding the officers of the garrison. If an officer is in financial difficulties, the fact is sent forward, and some money-lender in London will most certainly come to his assistance and thus ingratiate himself as his "friend." Again, there are wives of officers who are sometimes a little indiscreet, and in more than one known case blackmail has been levied upon the unfortunate woman, and then, suddenly, an easy way out of it all has been craftily revealed to her by a blackguard in German pay.

From the widespread secret-service of Germany, nothing is sacred. The German General Staff laughs at our apathy, and boasts that it knows all about us, the military and civil

population alike. In the archives of its Intelligence Department there are thousands upon thousands of detailed reports—furnished constantly throughout the past ten years—regarding the lives and means of prominent persons in England, with descriptions of their homes wherein, one day, the enemy hope to billet their troops.

These unscrupulous men who act as “fixed-posts”—and it is no exaggeration to say that there are still hundreds in England alone, notwithstanding all official assurances to the contrary—have all gone through an elaborate system of training in signalling, in reducing messages to code, and in decoding them, in map-making, in the use of carrier-pigeons, and, in some cases, in the use of secret wireless.

The naval spy works in a somewhat similar manner to his military colleague. At every naval port in Great Britain it is quite safe to assume that there are spies actively carrying on their work, though it is quite true that one or two, who have long been under suspicion, have now found it wise to disappear into oblivion. A favourite guise of the spy in a naval port is, it seems, to pose as a hairdresser, for in pursuance of that humble and most honourable calling, the secret agent has many opportunities to chat with his customers, and thus learn a good deal of what is in progress in both port and dock-yard: what ships are putting to sea, and the strength and dispositions of various divisions



of our navy. Cases in recent years of spies at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth have revealed how active Germany has been in this direction.

In one case, at Plymouth, a salary of £500 a year was offered to a Mr. Duff for information regarding naval matters, on the pretext that this information was required by a Naval and Military journal in Germany. Mr. Duff, however, communicated with the authorities, who promptly arrested the spy—a man named Schulz, who lived on a yacht on the river Yealm. He was tried at the Devon Assizes and, certain documents being found upon him, he was sentenced to a year and nine months' imprisonment. What, we wonder, would have been his fate if he had been British, and had been arrested in Germany?

Of diplomatic espionage little need be said in these pages. Every nation has its secret service in diplomacy, a service rendered necessary perhaps by the diplomatic juggling of unscrupulous representatives of various nations. Many diplomatic spies are women moving in the best society, and such persons abound in every capital in the world.

The means of communication between the spy and his employers are several. Innocent sketches may be made of woodland scenery, with a picturesque windmill and cottage in the foreground, and woods in the distance. Yet this, when decoded in Berlin—the old windmill representing a lighthouse, the trees

a distant town, and so forth—will be found to be an elaborate plan of a harbour showing the disposition of the mines in its channel!

Again, there are codes in dozens of different forms of letters or figures with various combinations, key-numbers, cross-readings, etc. There is the three-figure code, the five-figure code, and so on, all of which, though difficult, can, if sufficient time be spent upon them, be eventually deciphered by those accustomed to dealing with such problems.

Far more difficult to decipher, however, are communications written as perfectly innocent ordinary correspondence upon trade or other matters, yet, by certain expressions, and by mentioning certain names, objects, or prices, they can be rightly read only by the person with whom those meanings have been prearranged.

From the daring movements of the German Fleet in the North Sea it would appear that, through spies, the enemy are well aware of the limit and position of our mine-fields, while the position of every buoy is certainly known. When the first attack was made upon Yarmouth, the enemy took his range from certain buoys, and the reason the shells fell short was that only the day before those buoys had been moved a mile further out to sea.

Again, for many years—indeed, until I called public attention to the matter—foreign pilots were allowed to ply their profession in the Humber, and by that means we may rest assured that Germany made many surveys of our East Coast.

The spies of Germany are to be found everywhere, yet the Home Office and the police have shown themselves quite incapable of dealing effectively with them. The War Office, under the excellent administration of Lord Kitchener, has surely been busy enough with military matters, and has had no time to deal with the enemy in our midst. Neither has the Admiralty. Therefore the blame must rest upon the Home Office, who, instead of dealing with the question with a firm and drastic hand, actually issued a communiqué declaring that the spy peril no longer existed!

As an illustration of Germany's subtle preparations in the countries she intends to conquer, and as a warning to us here in Great Britain, surely nothing can be more illuminating than the following, written by a special correspondent of the *Times* with the French Army near Rheims. That journal—with the *Daily Mail*—has always been keenly alive to the alien peril in England, and its correspondent wrote:—

“ Nowhere else in France have the Germans so thoroughly prepared their invasion as they did in Champagne, which they hoped to make theirs. In the opinion of the inhabitants of Epernay, the saving of the town from violent pillage is only due to the desire of the Germans not to ravage a country which they regarded as being already German soil. The wanton bombardment of Rheims is accepted almost with delight, as being a clear indication that the enemy has been awakened by the battle of the Marne from those pleasant dreams of conquest which inflamed the whole German nation with enthusiasm at the outset of the war.

“The spy system thought out in time of peace in preparation for what is happening to-day has served Germany well, and every day the accuracy of German gunfire pays a tribute to the zeal and efficiency with which these loathsome individuals accomplish a task for which they have sold their honour as Frenchmen. Hardly a week passes without some fresh discovery being made. At the headquarters of the different army corps along this section of the front, hardly a day passes without the arrest and examination of suspect peasants or strangers from other provinces. Elaborate underground telephone installations have been discovered and destroyed.

“One day a gendarme who wished to water his horse approached a well in the garden of an abandoned house. At the bottom of the well there was not truth but treason. Comfortably installed in this disused shaft a German spy was engaged in making his report by telephone to the German Intelligence Department.

“The mentality of the spy can never be explained, for how can one account for the mixture of the fine quality of bravery and the despicable greed of money which will keep a man in a city like Rheims, exposed every hour of the day and night to death from the splinter of a shell fired at the town by his own paymasters? I do not suggest for a moment that of the 20,000 people who still inhabit the town of Rheims and its cellars there is any large proportion of traitorous spies, but to the French Intelligence Department there is no question whatsoever that there is still a very efficient spying organisation at work in the city.”

Among us here in Great Britain, I repeat, are men—hundreds of them—who are daily, nay hourly, plotting our downfall, and are awaiting the signal to act as the German General Staff has arranged that they shall

act. To attempt to disguise the fact longer is useless. We have lived in the fool's paradise which the Government prepared for us long enough. We were assured that there would be no war. But war has come, and thousands of the precious lives of our gallant lads have been lost—and thousands more will yet be lost.

We cannot trust the German tradesman who has even lived long among us apparently honourable and highly respected. A case in point is that of a man who, for the past twenty-six years, has carried on a prosperous business in the North of London. At the outbreak of war he registered himself as an alien, and one day asked the police for a permit to travel beyond the regulation five miles in order to attend a concert. He was watched, and it was found that, instead of going to the concert, he had travelled in an opposite direction, where he had met and conferred with a number of his compatriots who were evidently secret agents. This is but one illustration of many known cases in the Metropolis.

Can we still close our eyes to what Germany intends to do? The Government knew the enemy's intentions when, in 1908, there was placed before them the Emperor's speech, which I have already reproduced.

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting if I recount how I myself was approached by the German General Staff—and I believe others must have been approached in a like manner.

The incident only serves to show the "astuteness"—as Lord Haldane has so well put it—of our enemies.

One day, in September, 1910, I received through a mutual friend, a lady, an invitation to dine at the house of a prominent official at the War Office, who, in his note to me, declared that he had greatly admired my patriotism, and asked me to dine *en famille* one Sunday evening. I accepted the invitation, and went. The official's name, I may here say, figures often in your daily newspapers to-day. To my great surprise, I found among the guests the German Ambassador, the Chancellor of the Embassy, the Military and Naval Attachés with their ladies, and several popular actors and actresses.

In a corner of the drawing-room after dinner, I found myself chatting with a German Attaché, who turned the conversation upon my anti-German writings. By his invitation, I met him at his club next day. He entertained me to an expensive luncheon, and then suddenly laughed at me for what he termed my misguided propaganda.

"There will be no war between your country and mine," he assured me. "You are so very foolish, my dear Mr. Le Queux. You will ruin your reputation by these fixed ideas of yours. Why not change them? We desire no quarrel with Great Britain, but we, of course, realise that you are doing what you consider to be your duty."

"It is my duty," I responded.

My diplomatic friend sucked at his cigar, and laughed.

“As a literary man you, of course, write to interest the public. But you would interest your public just as *easily* by writing in *favour* of Germany—and, I tell you that we should quickly recognise the favour you do us—and *recompense you for it.*”

I rose from my chair.

I confess that I grew angry, and I told him what was in my mind.

I gave him a message to his own Secret Service, in Berlin, which was very terse and to the point, and then I left the room.

But that was not all. I instituted inquiries regarding the official at the War Office who had been the means of introducing us, and within a fortnight that official—whose dealings with the enemy were proved to be suspicious—was relieved of his post.

I give this as one single instance of the cunning manner in which the German Secret Service have endeavoured to nobble and bribe me, so as to close my mouth and thus combat my activity.

Another instance was when the Norddeutscher Lloyd Line, of Bremen, kindly invited me to take a voyage round the world, free of expense, so that I might visit the various German colonies and write some descriptions of them. And, on a third occasion, German diplomats were amazingly kind to me, both in Constantinople and in Belgrade,

and again broadly hinted at their readiness to win me over to their side.

How pitiable, how absolutely criminal our apathy has been !

Do not the souls of a million dead upon the battlefields of France and Belgium rise against the plotters to-day ? Does not the onus of the frightful loss of the flower of our dear lads lie, not upon our four-hundred-a-year legislators, but upon some of the golfing, dividend-seeking, pushful men who have ruled our country through the past ten years ?

Without politics, as I am, I here wish to pay a tribute—the tribute which the whole nation should pay—to Mr. Lloyd George and his advisers, who came in for so much adverse criticism before the war. I declare as my opinion—an opinion which millions share—that the manner in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer faced and grappled with the financial situation at the outbreak of war, was an illustration of British pluck, of coolness and of readiness that is unequalled in our history. The poor suffered nothing, and to-day—even though we are struggling for our very existence—we hear not a word of that winter-cry “The Unemployed.”

I trust, therefore, that the reader will find my outspoken criticisms just, and perfectly without prejudice, for, as I have already stated, my only feeling is one of pure patriotism towards my King and the country that gave me birth.

Though I am beyond the age-limit to serve



in the Army, it is in defence of my King and country, and in order to reveal the naked truth to a public which has so long been pitiably bamboozled and reassured, that I have ventured to pen this plain, serious, and straightforward indictment, which no amount of official juggling can ever disprove.

## CHAPTER VI

### SOME METHODS OF SECRET AGENTS

SOME of the cases of espionage within my own knowledge—and into many of them I have myself made discreet inquiry—may not prove uninteresting. Foreign governesses, usually a hard-worked and poorly-paid class, are often in a position to furnish important information, and very serious cases have recently been proved against them. These young women have lived in the intimacy of the homes of men of every grade, Cabinet Ministers, Members of Parliament, financiers, officers of both Services, and officials of every class. By the very nature of their duties, and their extreme intimacy with their employers, they are, naturally, in a position to gather much valuable information, and often even to get sight of their employers' correspondence, which can easily be noted and handed over to the proper quarter for transmission to Berlin.

Here is a case already reported by me. Not very long ago, in the service of a very well-known Member of Parliament living in Essex, lived a clever, good-looking, and intensely musical young German governess,

who was regarded by the Member's wife as "a perfect treasure," and who took the greatest interest in her two little charges. For over two years Fraulein had been in the service of this pleasant household, being, of course, regarded as "one of the family."

In the grounds of the big country house in question was a secluded summer-house, and here Fraulein was in the habit of reading alone, and writing her letters. One hot summer's afternoon she had gone there as usual, when about an hour later one of the under-gardeners, in passing, saw her lying back in her chair unconscious. She had been seized with a fit. He raised the alarm, she was carried back to the house, and the doctor was at once telephoned for.

Meanwhile her mistress, greatly alarmed, went out to the summer-house in order to see whether her unconsciousness could be accounted for. Upon the table she noticed a number of documents which did not appear to be letters which a governess might receive, and, on examination, she found to her dismay that, not only were they carefully-written reports of conversations between her husband and a certain Cabinet Minister who had been their guest during the previous week-end, but there were also copies of several confidential letters from one of the Government departments to her husband. That the girl was a clever and most dangerous spy was at once proved, yet, rather than there should be any

unpleasant publicity, the girl was, that same night, packed off unceremoniously across to the Hook of Holland.

In another instance a German governess in the employ of an officer's wife at Chatham was discovered endeavouring to obtain confidential information; and in a third, at Plymouth, a charming young lady was caught red-handed.

These three glaring cases are within my own knowledge; therefore, there probably have been many others where, after detection, the girls have been summarily dismissed by their employers, who, naturally, have hesitated to court publicity by prosecution.

It therefore behoves everyone employing a foreign governess—and more especially anyone occupying an official position—to be alert and wary. Many of these young ladies are known to have been trained for the dastardly work which they have been so successfully carrying out, and, while posing as loyal and dutiful servants of their employers, and eating at their tables, they have been listening attentively to their secrets.

We have, of late, been told a good deal of the danger of secret agents among the alien staffs of hotels, and, in deference to public opinion, the authorities have cleared our hotels of all Germans and Austrians. Though holding no brief for the alien servant, I must say, at once, that I have never known one single instance of a hotel servant of lower grade being actually proved to be a secret

agent. It is a fact, however, that among the hall-porters of some of the principal hotels were, until the outbreak of war, several well-known spies. The class of person who is much more dangerous is the so-called "naturalised" alien. Among these are, no doubt, spies, men who have long ago taken out naturalisation papers for the sole purpose of blinding us, and of being afforded opportunities to pursue their nefarious calling. To-day, while thousands of men who have for years worked hard for a living are in idleness in detention camps, these gentry are free to move about where they will because they are so-called British subjects.

Surely the heart of a German is always German, just as the heart of a true-born Briton is always British, whatever papers he may sign. I contend that every German who has been "naturalised" during the last seven years should be treated as other aliens are treated, and we should then be nearer the end of the spy-peril.

"Naturalised" foreign baronets, financiers, merchants, ship-owners, and persons of both sexes of high social standing, constitute a very grave peril in our midst, though Mr. McKenna has not yet appeared to have awakened to it, even though the Press and the public are, happily, no longer blind to the German preparations. In the month of November, while spies were being reported in hundreds by the public themselves, the Home Office was actually engaged in holding

an inquiry into whether there had really been any atrocities committed by the German soldiery in Belgium! And I was officially asked to assist in this!

As far as can be gathered from Mr. McKenna's reply in November to the Parliamentary attack on the methods of dealing with the spy peril, the position was still a most unsatisfactory one. Though he admitted that we still have 27,000 enemy aliens at large among us, nobody is assumed to be a spy unless he is an unnaturalised German. Even if he fulfils this condition, he is then to be caught "in the act" of spying, or if really strong suspicion be aroused, some evidence against him may be "looked for." But until this is "found," and so long as he complies with the posted-up registration orders, etc., he may continue unmolested. In short, after the steed is stolen, our stable door may be shut.

One sighs in despair. Could anything be more hopeless? If the matter were not so very serious, the position would be Gilbertian in its comedy.

Though we are at war, our sons being shot down and our national existence threatened, yet there is yet another very strong factor in favour of the German spy. According to Mr. McKenna, he himself is only responsible for the London district, while elsewhere the County Constabulary, under the Chief Constables of Counties, are "to pay every attention to representations of the naval and

military authorities," in the matter of hostile espionage.\*

This strikes me as one of the finest examples of "how not to do it" that we have heard of for some time, and it must indeed be a source of delight to the secret "enemy within our gates." Fancy such a ridiculous regulation in Germany!

Of some of the hundreds of cases of undoubted espionage which have been brought to my notice since the outbreak of war, I will enumerate a few.

One was that of two Germans who—posing as Poles—rented a large country house at £150 a year, bought a quantity of furniture, and settled down to a quiet life. The house in question was situated at a very important point on the main London and North Western Railway, and the grounds ran down to a viaduct which, if destroyed, would cut off a most important line of communication. The suspicion of a neighbour was aroused. He informed the police, and a constable *in full uniform* began to make inquiries of the neighbours, the result being that the interesting pair left the house one night, and have not since been seen.

\* Even at this moment of our peril, it is doubtful if the public will find at New Scotland Yard a single detective able to pass himself off as a German and thus be in a position to make close investigation. There are, certainly, several who speak German, but in a dozen words they betray their British nationality. Surely the police cannot hope for good results without possessing agents competent to carry out what is a difficult and delicate task. The Extradition Department is no longer what it was under Chief-Inspector Greenham.

Outside London, the county constabulary are making praiseworthy efforts to find spies, but when men in uniform set out to make inquiries—as they unfortunately do in so many cases—then the system becomes hopeless.

The same thing happened in a small coast town in Norfolk where signalling at night had been noticed. Indeed, in two instances in the same town, and again in Dunbar, the appearance of the police inspector caused the flight of the spies—as undoubtedly they were.

As regards the county of Norfolk, it has long received the most careful attention of German secret agents. At the outbreak of war the Chief Constable, Major Egbert Napier, with commendable patriotism, devoted all his energies to the ferreting out of suspicious characters, spies who were no doubt settled near and on the coast in readiness to assist the enemy in case of an attempted landing. By Major Napier's untiring efforts a very large area has been cleared, more especially from Cromer along by Sheringham, Weybourne—a particularly vulnerable point—and from Cley-next-the-Sea to Wells and King's Lynn.

Major Napier engaged, at my instigation, a well-known detective-officer who, for some years, had been engaged at the Criminal Investigation Department at New Scotland Yard, specially attached to deal with German criminals for extradition back to Germany. He was a Russian, naturalised English, and spoke German perfectly, being born in Riga—



and an ideal officer to inquire into the whole German spy system in Norfolk.

Well, after Major Napier had asked him to go forth on his mission, I saw him and wished him all success. Within a fortnight this shrewd officer returned to me with a hopeless story. Wherever he went the Coast-guard refused to tell him anything, or any of their suspicions, as they said they were sworn to secrecy, while the superintendents and inspectors of the Norfolk Constabulary—with few exceptions—even though he bore proper credentials signed by the Chief Constable himself, actually *refused to give him any assistance or information whatsoever!*

This keen and clever detective-officer returned to the Chief Constable of Norfolk and told him that he was certain spies still existed along the coast, but expressed regret at the hopeless state of affairs.

If any Government authority would like to question the officer upon his experiences, I shall be pleased to furnish that department with his private address.

I had a curious experience myself in Norfolk.

In a field, high upon the cliff between Cromer and Runton, I last year established a high-power wireless installation. When in working order—with a receiving range of 1,500 miles or more, according to atmospheric conditions—I allowed visitors to inspect it. There came along certain inquisitive persons with a slight accent in their speech, and of

these I believe no fewer than eight are now interned. It formed quite an interesting trap for spies!

From the great mass of authentic reports of German spies lying before me as I write, it is difficult to single out one case more illuminating than another.

It may perhaps be of interest, however, to know that I was the first to report to the authorities a secret store of German arms and ammunition in London, afterwards removed, and subsequently seized after the outbreak of war. Other stores have, it is said, been found in various parts of the country, the secrets of which, of course, have never been allowed to leak out to the public, for fear of creating alarm.

That secret stores of petrol, in readiness for that raid upon us by Zeppelins which Germany has so long promised, have been thought to exist in Scotland, is shown by the reward of £100, offered by the Commander-in-Chief in Scotland for any information leading to the discovery of any such bases.

But in connection with this, the situation is really most ludicrous. Though, on November 8th, 1914, a London newspaper reproduced a copy of the poster offering the reward—a poster exhibited upon hoardings all over Scotland—yet the Press Censor actually issued to the London Press orders to suppress all fact or comment concerning it! We may surely ask why? If Scotland is told the truth, why may not England know it?

Between Rye and Winchelsea of late, on four occasions, people have been detected flashing lights from the most seaward point between those places to German submarines. In fact, two of the spies actually had the audacity to build a shanty from which they signalled! This matter was promptly reported by certain residents in the locality to the Dover military authorities, but they replied that it was "out of their division." Then they reported to the Admiralty, but only received the usual typewritten "thanks" in these terms:—

"The Director of the Intelligence Division presents to Mr. ——— his compliments, and begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of his letter of ———.

"Admiralty War Staff: Intelligence Division."

Now what happened?

Early in the morning of December 10th, in the midst of a thick hazy rain, half-a-dozen German submarines are reported to have made a daring dash for the western entrance of Dover Harbour, where several of our warships were lying at anchor. Fortunately they were discovered by men working the searchlights, heavy guns were turned upon them, and one submarine, if not more, was sunk. We have to thank spies in the vicinity for this attempt, in which we so narrowly escaped disaster. If not through spies, how could the enemy have known that, just at the time the attack was made, Dover

was without its boom-defence? And the question arises whether the spies were those detected near Rye?

In all probability there exists somewhere in the neighbourhood a secret wireless station sufficiently powerful to send intelligence say five miles to sea by day, and double that distance at night. By this means the enemy's submarines could easily learn the truth. Therefore the authorities should lose no time in making domiciliary visits to any house where a suspect may be living.

And if secret wireless exists near Dover, then there may be—as there probably are, since small wireless stations are not costly to fit up, and could, till the outbreak of war, be purchased without arousing the least suspicion—other stations in the vicinity of other of our naval bases, the peril of which will easily be recognised.

The replies by the Admiralty to persons who give information are curt and unsatisfactory enough, yet if a resident in the Metropolitan area writes to the Chief Commissioner of Police upon a serious matter concerning espionage—he will *not even receive the courtesy of a reply!* At least, that has been my own experience. It is appalling to think that the authorities are so utterly incapable of dealing with the situation to-day, even though our men are laying down their lives for us, and fighting as only Britons can fight.

Existence of carefully-prepared concrete

emplacements, in readiness for the huge German Krupp guns, has been reported to me from a dozen different quarters—sometimes they are concealed in the form of a concrete carriage-drive, in others as a tennis-court, or a yard enclosed by stables. Workmen who have actually been employed in laying them down, and have given me the enormous thicknesses of the concrete used, have communicated with me, and indicated where these long-considered preparations of the enemy are to-day to be found.

But as it is nobody's business, and as Mr. McKenna has assured us that we are quite safe, and that the spy-peril has been snuffed-out, the position is here again hopeless, and we are compelled to live daily upon the edge of a volcano.

Oh! when will England rub her eyes and awaken?

As events have proved in Belgium and France, so here, in our own dear country, I fear we have spies in every department of the public service. I say boldly, without fear of contradiction—that if our apathetic Home Department continues to close its eyes as it is now doing, we shall be very rudely stirred up one day when the Zeppelins come in force—as the authorities fear by the darkening of London. From the lessons taught us in France, I fear that in every department of our public services, the post-office, the railways, the docks, the electric generating-stations, in our arsenals, in our government

factories, and among those executing certain government contracts — everywhere, from Wick to Walmer—the spy still exists, and he is merely awaiting the signal of his masters to strike: to blow up bridges and tunnels, to destroy water-supplies, docks, power-stations and wireless-stations: to cut telegraphs and telephones, and to create panic—a sudden and fearful panic—which it would be to the interest of the invaders to create.

At my suggestion the Postmaster-General, at the outbreak of war, ordered each letter-carrier in the Kingdom to prepare lists of foreigners on their “walk,” and upon those lists hundreds of arrests of aliens took place. No doubt many spies were “rounded-up” by this process, but alas! many still remain, sufficient of the “naturalised,”—even those “naturalised” after the war,—to form a very efficient advance-guard to our invading enemy, who hate us with such a deadly, undying hatred.

If Zeppelins are to raid us successfully they must have secret bases for the supply of petrol for their return journey. Such bases can only be established in out-of-the-way places where, on descending, air-craft would not be fired upon. The moors, those of Yorkshire, Dartmoor, and certain districts of Scotland and the Lake Country, are admirably adapted for this purpose, for there are spots which could easily be recognised from the air—by the direction of the roads, running like

ribbons across the heather—where considerable stores could easily be secreted without anyone being the wiser.

This is a petrol war, and if any raid is attempted upon the country, petrol will be wanted in great quantities by the enemy. Is it not, therefore, with our knowledge of Germany's long-completed preparations at Maubeuge, Antwerp, along the heights of the Aisne, and in other places, quite safe to assume that considerable—even greater—preparations have already been made in our own country—made in the days when the British public were lulled to sleep by the Judas-like assurances of the Kaiser and his friendly visits to our King, and when any honest attempt to lift the veil was met with abuse and derision. If we assume that preparations have been made, it is, surely, our duty to now discover them.

Petrol and ammunition are the two things which the enemy will want if they dare to attempt a dash upon our coast. Therefore it would be very wise for the authorities to make a house-to-house visitation, and search from garret to cellar all premises until lately occupied by aliens in the Eastern Counties, and all houses still occupied by "naturalised" foreigners, who, if they were honestly "British subjects" as they declare, could not possibly object.

There are many licensed premises, too, held by the "naturalised," and the cellars of these should certainly be searched. Hundreds of

“naturalised” Germans and Austrians are living—immune from even suspicion. They are of all grades, from watchmakers and hotel-keepers to wealthy financiers.

If only the Government would deal with the “naturalised,” as any sane system of Government would in these unparalleled circumstances, then it would give a free hand to the Chief Constables of Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent to clear out, once and for ever, the canker-worm of espionage which has, alas! been allowed to eat so very nearly into Britain’s heart.

I am not affected by that disease known as spy-mania. I write only of what I know, of what I have witnessed with my own eyes and have heard with my own ears.

I therefore appeal most strongly, with all my patriotism, to the reader, man or woman, to pause, to reflect, to think, and to demand that justice shall, at this crisis of our national life, be done.

We want no more attempts to gag the Press, no evasive speeches in the House—no more pandering to the foreign financier or bestowing upon him Birthday Honours: no more kid-gloved legislation for our monied enemies whose sons, in some cases, are fighting against us, but sturdy, honest and deliberate action—the action with the iron-hand of justice in the interests of our own beloved Empire.



## CHAPTER VII

### MASTER-SPIES AND THEIR CUNNING

WE shall probably never be able to realise a hundredth part of what Germany has done by her spy system, but we know enough to realise that, for years, no country and no walks of life—from the highest to the lowest—have been free from the presence of her ubiquitous and unscrupulous secret agents. Nothing in the way of espionage has been too large, or too small, for attention.

Her spies have swarmed in all cities, and in every village; her agents have ranked among the leaders of social and commercial life, and among the sweepings and outcasts of great communities. The wealthiest of commercial men have not shrunk from acting as her secret agents. She has not been above employing beside them the very dregs of the community. No such a system has ever been seen in the world; I hope it is safe to say that no such system will ever be seen again. Indeed, so despicable is this German spy system that even the leader of the Opposition in the Reichstag, Herr Richter, one day rose from his seat and protested

against "the more than doubtful morality of the individuals employed." This protest was made because it was known that the Secret Service of Germany countenanced rank immorality and vice, the suborning of high officials, and the shameless engagement of women of ill-fame in the search for information. The official feeling in Germany concerning such debased methods was well illustrated by the reply of Herr Von Puttkamer, the Minister for the Interior, who said :—

"It is the right and duty of the State to employ special and extraordinary methods, and even if that honest and estimable functionary, Police-Councillor Rumpff, has employed the methods of which he is accused, in order to secure for the State the benefits of useful intelligence, I here publicly express to him my satisfaction and thanks."

That statement is certainly informing. It reveals to us the low, vile methods of our enemies.

The German spy system, as we know it to-day, is the creation of one Carl Stieber, and it dates back to about the year 1850.

Stieber, who was an obscure Saxon, began his career of espionage by betraying the revolutionary Socialists, with whom he pretended to sympathise, and so successful was he in this respect that he very soon obtained employment among the regular police, and was afterwards created head of a department

which finally worked quite independently, and was beyond police control.

Stieber could never have achieved the success he did but for the luck or good management which, during his work among the revolutionaries, brought him to the notice of Frederick William, the King of Prussia. Under the royal patronage he was secure against counter-plotters among the military and the police, both of whom hated him beyond measure as an interloper who was seen to be dangerous to their interests. Up to this time, it should be remembered, the game of espionage, so far as military matters were concerned, had been a matter solely for the military authorities, and they did not fail to resent the new influence, which very speedily threatened to make itself all-powerful—as, indeed, it ultimately did—in this particular field of Prussian activity.

It must not be supposed that Stieber—upon whose model the Russian Secret Police was afterwards established—confined his activities to either the enemies or the criminals of Prussia. He established a close watch on persons even of high rank, and many a tit-bit of information went to regale the mind of his royal master. In a sense, Frederick William was, like the modern Kaiser, the master-spy, for without his confidence Stieber could never have achieved the success he did, against both the military and the police, influences which, even in those days, were

almost, but not quite, all-powerful in Germany.

Stieber's greatest achievement in the field of actual spying was his work which led to the crushing of Austria at Sadowa in 1866. At this he laboured for years, and it is not too much to say that his work assured the success of the campaign. By the time the Prussian armies were on the move, Stieber had established such an army of spies and agents throughout Bohemia, that it was a matter of absolute impossibility for the unfortunate Austrians to make a single move without information being promptly carried to their enemies.

So successful was Stieber's method found, that it was only natural that it should be tried in other countries. France was the next victim, and the campaign of 1870-71 is so recent that it is hardly necessary to do more than remind the reader how thoroughly the Germans were served by their spy system.

As in the present war, the advancing Germans found, in every town and village, swarms of agents who were ready to provide them with information and guidance, and it was even said that the German invaders were better acquainted with the country they were attacking than were the officers entrusted with its defence. We have seen the same thing in the present war, when time after time the Germans have been led into towns and districts by men who have lived there

for years and, in many cases, had even become naturalised Frenchmen the better to carry on their work. It speaks volumes for the perfection of the German military machine that, on the outbreak of hostilities, these men should have been able, without the slightest difficulty, to join the corps operating in the districts with which they had become perfectly familiar by years of residence.

And they were able, not merely to give topographical information, but even to indicate where stores of food and petrol could be found, and to point out to their comrades where the best prospects of loot and plunder existed.

All this was merely a natural development of the system which Carl Stieber established, and which his successors have developed to the highest pitch of unscrupulous perfection.

After the war of 1870-71, the system which Stieber invented found its place in German administration, and it has continued ever since as a separate and highly-organised department, spending vast sums of money—about £720,000 a year—and extending its ramifications to an incredible extent. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that its workings and methods have been copied by the German commercial world, and many a British employer has, during the past few years, paid dearly through his closest commercial secrets being given away to his keenest German rivals by the patient, diligent

and hard-working German clerk, who was willing to work for a mere pittance for the advantage of "learning English," and studying British methods.

There cannot now be the slightest doubt that thousands of these German employees were, before the war, really in the pay of German firms, and were busily engaged in sending to Germany all the information they could possibly pick up which would tend to help the German and injure the British merchant and manufacturer.

I hope they have over-reached themselves, and that when the war is over we shall see a great deal less of the English worker being supplanted by spying Germans, whose apparent cheapness has been the costliest labour Englishmen have ever employed.

"Never trust or employ a German, and always make him pay cash" ought to be the British commercial motto for the future.

Stieber died in the early nineties, but he was succeeded by others quite as clever, and even more unscrupulous than himself, some of whom—though by no means all—have become faintly known to us through the revelations made in the too few cases of espionage where prosecution has been undertaken by our sleepy authorities. I say "very few," of course, in the comparative meaning of the phrase. Actually, there have been a fair number of cases, but when we consider the slyness of German methods we must come

to the conclusion that not a fraction of the whole have been dealt with, in spite of the amusing claim of Mr. McKenna that he has succeeded in smashing the German spy organisation in this country. Our leniency in this respect is a matter of amazement to people in France, and other countries where, from bitter experience, the German spy-peril is better understood, and it is also a matter of some resentment. Every blow at England, it is argued, injures the cause of the Allies as a whole, and the worst blows are likely enough to be struck by the undetected and unpunished spy.

In almost every case of espionage in England in recent years, the name of Steinhauer, "of Potsdam," has figured prominently. He is, at the moment, the chief of the Kaiser's spy-system, and there is no doubt that he fully enjoys the confidence and friendship of his royal master.

Steinhauer—as he is known to our Secret Service—is an officer in the Prussian Guard, and is about forty years of age. Personally, he is a man of charming manners, of splendid education, and of excellent presence, capable of taking his place—as he has frequently done—in the very best society. Steinhauer—the man of a hundred aliases—acting under the direct instructions of the Kaiser, and with the closest support and co-operation of the German military authorities, established in England such a network of naval and

military spies as, when it was tardily discovered, fairly made our authorities aghast.

The allegations I have made in these pages are borne out by Mr. McKenna's own admission, that hardly anything was done in the matter until about the year 1911; yet, as I have indicated, long before this the Germans were actually plotting war against England, and were preparing for it and looking forward to the day when they might hope to wage it with every prospect of success.

The following extract from a public statement by the Home Secretary is worth quoting. It will be noticed that Steinhauer's name is not mentioned, but there is no doubt that he was the head of the organisation of which the Home Secretary speaks.

Mr. McKenna stated in his remarkable and somewhat ludicrous communiqué of October 9th, 1914:—

“The Special Intelligence Department . . . was able in three years, from 1911 to 1913, to discover the ramifications of the German Secret Service in England. In spite of enormous effort and lavish expenditure by the enemy, little valuable information fell into their hands. . . . There is good reason to believe that the spy organisation, crushed at the outbreak of the war, has not been re-established. . . . How completely that system had been suppressed in the early days of the war is clear from the fact disclosed in a German Army Order—that on 21st August the German military commanders were ignorant of the dispatch and movements of the British Expeditionary Force, although these had been known for many days to a large number of people in this country.”



Such an attempt as this to lull us into a false sense of security was little short of criminal.

If not from spies, asked a correspondent of the *Globe*, from whom did Germany obtain, in 1912, the very valuable information that oil was to be the sole source of motive power for the "Queen Elizabeth" (v. *Taschenbuch der Kriegsflootten*, January, 1913)? Certainly not from any English official source; for we were kept entirely in the dark as to this momentous change until the *Morning Post* announced in July, 1913, that the battleship in question would consume liquid fuel only. Even minor details did not escape the notice of German spies during the period specified by Mr. McKenna. For instance, the *Taschenbuch* for 1914 contains this statement:—

“‘Hermes,’ at present tender to air-craft, and as such only carries eight 6in. guns.”

Yet it was not until the "Hermes" had been sunk in the Channel by a German submarine, that any official statement was made as to how she had been employed and her armament reduced!

Again, there is irrefutable evidence to show that German agents were ready waiting in France for the disembarkation of at least some details of the British Expeditionary Force, and the whole world knows that the German Emperor's insolent reference to Sir John French's Army was made *before August 21st.*

Further evidence of the activity of German spies before and since the outbreak of the war is to be found in the following extract from a letter written by an English naval officer, and published in the *Times* of November 20th under the heading, "In the North Sea":—

"Their (*i.e.*, the Germans') submarines are outside even now, and it seems funny where they get their information. But, at any rate, they are well served, as they knew where the Fleet was when we were at Devonport, and we did not know ourselves."

Taking all these facts into consideration, it is evident that the German spy system is more than a match for the Intelligence Division of the Admiralty War Staff.

Steinhauer—the chief of German Espionage—was the author and inspiration of these "enormous efforts," and of the lavish expenditure of money.

With unlimited means at his disposal from the German Secret Service funds, a close personal friend of the Kaiser, a man of undoubted ability, great charm of manner and unquestionable daring, the man known as Steinhauer must be ranked as one of the most dangerous of our enemies. I have met him more than once. He speaks English practically like an Englishman, and, out of uniform, might well pass for an Englishman in any cosmopolitan gathering. About eight years ago he was appointed to look after the German Secret Service, with special

instructions from the Emperor to particularly devote himself to England.

He made frequent visits to this country; he got to know many German residents here of the better class, whose efforts might be of value to him, and within twelve months—while our red-tape-tangled Government Departments closed their eyes and dreamed—he had actively at work a swarm of agents in every dockyard town and garrison where the picking up of information of value would be possible or likely. How he must have smiled! Every important town and city, many villages on the coast, every naval base had its agent or agents, and there can be no doubt that it was the result of Steinhauer's wonderful activities that at last aroused even the supine British Home Office, which for years had jeered at me and reassured the public with official denials that there were no spies in England, and had laughed at the numerous warnings to them to "sit up and take notice."

And all this in face of a great and terrible national peril!

I would here like to pay a tribute to the thoroughness with which the Confidential Department have all along done their work. Up to the limits to which the staff were allowed to go, they did magnificently. There can be no doubt that a good many of the most active German spies were detected and accounted for. The trouble is that the

Intelligence officers were not allowed to go far enough—indeed, since the war the director, who knew many of the spies personally, has actually been relieved of his post. Why, we may well ask. Do not let us inquire, however, but let us realise that after six months at war we still have at large amongst us some 27,000 alien enemies who would, in any other country, be safely under lock and key. This spy peril means the loss of our sons and our loved ones, and a blow at our Empire. Even the Department is subject to ordinary human limitations, and we shall never be free from the spy-peril until we recognise with Sherman that during war the military authority is superior to the civil; until we insist with Sir Oliver Lodge that all foreign spies must be shot, and all native ones hanged.

This Steinhauer's crowning act of daring and cool "cheek" came in 1911, when it is stated upon the best authority that he actually paid a visit to King George at Buckingham Palace, as a member of the German Emperor's personal suite! In that year I met him. The Kaiser visited London to attend the unveiling by the King of the Queen Victoria Memorial. Steinhauer, the spy, was actually a member of his suite!

Of the action of our false friend the Kaiser in this matter it is difficult to speak with patience. At this time, it should be remembered, he was professing the firmest friendship

for England, and more than one Cabinet Minister was full of his praise ; yet this pinch-beck Napoleon could find it within his notions of honour to introduce to England the one man of all others who was most active in the perfidious campaign against her. Can it be wondered that with such an example of treachery to lead them, German diplomatists made small ado about tearing up the solemn treaty which guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium !

At this time, of course, Steinhauer's real mission was unknown to our Home Office, and, of course, Steinhauer is not his real name. It was not until later in the year that the Confidential Department fixed his identity and ascertained his true character. One sighs to realise the farce of it all.

Then began a campaign in which the Germans were badly outwitted. Without giving the slightest indication that anything unusual was on foot, or had been discovered, the Special Department—under the director who is, alas ! no longer there—set to work.

One branch of their activities was revealed in a recent case, when they calmly produced, in court, tracings of letters posted in London by Steinhauer's agents. For once the spy had been met and beaten at his own game. In the meantime, some of Steinhauer's chief agents had been identified, and were kept under the closest but most unostentatious surveillance.

Arrests were made in a number of cases, and in many others information was secured which bore prompt fruit when war was declared, and over two hundred of the "master-spy's" tools were captured in different parts of the country and interned.

It is, however, beyond doubt that many of this man's agents, of greater or less influence or ability, are to-day still at liberty, and there is no doubt either that many have come over in the guise of Belgian refugees; that, indeed, has been officially admitted. Of course, they are now working under enormously greater difficulties in getting information, owing to the increased severity of the watch kept at all places of importance. And even to send it away when they have got it is not easy, though no doubt it is arranged, through Italy, Denmark, or Scandinavia.

Here is an instance reported by me to the authorities, as I considered it full of suspicion. Among the thousands of Belgian refugees arriving in England just before the fall of Antwerp—a city infested by German spies—there came among us a certain priest, with four other male companions. The priest explained to the Relief Committee which received him, that he was head of a certain college in Belgium. He and his companions were, at their own request, passed on to a provincial Relief Committee. There the priest's penurious position naturally aroused much sympathy, and he and his companions

were put into a good-sized house, given money for their maintenance, and petted by many charitable persons.

The five were free to take observations in and around the place where they were domiciled. That our enemy would be glad of any details regarding it there can be no doubt. Then, of a sudden—in the first days of January—the priest, to the surprise of the Committee, announced the fact that as he had received a letter from the Cardinal Archbishop of his diocese, stating that many of his old pupils had returned, he must leave at once for home with two of his companions. One of the latter declared that he had to go to “look after his cows”—as though the Germans would have left him any cows! When questioned, the priest admitted that he held monies of the college which he must hand over. To say the least, their behaviour was highly suspicious.

By some persons who became acquainted with this curious request the matter was viewed with considerable suspicion. There seemed no urgent reason why the refugees in question should return, for their excuses, when challenged, were of the flimsiest character. However, they were able to obtain a sum of money, which went towards their travelling expenses.

I at once went to the proper authorities—with the usual result. Officials “got busy” scribbling reports and writing polite “acknowledgments,” but nothing was done, and the

priest and his friends were allowed to cross to Flushing unmolested on January 5th.

But while it may be true that the main spy organisation has been partially broken up—as Mr. McKenna would have us believe—it should not be supposed, by any means, that the peril is at an end. Letters can still be smuggled out of the country. To test this, I myself have communicated with friends in Germany since the war by sending my letters to Italy, where they were re-addressed, and replies have come by the same means. Signals can, and are still, undoubtedly being made to German submarines lying within easy distance of our East Coast. And there can be no doubt that the stream of secret German gold, part of the £720,000 a year, has, alas ! done its work all too well in inducing at least a few renegade Englishmen to betray their country. This thought leaves a nasty taste in one's mouth, but there are black sheep in all nations, and the black sheep of this kind are the master-spy's most precious instruments. Very few of them, fortunately or unfortunately, as we may choose to think, have been discovered ; but an example was made of one—the ex-naval gunner, Parrott—who, perhaps, was one of the worst examples.

Much organising of the actual work of espionage in England is believed to have been carried on by Count von der Schulenberg, who was recently appointed Governor of Liége. A very interesting account of his



clever methods was published by the *Daily Mail* soon after his appointment was announced. Von der Schulenberg belongs to what is, unquestionably, the most dangerous type of spy—the monied man of good family, of a certain culture, enjoying the friendship of people in the better ranks of life, and above all, able to plead many hobbies to account for his presence in this country. We have many of a similar sort in our midst, posing as naturalised persons.

It was in 1909 that Schulenberg—whom I met at the Hotel Cecil, where I was living—first settled in England. He took a flat in Jermyn Street, where he spent a considerable time, probably in the work of familiarising himself with the ramifications of the German spy system in this country. He became well known among the German colony in the West End, and he was in the habit of spending considerable periods on some mysterious errands; at any rate he often disappeared for days from his favourite haunts.

About two years ago this Schulenberg left Jermyn Street—and the Hotel Cecil, where he often came in to see his friends—and went to live in Borough Green, Kent, a quiet village within easy reach of Chatham Dockyard. Here he posed, of all things in the world, as a poultry fancier! Here he spent a good deal of time, sparing no pains to ingratiate himself with everybody in the district, and, to a great extent, succeeding.

We next hear of him as a "breeder of bulldogs" in the little village of Hemley-on-Deben, in Suffolk, not far from Harwich. This was about the middle of 1913. The amusing part of his pose here is that it was quite obvious to everyone that he knew nothing whatever about the subject which he made his hobby! He was utterly ignorant of bulldogs, and everything pertaining to them. However, they served as the excuse he wanted to cover his real operations.

It is not thought that this Schulenberg did any actual spying; it is more probable that he was merely an agent and a "cover" for the work of others. That he may have been an organiser under Steinhauer is probable enough, and it is known that he received visits from mysterious Germans, to one of whom, in particular, he paid considerable deference. After his departure, a very significant statement is said to have been made by a young man who is now serving in our army at the front. This man asserted that if he had been willing to do what von Schulenberg asked him, he would, by this time, "have been a rich man, able to drive his own motor-car." We can make a pretty good guess as to the class of service that was sought.

Many other cases of a similar nature that have come to light make it plain that Great Britain was systematically divided out into territories, for the purpose of espionage, each

territory having a head spy, or agent, to whom all others under him were responsible, and to whom they gave their reports for transmission to the headquarters of the German spy system in Brussels. These cases are too numerous to mention individually, and it will be sufficient to quote one as an example, that of Captain X——, of Manchester.

The captain was originally arrested for having—needless to say he was a German—travelled more than five miles from the city without permission. When the case came on the magistrates took the view that the offence was a mere oversight, and inflicted a small fine. Later, however, certain facts came to light, and the captain was re-arrested at the instance of the military authorities. Great importance was attached to the case, as the authorities believed that through it they would be able to lay their hands upon centres, not only in the North of England, but also in London, through which the Germans were in receipt of important information.

Captain X—— was a man of the type who have done excellent service for Germany among the too trustful English. Of charming manners, apparently a rich man, and very “English” in his ways, he was able to move in good society, and numbered among his friends many prominent Manchester people. But there was another side to his character of which his Manchester friends were not aware.

One of his favourite haunts was a certain German club in the city. Here he was seen almost nightly, and it was noticed that he seemed to have a great friendship for certain hotel-waiters of German nationality, who, like himself, were members. These club waiters, who evidently possessed an amount of cash which is not common among men participating in the "trunc," were constantly occupied with the captain in a private room. They "did themselves well," and in course of time they attracted the attention of certain Englishmen who were also members of the club. It could not escape notice that German waiters were rather curious friends for an apparently wealthy man moving in the best society in Manchester, and there is only one explanation of their common activities. Of the captain's ultimate fate I am ignorant, but we may assume that by this time he is beyond the capacity of doing us further harm, at any rate for a considerable time.

"*Place aux dames!*" Among the "master spies" of the Kaiser we must certainly include a proportion of the fair sex—those women of lax morals discussed in the Reichstag. And of all the perplexing problems with which our authorities have had to deal of late, there is none more difficult than that of women who have been acting as agents of German espionage.

It is a popular jibe that a woman cannot keep a secret. Never was a popular opinion

worse founded. To the spy no quality is more essential than the ability to hold his tongue—a casual word may be enough to betray him under circumstances in which he might think himself absolutely safe. And if some women, at any rate, could not be trusted to set a very rigid seal on their lips, the Kaiser and other spy-masters would be robbed of some of their most able and desperate agents.

History has shown us that the woman-spy is, if anything, far more dangerous than the man, once she gives herself heart and soul to the business. And the reason is obvious : she brings to bear subtle influences—especially if she is of the half-world—which are far beyond the capacity of the male spy. More often than not, she simply works on a man's passions, and there are endless cases of men who have given away important secrets not for mere sordid motives, but through the wiles of a pretty little woman by whom they have been temporarily enslaved. The woman-spy, as a rule, must be possessed of great personal charm of manner, and more than a share of good looks—often they are minor actresses or ladies of no profession. They are, indeed, the aristocrats of the spy profession, for they can work with good prospects of success in cases where the ordinary lure of money would be rejected with scorn, and, probably, personal violence if it were proffered.

Now, it is absolutely foreign to the British character to take any steps against women of whatever class unless there are very clear grounds upon which to act. We may be quite sure that this fact is fully recognised by the authorities at Potsdam. There are to-day, in London—many around Piccadilly Circus, and practically uncontrolled—hundreds of German women, clever and capable, who are an unmistakable danger to our country. What to do with them is, admittedly, not a problem easy of solution. We, as Britons, do not want to inflict on women the unavoidable hardships of the concentration camps if it can be avoided, but we certainly do want to protect ourselves. The suggestion has been made that these women should be compulsorily repatriated, and it seems as good a way of dealing with the difficulty as any.

One of the most notorious of the German woman agents is believed to have come over to this country immediately after the fall of Brussels. She is said to be an exceedingly accomplished woman, very good-looking, and widely travelled, and speaking seven languages. The Confidential Department are to-day keeping her under observation. A woman of this kind is especially dangerous owing to her ability to pass in any class of society, and it is to be hoped that the Department has been able to curtail her opportunities for mischief.

As I have, over and over again, stated in the course of these past few years of Britain's slumber, the tremendous extent of the German spy system cannot be over-estimated, nor can it be too strongly impressed upon the public. Nothing is too large, or too small, for the net of German espionage ; no agent can be too highly, or too lowly, placed. From the few chiefs who really control the dastardly work, designed for our undoing, radiate channels which stretch into every department of life, pouring in a constant stream of facts of greater or less importance, but all having their proper place when correlated and arranged by the keen brains in Berlin devoted to the work.

Never let it be forgotten that an apparently trivial incident may be the key for which the spy is patiently seeking, and that even a seemingly baseless rumour transmitted by the humble German, as the result of eavesdropping during his employment, may set the master-brain at work upon some matter of overwhelming importance.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SPY AND THE LAW

THERE is a vast amount of misconception in the public mind on the subject of spying, and an almost complete ignorance of the law of dealing with spies, military and civil, in time of peace and in time of war.

The subject is one which absolutely bristles with anomalies and incongruities. In all times and in all countries, and by the great majority of people, spying has been condemned as something essentially dishonourable—to call a man a spy has always been regarded as one of the deadliest insults. Yet here we have at once the first, and perhaps the most striking, anomaly of the spy business—the men of unblemished personal honour, who, unquestionably, would not descend to any act which, in their views, was even tainted with meanness, have acted as spies. I will mention a few of these cases presently ; in the meantime, it will be well to consider what international law has to say on the subject.

Naturally enough, the subject of spying met with a good deal of consideration on the



part of the members of the Hague Convention, and, so far as there can be said to be international law in the matter, it is expressed in the conventional laws of war drawn up by the assemblage. The following Articles of the Convention dealing with the subject may be usefully quoted :—

#### ARTICLE XXIX.

A person can only be considered a spy when, acting clandestinely, or on false pretences, he obtains or endeavours to obtain information in the zone of operations of a belligerent with the intention of communicating it to the hostile party.

Thus, soldiers not wearing a disguise who have penetrated into the zone of operations of the hostile army for the purpose of obtaining information are not considered spies. Similarly, the following are not considered spies: Soldiers and civilians, carrying out their mission openly, entrusted with the delivery of despatches intended either for their own army or for the enemy's army. To this class belong likewise persons sent in balloons for the purpose of carrying despatches, and generally of maintaining communications between the different parts of an army or a territory.

#### ARTICLE XXX.

A spy taken in the act shall not be punished without previous trial.

#### ARTICLE XXXI.

A spy who after rejoining the army to which he belongs is subsequently captured by the enemy, is treated as a prisoner of war, and incurs no responsibility for his previous acts of espionage.

A very detailed and lucid exposition of

the law dealing with spies is given in Mr. J. M. Spaight's "War Rights on Land," perhaps the fullest and most authoritative source of information on the work of the Hague Convention in respect to war on land.

Now, in the conduct of war early and accurate information is of supreme importance. One of the best instances of this on record was the capture of Marshal Macmahon's army by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. This, of course, was not the work of a spy, but it was the result of information which a spy might very well have obtained.

A Paris paper published a statement indicating that Macmahon's army had changed the direction of its march. This statement was telegraphed to London and appeared in the papers here. It caught the attention of the then German Ambassador, who, realising its value, promptly telegraphed it to Berlin. For Moltke, of course, this was a heaven-sent opportunity of which his military genius made the fullest use. A new movement was at once set on foot, and the result was the surrender of Macmahon with his entire force.

Granting that information of equal value may at any moment be obtained by a clever spy, it is obvious that commanders in the field are not only entitled, but bound to take the most drastic measures to defend themselves against spies. The work of a single spy may wreck a campaign and settle

the fate of a nation, and here we have the real reason why the spy caught in the act is punished with relentless severity. "Kill that spy" is, and should be, the rule of every commander in the field.

Then arises another consideration of equal importance: every commander is entitled and bound to do his utmost to secure the best possible information as to the enemy's forces, their disposition, their size, and, above all, their intentions. It is of even more importance to understand what your enemy intends to do than to know the forces which he has available to carry out his plans. How, then, are we to draw a distinction between perfectly legitimate scouting and reconnaissance work, which can involve no reprobation and no punishment, and the "spying" properly so called, which justifies the infliction of the death penalty?

The answer lies in a couple of words—the spy acts under false pretences, while the soldier or scout acts quite openly; though, of course, concealing himself from observation and detection, he does not adopt any disguise or discard his uniform. The result is, that under no circumstances can a soldier wearing his uniform be treated as a spy. He may dare and do anything; if he is caught his sole punishment is that he is treated as a prisoner of war. So far as the soldier is concerned (the case of the civilian spy will be dealt with presently) disguise is the essence

of spying. This point is clear beyond the possibility of misconception, and the commander who shot a soldier in uniform on the plea that he was acting as a spy would simply be committing a murder.

Usually, a military spy is a soldier who has laid aside his own uniform, and either adopted civilian dress, or clothed himself in the uniform of the enemy, or a neutral, the better to escape detection. For such, there is no mercy; the penalty of detection is death. The reason is obvious: the soldier in disguise is a far more dangerous enemy than the one who openly carries out his hostile acts. In war, as in peace, the enemy in disguise is most dangerous; the false friend is the soldier's as well as the civilian's worst peril.

Here we come to another anomaly: spying in itself is not a criminal act. That is clearly recognised by Article XXXI. of the Hague Convention already quoted. Consequently, unless he is taken in the act the spy is immune; once he has regained his own lines, and discarded his disguise, he is exempt from the consequences of his espionage, even though he were captured and identified ten minutes later.

To constitute "spying" in the strict sense of the word, the offence must be carried out clandestinely, and *in the war area*. As we all know now, and as I and others pointed out years ago, the United Kingdom for many

years has been flooded with German agents busily engaged in picking up information on naval and military subjects which would be of value to Germany. It is important to recognise that these agents *are not "spies" in the strict sense of the word*, since the United Kingdom is, happily, not within the war zone. In time of peace they could not be shot. When war began, however, they were guilty of "war treason," and liable to the death penalty. The case of Carl Lody, with which I deal fully elsewhere, is a case in point. Lody was not accused of "spying," but of "war treason." The word "spy," however, is convenient, and no doubt it will continue to be used without undue regard to the technicalities.

It is necessary, I think, to make it clear how eminent soldiers have found it not beneath their dignity and honour to act as spies, even in the face of the general opprobrium which attaches to the spy. In the first place, the obtaining of information is essential to the successful conduct of war. Secondly, it is recognised that no moral guilt attaches to the spy, as is shown by the fact that he can only be punished if he is taken in the act, and as a preventive measure. Thirdly, we must remember that only a very brave man, ready to lay down his life for his country, could bring himself to act as a spy in war time. The spy, let it not be forgotten, is under no illusions; he takes his life in his

hands, and he knows it. If he is caught there is no help for him ; his doom is as certain as the rising of the sun. Only a man to whom his life was as nothing if risking it would serve his country's cause, would dare to undertake the perilous work of spying in time of war. Whatever other attributes the spy may possess, and many of them undoubtedly are individuals of a very undesirable kind, the possession of courage must be granted to them.

Naturally, it will be asked why the spy is so generally held in contempt, and, indeed, in abhorrence. That this should be so is, in all probability, due to a certain confusion of ideas between the soldier spy who, risking his life in war, may be playing a truly heroic part, and those miserable secret agents who, in time of peace and without risk, abuse for gold a nation's hospitality with the deliberate intention of working her ruin when war comes, or, still worse, the traitor who is ready to sell the interests of his own country. And it is one of the anomalies of the whole subject that the traitor who is ready to sell his country's interests to a possible enemy should, in time of peace, be punishable only by penal servitude, while the truly brave and often heroic soldier who in time of war risks his life in his country's cause, should meet certain death if he is detected.

Let us assume for a moment that a man of the former class, the day before the war broke

out, had sold to Germany information of some secret upon which the safety of the British Empire depended. There is no such secret, but I assume it for the sake of argument. His maximum punishment would have been penal servitude. Take next the case of a German soldier who, the day after war was declared, crept disguised into our lines and obtained information which might have enabled his commander to capture fifty British soldiers. We should have shot him without delay. Yet will anyone contend that there is anything comparable in the moral turpitude of the two acts? It must not be understood, of course, that I am pleading for clemency for the spy; my plea is for greater severity for the traitor!

We are now faced with another problem. If it is dishonourable to spy—and many eminent authorities, as well as public opinion, generally hold this to be the case—it is unquestionably dishonourable to employ spies. Yet all commanders of all nations employ spies, and if any nation failed to do so, it might as well—as Lord Wolseley said—sheathe its sword for ever. We can take it for granted that, in his many campaigns, Lord Wolseley made the fullest use possible of spies, and yet his personal honour need not be questioned. We certainly cannot say that he was dishonoured by the use of means often regarded as dishonourable.

Moreover, great soldiers themselves have

not hesitated to act as spies. The history of war is full of such cases. Catinat spied in the disguise of a coal-heaver. Montluc disguised himself as a cook. Ashby, in the American Civil War, visited the Federal lines as a horse-doctor, while General Nathaniel Lyon visited the Confederate camp at St. Louis in disguise before he attacked and captured it. Against the personal honour of such men as these no word can be said, and, as Mr. Spaight points out, it is surprising to find a military historian like Sir Henry Hozier declaring that "spies have a dangerous task and not an honourable one."

The truth seems to be that as regards the military spy in time of war, popular opinion stands in need of revision. In the face of the instances quoted, it cannot be fairly said that the military spy is necessarily a man of dishonour. The spy and the revolutionary, in some respects, fall under the same category. If they succeed, well and good; if they fail, they pay the inevitable penalty, and no mercy is shown them. Yet the revolutionary as well as the spy may be a person of blameless honour.

As a matter of fact, the Germans themselves—whose sense of honour no one will regard as being excessively nice—seem to recognise the distinction between the military spy and the wretched agents of espionage, of whom they have made abundant use, who in times of peace, work, and can only work,



by abusing the hospitality of the nation among whom they live, and by tempting men to betray their honour and their country's secrets. The Japanese, too, one of the proudest of nations, and with a code of honour as strict as any in the world, have recognised that there is nothing essentially dishonourable about the military spy. During the war with Russia, Mr. Douglas Story relates, they captured a Russian who was spying disguised as a Chinaman. They shot him, of course, but they afterwards sent into the Russian lines a message in which they hailed the spy as a brave man, and expressed the hope that the Russian army held many others equally brave.

Perhaps the most remarkable spy case on record is that of Major André, which aroused the fiercest indignation during the American War of Independence. André, who was born in London in 1751, joined the British Army in Canada, and became aide-de-camp to General Clinton. Benedict Arnold, an American commandant, had undertaken to surrender to the British forces a fortress on the Hudson River, and André was sent by Clinton to make the necessary arrangements.

On the night of September 20th, 1780, Arnold and André met at a place called Haverstraw, on the Hudson River. Then André changed his uniform for plain clothes, and attempted to pass through the American lines by means of a passport given him by

Arnold in the name of John Anderson. As he was approaching the British lines, however, he was captured by a patrol of the enemy, who handed him over to the American military authorities.

Washington at once convened a board of officers, who found André guilty of espionage, and declared that he ought to be put to death. Curiously enough, André himself did not protest against this sentence; all that he asked was that he should be shot instead of suffering the ignominious death of hanging. This request, however, was refused, and, accordingly, he was hanged on October 2nd, 1780.

The case created an uproar in England. The essence of spying is that the spy shall be caught while seeking information, and André was not thus caught. The Americans contended that so long as he was captured before he had returned to his own lines he was to be regarded as a spy, and, therefore, liable to condemnation. Many people in England, and elsewhere, regarded André as a martyr. George III. granted a pension to his mother, a baronetcy was conferred on his brother, and, in 1821, his remains were allowed to be exhumed, and were brought to England and buried in Westminster Abbey!

It is most important to recognise the distinction between spying, properly so called, and "war treason." The inhabitants of an occupied territory do not owe any allegiance

to an invader, but they do owe him the duty of remaining quiet and abstaining from acts which might endanger his safety or success. They are subject to his martial law regulations, and, under certain circumstances, they may be guilty of war treason. War treason has been defined by the Germans as :—

“ The act of damaging or imperilling the enemy’s power by deceit, or by the transmission of messages to the national army on the subject of the position, movements, plans, etc., of the occupant, irrespective of whether the means by which the sender has come into the possession of the information be legitimate or illegitimate (*e.g.*, by espionage).”

It is, of course, regarded as an act of perfidy when a person whose rights as a non-combatant have been regarded abuses his position to render aid to the national army. Non-combatants, save when the “levy in mass” has been put in force, have no right, it is considered, to meddle in any way with the operations of the contending armies.

Bearers of despatches, whether military or civilian, are not spies so long as they work openly. During the Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck contended that all who attempted to pass out of Paris by balloon were spies, and should be treated as such, and though those who were caught were not put to death, they were very harshly treated. He was, undoubtedly, wrong under international law as recognised at the present day.

Since those times, the aeroplane has placed

in the hands of military commanders a powerful weapon, not only of espionage or scouting, but also of communicating information, and probably not even Bismarck, were he still alive, could contend that the use of aeroplanes could be regarded as bringing the airman within the laws of espionage. And there is no difference in principle between the aeroplane and the balloon. Obviously, there can be none of the concealment which is necessary to establish spying.

The invention of wireless telegraphy brought about a curious problem in espionage during the Russo-Japanese War. A steamer, fitted with a wireless installation, followed the movements of the rival fleets in the interests of one of the London papers. She was boarded by a Russian cruiser, and, as result, the Russian Government informed the neutral Powers that should any neutral vessel be found within the Russian maritime zone, having on board correspondents with apparatus of this kind—which, obviously, was not foreseen in the then existing Conventions—used for the purpose of transmitting information to the enemy, the correspondents would be treated as spies, and the vessels made prizes of war. That position is now untenable.

Owing to the improvements made in wireless telegraphy, a very similar situation might arise in a land war. It is possible, to-day, to carry in an ordinary motor-car a

wireless outfit capable of sending messages a very considerable distance ; indeed, there is good reason for believing that such an apparatus is actually being used by German agents for transmitting information from the east and north-east districts of England, to enemy submarines lurking in the North Sea. A rigorous search has been made for this mysterious car, which has been reported in various districts. Naturally, when the apparatus is not in use it is concealed within the body of the car, which would then become, apparently, an ordinary touring vehicle, with nothing to distinguish it from hundreds of others passing freely along the roads.

In this case there would be little doubt about the fate of the occupants of the car if they were caught. They would not be "spies" in the strict sense of the word, as their offence was not committed within the zone of the operations, but they would be guilty of "war treason," and liable to the death penalty.

This is a very real danger, and the offence is one that it would be extremely difficult to detect. The popular idea of a wireless plant, gained no doubt from the enormous "aerials" of the high-power stations sending messages thousands of miles, is that wireless telegraphy is something that cannot be carried on without employing huge plant that it would be impossible to conceal.

Now I can claim to know something of

wireless telegraphy—I have experimented for some years—and I can say, at once, that this is an exceedingly dangerous fallacy. In recent years very great improvements have been made in both transmitters and receivers, and to-day it is quite possible to establish in almost any house, a small, but powerful wireless plant, which would be utterly invisible from outside, but quite capable of sending messages from any spot near the coast to enemy vessels, such as submarines, lying a few miles away.

Of secret installations there are, no doubt, to-day, many in various parts of the country. Several stations have, indeed, been discovered. The reason aliens were not allowed to possess a telephone was regarded as curious by some people. But it was because telephone-wires, when properly insulated and arranged, make quite a good "aerial." Further, in any barn or long attic, aerial wires can be strung across, and give excellent results. The spy does not need spidery wires upon masts high above his house-top, or in his garden. If his instruments are sufficiently delicate, and are connected with the underground gas-pipe, or even to an ordinary wire-mattress, he will be able to receive messages from any of the high-power stations within a radius of, say, five hundred miles, while from a wire strung inside a disused factory-chimney, and thereby hidden, a wireless message can be despatched a couple of hundred miles. Therefore the

peril of all this will at once be realised, for any spy who knows sufficient to fit up a wireless station inside his own house, and is acquainted with the latest developments of the science, need not use lamp-signalling at night, or pigeons, or any other antiquated modes of communication. Indeed, he can flash at night a code-message direct to Norddeich or any other place on the German coast, and receive back his answer in a few moments, no one being able to detect, until after long search and inquiry, whence the mysterious buzz has emanated.

It ought to be said, however, that it is problematical how long such a fixed station, established say in Yorkshire, could be worked without detection, because its messages must—sooner or later—be picked up by some of our own Post Office or naval operators. The messages would be in cipher, of course, but the important thing would be to know that such a plant was being used. An expert wireless-operator, with a newly-invented instrument called a "direction-finder," can make a very good guess at the distance of the point of origin of any message he receives, and once the proper authorities were on the track of a secret wireless station, the work of hunting it down would be only a matter of time and trouble. Such a case was reported a few weeks ago from the Pacific coast, where a wireless station established in the centre of a remote district was

giving the Germans valuable help. It was tracked down and located, and it is said that a similar station was found in the centre of Rome, and others in Paris and Antwerp. We might be equally successful here, but, in the meantime, it is more than likely that a good deal of damage might have been done.

The case of a wireless installation used for a motor-car, however, presents much more difficulty of detection. We might know perfectly well that it was being used, and yet be unable to locate it on account of its mobility. It is practically certain that it would never be used twice from the same spot; indeed, it might operate along a line running a couple of hundred miles north and south, and still convey its messages to the enemy vessels. In such a case as this, we can only rely upon vigilance and good luck to turn the trick in our favour.

In my view, the Admiralty took an extremely unwise step when, at the beginning of the war, they closed all the private wireless stations in England. There are a great many of these stations—far more than the general public realises—and the majority of them were being worked by men whose loyalty and discretion stood absolutely above suspicion. These installations—free from the heavy load of business thrown upon the Government coast stations—are quite capable of doing excellent work in constantly “listening” for illicit stations which might be in the



hands of German spies for the purpose of giving information respecting our naval movements. The value of these small stations as a means of detecting hostile messages has been entirely under-estimated by the Admiralty, who seem to consider the risk of Englishmen being either traitors or fools more than outweighs the possibility of detecting secret wireless in the hands of our enemies.

I have dwelt upon this matter at some length, because I am absolutely convinced of the very serious danger to which we are exposed from the use of wireless installations, small, but capable of working over any distance up to, say, one hundred miles—and even less would be amply sufficient—by German spies in Great Britain at the present moment.

We now know quite enough of German methods to be aware that our enemy's spies are not only singularly daring, but singularly resourceful. I know what a small, compact, portable station can do in skilled hands, and I am strongly of opinion that the risks we are running in this respect are not sufficiently appreciated—perhaps are not understood—by the authorities. Even to-day, in spite of the evidence that I and others have been able to bring forward for some years, and in spite even of numerous convictions during the past few months, there is too much of a tendency on the part of the Government to try to "save its face" by declaring

that the spy peril is enormously exaggerated. No doubt they will endeavour to refute my arguments in these pages. They declared, for so long, that there were no German spies in England, that even to-day they are reluctant to take the drastic steps which the situation urgently demands. On no other supposition can we explain the unparalleled liberty accorded to thousands of Germans, whether naturalised or not, who are still permitted to live and move so freely among us. Some, indeed, have been interned, and afterwards released.

Returning to the legal position of spies (after a digression perhaps not without its uses), it should be noted that the Hague regulations distinguish between a member of the armed forces and a private citizen. The soldier spy who has rejoined the army cannot, afterwards, be punished for his act of espionage. The civilian who acts as a spy enjoys, however, no such privilege. He has no business to meddle with military affairs, and, should he be captured at any time, he is liable to pay the penalty of his former deeds. Similarly, to harbour a spy is also a criminal offence.

A person found guilty of espionage may either be hanged or shot; nowadays, the usual punishment is shooting, though the American code still prescribes hanging. In earlier times, also, he was liable to be executed on the spot, without formality of any kind.

To-day, he must first be tried by court-martial in accordance with the established rules of martial law in the country in which the offence was committed.

The position of civilians in an invaded territory who give or transmit to their own side information respecting the enemy's movements is not without interest to us now that threats of a German invasion are so freely indulged in by the Press of Germany, and preparations to defeat such an attack are being actively made by our own military authorities.

There can be no doubt that if a resident of an occupied territory gives such information, he is guilty either of spying, or of a hostile act against the invader, amounting to war treason, and equally punishable by death. The "American Instructions" are very emphatic on this point. They say:—

"If a citizen or subject of a country or place invaded or conquered gives information to his own Government from which he is separated by the hostile army or to the army of his Government he is a *war traitor* and death is the penalty of his offence."

Thus, a Belgian resident in Brussels, during the German occupation, found sending information to the Belgian authorities in France, would be shot out of hand by the Germans, and they would be within their clear rights in shooting him.

A more doubtful case would be that of an inhabitant of a district not yet occupied, who entered the war zone, obtained information, and, having sent it to his Government, returned home, only to be captured later when the enemy occupied the district. The view is generally held, though the Convention came to no very clear decision, that in such a case he could not be punished, as he was not supposed to belong to an occupied territory. Such a man owes no duty to the enemy, as in the case of an occupied territory, and once he has completed his mission, he is free.

It should be noted that the nationality of a spy is not material; neutrals found guilty may be punished as though they were the enemy subjects. Many Chinese who spied for the Russians during the Russo-Japanese War were executed by the Japanese. One of them was a Chinese officer, and the Government of China demanded an explanation. The Japanese reply was quite unequivocal, and insisted on the right to punish spies, no matter of what nationality.

As I have said, all nations spy in the interests of national self-preservation. It is not the *fact* of German espionage that has roused the indignation of the civilised world against her. We have no feelings even of resentment against such men as Carl Lody, though, of course, we are entitled to protect ourselves against them. They owe us nothing,

and they are clearly doing their duty in trying to help their country. What has aroused anti-German feelings—which are not likely to die out for many years—is the baseness of the German *method*: systematic “planting” of agents who, for years, have posed as the friends of those among whom they lived, yet have not hesitated to betray them in the first shock of war. Thousands of paid German spies have deliberately become naturalised Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Belgians, as a mere cloak for their efforts to betray the country of their adoption. Hundreds of thousands of Germans accepted for years as friends in this country, bearers even of British honours, have abused our hospitality, and added the vilest treachery to the blackest ingratitude. While posing as our friends, they have worked their best for our undoing, and—worse still—they have suborned and made traitors of poor men, to whom the lure of gold of this kind is simply that it is “not cricket,” and for the false friend, not for the open enemy, the British people reserve their bitterest scorn and contempt.

## CHAPTER IX

### A REMARKABLE SPY

OF the many cases of espionage which have come before the British public recently, surely none exceeds in interest and importance that of Carl Hans Lody, who, after trial by court-martial, was shot in the Tower of London early in November. Lody was the first secret-service agent shot in England after the outbreak of war, and the first person executed in the Tower since the middle of the eighteenth century.

Lody, beyond all question, was a very remarkable man. Before going into the details of the charge against him, it is well worth while to recall some of the leading features of his career.

Born in Berlin, he was only thirty-five, yet he had seen enough of life and the world to have satisfied many men of double his age. There is hardly a corner of the civilised world into which he had not travelled. He had been much in America, and it was a considerable help to him, in his work as a secret-service agent, that he spoke English with a decidedly American accent. This, no doubt, explains the fact—of which more presently—

that he posed as an American, and used an American passport, which really belonged to a certain Mr. Charles A. Inglis.

It was as Mr. Charles A. Inglis that Lody arrived in England early in August. He knew England and Scotland well, and he is believed to have been in this country once or twice earlier in the year. Originally, he served in the German Navy; after he left he became a steward on the liner "Hamburg." In the meantime he married a very handsome American woman, to whom, apparently, though the marriage did not turn out very happily, he was very deeply attached.

When the Hamburg-Amerika Line established a series of personally conducted tours from Berlin, Lody secured an appointment to take charge of a party of rich Americans who were going round the world. He made a similar tour in 1913 and in the summer of 1914, and when the American medical societies held an International Conference in London, Lody was one of the guides who helped to show them round England. None of the Americans, it may be mentioned, ever doubted that he belonged to their country.

It was in August, as I have said, that Lody came to England on the mission that led him to his death. He travelled as Mr. Inglis, though to an American acquaintance who chanced to meet him he was still Lody. It was some weeks before the attention of the Confidential Department was drawn to him, and then began a game of hide-and-

seek, which was not without a humorous side.

From August till the middle of September, Lody was in Edinburgh, a district prohibited to enemy aliens, though not, of course, to an American. Thence he sent, to Stockholm, a telegram which aroused suspicion. On September 7th he was followed from the neighbourhood of Rosyth, and with magnificent "bluff" he went direct to the police and complained. So well did he play the part of an injured and innocent American citizen, that the police actually apologised to him. He slipped away and, for a time, all trace of him was lost.

Then he went to London and began an examination of the steps that had been taken for the protection of the principal buildings. Again the Intelligence Department got on his track, and from that moment his doom was sealed. No doubt he thought he had shaken off all suspicion, but he was soon to be un-deceived.

After a visit to Scotland about the end of September, Lody went to Liverpool, no doubt to pick up all he could about the Mersey defences, and then over to Ireland in the guise of an American tourist on a visit to Killarney. But the police had their eye on him all the time, and he was arrested and detained until the arrival of Inspector Ward of Scotland Yard. His trial and conviction followed.

The public will never know the full extent



of Lody's doings as a spy, but it is beyond question that he was a most daring and dangerous man. The reports he made have not yet been published, but they were of such a character that, in the interests of the State, much of the evidence was taken in camera, and those who have been privileged to read them declare that, in their keen observation and clear expression, they are among the most remarkable documents that have ever come into the possession of the War Office. The Confidential Department did its work well, and it is worth noting here that after grave suspicion fell upon Lody, he was so closely shadowed that none of his reports left the country, and they were produced in evidence at the trial.

Lody's task was to travel about England and to send to Germany news about our naval movements, about our losses and the steps that were being taken to repair them. One message he tried to send from Edinburgh read:—"Must cancel. Johnson very ill last four days. Shall leave shortly." Innocent enough! But to Berlin, as Lody admitted at his trial, it meant that the British Fleet, in four days, would be leaving the Firth of Forth.

What, we may well wonder, was to be cancelled!

There was a dramatic scene in the ancient Guildhall when the court-martial assembled to try Lody for his life—a scene strangely unfamiliar in a country which, for a genera-

tion, has had little experience of military trials. The court was composed of Major-General Lord Cheylesmore as President, and eight officers in uniform. In the dock stood Lody, guarded by two khaki-clad soldiers with bayonets fixed.

The following were the charges on which Lody was accused :—

The accused, Carl Hans Lody, alias Charles A. Inglis, an enemy civilian, is charged—first charge—with committing a war crime, that is to say, war treason, against Great Britain, in that he at Edinburgh, on or about September 27, 1914, attempted to convey to a belligerent enemy of Great Britain—namely to Germany—information calculated to be useful to that enemy by sending a letter headed Edinburgh 27/9/14, and signed Nazi, addressed to one Karl J. Stammer, Berlin, which contained information with regard to the defence and preparations for war of Great Britain. The second charge is that of committing a war crime in that he on or about the 30th of September attempted to convey to a belligerent enemy of Great Britain—namely to Germany—information calculated to be useful to that enemy, by sending a letter, headed Dublin and signed Nazi, and addressed to Karl J. Stammer, which contained information with regard to the defences and preparations for war of Great Britain.

Lody's movements were very clearly traced at the trial by Mr. Bodkin, who prosecuted for the Crown. It was shown, by the visé on the American passport he was using, that he had been in Berlin as recently as August 4th. Another document found on him proved that he was in Bergen, in Norway, on August 20th. In all his movements he passed as

Charles A. Inglis. It is not necessary to follow him in detail, but it may be mentioned that apparently he reported both to a man named Burchard, at Stockholm, and also to Stammer at Berlin. There were found in his notebook not only a copy of the "Johnson" telegram, but also particulars of British losses in battle and in the naval fight in the North Sea, a list of German cruisers and German ships sunk up to date, and also copies of four other communications to Burchard.

Mr. Bodkin made it clear that, through the Post Office officials, certain letters to and from persons abroad had been examined and copied, and in some cases delivered; since August 4th letters for Norway and Sweden posted in any part of the United Kingdom were sent to London and there examined. Several of these were to and from the prisoner.

The main part of the evidence against Lody was taken in camera and has never been made public, but that it was overwhelming there can be no doubt; indeed, Lody himself admitted that he had had a fair trial, and was quite justly dealt with. It was, however, mentioned that his letters contained reports on such places as Queensferry, near the naval base at Rosyth, and various other places round the coast.

There was a very remarkable incident when Lody himself gave evidence, an incident which gives us a good deal of insight into the real character of this remarkable spy.

Having admitted that his name was on the German Navy List, he said that when he went to Berlin at the end of July he reported himself to "a certain department," making a request that he should not be sent on active service as he was an invalid, having undergone a serious operation some years before and being unfit to do any fighting. Narrating events in Berlin, Lody said, "A proposition was put before me by a certain person."

"Are you willing," counsel asked him, "to give the name of that person?"

Then for the first time Lody's iron nerve broke down. He burst into heavy sobs, and in a voice almost choked with emotion, replied: "I have pledged my word of honour not to give that name, and I cannot do it. Although names have been discovered in my documents, I do feel that I have not broken my word of honour."

"Are you unwilling," counsel asked, "to tell us the position in life that person occupies?"

Again Lody hesitated; then he added quietly that the person was a superior naval officer. "I was summoned to see him," he said; "and I had three or four interviews with him."

Then came a question which provoked a very remarkable reply. "Are you willing," asked counsel, "to tell the court what took place at those interviews with your superior officer?"

"I am willing to tell the court," said Lody.

“ And I am willing not to conceal anything, but I should like it not to be in public, as I shall certainly refer to very essential and important affairs.”

Lody was then asked to give the “ principal instruction ” that he received, and he did so readily. He was to remain in England until the first engagement had taken place between the two Powers, and send information as regards the actual losses of the British Fleet. Then he was at liberty to go on to New York ; he had previously asked for permission to do so. He was also told to get all the information he could with regard to the movements of the Fleet, and what was going on in England, but was specially warned not to go and “ spy round,” but to see as much as every traveller could see.

Lody added that he was very reluctant to undertake this work, as he felt he was not well fitted for it. He pointed this out, he said. It was put to him that pressure was applied to him to induce him to undertake the mission, to which he replied : “ There was no pressure, but there is certainly an understanding. If they make a suggestion you feel obliged to obey. I have never been a coward in my life, and I certainly won't be a shirker.”

Let us give credit where credit is due—even in espionage. I think everyone will admit that, whatever view we may take of this spy's offence—and views on the subject of espionage will always vary widely—Lody

behaved as a brave man. He was, in the first place, absolutely loyal to his chiefs ; there was about him nothing of the craven wretch as willing to sacrifice his own country as any other if he could hope by so doing to win any favour for himself. Nor would he even speak in open Court of matters which, as he thought, might have been prejudicial to us. One cannot but recognise his chivalry. It is not often that the man in the dock deserves all his counsel says about him, but Lody was an exception, and the eloquent plea on his behalf made by Mr. George Elliott, K.C., who defended him, deserves to be remembered, not only for its references to Lody, but as a tribute to British justice, which placed at the service of a dangerous adversary the skill of one of the most brilliant members of the English Bar.

Whatever his fate might be, said Mr. Elliott, he hoped the accused would remember to the last hour of his existence that he had received from the country whose interests he came to betray a trial which, for fairness, was unrivalled in history. He said, quite frankly, that he came to this country in the service of his own—as a German actuated by patriotic German motives. He had told the Court all that he could tell, refusing to speak only where it clashed with his word of honour as an officer and a gentleman. He was not a man who had sold his country for gold, and he had not attempted to corrupt a single British subject or official.

“ I plead for him,” said Mr. Elliott, admitting that a conviction was unavoidable, but asking the Court whether they could not find some extenuating circumstances, “ not as a miserable coward, or as a fear-stricken wretch, but as a man born of a land to which he is true, whose history and traditions he cherishes. His own grandfather was a great soldier who held a fortress against Napoleon, and it is in that spirit he wishes to stand before you here to-day. He was ready to offer himself on the altar of his country. I am not here to cringe for mercy ; my client is not ashamed of anything he has done. Many a man would do for England what he did for Germany—may, in fact, be now doing it. Whatever his fate, he will meet it bravely like a man.”

The verdict, as usual in the case of a court-martial, was not announced until some days later, when an official statement told us that Lody had been shot. He maintained his courage to the end, and died without a tremor. Before he died he left a letter in which he admitted he had had a fair trial, and expressed appreciation of the fact that he had been treated, not as a spy, but as an officer.

Now we come to the ugliest and darkest side of the Lody case. It will be remembered that Lody was able to get about by the aid of an American passport issued in the name of Charles A. Inglis. It was thought, at first, that this was merely a passport obtained

either by forgery or by false pretences ; as a matter of fact it was a perfectly genuine document, but Lody had no right to it. How it came into his possession shows the depth of degradation to which the German General Staff are prepared to descend.

Mr. Inglis, it was ascertained after the trial, was a *bona fide* American traveller holding a genuine passport. He left his passport with the American Embassy in Berlin for registration with the German Foreign Office, or some other department. The Embassy sent it in for registration *and it was never returned*. Nor was it ever heard of again until it turned up in the possession of Carl Lody—a spy in Great Britain !

The German explanation to the American Embassy was that the passport had been mislaid. The same fate, it is said, has befallen no fewer than *two hundred* United States and British passports in Germany, and the corollary of this astounding announcement is that at the present moment there may be two hundred German agents wandering about equipped with British and American passports which are perfectly genuine, and not in the least likely to be suspected.

The stealing of these passports by the German authorities has been the subject of an official British communication, so that there can be no doubt about the fact, whether the exact number had been stated or not. "It has come to the notice of the Foreign Secretary," says the British statement, "that



some passports belonging to British subjects leaving Germany have been retained by the German authorities. Such cases should be reported to the Foreign Office."

I say without hesitation that I do not believe any other country on the face of the globe would descend to such methods as this. I say, moreover, that no nation capable of such conduct can be regarded as possessing a shred of public honour. It is comparable only to the white flag treachery, or the mounting of machine guns in Red Cross ambulances, which is a feature of German warfare, to the murder by bombs of non-combatants in districts where there cannot be any soldiers, to the sowing of mines on the high seas, to the making of shields for soldiers out of the bodies of miserable civilians, to the slaughter of women and children at Louvain and Aerschot. What will the civilised communities of the world have to say in the future to Germans convicted out of their own mouths of disregarding every law of God and man that may operate to their disadvantage?

But even out of the theft of the passports—no doubt regarded by them as an excellent stroke of "kultur"—the Germans are not unlikely to reap trouble. The United States is not a country to be played with, and in this passport trick there lie the elements of serious trouble. Americans will not be likely to lie down quietly while their passports are used for espionage, and it is more

than likely that the Germans have stirred up a hornets' nest about their ears. In the meantime, it is reported from Washington that the Government has instructed the Embassy in Berlin to sift the Lody-Inglis incident to the very bottom.

That incident, too, has brought about much more stringent rules with regard to passports. Henceforth no American or British passport will be recognised as valid which does not bear the certified photograph of its rightful owner, and extra photographs for registration purposes will have to be lodged with the Embassy or Consulate by which the passport is issued. In the meantime we may be quite sure that American passports in London will be the subject of very special attention. What diplomatic action the United States may take in the matter it is impossible to say, but we can be fairly sure that such a proceeding as the stealing of neutral passports and using them for the purposes of spying in Great Britain will hardly be allowed to pass without very serious protest.

The Lody case has had one good effect in bringing home to a public, which is, alas! too liable to be careless in such matters, the reality of the German spy-peril in the country. The public had been so consistently deluded in this matter by those who were perfectly aware of the real facts of German espionage that it was far too much inclined to look upon everyone who insisted that there was a very real and very urgent spy danger as a

mere alarmist. It knows better now! Anyone who glances at the columns of the daily Press must be aware that public opinion is slowly awakening to the real urgency of the question, and, though I and others have been bitterly disappointed that our warnings have, to a great extent, gone unheeded, I am even now not without hope that we shall yet see the public insist that adequate steps shall be taken for our national safety in this respect.

It is true we may offend Germany by the drastic action the position demands. We may even, it is true, make the lot of Englishmen still, unhappily, in Germany, harder and more disagreeable. We shall regret either necessity. But the safety of the country has to come first.

Germany has never shown the slightest regard for our feelings, and I am sure that those of our countrymen who are prisoners in Germany, military or civil, would cheerfully suffer any conceivable hardship rather than that the safety of our beloved Empire should be jeopardised in the hope of making better terms for them.

To think otherwise would be to assume that patriotism had entirely departed from us.

## CHAPTER X

### SOME RECENT CASES

WE can respect Lody ; we can have no other feelings but the bitterest scorn and contempt for such traitorous miscreants as the ex-naval gunner, Charles Parrott, who, early in 1913, was sentenced to four years' penal servitude, under the Official Secrets Act of 1911, for selling official secrets likely to be useful to the enemy.

The class of traitor to which Parrott belongs represents the spy in his very lowest and most contemptible guise. About these wretched agents among us there is no redeeming feature. Patriotism is, to them, a word of no meaning ; to their country they have no attachment : their one idea is to make money, and to do this they are willing to risk the very existence of the nation to which they belong. Show them gold, and there is no work on earth too dirty for them to undertake ! And we have, I fear, many such men in our public services. It is men of this stamp who have made the very name of "spy" a by-word in all countries and all times—not the men who risk their lives in order to gain an advantage for the cause

to which they are attached by every sacred obligation of honour.

Parrott, up to August, 1912, was a gunner attached to H.M.S. "Pembroke" at Sheerness. He was a warrant officer, and as such would have opportunities of obtaining information which would be denied to those of lower rank. The charge against him was, of course, not one of spying, since the offence was not committed in time of war. It was couched in the following terms:—

That he being a British officer did feloniously communicate at Ostend to a person unknown certain information in regard to the arms, armaments, dispositions and movements of ships and men of His Majesty's Navy which was calculated, or intended to be, or might be useful to an enemy.

In considering Parrott's case we have to remember that he was an Englishman, in the service of the Crown in the Navy, and a British officer. He was in a position of responsibility, and his pay, with allowances, would work out at about £260 a year, so that he had not even the excuse of poverty to urge in mitigation of his horrible offence. He had been in the Navy for a number of years, and he was regarded as an efficient and trustworthy officer, so that he was able to become acquainted with matters which it was his obvious duty to guard with the most jealous care. He had been associated with the building of the "Agamemnon" on the Clyde, so that he was intimately acquainted with all those particulars of guns

and armaments which, in the event of war, it would be of the utmost interest to an enemy to know. He knew, in fact, of confidential matters of the utmost importance.

Parrott, on July 11th, 1912, asked for and obtained leave of absence, on the plea that he wanted to go to Devonport. On the same day he sent a telegram, not from Sheerness, where he lived, but from Sittingbourne, to "Richard Dinger," at an address in Berlin, saying, "Coming eight o'clock Saturday, Seymour." The same day he left Sheerness by train. A lady travelled with him as far as Sittingbourne, and then he went on alone to Dover.

Apparently he had already become an object of suspicion, for on the Admiralty Pier at Dover he was questioned by Detective-Inspector Grey. He was searched, and on him was found a piece of torn paper on which were the words: "When there is a chance," "Coming over on Saturday of that same week," "You telegraph probably Saturday, then I make all my arrangements to leave the moment I get order." On the other side of the paper were the words, "Richard Dinger, Esq.," and "With much love, yours, R."

Parrott's explanation of all this was that he had been writing to a woman in the name of another man, and that he was going to meet her at Ostend. In his pocket was found a naval signal-form, and in answer to the Inspector he admitted that he was a naval

officer, and asked that his wife should not be told about the "lady." The Inspector decided to let him go, but kept the paper.

Parrott evidently thought that the detective had no suspicion as to the real motive of his visit to Ostend, or he would surely have taken the alarm. He crossed, however, to Ostend, carefully shadowed all the time by no less acute an observer than ex-Inspector Melville of Scotland Yard. When the boat arrived at Ostend, Parrott went through the station, and was joined by another man. There was no greeting, no welcome, no handshaking, not a sign of recognition; the other man simply sidled up alongside Parrott and they went off together. Mr. Melville formed the opinion that the man was a foreigner, and probably a German. They went about together for a time and then Parrott returned to Dover.

An inquiry followed, and ultimately Parrott's name was removed from the Navy List. The case against him was not, however, complete, and it was not until October that the police were able to lay him by the heels. It was then found that he was having letters addressed to him in the name of Couch delivered at a tobacconist's shop at Chelsea. Five or six letters came to him, and on November 16th two police officers went to the shop, where another letter had arrived. During the day Parrott called, the letter was given to him, and he was at once arrested.

In his presence the letter was opened. Inside were two £5 Bank of England notes—which, it was afterwards shown, had been in circulation in Germany—and a letter bearing the postmark “London, E.,” which was as follows:—

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 to my last letter. Have the goodness to leave as soon as possible for Firth of Forth, ascertaining about the following:—Which parts of the Fleet are in or off the Forth since November 5. Only the vessels of the First and Eighth Destroyer Flotilla, or which other men-of-war of any kind else? Where is the Second Destroyer Flotilla now? Have there been mobilising tests of the Flotillas and coast defences in the Firth of Forth? What are the Flotillas doing or proposing now? What number of Royal Fleet Reserve Class A are called in now for the yearly exercise? Where do they exercise? Are any of these men kept longer than a fortnight? I think it will be necessary to stay some days at Firth of Forth for gathering information about those questions. I should be much obliged if I could be informed as soon as you have got satisfying statements about one or several of these points. Do not wait to answer until you have found out all I wish to know.

Enclosed £10 as travel expenses for the last and this journey. Please tell me in the next letter after having returned to London your expenses that I can hand you the balance if the £10 should not do it. I beg you to keep yourself ready, if possible also in the near future, to run over immediately to any place as soon as rumours as to extraordinary preparations of material and personal are running. In such a case please do not wait until you have received an order from me, but leave on your own



accord, and at the same time send your address and make your doings known to me with particulars of the reason.—Yours truly, RICHARD.

I have given this letter in full for several reasons. Parrott was not definitely charged with giving information to Germany, but the letter is obviously the work of a German, and, moreover, a German who was working in London—for it was posted in the Eastern district! It suggests, moreover, that the Germans suspected that some naval movements were on foot, and were willing to pay handsomely to get the news; it will be noted that Parrott was practically given *carte blanche* to spend what he liked without waiting for authority from his master. A subsequent examination of his banking account showed that he had paid in about fourteen £5 notes, some of which had been in circulation in Germany. He had also been in Hamburg and Flushing, two centres of German espionage.

Parrott's own explanation of the affair was that he met a woman in a London music hall and went over to Ostend to see her. While he was there he failed to meet the woman, but a man came up to him and asked him if he was expecting to meet anyone. He replied that he expected to meet a lady, and the man then professed to know about her, and said she was unable to come. After that he received a letter from the man he met at Ostend. At that time he had been dismissed from the Service, and the letter

expressed the concern of the writer, and the lady had offered to help him. He replied asking what assistance they could give, and had a letter asking him to go to Hamburg. He went and met the man, who said he was a newspaper correspondent, and asked him to write an article once a week dealing with naval matters—a story curiously like that told by the spy Schulz. He afterwards received a letter from "Richard" outlining the kind of article required. The man said: "Let me know the progress of warships building, ships launched, ships laid down, and the movements of ships. Send me a specimen article dealing with the subject." He then bought a copy of a naval paper and from it wrote an article, which he sent.

Then Parrott described how he got a letter from the lady asking him to go to Rotterdam to see her. This he did, hoping, as he said, "to induce her to come to England, as he wished to raise the question why he was dismissed from the Service." Not unnaturally the lady declined to come, but Parrott admitted that she told a man who was with her to pay his expenses, and then gave him 100 francs.

"I have little doubt but that you were entrapped by a woman," said Mr. Justice Darling, in sending Parrott to four years' penal servitude. "You have been long under suspicion," his Lordship added; "I do not believe for a moment it was a first offence."

Even the Liberal journals which had long insisted that there were no German spies in England thought this sentence was inadequate. "It will strike most people," said the *Daily Chronicle*, "as not erring on the side of over-severity." The case was a flagrant abuse of a most sacred trust, and deserved all the punishment the law allowed ; as a matter of fact, it deserved a good deal more, and Parrott was more than lucky that he was on trial, not in Germany, but in England.

The case of Karl Gustav Ernst is of very great interest, not only as revealing some of the methods of the Kaiser's "master-spy," the man Steinhauer, but also as showing the utter futility of relying on "naturalisation" of Germans to protect us against spying.

We are constantly told that it is impossible for us to take steps against "naturalised" Germans, as we have solemnly undertaken to treat them in all respects as Englishmen, and we have even "naturalised" many Germans since the outbreak of war. The Ernst case ought to have been sufficient warning of the danger arising from the naturalised alien, but apparently there is no limit to the innocent trustfulness of our sleepy Home Office. How long it will be before we learn that a German no more changes his nature by adopting naturalisation than an ass does if he clothes himself in a lion's skin I cannot say ; I only hope it will not be brought home to us by some terrible catastrophe

which will seriously affect our fighting power. Ernst, be it remembered, was not even naturalised ; he claimed to have been born in England, and posed as an Englishman. Yet he was a spy ; how much more, then, have we reason to suspect the recently "naturalised alien" whose national sympathies have not been blunted by birth and long residence in this country ? The leopard cannot change his spots, and "once a German, always a German," is the only safe rule for us in the present crisis.

Ernst, who was a hairdresser in the Caledonian Road, London, had been for sixteen years in business there. His function was to act as a sort of "post-office" for Steinhauer of Potsdam, by whom letters were sent to him for distribution throughout England. In order to minimise risks of detection, these letters were posted in various parts of London. Ernst, of course, besides acting as "post-office," made inquiries on his own account, and did some of the work of getting into touch with other agents. He was paid all out-of-pocket expenses and a kind of retaining fee, first of £1 a month, and then, when he pointed out that the business was both risky and important, £1 10s. a month.

Ernst first came under suspicion of the Nameless Department as long ago as October, 1911, and we ought to admit with cheerful gratitude that he was a very valuable ally to us ! From the very commencement the authorities were, I happen to know, alive

to what was going on, and the closest observation was kept on the hairdresser's shop. All letters were opened by the postal authorities, their contents were carefully copied, and a most useful accumulation of information thus came into the hands of the astute director of the Department. It was not specifically stated that Parrott was detected in this way, but as letters were sent to him by Ernst we may well assume that by such means the authorities were put on his track.

One of the most useful pieces of information picked up was a list of names and addresses of persons to whom letters from Germany were sent for distribution, and who were spies at Chatham, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Rosyth, and other places. An amusing feature of the case was that after all these letters had been carefully examined and copied by the Post Office they were delivered in the ordinary course with only a very slight delay, and thus the suspicions of the spies, if indeed they entertained any, were most effectually put to sleep. The Nameless Department was not quite the fool the Germans had some excuse for thinking it!

An important discovery made early in the case was the *nom de guerre* of Steinhauer of Potsdam. He had at that time become "Mrs. Reimers." "Mr. J. Walters, c/o K. G. Ernst" was soon found to be Ernst himself, who had long before suggested the adoption of that name to avoid suspicion.

It will illustrate the thoroughness of German methods to mention that most of the letters sent to Ernst were written on English paper, so that when he posted them there would be nothing to call special attention to them. One of the letters from Steinhauer read in court was a request for English paper and envelopes, which Ernst duly forwarded as "samples." Many of the letters intercepted by the Post Office contained money, mostly in the shape of bank-notes.

The work that Ernst was doing was sufficiently important to justify a visit from the redoubtable Steinhauer himself, as we learn from Ernst's own statement. During the time he was in custody Ernst made a statement to a detective in which he said :—

I am sorry I was introduced into this business. Kronauer introduced me. I thought it was only a private inquiry business. I have only seen Steinhauer once. That was just before Christmas in 1911.

He came to my shop on a Sunday morning. My shop was open and I had several customers there. He said to me, "Are you Mr. Ernst?" and I said, "Yes." He said, "Do you know me?" I said, "No." He said, "You have heard of me, I am Steinhauer. I see you are busy now. I want to have a quiet chat with you. I will come back after the shop is closed. What time do you close?" I said, "Twelve o'clock."

He said, "All right, I will come back after that," and went away. He returned later and came into my parlour, where we sat down and had a long talk."

This statement is exceedingly interesting,

as we know that Steinhauer, as described in another chapter, was in London about this time, when he actually went to Buckingham Palace as a member of the Kaiser's suite. That he should be able to spare time to visit a man in Ernst's position shows what work the latter was doing, and also throws a good deal of light on the class of agent most useful to the Germans—the "small" man, whose insignificant position does so much to guard him against suspicion.

In one of his letters Ernst represented himself as "a zealous stamp collector," of course to explain, in the event of detection, the constant remittances he was receiving from Germany. This letter, addressed to "Miss Reimers," ran :—

Dear Mr. Steinhauer,—Best thanks for the 100 marks, which were handed to me mid-day to-day. If you think it right you can in future send my advance direct to me without having recourse to a third person—namely, in the following way. I am a zealous stamp collector. Many of my customers and also my assistants know this. On the occasion of the next remittance copy the following letter :—

"Dear Mr. Ernst,—Your last parcel of stamps arrived just in time to be included in last month's sale. Messrs. Kurt Moeser and also Koehler, the Berlin stamp auctioneers, are realising good prices at their sales. I have enclosed 100 marks on account, and will forward balance later. A receipt for the enclosed by return will oblige."

I have sent you last Sunday's paper. What I can see from the case Henschel will go over to the British Secret Service just as the doctor from Glasgow has done. It has also occurred to me that

Henschel's wife's maiden name was Miss Riley, and that one of Scotland Yard's Special Service Inspectors, who had the case in hand, was also called Riley. In conclusion, many greetings.—  
I remain, yours, J. WALTERS.

It may be mentioned incidentally that the "doctor from Glasgow" was Armgaard Carl Graves, a well-known spy. Henschel was a German who was accused in London on his own confession of disclosing naval secrets and of conspiring with the ex-gunner Parrott. It was suggested that certain information he gave was communicated under the understanding that he should not be prosecuted, and under the circumstances the Crown withdrew the case, the accused giving an undertaking that he would not in any way make known the matter with which he had become acquainted.

Ernst's case was hopeless from the start; in fact, so complete was the evidence, that as soon as Mr. Bodkin had opened the case for the Crown, his counsel withdrew, explaining that the prisoner had assured him he had had nothing to do with espionage, but that he (counsel) was sure Mr. Bodkin would not make an opening statement he could not justify.

Ernst was sent to seven years' penal servitude. "You are a mean, mercenary spy," said Mr. Justice Coleridge in sentencing him, "ready to betray your country to the enemy for money; equally ready, I dare say, to betray Germany to us for an increased



reward." The case could not have been better summed up.

I will now pass on to the case of Armgaard Carl Graves, which is remarkable chiefly for its extraordinary sequel. Graves, who was arrested in Glasgow, had been receiving letters at the Post Office in the name of "John Stafford." When he was taken into custody a memorandum-book found in his pocket was found to contain a number of leaves gummed together at the open edges. When they were cut apart the police found groups of figures opposite German phrases, apparently constituting a code. In a pocket-case several more groups of figures were found, the number 271 being subtracted from each. That afterwards supplied the key to the code. There was also a note in German relating to a new gun under construction by Beardmore and Company, and three code telegrams from Amsterdam. There were also found a number of maps covering the Firth of Forth and the vicinity, and a bundle of cartridge cases, including two of the latest British Army pattern. The description of the new gun was said to be practically accurate, and it was also stated that Graves' code appeared to indicate every class of ship in the Navy, and also such strategic points as Scapa Flow, Moray Firth and Cromarty—the same code which is probably being used by the naval spies still amongst us to-day.

This code, used for the telegrams between

the prisoner and his Continental correspondents, was, said counsel for the Crown, a very deadly one to be found in his possession. If the person utilising it were in a certain place on a certain day and found that mines were being laid, he would telegraph the figures 11,719 to 11,729. "He seems to be the ideal character for a spy," counsel added; "he has a very high intelligence, and is sociable, genial and affable, while his moral character is not of a very high standard." He was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. "Well—exit Armgaard Carl Graves," was the prisoner's only remark on hearing the decision.

Graves was sentenced on July 23rd, 1912. On June 7th, 1913, came the amazing announcement that he had been released. When, and why he was set at liberty, no one outside official circles knows; all the information given was that "Graves was released in due course of law, but there is no further information to give." Graves's own story was that he was released in order that he might join the British Secret Service, but this fact, and even the fact that he had been released, came to us from America. The sensational story of his release and subsequent adventures was published by the *New York American* in the following narrative:—

Armgaard Carl Graves, former secret agent in the German service, who was convicted of espionage in England last July and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, declares that shortly after

his sentence he was released in order that he might join the British Secret Service.

He was sent to America, and there discovered that envoys of Germany and Japan had met in New York with the object of completing an anti-American agreement. He succeeded in making a copy of the document and cabling it to the British Foreign Office.

He never got any payment from England, however, so has decided to make the contents public. The agreement binds Germany not to interfere in a great Japanese scheme of colonisation in the South Seas.

Graves afterwards published a book in which he professed to give away many of the secrets of the German spy system. Information we have received from other sources shows that a great deal of the book is well founded, and it may well be that on the whole it is a fairly reliable exposure of German methods. But the last thing one should do is to trust or believe the spy!

According to Graves—whose account we should accept with considerable reserve—the heads of the departments of the spy-organisation in Berlin are all German officers, recruited from “the old feudal aristocracy.” He declares that though they plan the work, they never execute it. “No active or commissioned officer,” he says, “does Secret Service work.” He shows, too, that whatever ethics they may hold about doing dirty work themselves, the German officers wash their hands entirely of the methods their subordinates may choose or find it necessary to adopt. One of them explained the matter

to him in terms which admit of no misunderstanding. He said :—

We cannot afford to be squeamish. The interests at stake are too vast to let personal ethical questions stand in the way. What would be required of you in the first instance is to gain for us information such as we seek. The means by which you gain this information will be left entirely to your own discretion. We expect results.

It was also made clear to him that he had only himself to depend upon, and if he got into trouble he would get no help. "Be pleased to understand," was the official warning given at the first interview, "that this service is dangerous, and no official assistance could be given in any circumstances."

As to the agents employed in this work, Graves says the Personal Branch, the most important, is managed from the Wilhelmstrasse, the German Foreign Office, the Emperor in person, or his immediate Privy Councillor. He adds :—

The personnel consists of all classes of men and women. Princes and counts, lawyers and doctors, actors and actresses, mondaines of the great world, demi-mondaines of the half-world, waiters and porters, all are made use of as occasion requires. It may well happen that your interesting acquaintance in the saloon of an express steamer, or your charming companion in the tea-room of the Ritz, is the paid agent of some Government.

A sinister side of the profession is also revealed ; grave risks are run by the spy even

from his own side. A woman named Olga Bruder, whose death in a hotel on the Russian border was described as suicide, is said to have been poisoned; a Lieutenant von Zastrov was compelled to fight duels until he was at last killed. They knew too much, Graves declares, and the death sentence came from their own employers. One can well believe it, for the records of German espionage show that in their own interests the Germans stick at nothing.

One episode which Graves relates concerns a famous dancer, still living, whom the Germans believed to be a Russian Government spy. They suspected that she had an "affair" with a young officer in the Potsdam garrison, and one night they became interested in a gold "vanity bag" which the young officer had given to her; they believed it contained some secret military intelligence. How they got possession of it was very clever.

The dancer was at supper at the Ice Palace in Berlin, and her bag lay on the table. A "clumsy" waiter upset a glass of champagne on the cloth. Instantly the cloth was whipped off, and, with the bag inside it, was taken away. A moment or two later back came the waiter with the bag and many apologies. The waiter was a clever spy, and in the moment or two that he had been absent the incriminating letter had been secured. The bag was offered to the dancer, who at once opened it, and finding the letter had disappeared, promptly said the bag was not

hers. But she was put over the frontier just the same.

Many more cases might be cited to show the ramifications of the German spy system in England, but I have selected the foregoing as typical, and most of the others follow more or less the same general outline. They all point to the same conclusion: that the number of German agents in England is endless, that they are to be found in all places and in all ranks of society, that they are clever and daring to the last degree, and that nothing is too large or too small for their attention. Many of them, no doubt, have been interned; many of them, no doubt, are still at work, risking everything in their ceaseless efforts to bring about our undoing. There is only one effective protection—to make a clean sweep of all Germans and Austrians, naturalised or not, and confine them in the concentration camps until the war is over. Treat them properly, by all means, but put them out of the way of doing us harm.

This drastic measure, it is true, will not protect us against the traitor within our gates, but it would at least do much to remove the greatest source of peril.

## CHAPTER XI

### 27,000 ALIENS AT LARGE IN GREAT BRITAIN

WE know, from official sources, that in spite of all the foolish self-congratulation of Mr. McKenna and his friends—who are “getting on” towards Birthday Honours,—and his attempt to gag the *Globe*, there are some 27,000 alien enemies still at large in Great Britain, and upon their activities on their country's behalf, until recently our only check was the shadowy form of “registration” that we have adopted. Even many of those interned are now being released upon bonds being given by responsible citizens.

Unfortunately, anyone who ventures to suggest that these people—whose bonds may be signed by persons in German pay—may constitute a very serious danger, is at once branded, officially, as an alarmist, and accused of attempting to manufacture a “spy scare,” whatever official optimists may mean by that term.

I am no alarmist, and the last thing I should wish to see in our country would be a scare of any description. But as I have, for so many years, made a special study of the spy question, as the evidence I was able to

lay before the Government caused the establishment of our anti-espionage precautions, I think, without undue egotism, I may claim to know something about the matter. I should have remained silent unless I had been absolutely convinced that there is still a very real and very grave peril of espionage owing to our supineness in this matter of aliens living here practically uncontrolled, and certainly owing to their great numbers not being under anything like effective supervision.

The popular idea of the spy still seems to be that he is, invariably, an individual sent specially from Germany to wander about this country picking up such scraps of information as he can. There could be no more dangerous delusion. The Germans are far too acute to trust to such methods; they know a great deal too much about the science of espionage to dream of thinking that foreigners sent hap-hazard into this country—obviously strangers and, therefore, most likely to invite attention—are likely to be able to carry out safely the difficult and dangerous work of espionage. Their secret agents are chosen, invariably, with the utmost care and method.

The "foreign" spy is not the worst peril; the real danger comes from those who, for years, have made their homes among us, who have married Englishwomen, and have become so familiar to their neighbours that they are in little or no danger of being under



the slightest suspicion. This has been proved over and over again, both here and in France, during the present war.

The case of the barber Ernst was a good instance. This man had carried on business at the same shop *for sixteen years*, and we can be quite sure that the last thing his neighbours thought of him was that he was a spy in German pay! No. He was a good Englishman like the rest of us. Yet, it was shown that he was a secret agent of the most dangerous character, and even worthy of a personal visit from the great and distinguished Steinhauer himself!

Now I hope that the many who have read my books over the last twenty years will at least believe that I am one of the last men to be suspected of any desire to belittle my own countrymen. I am simply an Englishman who has tried to interest them. To-day I point a peril to each and all of my million readers. But I wish to make it quite clear that nothing I say in this connection should be taken as reflecting on the work of our Confidential Department — a department which has done magnificently and which in every way I respect. They have matched brains against brains, and cunning against cunning, and the balance of the account is decidedly in their favour. They have, indeed, fooled Steinhauer's agents all through—examined their correspondence and their reports, tracked the agents down by the information thus gained, arrested a large

number of them, and to a very great extent smashed the organisation in its original form. So much I cheerfully admit, and congratulate them heartily upon their success. My point is that the work has not gone far enough, that what they have done has not been adequately supplemented, that much yet remains to be done before we can assume that a reasonable degree of security has been attained.

On October 8th last, a very important statement was issued by the Home Secretary, describing the steps that had been taken "to deal with the system of espionage on which Germany has placed so much reliance." I have shown elsewhere how the Confidential Department came into being, and how it was able to "discover the ramifications of the German Secret Service in England." In this statement Mr. McKenna says:—

The agents . . . were watched and shadowed without in general taking any hostile action or allowing them to know that their movements were watched. When, however, any actual step was taken to convey documents or plans of importance from this country to Germany, the spy was arrested, and in such cases evidence sufficient to secure his conviction was usually found in his possession.

Proceedings under the Official Secrets Act were taken by the Director of Public Prosecutions, and in six cases sentences were passed varying from eighteen months to six years' penal servitude. At the same time steps were taken to mark down and keep under observation all the agents known to have been engaged in this traffic, so that when any necessity arose the police might lay hands

upon them at once; and accordingly on August 4th, before the declaration of war, instructions were given by the Home Secretary for the arrest of twenty known spies, and all were arrested.

This figure, it is added, does not cover over two hundred who were under suspicion or noted to be kept under special observation, the great majority of whom were interned at, or soon after, the declaration of war.

Now, although the spy organisation which had been established before the war may have been partially broken up, Mr. McKenna admits that "it is still necessary to take *the most rigorous measures* to prevent the establishment of any fresh organisation, and to deal with individual spies who might previously have been working in this country outside the organisation, or who might be sent here under the guise of neutrals after the declaration of war."

Here really we have the crux of the whole matter. It is easy enough to deal with the known spy; it is easy enough in time of war for the Post Office to watch very closely correspondence not only with Germany, but also with neutral countries, from which letters can so easily be sent into Germany—as I have sent them—and it is easy enough to censor cables. Mr. McKenna says:—

This censorship has been extremely effective in stopping secret communications by cable or letter with the enemy, but as its existence was necessarily known to them, it has not, except in a few instances, produced materials for the detection of espionage.

I should think not, indeed! Would any sane person suspect the German Secret Service of such imbecility as endeavouring to send important reports by post or cable from this country in time of war, except as a last desperate resort to deal with some unexpected situation in an apparently harmless message? It was this very thing that brought about the downfall of Lody, and the fact that he attempted to send a cable-message shows how urgent he thought it was that his message should reach its destination as soon as possible. He trusted to luck, but luck failed him. If I thought our Confidential Department regarded such a proceeding as normal, I should indeed be in despair.

Remember one highly important fact. It is perfectly easy to-day to travel from Holland or Denmark to Berlin, and there is no difficulty in anyone with a British or American passport travelling from this country to Holland. Some two hundred British and American passports have been "mis-laid"—in plainer language, stolen—by the German authorities. Can we think for a moment that it would be impossible for the Germans to find agents quite willing to run, as commercial travellers or what not, the trivial risk of making the journey from England to Holland, where their information could be handed over for conveyance to Berlin?

Lody came to England as an American; I have no doubt he could have gone back to Berlin in the same guise if he had wanted to.

We know perfectly well that every scrap of official news published here finds its way to Berlin in a very short time—a distinguished British General a few days ago stated that the German commanders had copies of the London papers within a few hours of publication. Where, then, assuming a spy in England has secured some useful information, lies the difficulty of transmitting it to those who are ready and anxious to receive it ?

Suspected passengers on the steamers, it may be said, can be searched, and letters found upon them examined. Is it to be imagined that a spy's reports would be written in copperplate on a large sheet of paper for all and sundry to read ? Need they even be written at all ?

Censorship on mails and on cables, and the close examination of cross-Channel passengers are excellent precautions, but, after all, we are only locking the door after the horse has been stolen. Admit that the spy is here, grant that he has got hold of a piece of important information, and I will wager that he finds means of transmitting it to his Government, if he possesses an ounce of sense.

The man Louis Trabbaut, sentenced at Marlborough Street, had passed through the German lines nine times between London and Brussels. More than this, it has been shown that the Kaiser, since the war began, has been using a courier *to send letters to London!* On October 8th, Mr. H. L. Reiach, editor of the *Yachting Monthly*, received a card from Vice-

Admiral K. von Eisendecker, who is attached to the Kaiser's suite, stating that he would no longer subscribe for that journal. There is no reason, as the *Daily Mail* pointed out, why this particular communication should not have been sent by open post in the ordinary way, but for some reason the Kaiser's Admiral preferred to use the secret courier service. The letter, written at Karlsruhe, was evidently brought over by a courier, stamped with an English penny stamp, and posted in the South-West district of London.

I wonder what else came over by that courier, and, still more, what went back!

"It is practically impossible," said a high police official discussing this incident, "to prevent this smuggling of letters." The only certain way to prevent it would be to detain and strip every passenger arriving at our South and East Coast ports, and minutely examine every article of their clothing. The authorities have power to detain and search any suspected person, but that is very different from searching every passenger—man, woman and child. The real remedy lies not in these palliatives; the disease is desperate enough to call for drastic remedies. We must stop so far as is humanly possible—and no one asks more—the collection of information here. And there is only one really effective way of doing this—intern or deport every individual of enemy birth, naturalised or not, until the end of the war.

Now I am not alone in holding this opinion ; it has been expressed by our judges, and by much more exalted individuals than my humble self. So recently as October 27th, the Recorder of Pontefract said :—

All those who have not been naturalised at all should be deported until the end of the war. Those who had been naturalised during the past ten years, since when Germany has been competing navally with England, should be interned under supervision but allowed to conduct their business ; men naturalised over ten years ago should be allowed to live on their own premises under substantial bond for their good behaviour under police supervision.

This is the opinion, not of a layman, but of a judge, speaking with all the authority and responsibility which must attach to his high office. Must we write him down as a spy-maniac or an alarmist ?

Lord Leith of Fyvie is a nobleman who has been giving special attention to the spy-peril, more particularly along the East Coast. Here is his view, expressed at Torquay as recently as October 23rd :—

At last the chief spy has been removed from the neighbourhood of Rosyth (it was late enough, I might remark !), and the Government has recognised the necessity of making a wholesale sweep of aliens. There cannot be any distinction between classes. The only exception ought to be in favour of English women who have married aliens. All others ought to be transported to a neutral country ; out of Great Britain they must go. Such a course would certainly be the most humane course that could be taken. Originally the East Coast was the most

dangerous zone, but in view of the desire of the "Head spy and devil Emperor William" to seize Calais, it was necessary to deal with the whole coast.

The Government recently decided to arrest all enemy aliens between the ages of 17 and 45. This, of course, meant that all men of military age were to be arrested, and it was a welcome step. No doubt this decision, which was announced on October 22nd, considerably reduced the danger of espionage arrangements that had previously been made, by removing many of the agents. But are we to assume that the Home Secretary considers that no German over 45 is capable of acting the part of a spy? Or is he under the impression that 45 is the utmost age attained by Germans in this country?

"After this war," said Mr. Justice Ridley at Worcester Assizes on October 22nd, "we must make an end of spies. The German nation appears to think that it can conquer Europe by a system of espionage. We will have no more of that." Most people will concur with the learned judge's view, but will regard it as rather belated to wait till "the end of the war" to make an end of the German espionage which is rampant *now*!

It is often represented by well-meaning people that it would be unjust, and not in accordance with British fair-play, to take steps against aliens who have become naturalised. We are told that these people have



been promised the full liberty accorded to British-born subjects, and that to treat them in a manner different from other Englishmen would be to go back upon our solemn undertaking.

I confess this argument leaves me unmoved. We have no use for the unpatriotic get-rich-at-the-expense-of-your-neighbour arguments. We are Britons, and Britons we will remain in spite of the puny leading articles in unimportant papers. Naturalisation, in the great majority of cases, means absolutely nothing ; it is, indeed, usually adopted purely for business reasons. Seldom does a German become so imbued with profound veneration for our institutions and customs that nothing short of citizenship of our Empire will satisfy his sacred feelings of patriotism. Moreover, naturalisation is one of the spy's favourite devices, and surely one of his best methods of disarming any possible suspicion.

But these are not ordinary times, and the requirements of the situation as we see it cannot surely be met by ordinary methods. Nothing is more jealously guarded in this country than the right to be protected from arbitrary imprisonment. No one in England can be arrested and kept in custody for more than a few hours without being fully informed of the nature of the charge against him, and brought before a magistrate, whose duty it is to decide whether there is a *prima facie* case against him, upon which he should be sent for trial. That, in ordinary times, is

the British practice. Yet, only a few days before I write, the High Court refused an order, under the Habeas Corpus Act, that an Englishman, who had been imprisoned for over a week without any charge having been made against him, should be brought up for trial.

The case was a remarkable one. A collision had occurred between a submarine and a British steamer, and the captain of the steamer was arrested. No charge being preferred against him, application was made to the High Court. It was stated in Court that a charge might be made, but that it was against the interests of the nation that it should be stated. The application was therefore refused.

Looking at the absolute stringency of English law on this subject at ordinary times, that was a very remarkable decision, but I venture to think it was absolutely correct, since the interests of the State must at all times over-ride the rights of the individual. The question of the guilt or innocence of the captain, it should be remembered, was not before the Court, and was not even discussed.

The same rule, I contend, should be applied to the naturalised alien. It was Burke who said that it was not possible to frame an indictment against a nation, but we can say with tolerable certainty that no German loses his German sympathies simply because he takes out naturalisation papers at the British Home Office.

Undoubtedly, if it were determined to intern or deport all of alien birth, whether naturalised or not, there would be many cases of hardship, and many people who are good citizens and perfectly loyal to the country of their adoption would suffer. Many such are suffering to-day. I am not going to suggest for a moment that every one of the thousands of aliens we have interned in the concentration camps is dangerous, either as a spy or as a combatant. I do insist, however, that many of them are, and to catch all the guilty we must necessarily, though with regret, inflict hardship on some who are innocent. Exactly the same conditions apply to the naturalised alien ; in many cases they apply with even greater force.

In his published statement from which I have already quoted, Mr. McKenna parades with intense satisfaction the absence, since the war began, of any outrages traceable to aliens. He says :—

Another matter which has engaged the closest attention of the police has been the possibility of conspiracies to commit outrages. No trace whatever has been discovered of any such conspiracy, and no outrage of any sort has yet been committed by any alien—not even telegraph wires having been maliciously cut since the beginning of the war.

As a dose of soothing-syrup administered in Mr. McKenna's "best bedside manner" this is inimitable ; as a contribution to the solution of a very serious problem, it lacks finality. I wonder whether it has ever

occurred to the Home Secretary, or the sleepy Department over which he presides, that, up to the present moment, there has not been the slightest necessity for any alien to commit an outrage of any description, and that to have done so before the time was ripe would merely have meant rousing such an outburst here that, when the time did come, there would probably not have been an alien left at liberty to give help at the psychological moment? What, in the name of Johnson, would it profit a German, or Germany, to blow up at the present moment a tube station or one or two bridges on our main lines? The time for that was when we were moving the Expeditionary Force, if at all, under present conditions. But the movement of the Expeditionary Force was carried out with such speed and secrecy that hardly anyone knew what was going on, and in any case a slight delay to a few units of that Force would not have been a vital matter.

Now whether it is possible or not, whether it has a faint chance of success or whether it is foredoomed to hopeless failure, an invasion of England is at the present moment the dearest dream of every German heart. To compass that, they are prepared to make any and every sacrifice. Personally, I have no fear that to-day such an invasion would have the remotest chance of success, but that is not the belief of Germans, military or civilian. They believe that it is not only

possible, but that it must succeed, and we know that plans for carrying it out have been carefully elaborated for years past.

Suppose the Germans come. Troops will be instantly hurried towards the scene of their landing by every railway in England. What, then, I ask, would be the value of a few skilfully placed charges of explosive? What, then, would be the value of a successful attempt to cut the trunk telephone or telegraph wires running along one of our main lines of communication? What would it mean to us if an important bridge on a main line were shattered, and many trainloads of troops delayed for hours? Remember that in the unlikely event of invasion time will be calculated by minutes, for the Germans must rely upon the effects of a desperate dash to strike us in a vital spot before we could overwhelm them by accumulated reinforcements.

But Mr. McKenna tells us "there is no evidence of a conspiracy to commit outrages." Let us fold our arms and sleep! I wonder what the War Office would tell him if he hinted that there was no evidence that the Germans were planning to invade us, and that they had better cease the arrangements they are very properly making to deal with such a contingency, however remote or unlikely it may appear!

It is not in the least degree likely that all the German arrangements and plans have been made for outside operations only, and

that every internal device that could help to ruin us has been neglected ; that is not at all the German way. It has already been officially admitted that there is reason for believing that the Germans have established petrol stores in these islands. Is there any reason why they should not equally have established depots of explosives for use in the same contingency ?

Our naval authorities say quite plainly that, with the present disposition of the Fleet, no invading force above the proportions of a raiding party intended to create panic could ever hope to reach these shores. To that, I think, the great majority of our people, supremely confident in our splendid Navy, cordially subscribe. But in war no chances can be taken, for the unexpected always happens, and though we may not discuss the measures that have been adopted, it is known that the War Office authorities have done everything possible to provide for even such a remote contingency. Can we say that the Home Office has done everything possible to cut the claws of the German plotters, when so many potential enemies are still allowed to be at large amongst us ? And further, many enemy aliens are now being released, and returning to their employment in hotels.

Mr. McKenna has quite justifiably claimed that the Confidential Department has broken up the organisation of spies that existed in England before the war. For that, I desire

quite sincerely to give them every credit. The Home Secretary has admitted, however, the necessity of taking every possible step to deal with those who have come here since the war began. And in this connection a very serious position has been created by the swarms of unhappy refugees from Belgium who have been pouring into the country for several months past. Among these thousands, it is absolutely certain, there must be many clever German agents, possibly men who have long lived in Belgium, and speak French or Flemish without a trace of German accent.

What steps are being taken to guard against this peril? It must be remembered that in the case of these unfortunate people there can be no question of passports, or papers of any kind. The great majority of them are quite glad enough to have escaped with their lives, without troubling about their papers, even had they wished to do so. There would not be the slightest difficulty in German agents slipping over amongst these thousands without any risk of detection, and we can be tolerably confident that many have done so.

It has been suggested that some of the better educated Belgians, about whose *bona fides* there could be no question, should be given the work of tracking down any possible impostors. They would probably be glad of the work, and in this direction they could do much to help us. They would be only too keen upon doing so, for most of them are

filled with a hatred of everything German, beside which our own growing dislike is a mere nothing. To lay by the heels one of the German spies who have contributed so powerfully to the ruin of Belgium would be, to the average refugee, the keenest delight. I believe this plan would be well worth a trial, and I should like to see it put into effect immediately.

The trial and conviction on a charge of high treason of Mr. Nicholas Emil Herman Adolph Ahlers, a naturalised German who, for some years, acted as German Consul in Sunderland, is a remarkable and emphatic corroboration of every word I have written as to the manner in which the authorities are dealing with the alien peril.

Mr. Ahlers was accused of assisting German reservists to return to Germany after the declaration of war. It was alleged that he sought out our enemies, impressed upon them the necessity of returning to Germany, and gladly paid their fares. The striking feature of the affair was, it is alleged, Ahlers' own statement, "Although naturalised, I am a German at heart."

On December 9th, the prisoner was convicted of high treason, and sentenced to death. Yet anything more farcical could not well be imagined, and was certainly well in keeping with the tactics of the Home Office. Mr. Ahlers was prosecuted for having "adhered to the King's enemies." Yet he had only, after all, succoured the King's



enemies to the extent *actually allowed to him by the Order in Council!* As Mr. Justice Bankes justly observed at the appeal, it is abhorrent to the mind that a man should be sentenced to death for doing what the Home Secretary's circular expressly permitted.

As exposed in the Court of Appeal, the whole prosecution was simply another effort of the authorities to mislead and gull the public, and to play to the gallery.

When this amazing prosecution was undertaken, and the Solicitor-General was sent down to Durham to invoke the majesty of the law, *the Home Office must have known* that the Order in Council, issued by that same department, gave alien enemies—up to August the 11th—the right to leave our shores! Therefore Mr. Ahlers ought never to have been prosecuted and sentenced to death. What was presented to the public as a grim and terrible tragedy, turned out to be an amusing, though hollow comedy. Yet we find, even in the final scene at the Court of Appeal, the Solicitor-General gallantly protesting that the Order in Council had nothing to do with the case.

Of course, as the Press pointed out, had the matter been anything but the merest jest produced for the purpose of making the people of this country believe that the Government were at last tackling the spy peril in earnest, the Minister, or other official, who drew up the Order in Council might have found himself in an awkward position. It

allowed alien enemies, without any distinction as to whether they were combatants or not, to leave this country and join the King's enemies *for a full week after war had been declared*, and whoever was responsible for it was much more deserving of condemnation than the unfortunate "German at heart."

But a further fact seems to have escaped the notice of the public. It is this. When the conviction for high treason had been obtained against Mr. Ahlers—a conviction improperly obtained—the Government, with their conscience awakened, hastened to prepare the public for the comedy by issuing from the Press Bureau the following illuminating communication:—

"The conviction of Ahlers is subject to appeal, the judge having granted a certificate of appeal on certain points of law which arose at the trial. The sentence of death was the only one which the judge could pronounce in accordance with the law on a conviction for high treason. If, on the appeal, the conviction is affirmed, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs will consider the question of advising a commutation of the death-sentence with a view to substituting a term of penal servitude or imprisonment."

The whole prosecution was a ghastly hoax, for Mr. Ahlers had committed no legal offence. The proceedings, so dignified and realistic, which resulted in him lying under sentence of death for a crime which he had not committed, was merely a hollow pretence in order to give a sop to the public.

It reflects no credit upon our authorities, whoever was responsible, and such proceedings are, surely, not in accordance with the high morality of British justice. It is important, however, as serving as yet another example of the pitiful rule-of-thumb methods which are being adopted towards this grave peril.

If the Home Department, in its wisdom, bestirs itself in future and prosecutes dangerous aliens and spies, it is to be hoped that it will not endeavour to further mislead us by presenting such a lamentable spectacle as it has done in the case of Mr. Ahlers.

Surely this is not the moment when the Department should be engaged in trying to discover whether the German soldiery were guilty of any atrocities in Belgium. The futility of the latter I pointed out to Mr. McKenna in a letter I ventured to address to him at the Home Office on December 11th, 1914.

It ran as follows :—

“ Sir,—Though seven days have now elapsed since my letter of December 3rd, I am still awaiting a reply, as I am anxious—in the interests of the public—to have an explanation of the matter to which it refers.

“ I desire to point out to your Department—which, according to Mr. Aitken’s letter to me of November 16th, is making an inquiry into allegations of outrages by German troops, and in which my aid is requested—that any further waste of public time and public money may be avoided if it will—as it no doubt can do if it wishes—obtain, through the proper channels, a copy of General

von Bülow's Proclamation posted in Liège on August 22nd last. In this, the General in question declares in reference to the destruction of the town of Andenne :—

“ ‘ It is *with my consent* that the General had the whole place burned down, and about one hundred people shot.’

“ In addition, three official reports of the Royal Belgian Commission, sent to me by His Excellency the Belgian Minister, are before me, and I have interviewed M. Carton de Wiart, Belgian Minister of Justice, regarding them.

“ Further, I would point out that your Department might, with advantage, examine the proclamation of Field-Marshal Von der Goltz, and also Major Deckmann's poster published at Grivegnée.

“ As these, no doubt, will be as available to you as they are to the public Press, perhaps your Department may obviate further waste of time by examining them.

“ Meanwhile, I await, with anticipation, a reply to my letter of December 3rd.”

Let us hope that the Home Department— if only responsible for German spies in London, as it is—will really rub its eyes and awaken, ere it is too late.

For five months the authorities had been continually warned by Lord Leith of Fyvie, and others, of spies who were detected in the act of signalling at night off the East Coast. The newspapers were flooded with correspondence on the subject, while I myself received more than a hundred letters asking me to urge the authorities to take up the matter, and deal with it.

On December 16th, Yorkshire had its first instalment of the fruits of the extraordinary

manner in which this signalling has been permitted to continue, and the freedom given to spies. On the previous night it was noticed, by reliable observers, that the night signallers were specially active, and at eight o'clock next morning, the towns of Scarborough, Whitby, and Hartlepool were bombarded by German ships, resulting in over four hundred persons being injured, and over one hundred killed, including many women and children.

Information supplied by secret means to the German Navy had already enabled shells to be flung at Yarmouth, but here, as in the attack in Yorkshire, we have again very clear proof and evidence of spies. Indeed, already orders have been issued to shoot at sight anyone found signalling from the coast—but, alas! after so many innocent persons have lost their lives!

The daring adventure of the German ships show that they must have received information concerning the distribution of our Fleet.

According to the First Lord of the Admiralty, practically the whole fast cruiser force of the German Navy, including some great ships vital to their fleet and utterly irreplaceable, was risked for the passing pleasure of killing as many English people as possible, irrespective of sex, age, or condition, in the limited time available.

Now we know sufficient of German thoroughness to be quite sure that they would never

have risked a journey of over four hundred miles from their base, through a sea sown with mines, unless they were well acquainted with the channels left open. Knowledge of the exact positions in which we have placed our mines could only have been gained through spies amongst us.

Surely this should be sufficient answer to Mr. McKenna's communiqué to the Press.

A special correspondent of the London *Evening News*, who passed between London and Berlin twice, unsuspected, during the month of December, and even visited Vienna, writing on December 19th of what he saw in the German capital, declared that he heard the raid upon Scarborough discussed in certain circles in Berlin on December 16th, *three days before it took place!*

In the course of his comments he wrote :—

“ I always thought the spy mania in England exaggerated, but now I am absolutely persuaded that even those Englishmen who recognise this peril do not realise the lengths to which it goes. They have been suspecting waiters and servants, whilst the spies are in high social positions ; they have contented themselves with searching the houses of German barbers and grocers, whilst neglecting the hands which collect and forward to Berlin the information gathered by more humble satellites.

“ It is very sad to have to say such things, but I think the most dangerous spies still in England are not Germans, whether naturalised or not, but are people belonging to neutral countries—even to countries actually fighting Germany—and subjects of Great Britain herself.

“ I would not have written this if I was not sure of it ; the diplomat from whom I got the information assured me that there are some English and French of both sexes who come regularly to Berlin, or to frontier towns through neutral countries, and have conversations with officials and then return. The restrictions as to luggage and passports, both in France and in England, are not half as severe as they should be ; *they are even slacker than at the beginning of the war.* I know, personally, of a number of stolen American passports under the shelter of which German spies are now travelling, and an Italian Consul with whom I happened to travel a few days ago, said he had discovered two fellows with false Italian passports almost perfectly imitated.

“ In Berlin I heard people, well-informed people, saying that in every English town of importance, and on every spot of strategical value on the British coast, Germany has got *a few friends* keeping their eyes open and ready to receive an eventual German raid, and to give their friends as strong a hand as possible.”

## CHAPTER XII

### HOW TO END THE SPY-PERIL

“AFTER this war,” said Mr. Justice Ridley, in a passage already quoted, “we must make an end of spies.”

“After this war,” however, may be too late. I contend we should make an end of spies *now*, and with that end in view I would propose very strong measures—so strong that, I willingly admit, only very grave national peril would justify it. That peril, I contend, actually exists to-day, *and no steps we can take to minimise it can be regarded as excessive.*

At the present moment it is perfectly easy for any German agent to travel quite freely between England and the Continent. As we know, the Germans have in their possession a large number of stolen British and American passports. By means of these passports their agents can come and go between England and the Continent practically as they please, taking with them any information they can pick up. And, although the collecting of information has been made much more difficult by the additional precautions taken since the outbreak of war, information is still



to be obtained by those who know where and how to look for it.

Now, the only channels by which this information can be conveyed abroad at present are, first by correspondence in invisible ink beneath an unsuspecting letter addressed to a neutral country—this was proved at the court-martial of the prisoner of war, Otto Luz, at the Douglas Internment Camp—secondly, by travellers between England and the Continent, and thirdly, by secret wireless stations communicating between our shores and the German ships—probably submarines—lying off the coast. All three of these channels of leakage must be stopped.

The first step should be the absolute closing of the sea routes from these shores to all persons, excepting those who are vouched for by the British Foreign Office. The second is a much closer and more persistent search for concealed wireless plants, and a third, a closer censorship upon outgoing mails to neutral countries. I happen to know that in certain instances censorship upon both cables and correspondence is quite inadequate.

As to the second proposal, there will be no two opinions. Wireless is already forbidden, and there is no hardship in taking steps to see that the law is obeyed. With regard to the first suggestion, I am well aware that many people will think it, as indeed it is, extremely drastic. It would, of course, cause great inconvenience, not only to British subjects, but to the subjects of

neutral Powers with whom we are on the best of terms. It would seriously interfere with business which we have every wish should continue, and I should never suggest it unless I were convinced of the urgent need.

A correspondent who has just returned from Holland, where, says the *Evening News*, he saw British tradesmen doing business with German manufacturers, shows how easy it is for the Germans to send professional spies to England *via* Flushing. A German permit will pass anyone over the Belgian frontier into Holland: a Belgian passport is not necessary, but such passports are issued by the local authorities. There is nothing to prevent a German commander getting a Belgian passport and issuing it to a German if it suits his purpose, while the present examination arrangements on the English side offer no obstacles to spies landing, especially from boats containing five or six hundred refugees.

The remedy is to make the landing test far more stringent, and to use responsible Belgians in the work. One can readily understand that the average Englishman, even though he spoke French and Flemish, would not be able to detect a German, speaking both languages, as being anything but a genuine Belgian. Such a man, however, would be readily detected by a Belgian; however well he spoke the languages, some trick of accent or pronunciation would be sure to "give him away." Thus our Belgian

friends could do much to prevent the German spy getting into the country.

Assume that the spy is here; how are we to prevent him getting out?

By closing the sea routes to all who could not produce to our Foreign Office absolutely satisfactory guarantees of their *bona fides*. The ordinary passport system is not sufficient; the Foreign Office should demand, and see that it gets not only a photograph, but a very clear explanation of the business of every person who seeks to travel from England to the Continent, backed by unimpeachable references from responsible British individuals, banks, or firms.

In every single case of application for a passport it should be personal, and the most stringent enquiries should be made. I see no other means of putting an end to a danger which, whatever the official apologists may say, is still acute, and shows no signs of diminishing.

Under the best of conditions some leakage may take place. But our business is to see, by every means we can adopt, that the leakage is reduced to the smallest possible proportions.

Now, a few words as to the future. Let us look forward to the time when the war is over, and Europe is at peace again. Will it be necessary for us to take steps to prevent a recrudescence of this German espionage, or can we assume that there will be nothing of the kind again?

In the language of Mr. Justice Ridley, we have got to "make an end of spies" once and for all.

The spy system has gained a firm and, I believe, quite unshakeable footing in the German military system, and my own view is that directly the war is over the old game will begin all over again. Whatever may be the result of the war, we can take it for granted that Germany will cherish dreams of revenge, more especially against the "treacherous British," upon whom, at the present moment, she is pouring out all the vials of her concentrated hatred and malignity. She has been spending huge sums annually on her spy-system, and she will not readily give it up.

I certainly cherish the hope that after the war we shall be spared the flood of German immigration that, quite apart from all questions of espionage, has, in past years, done so much harm to England by unloading on our crowded labour market a horde of ill-paid and wage-cutting workers, many of whom were trade spies, and who have done much to drive the British employee out of the positions which, by every natural and political law, he ought to hold. This has been made possible to a great extent by subsidies from German rivals anxious to get hold of British trade secrets. The German clerk will never be the welcome figure he has been in the past with certain British firms who have regarded nothing but cheapness in the appointment

of their staffs. Still, we may be certain that, welcome or unwelcome, the German will be with us again; as a rule, he is sufficiently thick-skinned to care very little whether he is wanted or not, provided he "gets there." He will be a potential danger, and his activities must be at once firmly restricted.

With this end in view the French system of the registration and taxation of every alien coming to reside in this country ought to be insisted upon. Many worthy people seem to think that there is something highly objectionable in a precaution which is taken by every European country except Britain. As a matter of fact, there is nothing of the kind. Every Briton, in ordinary times, who goes to Germany is registered by the police; there is no hardship and no inconvenience about it, and no reason whatever why the person whose motives are above suspicion should object to it. The same is true of Russia, where the passport system is strict; yet, once you have registered, you are free to do pretty much as you please, so long as you do not attempt to interfere in political matters, which are surely no concern of the foreigner. Germans should be the last people in the world to object to a policy of registration and supervision in this country, and to do them justice the reputable Germans would never think of protesting.

Another essential precaution would be that every alien coming to reside in this country must produce his papers. There is no hard-

ship in this; the honest foreigner never makes any trouble about showing his papers at any time. In every country save Great Britain everyone has to possess such papers, and there is no reason why he should not produce them when he goes from his own to another country. By a system of papers and registration, the police would be enabled at any moment to lay their hands on doubtful characters, quite apart from spies.

It is also to be sincerely hoped that the Lord Chamberlain's Department will request, as the *Globe* has justly demanded, that City financiers who have been accustomed to make use in this country, without the Royal licence or the King's permission, of German titles of nobility, will discontinue this practice when they become "naturalised." We should then have fewer pinchbeck "Barons" among us than at present.

Evidence has been accumulating during the past few years, and came to a head with the case of the German consul at Sunderland, that naturalisation in the great majority of cases is a perfect farce. The "naturalised" are still "Germans at heart." Naturalisation is usually adopted either for spying or for business purposes, and to suppose that the mere fact makes a German into anything else is to argue a pitiful ignorance of human nature, and particularly of the German nature. There is in this, of course, no reproach; we should think as little of a German who forsook the cause of his country as of an Englishman who

turned renegade. The Germans are an intensely patriotic people, and we may honour them for it, but we do not want to help them to further exercise their patriotism at our expense.

Notable changes in the law relating to the naturalisation of aliens were made by the new British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act, which came into force on January 1st, 1915. Among the most important of these is the power given to the Home Secretary to revoke certificates of naturalisation obtained by means of false declarations.

The Naturalisation Act of 1870 is now repealed. That Act contained no definition of the classes of people who are to be regarded as natural-born British subjects. This omission is rectified in the new Act, by which such persons are defined as follows:—

(a) Any person born within His Majesty's dominions and allegiance; and

(b) Any person born out of His Majesty's dominions whose father was a British subject at the time of that person's birth, and either was born within His Majesty's allegiance, or was a person to whom a certificate of naturalisation had been granted; and

(c) Any person born on board a British ship, whether in foreign territorial waters or not.

I regard section (c) as far too sweeping; it seems to imply that even the children of German emigrants born while their parents are travelling, say to America, on board a British vessel become British subjects, even

though they may never set foot on British territory during the whole of their lives! In such a case, naturalisation will mean absolutely nothing to the person concerned, while it is conceivable that his claim to be a British subject might involve us in awkward entanglements. A person born on a foreign ship will not be regarded as a British subject merely because the ship was in British territorial waters at the time of the birth.

Children of British subjects, whether born before or after the passing of the Act, will be deemed to have been born within the King's allegiance if born in a place where "by capitulation, grant, usage, sufferance or other lawful means His Majesty exercises jurisdiction over British subjects."

The qualifications for naturalisation are extended under the new Act. Section 2 provides that the Secretary of State may grant a certificate of naturalisation to any alien who shows

(a) That he has resided in His Majesty's dominions for a period of not less than five years in the manner required by this section, or been in the service of the Crown for not less than five years within the last eight years before the application; and

(b) That he is of good character, and has an adequate knowledge of the English language; and

(c) That he intends, if his application is granted, either to reside in His Majesty's dominions, or to enter or continue in the service of the Crown.

Paragraph (b), which is new, is certainly very valuable and it will be cordially approved.



Hitherto, in the granting of naturalisation certificates, character and a knowledge of English were entirely disregarded. By means of the new provision we shall be able to shut out from British citizenship a large and exceedingly undesirable class of alien immigrants and render their deportation practicable in case of misbehaviour.

In the case of a woman who was a British subject before her marriage to an alien, and whose husband has died, or whose marriage has been dissolved, the requirements of this section as to residence are not to apply, and the Secretary of State may, in any other special case, grant a certificate of naturalisation, even though the four years' residence or five years' service has not been within the eight years immediately before the application for naturalisation. The provision as to the women is both humane and just. It will alleviate the hard lot of many Englishwomen who married Germans before the war, and whose cases under the old Act involved much unmerited hardship.

Section 3 of the Act is very noteworthy. It provides that

- (1) A person to whom a certificate of naturalisation is granted by a Secretary of State shall, subject to the provisions of this Act, be entitled to all political and other rights, powers and privileges, and be subject to all obligations, duties and liabilities to which a natural-born British subject is entitled or subject, and, as from the date of his naturalisation, have to all intents and purposes the status of a natural-born British subject.

The 3rd Section of the Act of Settlement, which disqualifies naturalised aliens from holding certain offices, is to have effect as though the word "naturalised" were omitted. This section applies, among other things, to membership of the Privy Council or either House of Parliament, or to "any office or place of trust either civil or military."

The power given to the Secretary of State to revoke any naturalisation certificate obtained by false representation or fraud is contained in Section 7, which says:—

(1) Where it appears to the Secretary of State that a certificate of naturalisation granted by him has been obtained by false representations or fraud, the Secretary of State may by order revoke the certificate, and the order of revocation shall have effect from such date as the Secretary of State may direct.

(2) Where the Secretary of State revokes a certificate of naturalisation, he may order the certificate to be given up and cancelled, and any person refusing or neglecting to give up the certificate shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds.

This is a very valuable provision, and it is one that, whenever fraud or false representation is detected, should be summarily and rigorously enforced. In the past our practice in the matter of naturalisation has been decidedly too lax; I fear the granting of certificates had become rather too much a matter of form, and possibly statements as to residence, etc., had not been too closely scrutinised. There is thus reason for believing

that a good many individuals who are to-day masquerading as "British citizens" would have extreme difficulty in making good their claims to that honour if they were closely pressed for evidence.

It is important to remember that under the naturalisation law a naturalised "undesirable alien" cannot be deported in the event of his being convicted of a certain class of offence to which the alien of the lower type is especially prone. These are just the men who most dread deportation, since they are usually well known to the police of their own country, and they are therefore most likely to resort to fraudulent means to secure the protection afforded by naturalisation here. When such individuals fall into the hands of the police in future, we may be sure that their papers will be scrutinised with special care, and should any evidence of fraud be detected we shall be able to strip them of their too easily obtained British nationality, and relieve ourselves of their presence.

The taking out of naturalisation papers is one of the natural weapons of the spy, and by the circumstances of his case he is very frequently compelled to resort to devious means to secure his papers. Under the new law it will be easier when he is detected to treat him as an enemy subject, since inquiry of a close character will be likely, if not practically certain, to reveal the deception of which he has been guilty.

It is to be hoped on every ground that the

new law will be rigorously enforced. I hold very strongly—and recent cases have justified my belief—that the *naturalised alien* is among our most dangerous enemies. For this reason, if for no other, the acquisition of British nationality should be made as difficult as possible in order to protect our country against hordes of subjects whom we do not want and who, if the truth were told, would be found to have but the most shadowy claim to the honour they seek.

But, as the *Globe* has well described it, the Act is, at best, only a piece of belated legislation. It is to be regretted that the Government could not have seen their way to issue a proclamation postponing its operation, so that Parliament could have some further opportunity of discussing it before it is treated as settling the extremely difficult and complicated questions which are inherent in the subject, questions which have gained a new meaning in the last few months. It would be satisfactory, for instance, to investigate the very curious problems raised by the Third Section. Under this, certain disqualifications which the Act of Settlement imposed upon naturalised aliens are again made inoperative except as against aliens. Under the Act of Settlement naturalised aliens were prohibited from becoming members of the Privy Council, or of either House of Parliament, and from holding any office or place of trust, "either civil or military." It is notorious that naturalised aliens have sat on both sides of

the House of Commons, *are actually members of the Privy Council*, and have occupied places of the most intimate trust in civil and military affairs. It is surely time we reverted to the older methods. No naturalised alien should be appointed a Privy Councillor.

The whole Act is therefore belated and incomplete. It does not, so far as one can understand it, provide for the one thing really necessary—that the individual seeking naturalisation in this country should divest himself altogether of any allegiance to the Sovereignty under which he was born. Whether he can do so, or not, is his affair. Germany, by her new Citizenship Law, as the journal quoted has pointed out, has devised methods obviously designed to disguise the real nature of the act of a German on seeking naturalisation in a foreign country. Against such attempts to deceive the nation of which a German, for his own ends, seeks to become a member, it may be difficult to continue effective measures, but at any rate we should make the attempt. Naturalisation is primarily a favour granted to the alien, and is only in very rare and exceptional cases an advantage to the State which grants it. Therefore it ought to be hedged about with such restrictions as will make it as certain as any laws can do, that the individual seeking it divests himself of all his former allegiance.

It is perfectly certain, as the journal before mentioned has remarked, that there are in

this country to-day many naturalised Germans who, if they had not taken out letters of naturalisation (which are in effect letters of mark), would now be interned in some concentration camp. They are chartered enemies, who can be compared to none so justly as those German spies at the front who penetrate the Allies' lines by wearing British uniforms. The French Government have, unlike our own, been quick to see the danger that exists, and to cope with it. A Bill has been introduced into the French Parliament empowering the Government to withdraw naturalisation from persons who preserve their original nationality, or who, by reason of their attitude to the enemies of France, are judged unworthy of French nationality. The Stock Exchange has taken similar action. British citizenship is a privilege which in no case ought to be lightly conferred, and assuredly it should never be relieved from the obligations which properly accompany its great advantages. No man can serve two masters, at any rate when they are at war with one another; and, to be just to the Germans, they have not even tried.

We know that the German espionage organisation in England was set up some time about the year 1905, so that there has been plenty of time for the German General Staff to get together quite a number of agents who, under our present system, fulfil all the demands of our naturalisation laws. We must make this more difficult in the

future, remembering that the naturalised German is at least as much an object of suspicion as his non-naturalised brother.

Residence of aliens, whether naturalised or not, in the immediate vicinity of our dockyards, naval bases, and important strategical positions should be stopped, once and for all. We know how in many recent cases the activities of the German agent have been concentrated upon these points, where the most valuable information is often to be picked up, and if we are indeed to make an end of spies, this closing of certain areas to aliens is one of the first and most important steps to take.\*

I have just heard of a case in one of our most important garrison towns, where, for years past, a shop overlooking the barracks has been in German occupation without apparently any business whatever being done ; the stock was practically allowed to rot in the windows, and certainly the volume of trade was not enough to pay the rent. We

\* THIRTY MILES INLAND : MILITARY ORDERS TO EAST COAST ALIENS.—Notices to quit coastal towns adjoining the Tyneside district were yesterday served by the police on behalf of the military authorities upon persons regarded as undesirable residents. The people affected include enemy aliens and naturalised aliens of both sexes, also British-born descendants of aliens, including even the second generation. Exceptions have been made in cases of advanced age and extreme youthfulness. New addresses must be approved by the military. Notices were also served on German residents in Sunderland to leave the town and district and move into an area approved by the military authorities. The order applies to men, women, and children, whether naturalised or not, and must be obeyed within eight days. The approved area will be some inland place about thirty miles from the coast.—*Daily Mail*, December 30th, 1914.

can form our own conclusions as to the real object of such establishments.

Not very long ago Captain Persius, the well-known German naval expert, described, with his tongue in his cheek, the ease with which he was able to get information at certain British dockyards, and we know that many foreign visitors have been allowed practically free access to many of our battle-ships and to the naval ports. The case of the undergraduates who posed as foreign princes and were shown over one of our Dreadnoughts will be well remembered. All this kind of thing must certainly be put an end to in the future.

The question of wireless is also another matter to which we shall have to give considerable attention. It is very much a question whether we should not, in future, adopt some stricter system of compulsory registration of all wireless plant sold and worked in this country. We all hope, of course, that after the present war we shall see a long period of undisturbed peace, but not even that assurance ought to be allowed to blind us to future danger, any more than the belief that a German invasion of Great Britain is an impossibility should cause us to relax, for an instant, our preparations to meet it should it come. Wireless is likely to play a growing part in our world communications, and the tremendous possibilities which attend its unauthorised use have to be reckoned with.



I confess that I should have hesitated to introduce even into a novel such an incident as a German officer attempting to escape from this country packed up in a large box. Yet such a case has just been reported ; the man was detected and arrested by no more than a lucky accident just as the case was about to be placed on board the liner which was to convey it to Rotterdam. Examination of the case showed how carefully the plans for the escape had been made, and certainly there is a very strong suggestion that the affair could not have been undertaken without active assistance from persons outside the prison from which the officer had escaped. And those persons were spies.

It was stated, I see, that the man is believed to have been trying to get over to Germany with important information, and in all probability this is true ; it is not at all likely that anyone would have adopted such a desperate expedient merely to escape from custody. The incident, in its practical bearings, is not of great importance, since it is not a plan likely to be adopted except by someone who was absolutely desperate, and obviously we cannot examine every packing case shipped abroad, even in war time. For us the importance of the incident lies in the light it throws upon the skill and resource of the German secret agents, and the need for straining every nerve to cope with their activity. One cannot but admire the courage and resource of a man who was ready to take

the risks involved in this particularly daring adventure.

Whatever system we decide to adopt to protect ourselves against espionage in the future, there is no question that the entire matter ought to be in the hands of one central authority, with very wide powers of inquiry and action. We must put an end once and for all to the idiotic—no other word is strong enough—position in which Mr. McKenna is able to say that outside London the spy-peril is no concern of his, and that he has no power of action. Whether we complete and extend the operations of the Confidential Department, or whether some new organisation is brought into being, the matter of espionage for the country as a whole *ought to be centralised in the hands of a single authority.*

I know certain people are likely to raise a grumble that the cost will be considerable. Supposing it is? No one suggests that we should spend, as Germany has been spending, £720,000 a year on spying on our neighbours; all that we need to do is to establish a complete system of contra-espionage, and look after the people who want to spy on us. In doing this, surely the expenditure of a few thousands a year would be money well invested.

In France a system has been adopted—too late, unfortunately, so far as the present war is concerned—by which the public are invited to co-operate in the work of checking the activities of the spies, by giving to the

proper authority information of any suspicious cases coming to their notice.

My view is that a somewhat similar procedure should be adopted here. In this way public opinion would be educated up to the importance of the subject, and a great deal of valuable information would be acquired. It is certain, of course, that much of this information would be valueless, but it would be the duty of the special department to separate the chaff from the wheat, and to see that every suspicious case was duly inquired into. Apart from anything else, this action by the public would, in itself, give the spies to pause, for they would realise how much more difficult it would be for them to carry on their nefarious work undetected.

I come now to perhaps the most unpleasant feature of the spy problem—the possibility of our betrayal by traitors in our own ranks. I am proud to think that, in this respect, we are perhaps better off than any nation under the sun, but at the same time, there have been, in recent years, one or two proved cases, and, as I have already said, a good many where grounds existed for very grave suspicion. However mortifying it may be to our national pride, we cannot overlook the possibility of our secrets being sold to the enemy by men of our own blood.

In this connection, I cannot do better than quote an instructive passage from Paul Lenoir's masterly book on "The German

Spy System in France," one of the most complete and fascinating exposures of German machinations that has ever been written, and a veritable mine of information on German aims and methods. Lenoir relates how, on one occasion, he had a long conversation with a very distinguished member of the German spy administration who had expressed the wish to meet him. In the course of their conversation, the German said :—

“ Ah! If only you knew how many of your politicians who shout and declaim in France demanding the suppression of *your* Secret Service funds—if you only knew how many of those men are drawing thumping good salaries out of *our* Secret Service funds; if only you knew what proportion of their election expenses is paid by *us* every four years!”

I do not suppose for a moment that we have in England anything of this kind; the class of men who secure election to the House of Commons is no doubt above temptation. I, however, mention this instance, revealed be it remembered by a Frenchman working hard in his country's cause, to show how very far the German espionage bureau is prepared to go to seduce men from their natural allegiance, and convert them into the most dangerous enemies of their country. And, with regret I confess it, we have to face the fact that even in our own services there are some whose honour is not proof against the lavish stream of German gold.

How to detect and defeat them is indeed a

difficult problem ; all we can say is that in this, as in other matters, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. But at least we can say that when they are caught these men ought to be made to pay a terrible price for their treachery, as an example and a deterrent to others. There must be no illegal sentences of death, as in the Ahlers case. There must be no paltering with this blackest of crimes, and no concession to the sentimentalists of the cocoa-Press.

In conclusion, I appeal to my readers to believe that I do feel, after many years' study of this subject, that in German espionage lies one of the greatest dangers our beloved country has to face.

I earnestly appeal to them to do all in their power to assist in forming a vigorous public opinion, that shall insist that, at whatever cost, this canker in our public life shall be rooted out. We must—and we can, if we devote our attention to it—make an end to the spy in our midst, and make it impossible that our hospitality shall be abused by those who are plotting our downfall. To do this a strong and healthy public opinion, which shall drive supine officials to determined action, is the first and greatest requisite. Without that—and it is the purpose of this book to assist in rousing it—we shall drift back into the old rut of contemptuous and incredulous neglect, and it is more than probable that our last state will be worse than our first.

We can rest assured that Germany will never willingly give up the system that has paid her such enormous profits; it is for us to meet craft with craft, to smash her spy organisation, to show her that we are determined that we will put an end to an insidious form of attack which in time of peace—whatever we may think of espionage in time of war—is nothing short of moral and political corruption in its worst and most hideous form.

Another point which has apparently been overlooked by the public is the fact that as recently as January 14th the United States Embassy, acting for Germany and Austria, announced the astounding fact that German men over 55, Austrian men over 50, with all those physically unfit for military service, as well as all women of both countries, *may leave Great Britain and return to the land of their birth!* The Ambassador stated that anyone wishing to do so should apply to the Home Office (Permits Department) for the necessary permission; and, further, that the Austro-Hungarian Government were organising personally-conducted parties to Vienna and Budapest!

Now, it is to be sincerely hoped that the Home Office (Permits Department) will not consider any man who has a weak heart, a faulty leg, or bad teeth, or is over 50, incapable of acts of espionage. Further, as alien women have been allowed to move freely about the country, and as our Confidential Department

knows that the enemy has already made good use of the fair sex as spies, is it really too much to expect that the Permits Department will—if aliens are allowed to leave at all—grant the necessary passes with a very sparing hand, and submit to severe examination anyone desirous of joining these personally-conducted parties which sound so delightfully alluring?

But to the man-in-the-street this official announcement of the United States Embassy, especially after the prosecution of Mr. Ahlers, must cause considerable dismay. Are we to allow these enemy aliens who have been among us ever since the outbreak of war to return, and carry with them all the information they have been able to gather?

Surely this is a most important point to which public attention should at once be directed! If the Home Office are actually about to issue permits to enemy aliens to return home, then why bother any further about espionage? We may just as well accept Mr. McKenna's assurances, close our eyes, and fold our arms.

Further, with the illuminating discussion in the House of Lords on January 6th, 1915, the Briton—as apart from the politician, or the supporter of the cocoa-Press—surely cannot be satisfied. The Government spokesmen told us that we still had among us no fewer than 27,000 Germans and Austrians at liberty, and of this number 2,998 were living in prohibited areas—an increase of 37

since November 7th! The lack of organisation for dealing with these aliens is the most deplorable feature of the administration. There are three separate authorities. The navy, military and police all act according to their own interpretations of the Defence of the Realm Act, and when one or other takes drastic steps for the removal of alien enemies, somebody who stands in the background reverses the process. A truly amazing state of affairs.

The splendid efforts of the Earl of Portsmouth, the Earl of Crawford, Lord Leith of Fyvie, Viscount St. Aldwyn, Lord St. Davids, the Earl of Selborne, Viscount Galway and Lord Curzon made in the House of Lords seem, alas! to be of no avail, for, while on November 25th Mr. McKenna gave details showing the distribution of male alien enemies, the latest figures supplied in the House of Lords on January 6th by Viscount Allendale show:—

	Nov. 25th	Jan. 6th
Aberdeen to Berwick ...	35	59
Northumberland to the Wash ...	543	437
The Wash to Thames Estuary ...	54	38
Thames Estuary to Dorsetshire ...	136	} 161
Devonport to Plymouth ...	3	
Total ...	771	695

Our authorities have actually admitted that from November 7th to January 7th, 49 more alien enemies have gone to live on the East Coast of Scotland and on the South



Coast of England! And Mr. McKenna has permitted them to do so!

Surely by the official assurances of safety an attempt has been made to lull us to sleep—and we are now being slowly lulled into the hands of the enemy!

In these same areas were 2,190 women alien enemies on November 25th, as compared with 2,303 at the present time.

The figures show that there has been a decrease of 106 in the neighbourhood of the Yorkshire raid. But there has been an increase of 22 on the South Coast, and of 27 on the East Coast of Scotland.

Under whose authority, one may surely ask, have 49 alien enemies been permitted to settle on the Scotch and South Coasts?

With these 27,000 alien enemies free to move five miles in each direction from any area in which they may be living, and power to make longer journeys if they can get a permit—not a very difficult thing to do—the Home Office is adding to the danger by encouraging a movement for the release of some of the 15,000 alien enemies interned originally because they were held to be dangerous. The Chief Constables who are being asked to certify such as might be released, may, I quite think with the *Evening News*, be pardoned for giving a liberal interpretation of the request.

Surely every sane man must agree with the opinion expressed by the same out-spoken journal, namely, that with some 35,000

Germans and Austrians, registered and naturalised, moving freely in our midst, a Government which permits that freedom is taking risks which it ought not to take. The German Government, in their wisdom, are not guilty of such folly. Every British subject, even those who have lived there for forty years, and can hardly speak their mother-tongue, is interned.

Why, if a naturalised German is known to be an enemy of the country of his adoption—be he waiter or financier—should any tenderness be displayed towards him?

He is an enemy, and whatever Lord Haldane or Mr. McKenna may say, he must be treated as such. I write only as an Englishman fighting for his own land.

I repeat that I have no party politics, but only the stern resolve that *we must win this war*, and that all who lean to the enemy in any manner whatever must go, and be swept with their fine houses, their wives and their social surroundings into oblivion.

To-day we, as Britons, are fighting for our existence. To give our alien enemies a chance of espionage is a criminal act.

Sir Henry Dalziel advocates the constitution of an Aliens Board to deal with the whole subject. He evidently has no faith in the present indecision, for he has expressed himself in favour of moving all alien enemies fifty miles from the coast.

The flabby policy of indecision is, one must agree, a mistake.

No one wants to embarrass the Government, who in so many ways have done admirably, but, in the face of the serious dangers which must arise from the presence of 27,000 alien enemies within our gates at this moment, even implicit confidence must not stand in the way of a stern and effective national defence.

And the removal of the spy danger is, I maintain, eminently a matter of national defence.

It is for the public to make a stern and unmistakable demand.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following lines, from an anonymous pen, appeared on December 10th in the *Evening News*, which has performed a patriotic work in pointing out the peril of spies, and demanding that they should be interned. Though amusing, the words really contain a good deal of truth :—

*“ Will you walk into my parlour ? ” said the Kaiser to the Spy,*

*“ For I’ve lots of work to give you, and the pay is very high,  
And you’ve only got to send me a report from day to day,  
All about the English people, and the things they do and say.*

*“ There is Fritz and Franz and Josef, though their names  
you may not know,*

*You may write to them and see them, but as ‘ Number  
So-and-So,’*

*And should you meet your brother or your mother at the  
game,*

*You are not to recognise them ; they’re numbers just the  
same.*

*“ You will travel through the country in the name of Henry  
 Jones,  
 Or as Donald P. McScotty, selling artificial stones ;  
 You will rent a modest dwelling in the shadow of a base,  
 And when nobody is looking you will photograph the place*

\* \* \* \* \*

*“ Then ‘ Hoch ’ unto your Kaiser, ‘ Am Tag ’ your daily  
 cry,  
 God bless our Krupps and Zeppelins, the victory is nigh.  
 God bless our shells ! and dum-dums ! Kultur shall fight  
 her way ;  
 God, Emperor, and Fatherland in one Almighty sway.”*

THE END



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