



I. T. T. LINCOLN.
Liberal Member of Parliament for Darlington, 1910.

REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL SPY

BY

I. T. T. LINCOLN

Liberal Member of Parliament for Darlington, 1910



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PREFACE

On the 5th and 6th of August, 1915, the entire Press of the United States gave great prominence to my arrest, made the day before upon a warrant sworn out by the Senior British Vice-Consul in New York City, charging me with forgery committed in England — in July and August, 1914.

Rather strange! I left England on the 30th of January, 1915—providing all the time and opportunity for my arrest between this date and July, 1914, when, it is alleged, I committed the forgeries. And I was by no means in hiding. On the contrary, as letters reproduced in subsequent chapters of this book will show, I was in direct touch with the War Office and the Admiralty in London. Every afternoon I was to be found in the large smoking room of the National Liberal Club.

Why, if I had committed the forgeries was I not arrested?

I arrived in New York City on the 8th of February and my address from that date on was at all times known to the British Secret Service, who were keeping me shadowed. I know this to be a fact. Why was I not arrested—if not in England

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—at any rate here in New York between February 8th and August 4th? I was not in hiding. I lived under my own name; I moved about freely; I feared nothing. On the 23rd and 30th of May, I published in the New York *World* two articles about my Secret Service activities during the war. Even then Great Britain did not move.

But since then something important has happened. Messrs. Robert M. McBride & Company, the publishers of this book, sent out in June their catalogue of fall publications, containing among many other books—an advance notice of these, my Revelations. These catalogues were, of course, sent to England as well. In addition, an English journalist, living in New York, drew the attention of the British Government to my book—hence my arrest. Sir Edward Grey knows that I have indeed many things to reveal—hence the “frame-up” of some charge, for which my extradition could be demanded had to be resorted to in order to silence me, and thus to prevent at all cost my Revelations being published! I have, however, the utmost confidence that I will successfully resist the demand for my extradition; I have the utmost confidence in the fairness and impartiality of the courts of the United States.

Meanwhile I have gone on calmly finishing my narrative. I was enabled to do this thanks to the kindness of Warden John Hayes of the Raymond

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Street Prison, Brooklyn. He granted me certain facilities in the prison which have enabled me to finish my book. I desire herewith publicly to tender him my thanks.

Just a final word.

I am not prompted to make these Revelations out of spite or revenge. Weeks before any proceedings were brought against me, I had been actively engaged upon them. My desire is to bring home the guilt and responsibility for this war to its real authors. The English people, as such, are innocent. They surely did not want the war. In the following pages they and the world will learn for the first time who dragged them into this war and why.

In the course of my narrative, I shall make many startling, almost incredible disclosures regarding the subterranean and sinister aims of British diplomacy, initiated under Edward VII and diligently pursued by Sir Edward Grey, unknown even to most of his colleagues in the British Cabinet. A mere official denial from the Foreign Office will neither refute me nor convince the world. I, therefore, make the following suggestion. Let a joint Parliamentary Committee be appointed with full powers and most complete facilities to examine the secret documents to be pointed out in my narrative. This is a fair proposition. The world is entitled to know the true history of the

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present war. Hollow phrases, with which the world has hitherto been deceived, will not do.

And I go further than that. In order to prevent the appointment of a "packed Committee," I take the liberty of proposing the following members of both Houses of Parliament:

Lord Rosebery
Lord Loreburn
John Burns
Sir William Byles
George Cave, K. C.
Sir Edward Carson, K. C.
John Dillon
Ramsay McDonald
Bonar Law
Sir Arthur Markham
Arthur Ponsonby
Josiah Wedgwood

I shall abide by their statement and verdict. I must, however, warn them that most of the documents to be referred to in the course of my narrative have not been filed away as *official* documents. They were not given the character of *official* documents, in order to enable Sir Edward Grey to disclaim any knowledge of their existence which he has frequently done in and out the House of Commons. *The suggested Parliamentary Committee must bear this in mind.* They should have access to the archives at Windsor Castle and, of course,

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to the secret archives—official and non-official—of the British Embassies in Paris, Rome, Berlin, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, and Vienna and of the Legations at Brussels, Copenhagen, Belgrade, Bucarest, Sofia and Teheran and, last not least, of those of the Foreign Office, Admiralty and War Office in London.

If this, my proposal and challenge, is denied, the world will know why; if it is acted upon my revelations, accusations and statements will be substantiated before the forum of the whole world. And I have uncovered but a fraction of the things I know from years of diplomatic espionage.

I. T. T. LINCOLN.

Raymond Street Prison,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
October, 1915.

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REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL SPY

CHAPTER I

MY SECRET SERVICE ACTIVITIES IN THE EUROPEAN CAPITALS

THE nicked barrel of a service revolver pointed at my breast, accompanied by the words, "Don't move, don't make a move!" This is how United States Deputy-Marshall George R. Proctor of the United States Secret Service arrested me on the 4th of August, at about 8.30 P. M. I had worked all day on this book in the torrid, heated atmosphere of New York and I was consequently rather tired and intended retiring early. I was alone in the house, reading an evening paper, the family with whom I was staying having gone out for the evening. There was a quick emphatic ring at the front door and looking through the open windows I could discern in the dark five gentlemen.

"You want?" I queried.

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“We have a message for Mr. Lincoln. Is he here—are you Mr. Lincoln?”

“I am Mr. Lincoln.”

United States Deputy-Marshall Proctor thereupon pointed his revolver at me and admonished me not to move.

“Are you afraid of me?” I jokingly asked him.

“Not exactly,” he said, “but we never take chances.”

Forced to play the host to such a formidable party of secret service agents and Pinkerton detectives, I hastened to let them in. These five gentlemen were courteous but firm. It was their duty to arrest me under a warrant sworn out by the British Consul. When I had packed a few belongings to cover what I was sure would be a temporary period, I was conducted by the officials to the Raymond Street prison, Brooklyn. Next day I was brought before United States Judge Van Vechten Veeder. The proceedings there commenced for my extradition on a trumped up charge of forgery—as I already pointed out in the Preface—are still going on. But I am more than ever hopeful of regaining my freedom within a short time. This very day (1st of November) I was interrupted in the reading of these proofs by the Warden standing in front of the steel bars of my cell.

“Mr. Lincoln, there are two Scotland Yard de-

tectives downstairs who would like to see you. Do you care to see them?"

"Certainly," I replied.

I followed the Warden, Mr. John Hayes, downstairs and there I was introduced to Chief Inspector Ward of Scotland Yard, the most famous detective in England and head of Scotland Yard, and to his assistant, Detective Sergeant Cooper, who were accompanied by United States Deputy Marshal George R. Proctor. These two famous Scotland Yard detectives came over specially from London to take me back with them. It is the first time that the British Government has ever sent the head of Scotland Yard out of the country to fetch anybody back. I suppose I should take this as an odd sort of a compliment. At any rate, it shows that the British Government does not consider me an unimportant person.

The four of us went into a private room, and there Chief Inspector Ward invited me to return with him to England next Saturday, the 6th of November. He and his assistant have been here four weeks waiting for my extradition, and now that they see this means hopeless waiting, they have decided to pack up and return to proud England minus myself. What a fiasco! What a wanton squandering of public money! After about an hour's useless persuasion in the presence of his assistant and U. S. Deputy Marshal

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Proctor, he asked these two gentlemen to retire and leave us alone. What passed between the head of Scotland Yard and myself within the four solid walls during an hour's man-to-man talk I care not to reveal except one promise and one hint he made.

“If you return to England we shall drop the charges against you.”

“Ah!” I exclaimed, “so you admit that you want me for something else than the ‘forgery’ charges.”

“I admit nothing and I know nothing beyond having orders to bring you back on those charges.”

“You have the reputation of being a very clever man, Chief, and you are,” I said, “and I do not expect nor ask you to admit anything, although you know why Sir Edward Grey is so anxious to get hold of me.” The hint thrown out by him had reference to a substantial compensation in return for abstaining from publishing my revelations! We walked out of the room, he disappointed, dejected. I elated, satisfied.

I am not an old man whose quick blood has cooled, and yet it seems a long, long distance in time from the school days in Hungary to life in this steel box with heavy grating, which has been my enforced study and habitation for these many weeks. Ah, well! Meditation is good for the

soul, and indeed I have had plenty of time for introspection and philosophy.

However, let it not be imagined that these chapters from the life of a diplomatic spy are another "Confessions," though it is certain that I have eaten bread in several kingdoms and tasted life in infinite variety, like the redoubtable Jean Jacques Rousseau. This book must be accepted rather as a document of unwritten history from which the personal element could not be entirely eliminated. These revelations are not the canvas for painting a full-length portrait of the author. Yet are we not concerned with a flesh and blood reality, whose impulses and motives are likely to be misapprehended? There is then a reasonable curiosity about my family and my upbringing that should, perforce, be satisfied.

Two strains of mind and action have been always in conflict in my life. In one of them predominates the quiet fervor of the mystic and the imaginative sensitiveness of the artist. In the other, craving for excitement, passion for deduction and analysis, and love of applause overshadow all other leadings.

Paks, the bustling little town on the Danube, where I was born some thirty-six years ago, lies about seventy miles south of Budapest and so out of the main traveled roads of the tourist. My father, Nathan Trebitsch—may I be forgiven for

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having failed in his sight as a future "Light of Israel"—was well known in Paks as the head of a famous firm of river-shipbuilders and ship-owners and a member of high repute upon the Budapest exchange.

My elder brother, like so many of the younger generation of the Jewish faith, had little sympathy with the "Chasidim," the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and soon drifted into infidelity. Upon me, Isaac, the younger son, centered all my father's hopes!

It was elected that I should become a Rabbi and no money or exertion was spared in my preparation for the sacred offices.

At an age when most boys are exulting in the robust delights of outdoor sports, I was grinding away at my studies, eighteen out of the twenty-four hours. By going to bed at ten and rising at four, I accomplished the four years' course at the gymnasium, or advanced high school, in ten months. From the gymnasium I went to a college in Budapest and after three years there spent the next two with special studies in dramatic art and literature at the Royal Academy for Drama and Art. During the holidays I visited all the galleries of the Continent, and on one of these occasions found myself in London for the first time.

By one of those odd chances that determine the

turning points in a man's life, I met in London a compatriot at whose invitation I attended St. Stephen's Church in Colman Street. The little English that I had acquired in my travels made it difficult to follow the service with ease, and my eyes were continually wandering from the prayer book to a copy of Rubens' masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross," that hung in the church. I began to ask myself why this Man among men—this Jew—should be so hated by me. There was little in the glorious history and poetry of my race that I had not studied and exulted over—yet of this Jew's story I knew but scornful details. This was the beginning of my secession from the ancient teachings of my sect that grew stronger as I read New Testament history.

My welcome in Budapest was not a warm one—all doors were shut against the backslider, and so I rented a little room by myself and plunged into the excitement of journalism on one of the Opposition dailies. Wanderlust again attacked me and my good uncle, who thoroughly approved of my desire to see the world, provided me with the funds to travel in South America and the United States.

Meanwhile, my father had forgiven what he deemed my lapse into irreligion, and welcomed me back to the old home. But my London experience had stirred me too deeply, and I went to Ham-

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burg, where I entered the Mission House of the Rev. Frank. On Christmas day of 1899, I was received into the Christian Church under the name of Ignatius Timotheus, and after a course in theology at the Lutheran College at Breklum the summons came for me to go to Canada. There I became the assistant in the Presbyterian Mission to the Jews of Montreal, finishing the while my theological studies at the Presbyterian College there. In 1902, on the transference of this mission to the Anglican Church, I was retained as the agent and ordained into the Church of England by the Archbishop of Montreal.

In 1902 and 1903 I traveled all over the eastern provinces of Canada on preaching tours which were not unsuccessful, as the files of the *Canadian Churchman*, the Halifax (N. S.) *Chronicle* and the Montreal dailies will bear witness. Some of my greatest successes as a preacher took place in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N. S. Sir Richard Borden, the Prime Minister of Canada, who heard me, ventured to say that it was the best sermon he had ever heard. At another occasion, the Ottawa daily press hailed me "as undoubtedly the most eloquent preacher who had ever visited Ottawa." Work in the free colonial atmosphere was most congenial to me, but in 1903 my health broke down and I was compelled to take a long holiday, which I spent in Germany.

While there I applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury for parish work and was appointed curate of Appledore in Kent.

Life in a Kentish village did not make great demands upon my resources and I began to develop an interest in social and political conditions outside the Church. So much so, in fact, that at the end of fourteen months I sent in my resignation to the Archbishop. His Grace's kindly consideration of me at this time will always be a grateful recollection.

I gave up my curacy in Appledore, Kent, against the earnest entreaties of the Vicar, the Rev. C. B. Hall, whom I addressed thus: "In six years I shall be a member of the House of Commons." He laughed, but all the same I have kept my word; within five years and eight months of this prediction, I was a British M. P.

How did I do it? During my work with Mr. Rowntree, to be mentioned presently, I came into contact not only with politicians, but also with the undercurrents of British politics. So all the time I was working with and for Mr. Rowntree, I constantly kept in mind the achievement of my object, which was to become a British M. P.

In March, 1909, I thought the time had arrived to go boldly for it. It did not require great ingenuity to obtain an invitation from the Liberal Party to fight a London Constituency, but on the

very next day an invitation from the Darlington Liberal Association reached me. Darlington is a very important industrial center, full of big and famous engineering works. The first railway in the world was the Darlington-Stockton Railway. The first locomotive in the world was built by Stephenson—in Darlington. R. Stephenson and Company are still building locomotives in Darlington.

The sitting member for Darlington was Mr. Pike Pease, Whip of the Unionists. He sat for Darlington already eleven years, succeeding his father, who succeeded his father. So it was the third generation of Peases in direct succession who had represented Darlington. It had become what is called in England a "family seat." There were two attempts previously to unseat Mr. Pike Pease, once by a Labor then by a Liberal Candidate. Where they, the Englishmen, failed, I, the foreigner, succeeded. Darlington has never seen scenes like the one on the declaration of the poll, announcing my victory. The *North Star* of Darlington, the Tory paper, and my vehement opponent, often asked in their editorials, "We should like to know what Mr. Lincoln's frequent and mysterious visits to the Continent mean!" My maiden speech in the House of Commons was made two weeks after my entry. I spoke frequently and soon enjoyed the very



11, Downing Street,
Whitehall, S.W.

11th January 1910.

Dear Mr. Lincoln,

You have my heartiest good wishes in your contest at Darlington. A win at Darlington would be a great victory for Free Trade, and Liberalism, and I feel confident that the vigour with which you have conducted your campaign and the excellence of our cause will combine to defeat the forces of re-action and Protectionism.

Yours sincerely,

D. Lloyd George

I. T. T. Lincoln Esq.

Reproduction of a Letter from Lloyd George, Congratulating
Mr. Lincoln on His Victory at Darlington.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery by Columbus in 1492 to the present time. It covers the early years of settlement, the struggle for independence, the formation of the Constitution, and the development of the nation as a great power.



The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed history of the United States from the beginning of the 19th century to the present time. It covers the period of territorial expansion, the Civil War, the Reconstruction era, and the rise of the United States as a world power.

coveted distinction of seeing my caricature on the political page of *Punch*.

At the beginning of the year 1906 Mr. B. S.



From *Punch*, March 9, 1910.

Paks Vobiscum; or, The Lincoln Handicap—"We weel not zend Budg-ett to ze Haus of Lorrdez to be zrown out on-ly again!'" (Mr. I. T. T. Lincoln—born at Paks in Hungary.)

Rowntree, the cocoa manufacturer and well-known English philanthropist of York, England, engaged me as his private secretary. Mr. Rowntree, who wields a great influence in the councils of the Lib-

eral party, was then and for many years prior engaged upon an investigation, the purpose of which was to discover the causes of economic poverty.

He had published a book a few years previous under the title of "Poverty, a Study of Town Life." That book was the chief impetus of the Poor Law legislation in England of the succeeding years. He decided to follow up his investigation of the economic life of the town with a comprehensive and exhaustive inquiry in most of the European continental countries, with a view to finding out the relation between economic poverty and the systems of land tenure. The investigation was to embrace Belgium, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, France, and Holland. My task was the organization and supervision of the whole inquiry. The first countries undertaken were Belgium and France.

In common with the majority of people, diplomatic secrets had always a great fascination for me.

A few weeks after starting Mr. Rowntree's inquiry and when on my first periodical visit to England to discuss matters with Mr. Rowntree, I received a letter from a very high personage inviting me to meet him in one of the most exclusive clubs in London in order to discuss a certain matter with me. I had never seen him, nor had any relations with him, though his name was familiar

to me, as it is to all readers of the daily papers in England.

I could not conjecture the purpose of his invitation, but was very glad to make the acquaintance of such a distinguished Briton. On the appointed day I drove up to the club in question—not a mile distant from Cockspur Street—only further west. I sent up my card and was immediately shown up. There stood before me, greeting me most cordially, a well-groomed and faultlessly dressed gentleman, rather stout and undersized, with round, clean-shaven face and keen, penetrating eyes. At first I thought it was Lord Rosebery, so striking was the similarity in voice and manner, but the searching eyes were not Rosebery's, though they flashed or hid the thoughts of a Scotchman.

I should like here to point out that it is not always the governments who originate or carry out the diplomatic and political plots for the achievement of certain objects. It is a fallacy to blame the English "People" or the German "People" for this war; neither they nor any other "People" wanted it. Notwithstanding the democracy or parliamentary government, and other much vaunted achievements of our age, the people, the nation in fact, not only does not know the hidden moves on the international chessboard; they are not even consulted in the most vital questions.

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The more important a question or policy, the more it is shrouded in secrecy.

It would be wholly unjust and unwarranted to blame the English people for this war. It is not the people, Parliament, nor even the Cabinet, which can be made responsible. It lies at the door of a group of individuals who, having a particular object in view, decided upon a certain course and by their influence in political and aristocratic circles began weaving a subtle and clever web of plots and intrigues in which they ultimately landed the government itself. The anti-German plot embarked upon by England after the accession of King Edward VII and the retirement of Lord Salisbury was not a deliberate or well-thought-out policy of the British Government as such, but was the work of a few individuals who ultimately made it the official and deliberate policy of the British Government. The chief plotters, indeed conspirators, in this dangerous international intrigue were King Edward, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Charles Hardinge, Sir Francis Bertie, Lord Esher, and Lord Roberts.

The full significance of this undercurrent of politics was disclosed to me in my second meeting with my cryptic Scot, who apparently had been favorably impressed in his preliminary appraisal of my abilities.

“I have heard of your investigation for Mr.

Rowntree on the Continent, I was also told of your intelligence and capacity and of your antecedents . . . , and I am convinced, if rightly used, you could be of great benefit to England, aye, to the world."

I did not know at the time whether this was disingenuous flattery or honest convictions. At all events, the earnestness with which he spoke deeply impressed me, and he urged with great emphasis, heightened by forceful gestures and the flashes of emotion in his penetrating eyes. Sometimes—as if unable to control or repress his abounding energy and vitality—he would get up from his chair, walk a few paces up and down, then stop in front of me and repeat his last few words.

"There is a conspiracy on foot to involve this country with Germany—are you willing to help us to ward off this danger?"

"Certainly, decidedly," I said, "but I fail to see how I could be of any help in the sphere of high politics and diplomacy."

His statement did not come as a surprise to me. Any impartial observer of the *known* diplomatic moves of those days, as recorded in the press, could not fail to notice that something on those lines was being enacted. But I did not fully appreciate the meaning of his words until, by way of instruction as it were, he informed me of what had been going on in Europe since 1902, which, indeed,

revealed to me the sordid motives and criminal and despicable objects that prompted all those machinations against Germany.

My subsequent experiences, my first-hand knowledge, acquired during five years of Secret Service work, have only too well substantiated the charges of this gentleman, whom henceforth I will call "D." "D" was one of the coterie of influential and distinguished personalities who, being convinced of the dangerous foreign policy of Edward VII with his ententes, decided to watch developments behind the scenes in order to thwart his warlike schemes. They were convinced partizans of an Anglo-German general understanding. These two coterie, the Edwardites and the group of "D," carried on a "kid glove" war behind the scenes, which was none the less bitter. Each group had its supporters in the press, in Parliament and in entourage of King Edward VII. Had Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman lived a few years longer, the anti-German schemes of Edward VII and Grey would not have resulted in war. I must leave to a future date the lifting of the veil of secrecy from these hidden clashes between the two groups.

Once in 1912, "D's" group nearly succeeded, but unofficial moves by Grey and one of his unofficial lieutenants in the Balkans definitely destroyed the hope of an Anglo-German understand-

ing, although in 1913 one more effort was put forth. But it can safely be said that from 1912 the present war became inevitable. There must be many people, particularly in Bucharest, who remember my oft repeated prediction within three years we shall have a European war. In the succeeding chapters the reader will be enabled to peep behind the hitherto impenetrable secrecy and mystery of some of the diplomatic battles fought behind the scenes, though his curiosity will not and cannot be wholly satisfied. Not yet!

Looking back on those years of diplomatic and political preparations, I can truthfully say that an abyss of immeasurable depths and incalculable dimensions was being dug by Edward VII and his fellow conspirators, who did not disdain to enroll as their helpers the infamous and criminal dregs of political humanity: the Pan-slavists of Russia, and the hysterical chauvinists of France, who for the problematic remedying of imaginary wrongs have made their country the blind and willing tool of corrupt Russia and covetous Britain.

“We know,” he continued, “that there is a vast scheme on foot, engineered by certain persons in England and France, completely to isolate Germany and then make war upon her. We believe this to be inimical to the best interests of Great Britain. We want to prevent this. The first con-

dition is for us to be well and exactly informed of all the moves, schemes, decisions. This would be your duty. You have splendid opportunities. The investigation you are conducting for Mr. Rowntree might easily be made an opportunity for you to get acquainted with ambassadors and statesmen all over Europe. Moreover, the chief centers of interest at present are Paris and Brussels—where I understand your work for the present will lie. Are you willing to undertake work of such a nature?"

I did not see any harm in accepting his proposal. It would not in the least interfere with my work; besides, it was in complete harmony with my own idea. A keen student and observer of international politics, I could not fail to see that Great Britain was steering a wrong and highly dangerous course, and I said so in private conversations and public speeches. Now an opportunity was afforded me to watch from behind the scenes and, if possible, to contribute to its undoing. I readily admit that in order to do this I had rather often to practise deception. I do not feel any moral scruples on this score. I never did. I know I have done very useful work—though unavailing against the tremendous influences arrayed against us. Many armchair moralists will condemn me. But as long as the fate and destinies of nations are directed in obscurity by irresponsible secret diplo-

macy, so long the spying out of their work—for their undoing—will have to be done in secret.

I was not a spy or a Secret Service agent in the usual meaning of the term. Indeed, the great opportunities I had of knowing many of the most important events, and the great success that attended my missions, were to a very large extent due to the fact that my Secret Service activities were carried out on original lines. The usual Secret Service agent is sent to a foreign country with one or two specified objects: "Go bring us a drawing of the new naval gun to be installed on the super-dreadnought *Thunderer*." Or, "Go to Belgrade and find out how far Monsieur de Harting (Russian Minister) is implicated in the Russian agitation," or, "Go to Copenhagen and find out the present state of negotiations between Russia and Great Britain," or, "Obtain the secret naval code of the torpedo boat divisions of the Home Fleet of Great Britain," etc., etc.

But a Secret Service agent such as I was has quite another work to perform. Although definite questions are occasionally given him, his duty consists in continual and indefatigable watchfulness over policies, plots, and schemes, and he is left to his own resources. He is even free to employ sub-agents. He must mix with ministers, statesmen, diplomats—which I have successfully done. Many of those who helped me in my work did not know

it at the time. The reading of this narrative, therefore, will come to them as a shock and surprise. I even had the help of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, Prime Minister of Great Britain, as I will describe it in its proper place. I am bold enough to state that few, if any, agents engaged in secret, political or diplomatic espionage, have interviewed and had the assistance (often unwittingly) of so many highly placed personages as I did in the years of my service.

The chessboard I had to study and watch might be described as follows:

THE PLAYERS: *King Edward and Kaiser Wilhelm II.*

KING EDWARD *playing dark; his figures:*

THE KING: *Russia.*

THE QUEEN: *France.*

THE TWO KNIGHTS: *Canada and Australasia.*

THE TWO BISHOPS: *Italy and Servia.*

THE TWO CASTLES: *Japan and Portugal.*

PAWNS: *Belgium, Persia, Manchuria, Mongolia, Balkans, Turkey, Morocco and Egypt.*

King Edward was surrounded and assisted by *The Editorial Department* (devising the problem): *Lord Roberts, Lord Esher, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Charles Hardinge, Mons. Delcassé, M. Isvolsky.*

SUBSTITUTE PLAYERS: *Sir Francis Bertie, Sir Arthur Nicholson, Sir Fairfax Cartwright.*

MARKER: *Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace.*

ATTENDANTS: *Sir Arthur Hardinge, Sir Frank Lascelles, Sir Edward Goschen and many others.*

I had to watch the game and find out the intentions of the players in advance, by obtaining a summary of their secret conversations, during which the next move was discussed with "D" and decided upon—as will be shown later—and then make a countermove.

I have had my own chessboard. My figures were: Sir Edward Grey, who supplied me, ostensibly for Mr. Rowntree's investigations, with special letters of introduction to his chessmen—the British Ambassadors in Europe. These in turn introduced me to their chessmen—Belgian, French, Danish, Servian, statesmen and permanent officials. My connections reached up even into imperial and royal circles. I was received in audience in 1910 by the murdered Archduke Francis Ferdinand, late Heir-Presumptive of Austria-Hungary, in his palace of Belvedere, when a highly important conversation about the Balkans took place between himself and myself. Part of this interview I published at his request in a London Daily (*Daily Chronicle*).

The gist of the interview—a fuller description of it will be given in a later chapter—was his ardent desire, which was also the meaning of his two

visits to England, for a rapprochement between Austria-Hungary and Great Britain with a view of paving the way for a general Anglo-German understanding and his emphatic contradiction that Austria-Hungary had political designs on the Balkans. He, however, let it be understood that Austria-Hungary had great commercial interests there which he considered his duty to foster and develop.

The publication of it caused a profound sensation in all the capitals of Europe. The *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna and other leading papers textually reproduced my interview and expressed surprise at the views of the Archduke and confidently predicted a speedy denial which, needless to say, did not come. Indeed, the publication of this article was deliberately made for certain reasons. The *Daily Telegraph*, surmising these reasons, declined to publish it, but I had to publish it, and so I gave it to the *Daily Chronicle*.

A few days after its publication I called upon Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office by appointment, requested by me (I was an M.P. at the time). I wanted to glean certain things from him, but I did not succeed, for I saw only one of the permanent officials. Sir Edward Grey—I must admit—is very clever, reticent, but shallow. I am afraid the “German Menace,” chimed into his ears by the Editorial Department of the Chess

Club, had taken full possession of his thoughts—too insular at all times. Later it became an obsession. So easily was he caught in the meshes of the intrigues and plots.

After a few days of consideration I decided to undertake the fascinating work “D” proposed to me and again met him at his club. He was visibly pleased. “Before everything else—*don’t* be in a hurry. Take your time. If at any time you consider it necessary for us to meet, if you cannot come to London, I shall be pleased to meet you on the Continent. Never trust really important information to the mails, communicate them always personally. Absolute secrecy is not only the first essential condition of success, but is also advisable in order to prevent a European scandal. I do not want to injure either His Majesty or Sir Edward, but I and those who think with me have made up our minds to counteract their schemes and so work for an Anglo-German understanding. Remember this is a work where quality tells. It is a drill of brains. Here is £500 for your expenses. You will be good enough to let me have once a month your statement of accounts. As to your remuneration—leave that to me!”

I undertook my work eagerly; I threw my whole energy and enthusiasm into it. I lied, I deceived, I pretended, I betrayed, I mislead, just as King Edward, Sir Edward Grey, and their fellow con-

spirators lied, deceived, and betrayed. I, individuals; they, nations; I, to prevent war; they, to bring it about. I, to establish friendly relations between Great Britain and Germany; they, to drive a wedge between the two nations. I, to allay differences; they, to artificially raise them. These are startling statements, but I shall prove them.

During the years 1905-1908 instructions were given to all continental correspondents of the London Times by Sir Valentine Chirol to suppress everything that might have a beneficial influence or effect on Anglo-German relations and magnify and bolster up everything which will embitter it.

Will the *Times* dare to deny it? It may be objected that the *Times* is a private publication, and the British Government cannot be made responsible for its policy. True; but this policy of the *Times* was inspired by King Edward via Lord Esher and other highly placed intermediaries. The British Government as such did not know anything about it, but Lord Lansdowne and Sir Edward Grey knew, Sir Charles Hardinge, Sir Francis Bertie, and others knew about it.

Furthermore, who was responsible for the transfer of Sir Fairfax Cartwright from the Legation at Munich to the Embassy at Vienna, and what were the causes that inspired it? It was but another deliberate move by King Edward to forge an iron ring round Germany and then wantonly

attack her. Sir Edward Grey published a white paper to justify his conduct, and incidentally to put Germany in the wrong. Does he really believe that the world is in a position to arrive at a sound and truthful judgment *with only part of the evidence before it? Why not publish the secret reports which Sir Fairfax was wont of sending from Munich?*

Not sent to him, I admit, but to King Edward, all of which was religiously kept from the knowledge of the Cabinet. He may be surprised that I know of them and wonder how I obtained knowledge of them. But this is beside the question. Will he publish them? and if not, why not? Or why not print the facts connected with the sending of secret military missions to France and Belgium in 1909, 1911 and 1912, and let the world weigh their deliberations? Why were the reports of the British Military Attaché at Brussels withheld? Who inspired Sir Francis Bertie's war preparations in Paris and the clever scheming the Dutch-Belgian rapprochement of 1907—hidden move which led to the appointment of a joint Dutch-Belgian commission to discuss and propose means to effect it? Why was the commission dissolved and straightway followed by the preparation of plans to fortify Flushing? My information—as Sir Edward can see—is startlingly complete. I do not expect that he will dare

to publish any of the above. *But I will*, and many other interesting facts, which will throw a lurid light on the genesis and purposes of this war, fought solely "for the rights of small nations, for the sanctity of treaties, for the upholding of Belgium's neutrality and for European civilization."

On the 25th of March, 1906, at 11 A. M., I found myself seated in the spacious and handsome drawing-room of the British Legation in Brussels. Facing me on the wall were hanging two exquisitely beautiful Persian rugs, a gift from the Shah of Persia to Sir Arthur Hardinge, formerly British Minister at Teheran. Sir Arthur was now British Minister to Belgium, and I was waiting for his appearance. Within a few minutes of my being shown into the drawing-room, Sir Arthur Hardinge, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., His Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, appeared from a side door and greeted me very cordially. I handed him an official note from Sir Edward Grey, asking Sir Arthur to afford me "all assistance and facilities" for the carrying out of my work.

"Yes, yes—I had a letter from Sir Edward, notifying me of your coming and of the official letter you carry with you," said Sir Arthur, after having read the letter I brought with me. "Well,

Mr. Lincoln, if you tell me exactly what you want to do, I shall see what I can do for you." I told him of Mr. Rowntree's philanthropic work, of his aim and purpose, remembering "D's" instruction: "Make all ambassadors and other persons of influence you will meet interested in your work for Mr. Rowntree. That will provide you with an opportunity of seeing them again and again. Avoid before everything else asking direct questions on international affairs from ambassadors. They would on no account give you the desired reply; besides, you might make them to suspect you. Interest them in your work. Every Secret Service agent must have a guise under which he works. Mr. Rowntree's investigation provides you with the best possible guise.¹ Keep it, therefore, in the forefront in your conversation with them. Occasionally you should air *your* opinions on international politics, instead of asking them for theirs. Make statements which they will have to contradict. In other words be satisfied from them to learn the general outline and direction of Grey's policy for the time being. For this will enable you to pursue your work for details in more accessible quarters."

Complying with these instructions of "D," I endeavored in my first three or four interviews

¹ The results of my Belgian Investigations were published by Mr. Rowntree in 1910 under the title: *Land and Labor Lessons from Belgium* (Macmillan).

with Sir Arthur Hardinge to interest him in Mr. Rowntree's work, its magnitude, its large conception, its economic importance. I pointed out to His Excellency that Mr. Rowntree's previous book, "Poverty, a Study in Town Life," was instrumental in imitating most of the Poor Law legislation passed in England during the past few years. I impressed on him that his aim now was: "To find out the causes of economic poverty and its economic remedies." And I must say that even after my first interview with Sir Arthur, I had the satisfaction of seeing him interested.

Upon my suggestion, he promised to introduce me to the Belgian Foreign Office with a request to introduce me to other ministers and their permanent officials I might desire to know. He invited me to come and see him any time I wanted something. Thus I became a frequent—very frequent—visitor to Sir Arthur and to the Hon. Percy Wyndham, First Secretary of the Legation.

"D" in his parting instructions to me had said: "When chatting informally about international affairs with ambassadors, speak, as a matter of course, of certain things which they know are secrets, for this will—together with the fact that you come to them direct from Sir Edward Grey—give you a certain standing with them. For instance, show them that you know that His Majesty (Edward VII) sent Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace on

a confidential mission to the Algeciras Conference, and from there to St. Petersburg in order to bring Russia into the Entente Cordiale. Show them that you know why Sir Fairfax Cartwright was appointed British Minister to Bavaria."

"D" told me many other diplomatic secrets which were not known even to most of the Cabinet Ministers of those days, and they will indeed hear of it now for the first time. For it should be remembered that the information which Sir Edward Grey magnanimously vouchsafed to Parliament or even to the *full* Cabinet was sometimes misleading, always fragmentary, and never the whole truth. This duplicity is known only to a very few and many of the things to be disclosed by me in the course of this narrative will come even to British Cabinet Ministers as a complete surprise. For instance, did they know at the time, or do they know to-day, that in the 4th week of January of 1906 there was a "war council" held in Windsor Castle between King Edward VII, Sir Charles Hardinge, Permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Sir Francis Bertie, British Ambassador to France, and Mons. Cambon, French Ambassador in London, and where a war on Germany was especially discussed—as I will show in its proper place. Did they know at the time or do they know it to-day that Grey made use of the Congo Agitation to force the abdication of

King Leopold II of Belgium, because Leopold would not be drawn into the orbit of the policy of the Entente Cordiale? But more of these matters anon.

The Parliament and the whole Cabinet were merely puppets in the hands of Edward VII and Sir Edward Grey. This was easily accomplished. Grey in his memoranda, prepared expressly for the Cabinet Ministers and circulated amongst them a day or two prior to important Cabinet Councils, presented a "frame-up" which was supported by judicious quotations from the secret reports of ambassadors abroad. These ambassadors knew, of course, what was expected of them; they were indeed partisans if not the originators of the policy in question, otherwise they would not have been where they were. The Cabinet was frightened, dragged, pushed into accepting and endorsing the policy desired. Sir Edward Grey himself was captured in like manner.

Sir Fairfax Cartwright's secret reports from Munich sent to King Edward are a classical example of sheer stupidity. But all reports and despatches from Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Munich, Brussels, Copenhagen, Constantinople, etc., were prepared, written, and edited according to one common plan and policy, for one definite aim, viz: the making of war on Germany.

Even Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, was bamboozled by the secret clique. I do not ask for these, my statements, blind belief. Knowing that my knowledge is exact and correct, I am quite prepared to relegate the probing of these matters to a Parliamentary Commission—suggested in the Preface. If Great Britain—I mean the people—is desirous of clearing herself of these and other of my charges yet to follow, the appointment of such a commission cannot be denied.

Far be it from me to declare that Great Britain and Great Britain alone is responsible for this war. Indeed, I know—and know it better than most people—that such is not the case. Every one of the countries now involved in the war contributed to its coming—Belgium not excepted, or rather King Leopold and King Albert. But it was King Edward and Sir Edward Grey who—assisted by French Chauvinism and Russian Pan-slavism—deliberately worked for this war, and either rejected Germany's overtures for an entente or made the negotiations concerned a farce—ample proof of this is to be found in Downing Street. It was Edward's secret clique who made this plan, the Cabinet, Parliament and the people were only used to register their wish, to approve the policy of the wire-pullers by the adoption of a meaningless formula put before them.

In order to gain the secrets desired by "D," I had to establish connection with these very wire-pullers or their executives.

✓ The first mission entrusted to me consisted of obtaining exact data to the following questions:

1. Did England and France, under the influence of the Morocco crisis of last year (1905), contemplate or conclude an alliance directed against Germany? If so, what was to be its scope and which were its provisions?

2. What was the nature of the feelers and negotiations going on (early 1906) between France and England and Russia with a view of extending the Entente Cordiale?

3. What was discussed in the last week of January in Windsor Castle between His Majesty, Sir Francis Bertie, Sir Charles Hardinge, and Monsieur Cambon?

4. What was behind the Congo agitation?

I started my investigations in Brussels, for many reasons. The foreign ministers in Brussels—Belgium not being one of the Great Powers—have only the rank of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. France being one of the Great Powers, the heads of the foreign missions there have the rank and title of ambassador. Now ambassadors are not easily accessible. This was one of the reasons. The second reason was that I had to resort to any device first to gain in

Brussels some experience and knowledge of secret diplomatic espionage before pursuing my mission into the more hidden channels of international intrigues.

I had letters of introduction to Sir Francis Bertie, British ambassador in Paris, too, but I decided first of all to take my soundings in Brussels. Accordingly I requested Sir Arthur to introduce me to Baron Favereau, Belgian Foreign Minister, and to give me a general letter of introduction and to introduce me to Senator Wiener of the Belgian Senate as well as to the *Times* (London) correspondent in Brussels. "D" "put me up" to these two, telling me that Senator Wiener was the confidential friend and adviser of King Leopold II, as well as in close touch with the British Government, and Mr. Huybers, the London *Times* correspondent, might be very useful, for he knew certain things that were going on behind the scenes. Sir Arthur gave the letters above referred to, which proved to me very useful; he arranged with the Belgian Foreign Office for my presentation to Baron Favereau, and took me personally in the legation carriage to Senator Wiener and Mr. Huybers. I need not say that everywhere I was not only received very cordially, but with very great respect due to the fact that Sir Arthur let it be known everywhere—as he said in his letter as well—that I was sent to the British Legation in Brus-

sels by the Britannic Majesty's "Minister for Foreign Affairs."

↳ One morning, a day or two after my introductory visit to him, I received a message from Sir Arthur that I was expected at the Belgian Foreign Office the next morning. I was conducted—once there—to Monsieur Comte van den Steen de Jahay, Chief of the Cabinet of the Foreign Minister. He conducted me to Baron Favereau, who received me very cordially. I only had a few minutes of conversation with the Baron, who asked me what he could do for me. I told him of my economic investigations in Belgium and asked him for his assistance. The reply that he would be glad to do all he could, but he failed to see (wise man!) how he could help me. Indeed so! I suggested that he should officially introduce me to some of the ministers in Brussels and I would then, myself, in consultation with the various departments in the different ministries, see how far they could help me. This he gladly promised. Count van den Steen promised to arrange all necessary steps and I left the ministry highly satisfied.

I did not expect or intend to establish "conversational acquaintance" with Baron Favereau. I wanted to see him to have the requisite degree of prestige with the permanent officials in the various departments and also to throw everybody off the

scent. Who could possibly suspect me of diplomatic espionage? Sir Arthur Hardinge? Did not I come with special letters of introduction from Sir Edward Grey himself? Or Mr. Huybers? or Baron Favereau? or Senator Wiener? Was I not openly introduced to them by Sir Arthur? The permanent officials in Brussels? Was I not introduced to them by Baron Favereau? The very openness of my methods secured for me opportunities never before attained by any one single diplomatic spy.

Indeed, my method worked so excellently that it was only occasionally that in order to find out some vital secret I had to resort to the two time-honored means of secret service work: women and money. In the majority of cases I did all my work alone without even paying for the information. The usual secret service agent, who goes about his task with an air of mystery, trying surreptitiously to buy information, has certainly great difficulties, but I went about my task openly, directly, and addressed myself to the very people who were either the makers' executive organs or at any rate the repositories of the secrets I sought.

Diplomatic espionage is much more difficult than either naval or military espionage. It requires more shrewdness, resourcefulness, tact, and cleverness. Very often protean methods have to be tried. A "governess," by roundabout ways and

through very high introductions, becomes a member of a minister's household. For months or sometimes a year she will abstain from doing or saying anything which would attract notice. She is simply biding her time, until important secret documents are in the desk of her employer. Then she steals them and disappears.¹ A "butler" is similarly introduced into the house of a statesman or diplomat. He overhears conversations and steals documents, letters, outgoing or incoming mail. A driver or chauffeur watches for the favorable moment when he carries important documents to his sovereign in residence near the capital and arranges to be held up at some lonely spot on his way.

But all secret matters, referring to secret negotiations, confidential instructions from the government to their ambassadors abroad, or secret reports from these to their government, are invariably and without exception sent by couriers. These couriers, or King's Messengers, as they are known in England, are especially selected from among the trusted nobility and their only business is to carry the despatch bags and to defend their trust "with their last drop of blood."

The couriers are often waylaid and robbed of their important documents by clever ruses. A

¹ During October King Constantine's private desk was broken open in his palace at Athens.

young lady, naturally very pretty, accompanied by one or two very pretty children (ostensibly hers), travels by the same train as the British King's Messenger to St. Petersburg. The children are the blind! The children are sent into his compartment and he makes friends with them or they with him. The "mother" after a while goes after them and apologizes to the gentleman, rebuking sternly "her children." The gentleman of course assures her, compliments her, etc.; the contact is established. To her surprise and joy she finds that he too is going to St. Petersburg, where her husband is a big manufacturer or something else. She has just been to Brussels to visit relatives. (She joined the train at Brussels.) There are two gentlemen and a lady in another compartment of the same train. After dinner they chat agreeably (the children are already asleep) until the time of action has arrived, which in this case was Cologne. The guard takes his orders from one of the gentlemen in the other compartment—which are to keep everybody away from this coach. The lady looks at her watch. "We shall soon be in Cologne." She yawns languidly and drops by "accident" her vanity bag or handkerchief. Her chivalrous companion bends down to pick it up—that moment he is chloroformed. The spies in the flank compartments

come in and they take away documents, children and all, leaving the train at Cologne.

It will not seem possible to my readers that this same messenger could have been waylaid again. ✓ Yet he *was*, only a few months afterwards on his way to Copenhagen. He was traveling via Quenboro'—Flushing—Hamburg. At Rosendaal in Holland a gentleman, seemingly a prosperous manufacturer, got in. He went into the next compartment. It was soon evident that he could not talk Dutch, for when the conductor asked for his ticket it was found that it was not available for this train scheduled as a D. train. This was purposely done in order to get the British messenger to interpret for him. Our guard, of course, demanded the payment of the excess fare, but the spy did not understand him and went on jabbering in Swedish, then in French, which the conductor did not understand. The spy grew excited, remonstrated, and shouted. Many passengers came out into the corridor alongside the compartments. The Messenger too. He spoke French to the spy. The latter was happy, grateful, and expressed his gratitude.

When they arrived at the German frontier the same thing happened, he had to pay the excess from Gennep to Hamburg. The messenger again interpreted. They got into a conversation afterwards and dined together in the dining-car.

When they arrived in Hamburg they decided to drive through the town to the Altonaer Hauptbahnhof to take the sleeper to Copenhagen. Their sleeping compartments were adjoining. Before retiring they smoked and chatted together. The spy offered him a final cigar. Both lighted and continued their conversation—the messenger's cigar soon putting him gently into a state of unconsciousness. When he awoke his despatches were gone. No complaint is ever made by one government to another in any such cases. It is one of the hazards of this dangerous occupation and the courier has a full realization of his perilous responsibilities when he accepts his commission.

The headquarters of the German couriers of the West is in Cologne. On a certain day of each week the secret despatches for Brussels, The Hague, Paris, London, Madrid, Lisbon, Tangier, and South American capitals are sent by couriers from Berlin to Cologne. Then they are distributed to the respective couriers. One goes to Brussels and The Hague and returns with the despatch bags of the German Legation, then to Cologne, whence they are forwarded to Berlin. Another courier takes the bags to Paris, Madrid, Lisbon, and Tangier; another to Washington, another to London, each bringing back the Embassy's despatch bag. The Petersburg, Vienna,

40 *Revelations of an International Spy*

Constantinople, Middle East (Persia for instance), and far eastern bags are sent from Berlin direct. The couriers for Egypt, Rome, South Africa, have their headquarters in Munich.

DIPLOMATIC ESPIONAGE

The most important, withal the least known, branch of secret service work is the Diplomatic Espionage. It must not be confused with military and naval espionage, which is mainly concerned with obtaining plans of fortifications, working drawings of ordnance, plans of mobilization and of battleships and secret code books, etc. This marvelous machine of military and naval secret service I shall discuss in a later chapter.

When Kaiser William II meets the Tzar of all the Russias, it is France, England, and Turkey who must penetrate the veil of the secret conclaves. When Edward VII meets Clemenceau, the French Prime Minister at Marienbard, the secret intelligence departments of Germany and Austria must watch for shadows on the political map of Europe. When England and France sign an *entente cordiale*, the starting point for new negotiations between these Powers and Russia, the men from Wilhelmstrasse have already forecasted this eventuality. Such things hidden from the eyes of the plodding citizen in his complacent world are the momentous problems of the diplomatic spy.

In 1912 the world learned with surprise of the Balkan League, the object of which was not so much the defeat of Turkey as the destruction of the Austro-Hungary Empire. These negotiations started in 1910 and were to all intents and purposes completed in the early summer of 1911. The conspirators of this thought there were only six or seven persons who knew about it, but they were greatly mistaken. I knew of every phase and stage of it—it was my business to know—as you will see in a later chapter. What would the French or English governments have given for the information that the Kaiser was to visit Tangier in March, 1905, or that the German gunboat *Panther* was going to visit Agadir in 1911? Clearly these two important events were not decided in a week or even a month. Yet when the Kaiser appeared at Tangier on the 31st of March, 1905, and delivered his menacing speech, not only public opinion of Europe, even Cabinets of the Great Powers were taken completely by surprise. So was Monsieur de Selves when a secretary of Germany's Embassy in Paris paid him a visit on the 5th of July, 1911, and casually notified him that his government had decided to send the gunboat *Panther* to Agadir.

It shows that the Diplomatic Espionage of France, England, and Russia are hopelessly inefficient. In contrast with the inefficient English,

French or Russians the German Government knows of every move, plan, scheme, secret treaty, and secret convention of any and all countries. Even the uninitiated will see the importance of this. But it is not only these matters of high diplomacy the unraveling and discovery of which is the duty of diplomatic espionage; there are others equally important.

The greatest possible demand is made on the intelligence, resourcefulness, daring, shrewdness, tact, cunning, of the diplomatic spy. He must be a man of the world, of good address, who can move and have his being among ambassadors, ministers, and meet them as their equal. He must, above all, have a thorough knowledge of foreign affairs, of political questions, whether they relate to the Macedonian question with all its intricacies, or the influence of French colonial expansion upon the European balance of power.

I can pride myself on the fact that I have been employed in some of the most momentous diplomatic moves and events between 1906-1911 with entire and unqualified success.

Many diplomats and statesmen when reading their respective names in the narrative now to follow will remember me with amazement and not a little bewilderment.

A word to the permanent officials in Paris, Brussels, Copenhagen, Belgrade, Bucharest, and the

other places in Europe: They need not fear that I may betray them, or disclose their names. I know the dangers and predicaments they would find themselves in. They can count upon my discretion at any rate in the part of this narrative which deals with their names. And now after all the preliminary "coaching," let us journey into the underground labyrinths of modern diplomacy.

CHAPTER II

HIDDEN DIPLOMATIC MOVES IN MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD

(Secret Service Work—March—June, 1906)

THE Hotel de la Poste, in which I made my headquarters on my first mission to Brussels in March, 1906, is one of the old-fashioned, comfortable hotels one still finds in Europe. In this modest hostelry there is excellent service, superb cooking, and a "cave admirable," which more than compensate for the questionable advantages of luxurious furniture, superabundance of mirrors and page boys—the stock in trade—of latter-day "palace hotels."

One evening shortly after my arrival I was honored at dinner by the presence of the Honorable Percy Wyndham, First Secretary of the British Legation, in whose conversation, under the stimulus of excellent *Clos Veugeot*, I hoped to discover some fresh gossip of the chancelleries. I ventured to get his complexion of mind on the Morocco Conference.

"You diplomats, Wyndham, are past-masters in the art of coining phrases—look at this Mo-

rocco Conference heralded by an ecstatic press and by a flood of after-dinner oratory as a permanent guarantee of peace. What has it brought? Nothing, my dear sir, but tension and crisis. I am sorely afraid it is the precursor of an Anglo-Russian understanding, which in turn will be the inevitable step toward war—a great European war. What a policy is this for Gladstone's party to father!"

"That's all very well, my dear fellow, but don't forget it is a question of expediency for us. We have made up our differences with France and are on the way to do so with Russia—you see, it is a kind of insurance policy against the German menace."

"Look here, Wyndham, you are not addressing a public meeting in England or the House of Commons—leave your sophistries; they are out of place with me. By entering into a treaty with Germany's western neighbor," [France], "negotiating one with her eastern" [Russia], "you create a German menace. In other words, you provoke her, you push her—it seems deliberately—into an antagonistic, aye, hostile attitude."

"That may be so," he said, lifting his glass and smiling across to me, "but perhaps it fits into our policy."

I did not push my advantage. It would have been unwise then to pursue the subject further.

Under the casual and informal guise of irresponsible table-talk I could safely approach the subject in our frequent meetings. His unguarded admission was significant in light of my instructions from "D," and the questions, which my readers will recall, had determined to answer:

1. Did England and France, under the influence of the Morocco crisis of last year, contemplate or conclude an alliance directed against Germany? If so, what was to be its scope and what were its provisions?

2. What was the nature of the feelers and negotiations going on between France and England and Russia, with a view of extending the Entente Cordiale?

3. What was discussed in the last week of January in Windsor Castle between King Edward VII and the Ambassadors present there?

4. What was behind the Congo agitation?

I received these instructions during the last days of March, 1906. I set to work. Prior to this I had had several cautious conversations with Sir Arthur Hardinge, British Minister in Brussels. I should point out here and now that each embassy and legation is always kept informed by the Government of the general direction of their foreign policy, sudden changes, and flanking movements, though they may not be ac-

quainted with all the details and secret negotiations. If, for instance, there is a meeting of minds in England and Russia on a pertinent topic, it is important that the British Minister in Brussels should know of it; for the Congo question, the employment of Belgians in the Persian customs (the historic spot of Anglo-Russian rivalry), may all be used as a lever in any desired direction. Again, the British Ambassador in Constantinople may by these timely words be warned not to oppose too vehemently or openly the habitual intrigues of his Russian colleague at the Sublime Porte. Even ministers in remote stations, such as Buenos-Aires or Mexico City, are kept informed of the various moves, but not as minutely as the European embassies or legations, who are important pawns on the diplomatic chessboard.

Now, during my frequent conversations with Sir Arthur Hardinge (I could always find a pretext of seeing him in connection with my economic investigation), I always criticized England's foreign policy—and greatly deprecated the Entente Cordiale. This was by no means a pretended criticism—it was my honest conviction. I could never draw Sir Arthur into a general conversation—I did not really try. I was quite satisfied if I could learn from him sufficient to enable me to pump Mr. Wyndham. After all, the despatches

from or to the Foreign Office in London were deciphered by Mr. Wyndham, so, of course, he knew all.

I remember once during this time (in April) having called on Sir Arthur Hardinge at the legation in Rue de Spa on some matter connected with my economic investigation. The day before there was a rather ironical, almost cynical, editorial in the *Times* about Germany's inconsistent and noisy foreign policy, quite particularly as regards Morocco; how they had climbed down, etc. I called His Excellency's attention to its brilliance and mordant satire.

"*Cherchez l'Italie,*" His Excellency smilingly remarked.

To me this was a tremendously significant remark, for it was evident, even to the most casual newspaper reader, that Italy was not acting loyally to her partners at the Algeiras conference. Knowing that the attitude of a government on any question of international importance is at all times determined by material considerations, I could perceive the impelling influence behind this "*cherchez l'Italie!*" A few days afterwards Mr. Wyndham was my guest at luncheon. Over our coffee, liqueur, and cigars said I:

"Did you read that ironical editorial in the *Times* a few days ago—on Germany, the *bête noir* of Printing House Square?"

“Yes, it was very good, quite funny,” he remarked.

“This Algeciras conference,” I said, “will mean trouble in the future, I am afraid. The deflection of Italy from her partners in the Triple Alliance will be interpreted by Germany, and rightly so as a further attempt to isolate her. And she will not submit to it. Do you really suppose that she does not know that Italy has been squared for her support and promise?”

“You mean the 500,000 men?”

I said “yes”—although I did not know what 500,000 men, or what they meant at all. But I posed as one who knew.

“Now, Italy may consider the prize worth her promise and support, but any attempt to honor the promissory note will be prevented by Germany—who, conscious of her strength and position, will not submit to continual snubbing and offense.”

“My dear fellow, matters will not be driven to extremes until the ring around her is strong and completely forged,” was his ominous reply. But I did not yet know who or what those 500,000 men were.

“I hope,” I continued, “that Grey makes no mistake, for, after all, he might think the ring forged and strong and it might turn out to be weak. Consider the disastrous, the irretrievable,

consequences. In a future war 500,000 men here or there will have no decisive issue."

"I do not agree with you. Five hundred thousand Italian soldiers thrown against the Germans in South Germany—via Austria—will threaten Germany's lines and communications in Alsace—a very decisive theater of war in the future conflict."

I was getting on quite well. After this, it did not take me long to find out all about the 500,000 men. Here is the full story. During the diplomatic skirmishings preceding the opening of the Algeciras conference, Italy's support was gained on the following understanding: Should war result between France and Germany or should the tension between the two result in a European conflagration, Italy would come to the aid of France with 500,000 men. In return she was promised Tripoli (at the first opportune time), besides concessions on the vexed question of Abyssinian railways, so long opposed by England. The question of "economic concessions" in Asia Minor received "favorable reception," with an assurance of "sympathetic consideration" when the time came, but nothing more substantial.

This is by no means the only Franco-British intrigue behind the scenes of Algeciras. Count Cassini, the Russian Plenipotentiary, and Sir

Arthur Nicholson, the British Plenipotentiary and newly appointed British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, continued to discuss the bases of a general understanding between the two countries. These negotiations were started soon after the Anglo-French treaty of 1904, but they were discontinued during the Russo-Japanese War.

Mr. Huybers, the correspondent of the *Times* in Belgium and Holland between 1900-09, also gave me a most valuable and startling piece of information. I was introduced to Mr. Huybers by Sir Arthur Hardinge, who took me in the legation's carriage to him—a fact which must have had its effect on Mr. Huybers. Indeed, Mr. Huybers used to converse freely with me and communicate to me anything of importance. He did this without any *arrière pensée*; it was nothing but an exchange of views between two men who agreed on the subject. Mr. Huybers is a gentleman of high moral standard and he thoroughly disagreed with English foreign policy and the policy of his paper. Indeed, it was this disagreement that led him to sever his connection with the *Times*.

In justice to Mr. Huybers I must say that he did not know who I really was, yet, on the other hand, he never bound me to secrecy—so I do not think I should withhold the information he

gave me. Deploring the anti-German direction of Britain's foreign policy, he plaintively remarked:

“The *Times* has fallen low from its once high tradition. Just imagine! Mr. (now Sir) Valentine Chirol, Director of Foreign Department of the *Times* (1899–1912), gave me instructions to suppress all news tending to improve Anglo-German relations and to bolster up everything that might embitter it.” This same instruction was given to all European *Times* correspondents.

I was staggered. Can any one imagine a more Machiavellian, aye, diabolical scheme to sow distrust, dissension, and hatred between two great nations? But his own comment on this information is even more startling.

“I have reasons to say that Lord Esher is behind this inspiration.” Lord Esher, it should be remarked, was King Edward VII's unofficial but trusted and confidential adviser. I considered this information of such importance that I immediately sent it on to “D”—not waiting for the completion of my report. It was this very same *Times* which gave great prominence to the publication of an appeal for better relations between Britain and Germany issued on January 12, 1906, by a very influential committee of prominent Britons and Germans. Concurrently with these little intimate dinner parties with Mr. Wyndham, or

Mr. Huybers, and my rather frequent visits to Sir Arthur Hardinge at the British Legation, I also had several illuminating interviews with Monsieur Sam Wiener, Belgian Senator. The Senator always received me with utmost cordiality and discussed questions of international importance quite freely, due, no doubt, to the fact that I was introduced to him by Sir Arthur Hardinge. It should be pointed out that the Senator was one of King Leopold II's confidential advisers and from him I learned these hidden cracks in the lava:

During the acute stages of the Morocco crisis of 1905, England and France inquired of the Belgian Government what would be their stand in case of an armed conflict between France and Germany and what *political attitude they would assume*. The reply, inspired by King Leopold II—an inveterate opponent of British policy throughout the world, as we shall see later—was as follows: Belgium would mobilize her forces to defend her neutrality; as to her political attitude, that would be determined by the circumstances of the moment.

This reply did not in the least satisfy England and France, and they suspected, with good reason, as M. Wiener added, that, should Germany invade Belgium, King Leopold would simply protest but would not oppose it by force of arms.

This was one of the reasons of the sacrifice of M. Delcassé by the French Government in 1905 and the acceptance by them of Germany's proposal of a European conference for the settling of the Morocco question. France, under such circumstances, would have been crushed before she was fully mobilized. For my own satisfaction I wanted to have confirmation of this from Sir Arthur Hardinge. He, indeed, confirmed this and added.

“Indeed, Belgium is in an unfortunate position. If she is not amenable to France, she is bullied by her and threatened with tariff wars and the like. If she is, she is threatened by Germany, and vice versa.”

Senator Wiener assured me that the renewal and intensity of the Congo agitation in England was secretly inspired and fanned by the clique of conspirators in England who were working against friendly relations with Germany. Sir Edward Grey made repeated and determined efforts in vain, to force King Leopold to abdicate, for it was feared that in case of war he would simply protest against Germany's invading Belgium but would not offer armed resistance. In addition to the persons already mentioned I established excellent relations with several high permanent officials in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and Ministry of Finances. The usefulness

L'Ambassade de Sa. Majesté Britannique se permet
de recommander aux aimables bons offices des diffé-
rentes autorités en France ou des autres personnes
auxquelles il pourra avoir occasion de s'adresser, le
porteur de cette lettre, Monsieur Tribich Lincoln, le-
quel, venu en France pour y étudier différentes ques-
tions industrielles, agricoles et sociales, a été
recommandé à l'Ambassade Royale par Monsieur le Min-
istre des Affaires Etrangères de Sa Majesté le Roi
de Grande Bretagne et Irlande.

AMBASSADE D'ANGLETERRE
PARIS.

le 16 novembre, 1905.

George Graham
Secrétaire à
l'Ambassade
de S. M. Britannique



Mr. Lincoln's Credentials to the French Authorities Issued by
the British Embassy at Paris.

of connection in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs will be self evident; but, it may be asked, why in the Ministry of Finances? The reply is as follows: Belgium was then governed—absolutely governed—by the Catholic party. They put their own nominees in all the important offices of state. King Leopold did not mind this as long as these officials did not interfere with his plans.

In the Belgian Ministry of Finance there were two very high officials who were splendid channels for my secret inquiries. Both were anti-British by sentiment and conviction, both had in a special degree King Leopold's confidence and connected with the operations in Congo Free State. One of them was the Treasurer of the King's Household. The other was a maker and unmaker of cabinets behind the scenes. I did not, however, restrict my secret activities to Brussels. Paris, with Sir Francis Bertie and the British Embassy, was the center of British intrigue. Thither I went. In fact, I continually traveled between Paris and Brussels, for I had to investigate both countries for Mr. Rowntree.

To the British Embassy in Paris I had a special letter of recommendation from Sir Edward Grey, through which I obtained from the Embassy the letter reproduced in these pages.

But I found my secret service work much more difficult here than in Brussels. Sir Francis Ber-

tie, the Ambassador himself, was unapproachable; I did not see him at all until more than a year afterwards. Mr. O'Beirne, the First Secretary, and Mr. Grahame, the Third Secretary, were very reserved, and I did not succeed to establish with them the same degree of intimacy as I did with Mr. Wyndham in Brussels. I did not progress far enough to invite them or to be invited by them to dinner. My relations were restricted with them to Mr. Rowntree's investigations—until in the fall of 1907, when at last I succeeded in being received by Sir Francis Bertie. But the circumstances and history of this will be dealt with in a later chapter.

My inability to get on the inside of the British Embassy in Paris compelled me to adapt new tactics. I decided I would use the British Legation in Brussels for the unraveling of British Secret Diplomacy and with the information thus gained and through the instrumentality of the British Embassy in Paris, establish inside connections with High Permanent Officials particularly at the Ministry of Interior and at the Palais d'Orsay (French Foreign Office). Permanent officials in France play a much more important rôle in the administration and government of the country than anywhere in Europe. For in France ministries are short lived and newcomers have to quit their posts before even familiarizing themselves

with the merest routine. Another evil in the French ministries—an evil which is of the greatest possible use for foreign spies—is the fact that many, if not most, of the high and highest permanent posts are given to political protégés. These high officials do not take a very great interest in their work, nor have they in many cases the requisite qualifications for their particular post. Their work consequently is relegated to badly paid subordinates—an easy prey to foreign gold.

M. Clemenceau, on becoming Prime Minister in October, 1906, tried to remedy this glaring evil as far as his ministry (the Interior) was concerned—but he only succeeded during his tenure of office. Most of these subordinates were in my pay and if I were to mention names—well, France has not had such a scandal before, though she is very prolific in political scandals. My name is well remembered in every ministry in Paris.

Political journalism plays a more important part in France than in any other country. Many of France's ministers rose from the ranks of these journalists, notably M. Delcassé. Now these journalists in France really *know things*, which again is due to a peculiarity of social life in Paris. The political salons of yore are dead, but it would be a great mistake to think that the political salon is extinct. No! It survives and thrives in another form. And since in Paris women play a

most important part in every phrase of life, political gossip is much more abundant in Paris than anywhere else.

These journalists are, needless to say, everywhere, and pick up "secret" titbits which give one a good bearing as to how and where to pursue one's more thorough inquiries for political and diplomatic secrets. Another characteristic of Paris life, as already mentioned, is the ubiquity of women, mondaines and demi-mondaines.

A secret service agent, such as I was, must well study and fathom all the peculiarities of his ground before he makes a single move. Only a thorough knowledge of locality will enable him to spread his nets and weave his webs successfully. The political writers on the *Temps* and *Journal de Debats* were, most of them, known to me and I to them. But I was only known to them in my capacity as Mr. Rowntree's investigator and as being supported by His Britannic Majesty's Government and the French Government. M. Jacques Bardoux, to mention but one of these political writers, will now be surprised to hear who I really was. I am sure that he would not have invited me to luncheon to his house and spoken so freely to me on many occasions about France's political aim, the Entente Cordiale, the Triple Entente, and many other portentous subjects.

Nor, do I think he would have introduced me to

so many useful persons. In particular, I mean the gentleman who had just returned from a secret mission in Africa and who was present at that dainty little luncheon in his flat. *Par bleu!* no harm done. All the same I am obliged to him for services rendered. In Brussels I got most, if not all, my secret information, without paying for it—thanks to the cordial, and in some cases intimate, relations I established with all and sundry permanent officials. In Paris this proved to be impossible, except in very few cases. Hence, other methods had to be tried. To gain my end—everything else was immaterial—I enlisted the services of demi-mondaines in Paris. I had to get answers of a definite nature to the questions repeatedly referred to. I had already collected much secret data in Brussels and now in Paris I learned that many things which happened during and immediately prior to the Boer War, and which will be described presently, had brought home to British statesmen the impossibility of continuing the much vaunted policy of “splendid isolation.”

They had to choose between a leaning on the Dual Alliance (Russia-France) or the Triple Alliance (Germany-Austria-Hungary-Italy). In order to present to the reader a coherent, clear story of the secret political moves and diplomatic tangle, I will group the various items under dif-

ferent headings and present them as a continuous narrative. Needless to say, the information did not come to me in this form, but is pieced together from data obtained through months of arduous work.

I. FAR EASTERN PROBLEMS

The conclusion of the Chinese-Japanese War on the 17th of April, 1895, by the signing of the Peace Treaty at Shimonoseki, starts a new epoch in the Far East. It brought Japan as a rising military and naval power before the attention of a surprised world. Two things happened as a consequence of this war, which proved to be two new factors in the shaping not only of world policy but of the relations of all the Great Powers to one another. These two things were:

1. The acknowledgment of the independence of Korea.

2. The Russo-Franco-German combination, which discarded the treaty of Shimonoseki and forced Japan to evacuate the Feng-Tien Peninsula, one of her prizes of her successful war with China.

Whenever two Powers acknowledge or guarantee the independence of another weaker Power than themselves, it inevitably leads to rivalry, and very often to war, for the sole possession of the guaranteed country by one of the guarantors.

Vide, Korea, Persia, Morocco, Egypt, Zanzibar, etc. The Russian-French-German combination tore up the Treaty of Shimonoseki and compelled Japan to give up Feng-Tien with Port Arthur on the pretext that Japanese possession of this peninsula would be a menace against the capital of China and would render Korea's independence merely nominal. Now, the great Powers, it can safely be said, are never actuated by high ideals nor are their actions ever disinterested. That this case was no exception to this rule was proved on the 6th of March, 1898, when Germany compelled China to lease to her Kiaochau and a zone of fifty kilometers around it for ninety-nine years, and on the 27th of March Russia took possession under a forced lease of Port Arthur, the same Port Arthur which Japan was prevented from keeping by these self-same Powers.

And France? Oh, yes, she got her share too. On April 11, 1898, she exacted a lease from China of the Bay of Kwang-Chow-Wan. The meaning of this scramble was manifold. Apparently it was the first concerted attempt between Russia-France and Germany for the partition of China. Under the surface and the secret history of this step by the three Powers concerned, was a deep-laid, double scheme. The three Powers collectively had a common aim, viz., an anti-British policy which was put to a test in the Far East by

taking a foothold there. But in addition to this collective aim, each one of the three Powers pursued a scheme of their own.

Russia sought expansion in the Far East with an ultimate aim of reaching a warm water-port, her ambition for two hundred years; and incidentally to swallow Manchuria and Korea. Russia induced China to enter into a secret treaty with her, granting her certain rights and privileges in Manchuria, already in 1895. France, as an ally of Russia followed her, but went there chiefly against Britain. Germany, true to one of Bismarck's pet schemes, encouraged France in her colonial expansion, hoping that thereby French energy and enterprise might be diverted from Alsace-Lorraine. Germany also greatly encouraged Russia to expand into the Far East for the following reasons:

1. She hoped that England and Russia might come into collision there.

2. Russia, as France's ally, should, according to German aims, be always busy and absorbed elsewhere than in Europe, thus weakening the military power of the Dual Alliance (Russia-France).

3. Germany, with her policy of "re-insurance" (a heritage of Bismarck), always found it difficult to reconcile, to harmonize, and satisfy Russian and Austro-Hungarian aspirations on the Balkans.

It was from this point of view, more than from any other, imperative for Germany to divert Russia's attention from the Balkans in which she admirably succeeded until the Russians were defeated by the Japanese in 1905. Then again they turned to the Balkans, with dire consequences for the whole world, for, as we shall see, the dreaded collision between Austria-Hungary and Russia, long warded off, happened at last.

Great Britain was not slow to discern the moves and compelled China to lease to her Wei-hai-Wei in April, 1898, on the terms and for a period equal to the Russian lease of Port Arthur. These events led to what Lord Salisbury so admirably called the "Battle of Concessions" amongst the powers in China. Space and other considerations prevent me from entering into details of this interesting period of China's history. But a permanent treaty with Russia is an impossible thing. The wonder is that there are always statesmen who are blind enough to enter into such a treaty. France and Germany soon saw that Russia pursued relentlessly her own selfish policy. France, to her present undoing, never dared to oppose Russia's mad schemes in the Far East. But Germany began to distrust Russia whom she herself helped to plant there. Britain, of course, had many and old reasons of distrusting Russia. Yet King Edward and Sir Edward Grey, with their

eyes closed, signed a treaty with her in 1907, which is one of the causes of the present war. But in 1900, during the Boxer Rebellion, the devilish uprising which was a work of Russia's secret agents, England and Germany, prompted by mutual distrust of Russia, drew together and signed an agreement on October 16th, with three main paragraphs:

1. To uphold and maintain a policy of open door in China.

2. Not to make use of present complications (Boxer Rebellion) for territorial advantages.

3. They would take common steps for protection if any other Power would do so. This was directed against Russia, who meanwhile poured troops into Manchuria, proclaimed Feng-Tien a Russian protectorate (November 11), occupied Niu-Chwang and Manchuria, but promised that these occupations should be temporary—a promise she never kept. On the contrary, she pushed in and in 1903 created a vice-royalty for the Far East (Admiral Alexeieff first Viceroy). Japan, who was so deeply humiliated by Russia, France and Germany in 1895, looked with growing concern upon Russia's expansion towards Korea and tried to arrive at an understanding with her.

In 1901, the Marquis Íto, Japan's foremost statesman, came to Europe and went to St. Petersburg, offering an alliance to Russia. Russia

refused, which clearly showed to all concerned that she aimed at the conquest of Korea. Britain, cleverly using Japan's predicament, succeeded in entering into a treaty with Japan, January 30, 1902.

This was Great Britain's reply to Russia's expansion and to Germany's scheme to embroil her with Russia. For, notwithstanding the Anglo-German agreement of 1900, Germany declined to support Great Britain in opposing Russian expansion in Manchuria on the grounds that Manchuria did not form part of China proper. Any keen observer could see these moves, all except France. It was evident that Russia's greedy, not to say indecent, behavior in the Far East would soon lead to an armed conflict between her and Japan, Britain's ally. Russia's expansion in itself weakened Russia as an ally of France and weakened France as an ally of Russia in Europe. France was unaware of the fact that in blindly supporting Russian policy in the Far East, she was playing the game of Germany, as was brought home to her during the Morocco crisis, of 1905, which, as I will later show, was partly the result of Russia's defeat by the Japanese the same year. Furthermore, the milliards of French savings lent to Russia for military purposes in Europe, were squandered on wild schemes in the Far East. And now, when France is fighting simply because Russia

made Serbia's case her own, in other words, in support of an attempted establishment of a virtual Russian protectorate on the Balkans, she finds her ally not at all prepared. France is bleeding herself to death for a cause not her own.

Immediately after the signing of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty in 1902, Japan invited Russia to discuss the position of the Far East. These discussions went on, but it became too clear to Japan that their respective viewpoints were antagonistic (October, 1903). It is well known that these difficulties led to the Russo-Japanese War on the 8th of February, 1904. The history of this war is well-known. It ended with the defeat of Russia; peace having been reestablished by the Treaty of Portsmouth, N. H., October, 1905. Prior to the signing of this treaty the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1902 was changed into an Anglo-Japanese Offensive and Defensive Alliance (12th of August, 1905).

We must now leave the Far East and follow the thread of hidden diplomatic moves, converging around the same point in other parts of the world.

II. ANGLO-FRENCH RIVALRY

Having been worsted by United Germany in 1871, France turned her attention to the building up of a colonial empire, particularly to the colonization of Africa. This was the more natural,

as France already had the large colony of Algiers in North Africa. In 1882 she proclaimed a protectorate over Tunis and in the same year occupied Mzab.

In 1883 she sent an expedition to Senegal and Nigeria; in 1884 she settled in the Congo; between 1882-1885 she settled in Djibuti (East Coast of Africa); in 1885-88 she conquered Ton-King and Annam. In 1894, the French Colonial Office was created and vast schemes of African colonization were broached, which should find their culmination in a huge African empire stretching from the Atlantic to the Red Sea and Indian Ocean right across the African continent; this scheme also included the absorption, if possible, of Abyssinia and the reclaiming of French influence in the regions of the Upper Nile. It should be pointed out that this time France and England were bitter enemies of centuries' standing. Indeed, French Colonial expansion was mainly directed against Great Britain. There were several collisions between the two Powers, some of them nearly leading them to war.

In 1895, the English and French spheres of influence met at Lake Tchad. Since 1893 France openly attacked Siam, which England considered as within her sphere of influence. But in 1896 an agreement was reached between them on the Siamese question. In 1897 a number of threaten-

ing collisions of English and French claims and undertakings in Nigeria took place, but they compromised their differences by lengthy negotiations in Paris, which were concluded by a convention signed there on the 14th of June, 1897.

Now we come to a chapter of Franco-British relationship which brought the two countries to the verge of war. For this and for the reason that no true story of this event has yet been published, I will relate it here, but exigencies of space compel me to be brief.

III. FASHODA

“*C'est bien vrai, mon cher Monsieur Lincoln,*” affirmed my friend, whom we shall call Monsieur Brezey.

We have just been having an argument over the Entente Cordiale between England and France, its origin, its cause, and its aim. With great emphasis and evident knowledge, M. Brezey maintained that the Fashoda incident was one of the causes of the Entente Cordiale. We were sitting on the veranda of a beautifully situated summer bungalow of King Leopold II, on one of his estates near Tervueren, which His Majesty graciously placed at the disposal of my friend M. Brezey, during the summer months each year. M. Brezey, let it be known, was the Treasurer of the King's Household, administrator of the Crown Domains

of the Congo Free State, and one of the highest permanent officials in the Kingdom of Belgium. It is no mere figure of speech when I call M. Brezey my friend. We were friends. I was a frequent visitor in his charming home in Brussels and when during the summer months he took up his residence in the King's bungalow I had a standing invitation of which I made frequent use. The bungalow was superbly situated in the Forest de Tervueren, surrounded by a delightful garden and vines. Many a pleasant hour did I spend there. M. Brezey was a devoted Catholic, and as such and for political reasons he was a Francophile, although he was a Walloon—from the south of Belgium. In bitter tones he was wont to complain of the pin-pricks and bullying Belgium was subjected to by England, Germany, and France.

“Our situation, which is a political and geographical factor, invites their jealousy. Belgium has ever been the battle field of Europe and I am afraid we shall be so in the future. We are the bone of contention of these three Powers. Germany looks with jealous eyes on Antwerp, whose trade is principally German. Our situation, our magnificent and cheap railways, our extensive canals, bring us the bulk of the transit trade of Central and South Germany. To divert this the Germans have built many canals connecting their

rivers and created the Port of Emden. But all in vain. Antwerp and Rotterdam are the great prizes Germany is coveting. As to France and England, they want to use us as a pawn in their anti-German schemes and because our gracious sovereign"—(he always spoke with great respect, almost veneration—of King Leopold II)—“consistently refused to do their behest, England fanned the Congo agitation into tremendous proportions, whilst France is continually carrying on a commercial war against us. England is one of the guarantors of our neutrality, as the diplomatic phrase goes; in fact, she created us against French aggression from the south. During the past few years”—(this conversation took place in 1906)—“she and France are trying to convert us into their advance post against Germany.”

I had always listened with deep interest to his expositions of international intrigues—his position and influence gave authenticity to his words. He was an ardent patriot and often he spoke with a tinge of bitterness in his voice. He distrusted all the big neighbors of Belgium. He did not believe their protestation of friendship. The policies of the Great Powers, he said, have always been immoral. “They trample—all of them—upon the weak and brutally brush aside the rights of small nations, whom each one of them considers

his pawn, by divine right as it were, for the execution of their high-handed schemes.”

When he declared that the Fashoda incident, which, as will be remembered, brought England and France to the brink of war, was really the beginning of the Entente Cordiale, I burst out into laughter, remarking:

“*Vous n’etez pas bien informé cette fois si, mon cher Monsieur Brezey*”—in order to draw him. He reaffirmed his statement, as reproduced at the head of this chapter. A lively discussion ensued between us. I knew some phases of the Fashoda incident, but I also knew that my knowledge was not complete. So I drew my friend into an argument—carried on by both of us with vivacity, irony, and much force—thanks to his superb Burgundy.

M. Brezey, in addition to his other talents and accomplishments, was the greatest wine connoisseur of clarets and Burgundies. He could tell you whether it was genuine, whether it was a Château Lafitte or Haut-Brion—a Clos Veugeot or Chambertin—yea, he could tell you the year of vintage. He made a study of it, both theoretically and practically. The opening of an old bottle of Burgundy was a ceremony and a celebration. It was carefully glided into a basket from its shelf where it had lain perhaps for thirty

or forty years, carried by his "dean" upstairs more carefully than a trained nurse would handle a new-born infant, put on the table, unscrewed by a patent screw-driver so that the bottle would not be shaken in the least, and then poured out into the glasses by handling the basket. The dust collected on the bottle during all these decades was left undisturbed, lest by removing it the bottle might be shaken. That would have amounted to nothing less than sacrilege in the eyes of my friend. When once the wine was poured out—it was drunk? No, not at all. First, he raised his glass, beheld the color of the "King of Wines," would remark that it was either good, or slightly troubled, or perfectly clear. The next act was to place the glass to his nostrils, and if the "bouquet" of the wine was to his satisfaction he would exclaim with ecstasy, "*C'est superb! Allons! Buwons nous à vôtre santé!*" Now if you should empty the glass at once you would surely have committed another sacrilege in his eyes. You can do that with Rhine wine, beer or old Claret, but not so with this acme of perfection—old Burgundy. It was indeed a ceremonial of Bacchus. Burgundy must be enjoyed, not simply "drunk" was one of his maxims.

Under this genial glow he told me his version of the Fashoda affair, amidst my interruptions, contradictions and questions—as he had it from

King Leopold himself. Here is the true story of Fashoda—published for the first time.

“On the 12th of May, 1894, Great Britain made a treaty with my sovereign, King Leopold II, as Sovereign of the Congo Free State, by which Great Britain granted a lease to His Majesty of a large area lying west of the Upper Nile, including the Bahr-el-Ghazal region and Fashoda. France, however, by threats and bullying and other shady transactions, prevented His Majesty from occupying the whole leased territory, as it would have prevented the carrying out of the ambitious French schemes in the Upper Nile. The Congo State, in return, leased to Great Britain a strip of territory fifteen and one-half miles in breadth between the north end of Lake Tanganyika and south end of Lake Albert Edward—this to insure the lines of communication between British possessions in Northern and Southern Africa.

“Germany and France, acting in unison, protested against this lease, and Great Britain had to modify it. France continued her threat to our king, as Sovereign of the Congo Free State, should he dare to occupy the whole territory leased to him by Great Britain.

“On the 14th of August, 1894, His Majesty was compelled and induced by France to renounce certain of his rights west of 30° East and north of a

line drawn from that meridian to the Nile, along 5° 30' North. Of the Bahr-el-Ghazal only the part known as the Lado Enclave could be occupied by King Leopold. This left the way open for France to the Nile and in June, 1896, Captain Marchand left France with secret instructions to lead an expedition into the Nile Valley. On the 10th of July, 1898, he reached Fashoda, the capture of which was meant to be the first step towards the reestablishment of French influence in Egypt.

“This is how the great Powers treat their weaker neighbors,” interrupted M. Brezey himself. “France forced our king out of his own rights and immediately grabbed it.

“On the 2nd of September, 1898,” he continued, “Sir Herbert Kitchener captured Khartum and dispersed the Khalifa’s army. Here he learned of the French flag flying at Fashoda.”

The subsequent stages of this Fashoda incident are well known; France threatened with war by Great Britain, withdrew on the fourth of November from Fashoda and by the Anglo-French declaration of the 21st of March, 1899, France withdrew from the Upper Nile Valley.

“During the negotiations between England and France, King Leopold revived his claim to the Bahr-el-Ghazal, as he was solely prevented by the insolent threats of France from occupying it,” continued M. Brezey. “France, although com-

pelled to retire by the superior forces of Kitchener and to give up for the time being the Nile Valley, nevertheless hoped that Leopold might occupy the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

“During the negotiations France inquired of Lord Salisbury whether Great Britain considered her lease with Leopold still in force. Just think of it! Great Britain and our king enter into a treaty which is upset by France. France then comes and grabs part of the territory; they take their stand on the sanctity of treaties (which they themselves prevented being carried out). They wanted our king to occupy the disputed territory, knowing that at some future time they might evict him. Indeed, they would not have yielded had Great Britain not given emphatic assurances that the treaty with His Majesty was still in force. Lord Salisbury had no intention of ever again giving up the Bahr-el-Ghazal. So he deceived France.

“To France’s inquiry he replied, literally as follows: ‘The arrangement concluded with the King of Belgians exists and remains in full force. It has never been repudiated or annulled by England. It is true that the King of the Belgians was induced, without any consent on the part of Great Britain, to promise the French Government not to profit by this treaty beyond a certain limit; but that concession on his part did not diminish

the significance of the act as an assertion of her rights by England.'

"So France withdrew, hoping that Leopold would reoccupy it, from whom she hoped to grab it at some future date. The Belgian contention was that the withdrawal of France from Fashoda cancelled any opposition to the official lease granted by England. In that view King Leopold was strengthened by Lord Salisbury's above declaration. This declaration, indeed, is a full and unequivocal confirmation of the original lease. But the battle of Omdurman had changed English views of the matter, and notwithstanding Salisbury's declaration (made after Omdurman) King Leopold was greeted with the cry of 'hands off' when his forces attempted to penetrate into any region outside the Lado Enclave."

M. Brezey stopped, he puffed the smoke of his cigar with an effort into the air, raised his glass—I followed his example. "Sa Majesté," he proposed.

"This is all interesting," I said, "but how do you connect this with the Entente Cordiale?"

"The year after the Fashoda incident the Boer War started. Many things happened. France, still smarting under the humiliation of the Fashoda affair, became intensely pro-Boer. You recollect, of course, all the incidents."

"Yes," I said, "and I know of the proposed

European coalition against England, which suffered shipwreck on the opposition of the Kaiser."

"Precisely, the Kaiser thought that through the Fashoda affair he might drive France and England even further apart and then gain or compel England's support to his colonial schemes.

"But he achieved just the reverse—drove France and England together—thanks to his impulsive temperament and the blunderings of German diplomacy."

It was getting late and although I greatly enjoyed the company of my friend, his cigars, his Burgundy, the charming surroundings, the mystic stillness of the Tervueren forest by which we were surrounded—I decided to go. It was my method never to pursue a conversation too far at one sitting. This for many reasons. After an hour or two of conversation, my informants would naturally in their exposés pass over many details, the very things wanted, and furthermore my insistent questionings might look a little bit strange. I could have never obtained directly the information I did obtain from my friend Brezey. But I was his friend, I was introduced to him by the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, I knew things—I moved and had my being amongst diplomats—he located me as his equal—as one of the privileged observers from behind the scenes. I had to be careful not to lose this, my status.

So this night, as always, I broke off when he was quite ready and willing to go on with his confidential disclosures. I pretended not to be interested at all. I merely had an argument with him, that was all. Besides, Madame Brezey appeared. "*La politique, toujours la politique!*" she remarked reproachfully. So I got up and after the exchange of the usual French compliments, I drove home in his motor car.

Shortly after I looked up my friend, Mr. Huybers, the Brussels correspondent of the *London Times*. I wanted to have his confirmation of M. Brezey's version of the Fashoda affair, knowing that Mr. Huybers was well qualified to speak on this matter. The Bahr-el-Ghazal affair—as the Fashoda affair was called in Belgium—was known to him as to few individuals. During the negotiations over this matter between England and King Leopold II, he was received in private audience by the latter. Mr. Huybers supported the Belgian standpoint. Mr. Huybers not only confirmed M. Brezey's versions, but added some rather interesting details. King Leopold, apropos of the Bahr-el-Ghazal incident, said to Mr. Huybers:

"With England might is always right. Now that my treaty with her does not suit her, England treats it as a scrap of paper—tearing it up."

Mr. confidenc

dear Sir,

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THE KING OF BELGIUM
ROYAUME DE BELGIQUE

Dec. 9, 1901

My dear Sir,

I am much obliged to you for your interesting letter of Dec. 4. I take note of the remarks made to you with regard to the Bahr el Ghazal. I hope from the merits of this particular question, our attitude (and I do not speak here merely of *The Times*, but of the Brit. Gov. and public opinion generally) must to some extent be governed by the fact that Belgium is always to be found acting as the prettiest of Powers whose interests are antagonistic to ours. Take for instance the Lahan (Peking-Hankan) railway, which M. Delcasse described only the other day as a triumph of French diplomacy, though when we opposed it *ab initio* as a Franco-Russian scheme under a Belgian cloak, we got letters from authoritative quarters in Belgium protesting emphatically that it was a bona-fide Belgian and purely commercial undertaking. Take again the Customs in Persia, which are administered by Belgians acting avowedly as caretakers for Russia. In these circumstances though we do not forget that the existence and maintenance of Belgium is a British interest, we can hardly be expected to meet her wishes always with the confidence and good will which she rather one-sidedly seems to expect. I will say nothing of the Belgian Probuor exultations, for though they have undeniably produced some irritation amongst the public over here, I am not at all disposed to exaggerate their significance.

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Yours very faithfully,
Valentine Chirol

R. S. Hughes
8 Rue de Bellevue
Brussels

THE KING OF BELGIUM
ROYAUME DE BELGIQUE

Nov. 17, 1901

My dear Sir,

Mr. Bell has handed on to me your letter of Nov. 13, as I have (I am sure) been told your views on the success of Mr. Delcasse as Director of the Congo-Dep. & here I hope we shall be able to find room for your letter on the Congo Administration, if only to show that we are most anxious than the Belgian make himself the mouthpiece. I know no more consistent opponent of British interests all over the world than the King of the Belgians, and that view is not, I may add, confined to this part of the continent.

Mr. Phlips has of course excellent reasons for wishing to stand well at court.

Yours very truly,
VALENTINE CHIROL

to give a hearing to both sides of your letter. I do not think that he has any right to address an appeal to the King as a part of office. Mr. Phlips has apparently thought fit to make himself the mouthpiece. I know no more consistent opponent of British interests all over the world than the King of the Belgians. I may add, confined to this part of the continent. I have some other promises at present for wishing to stand well at court.

Yours very truly,
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Yours very faithfully,

VALENTINE CHIROL

M. E. HUYBES,
8 Rue de Bellevue, Bruxelles.

My dear Sir,

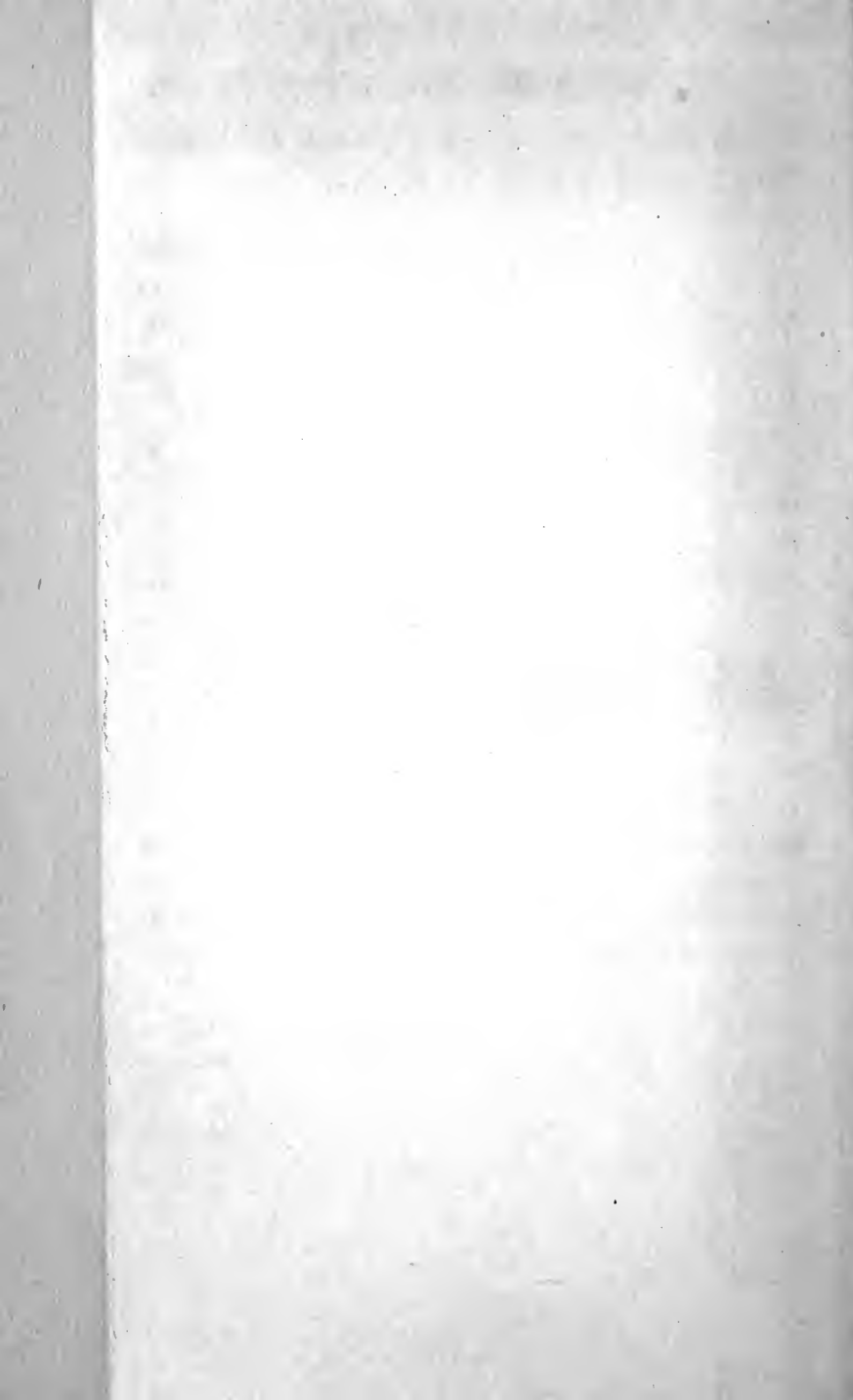
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Mr. Phlips has of course excellent reasons for wishing to stand well at court.

Yours very truly,

VALENTINE CHIROL



This was in 1901—thirteen years before Great Britain made so much noise about a “scrap of paper!”

A new treaty of the 9th of May, 1906, annulled the treaty of 1894 between King Leopold II and Great Britain, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal became an integral part of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. M. Huybers not only gave me the above rather piquant information, he also showed me two letters which he received from Mr. (now Sir) Valentine Chirol, Director of the Foreign Department of the *Times* (London). The letters were so interesting that I asked Mr. Huybers to let me have them—which, as they are not marked private, he did. I have never made any use of them. But in view of the British outcry about Belgium and neutrality, I thought it worth while to reproduce these letters in these pages. It is rather amusing to be told by the *Times* (in the name of the British Government) that Belgium never behaves as a neutral country—though they now pretend to have gone to war to protect and defend this self-same neutrality.

CHAPTER III

HOW I OBTAINED THE SECRETS OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN OFFICE

BEFORE I proceed with my narrative I must introduce two interesting persons, both of whom played a very important part as sources of secret diplomatic intelligence in what is to follow:

“My Readers—Mademoiselle Céleste.”

“My Readers—Monsieur Legrange.”

Mademoiselle, I met at Ostend—the rendezvous of the upper 10,000 in summer, the queen of the watering places, gay, fashionable Ostend. It was in 1906. I often spent my week-ends there, not only to seek recreation and divertisement from the week’s work, but principally on the lookout for a female secret agent. I was looking out for one of those demi-mondaines who combine to a remarkable degree intelligence, wit, shrewdness, and spirit of adventure with superb physical beauty. You find in Ostend during July and August (not since 1909 when the gaming laws were rigidly enforced) the leaders of the demi-monde, those who in the late fall are in Paris; in winter, in Nice

and Monte Carlo; in the spring, in Algiers; and in the summer, in Ostend or Trouville.

I have met several of them; but alas, when I put them through the various tests, they were all found wanting. At last my chance came, for chance it was. One afternoon I went into the superb Kursaal (the finest in the world) of Ostend and straightway I steered towards the club *privée*, under which pseudonym the gambling rooms have to be understood. This had to be done in order to circumvent the Belgian gaming laws. Nobody except members could gain admission—but everybody could become a member. So this day I went in, always looking out for a suitable medium—for I had important work in hand for which a female spy was indispensable.

There was only one roulette table in Ostend and that one without zero. At all the other tables, *baccarat à deux tables* was being played. The roulette was merely there to draw the crowd—it was only open three times a day, one hour each time, the rest of the time one had to play *baccarat*. So this day when I got to the roulette table there was not only no seat to be had, but a crowd three deep was surging right round the table. I took up my position at the near corner behind a lady and a gentleman.

“*Faites vos jeux, Messieurs, le jeu est fait, rien va plus*”—around went the ivory ball. I could

not take part in the game, could simply not get anywhere near enough. The lady and gentleman in front of me—whom I thought were together—staked and lost. Again and again.

“*Rien va plus,*” sounded the monotonous and mechanical invitation of the croupier.

“*Mettez votre argent sur le deux,*” ventured I forth with my advice to the lady in front of me.

She turned around—great Scott! what a beauty! and when she plaintively asked, “*Croyez vous que je gagnerais,*” with a melancholy look in her charming blue eyes, I thought I felt an electric shock. She followed my advice and she won! Strange coincidence.

Now she turned to me for further advice.

“*Le neuf!*” said I convincingly.

She staked and won again. Many noticing my strange powers of prophecy, now eagerly asked me for a tip!

“*L'onze,*” I said as if I had been a real prophet.

Truth is stranger than fiction. My third number won. Never in all my gambling experience had I myself spotted three numbers in succession. I now advised my follower to stop and leave the table. I myself felt compelled to leave it—for my renown as a prophet soon spread right around the table and the notoriety thus gained became decidedly embarrassing. I sauntered out,

went into the large baccarat room, and did not notice at all that I was followed by Lady Beauty.

“*Monsieur, je dois vous remercier bien vivement, mais quelle chance.*” She said this so nicely, accompanied by a bewitching smile and enchanting twinkle in her eyes that I felt amply repaid for my jocular advice.

“*Vous avez bien fait de discontinuer de jouer—et votre ami?*”

“*Le qui?*”

“*Le Monsieur à côté de vous.*”

“*Lui? Il n'est pas mon ami, je ne le connais pas.*”

Oho! that was good information. Right away I invited her to tea, which she accepted.

We sat down to a table near the glass door looking out on the light green North Sea and facing the orchestra; there was just then the daily organ recital.

She called herself Céleste. Céleste, the Charming. For such was she. Of charming figure, golden blonde, sparkling blue eyes, and the daintiest hands I have ever set my eyes upon. A fluent and entertaining conversationalist, chattering like a happy young bird under a blue sky, full of vivacity, verve and playfulness. She was my guest at dinner; I met her next day and we spent the day together; that was Sunday. I had to return to Brussels but promised to see her next Sat-

urday. As a matter of fact I went out to Ostend on Wednesday afternoon. I was anxious to find out whether she was the much sought agent.

I was not in a hurry to make up my mind; a wise selection meant very much to me; a mistake in selecting an unsuitable person might have fatal results. I met her very frequently, and when I could not spend the week-end at Ostend, she came to Brussels to spend the week-end there at my invitation. This went on for about five weeks—when she returned to Paris. Now we leave her to meet her again in Paris.

Let us now turn to Monsieur Legrange. M. Legrange hides the real identity of a “*fonctionnaire*” (permanent official) at the Quai d’Orsay. I have in a preceding chapter pointed out the peculiarities of French ministries and the great influence permanent officials have, who are easy targets for a foreign spy.

My frequent visits to several ministries in Paris gave me the necessary clue to the prosecution of my secret investigations. I had selected a *fonctionnaire* in the political department of the Foreign Office, one of the subordinates of Monsieur Louis, the Director of the Political Department there. M. Louis was some years later appointed French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, being the immediate predecessor of Monsieur Delcassé. M. Legrange was high up on the ladder, but was

not one of the highest. But all confidential documents, instructions, reports, despatches, arriving or leaving M. Louis' department, had to pass through his hands. I knew him, he knew me—but only in my capacity as the Mr. Rowntree's secretary, pursuing economic investigations in France. I saw that open direct bribery was out of the question—I devised another plan. M. Le-grange was a man who loved the good things of life and would have gone to great length had his means allowed him.

My plan now was to foster in him this "aptitude" and then lead him in my trap from which there was to be no escape. I often invited him to luncheon and dinners. Always in expensive hotels, to make him dissatisfied with his *milieu*. Once he was my guest at a luncheon with another fonctionnaire from the Ministry of the Interior at the Hotel Ritz in Paris; the lunch for us three having cost over three hundred francs with wines and cigars. In the evenings I used to take him to a box in the Grand Opera, the Opera Comique, or some other theater, to be followed by a supper party at some gay place. On every occasion I took him to a theater I was accompanied by another demi-mondaine, as my friend. I made him fairly envious. I also motored out with him to Enghien-les-Bains to the Casino there, that he should see me gamble. For him I was a gay

Lothario, who seemed to live only for the pleasures of this life and seemed to have had plenty of money for the purpose. Then I would return to Brussels, leaving him to contemplate the inequalities of life. I succeeded thoroughly in making him dissatisfied with his lot. I had gained my first step. I was spreading my net. I want here to remark that "D" knew nothing of my methods; he never asked me how I obtained my information.

Autumn again found me in Paris and one of my first visits was upon Céleste B——, my fascinating friend of the gaming table at Ostend, who had a charming apartment not far from the Porte de Vincennes.

Céleste expressed surprise and genuine delight in seeing me again. Of course, we dined together. We drove out to Negresco in Enghien-les-Bains. I met her every day. At last I thought the time had come to act. I began to talk to her about spies and spying. Of course, she was interested. Who is not? I used to tell her of famous women spies, of their wonderful achievements, fascinating work, extraordinary adventures. Soon the question that I was angling for was uncovered.

"How can one like myself become a spy?"

"Why do you ask me? How should I know?"
I said with polite indifference, dropping the sub-

ject for the moment. Touching lightly upon a different phase of women's skill in espionage at all our little dinner parties and junkets about Paris, I finally one day pulled out with great deliberation a package of documents and gave her a glimpse of British embassy seals and other official letterheads. My preliminary tests had been satisfactory; her eagerness and excitement now made the desirable opening.

"Céleste, I have it in my power to make you a secret agent with splendid rewards for good work."

"You want to?" She was quite beside herself with joy.

I started unfolding to her a scheme. Desdemona could not have listened more rapturously to Othello than Céleste listened to me. I told her of moving behind the scenes of high diplomacy, of watching and analyzing the moves of sovereigns and ministers, of spying upon them, of unraveling hidden and tangled webs of intrigues, of plotting schemes to undo the plots of others, of playing with men like with puppets, to gain the desired information that determined the fate of nations.

"Now, Céleste, the first duty of every secret agent is to obey the orders of your superior without question," I said, bringing our conversation to an abrupt close.

“My first instructions are these: To-morrow afternoon about 5 P.M. come to the Taverne Royale. If possible bring a gentleman friend with you, but when you leave the place, leave it alone. The gentleman must not go with you. You will see me in the Taverne Royale—on the ‘terrace’ or inside with a gentleman. Be careful not to show by any sign whatever that you know me or have ever seen me. The gentleman with me is a high official at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His name is M. Legrange. For the next few weeks, months perhaps, you are to devote yourself to him.”

“*Quelle aventure!*” she exclaimed, jumping up and dancing about the room.

“You must understand, Céleste, this is serious business. You must forget yourself in this task. And I ask myself, ‘Can you do it without losing your heart?’ He is a charming man.”

Her enthusiasm for this ugly commission made me shudder a bit inwardly when I thought of Legrange. She could not fail, she protested vigorously, so I handed her a check for 2,000 francs, the advance in her first month of service, promising more in the successful issue of our plan. She took an affectionate farewell of me—and I went rather in conflict with myself.

Secret Service work is often cruel. I had perhaps little reason to doubt Céleste’s loyalty—and

yet one never knows absolute security in espionage. So, unknown to her, I had arranged with her pretty maid to act as my shadow. Indeed, that very night before I met her and gave her full instructions to watch her mistress closely, to read the letters and notes Céleste received and sent out. When I handed her 250 francs as her first month's pay—she thought she was a millionairess! A simple Breton girl!

It was several months before I returned to Paris again, but I had suffered no anxiety about Céleste and the prodigious holes she was making in M. Legrange's bank account. Ninette, the maid, had written that "Monsieur Georges was playing a good deal and plunging always." There was apparently nothing to do but wait for his bankers to deny him the necessary accommodation.

One Saturday evening, soon after my return, I drove out to Enghien-les-Bains, to indulge in a little gambling at the Casino there. I find sitting around the green table after a week's work a great relaxation—particularly if you win. Well, this night I have had remarkable luck. In Enghien only *baccarat à deux tables* or *chemins-de-fer* are played. The bank belongs to whoever buys it. The Casino provides the rooms, tables, croupiers, etc., and collects of each 100 francs on the table, a progressive tax which is divided between the

Town of Enghien (which owns the Casino) and the French Republic. In *chemins-de-fer* the bank goes round the table in strict order, save if a winning banker—after three rounds—wants to retire. In this case the bank does not go to his next neighbor, but is put up for auction and goes to the highest bidder. A retiring bank was for sale. Having had luck, I bought it for a rather big amount. The table was crowded, as the gambling was very high. The buying of a big bank riveted the attention of all on me. Two or three paces to my left amidst a surging crowd of on-lookers and occasional *pointeurs* stood my friend Legrange. He now noticed me, and disentangling himself from the crowd, came and stood right behind me. We exchanged very cordial greetings. I dealt out—the whole bank was staked by two American ladies. All was in suspense. Without looking at my cards I asked the orthodox question:

“Cards?”

“No,” came back the reply.

According to the rules of the game I now turned up my cards and had the seven of spades and the ace of diamonds. I had won.

“*Faites vos jeux Messieurs, le jeu est fait, rien va plus,*” shouted mechanically the croupier.

The same two American ladies doubled. I dealt out amid great excitement. They asked for

another card, which according to the rules of the game I dealt open. It was the four of hearts. Diable! I thought this time they would win. I turned up my two cards—they were the nine of diamonds and the ace of clubs! In other words, I had as yet nothing. I took a third and last card—the eight of spades! I had won again. Gamblers are superstitious! They did not have the courage to play against me. There were six or seven small amounts staked, fortunately, for I lost. This gave me the desired opportunity to retire. I got up straightway and took Legrange by the arm and drew him into a secluded corner in the next room. There was a shocking change in his appearance. His beard was not so carefully clipped and trimmed as formerly, his step was heavy, his eyes unsteady, and his laugh hard and metallic. I noticed during conversation that although he was listening, his thoughts were wandering in far-away regions.

Legrange was near a physical, financial, and moral collapse. I invited him to dine with me. He declined with profuse apologies and thanks, but “his amie” was also there! He went to find her—whilst I went out and smoked a cigarette. I was introduced to her, Céleste acting her part with perfect detail. We dined in the Negresco restaurant together, but Legrange was not the alert and graphic conversationalist of a few

months ago; the burden upon his mind was not to be thrown off even for an evening's merry making. Towards the end of January I learned that Legrange was in the hands of usurers and I gave instructions to Céleste to be in Monte Carlo if possible the second week in February and bring Legrange with her.

From Toulon I went on to Monte Carlo, "D" arriving from Genoa the next day, having spent a holiday in Egypt. I wanted to see Céleste at Monte Carlo as I was ready for my coup. I expected great events for 1907. I knew of Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace's plots (on behalf of his royal master) in St. Petersburg the year before. I also knew of the negotiations of Mons. Isvolsky in Paris during his first visit to Paris after his appointment as Russia's Foreign Minister (May, 1906). I knew of the contemplated Mediterranean cruise of Edward VII and of the meeting that was arranged to take place between him and the King of Spain and the King of Italy, of the forthcoming visits of the Russian squadron to English naval ports, of the negotiations pending and far advanced towards conclusion of agreement between England and Russia, Russia and Japan, France and Japan.

Hence it was imperative that I should quickly be informed on all these matters. Evidently the net was tightening. Schemes of far reaching im-

portance were being discussed and decisions reached. Naturally I had all the facilities and opportunities to keep myself informed on all these points—but my methods had to be cautious, circuitous. It might take me weeks or months to get the whole story of all these events, yet it was highly desirable that I should know them as soon as reports reached the French Foreign Office on any of these coming events. I had to force matters with Legrange. I had asked Céleste to be at Monte Carlo with him. I reasoned as follows: Legrange was already heavily in debt—if he should lose and lose heavily at Monte Carlo, he would probably ask me for a temporary loan. This is of everyday occurrence there. People who in other towns or under any other circumstances would on no account approach a friend for a temporary loan, do so without any compunction at Monte Carlo. I once loaned money to a Russian general at Monte Carlo—a chance acquaintance of mine—having only spoken to him two or three times in the Casino. He paid it next day.

Now, Mons. Legrange, whom I knew well was a man who was rather proud and who liked to play the Grand Seigneur. We dined together, we had an occasional motor drive to Fontainebleau or in Normandy—we discussed politics, diplomacy, etc., but I was disappointed that—although hard pressed for money by his creditors and although

requiring more and more for Céleste's extravagant tastes—he never approached me for money, though by hints and carefully guarded references I conveyed to him that I was open to suggestion. I, therefore, tried the Monte Carlo scheme. Enghien—well there is gambling there, but it is not a real gambling place. An official like Legrange, if he goes there at all, spends an hour or two and goes home. Nothing much can happen. But Monte Carlo is unique. It exists for gambling and gambling alone. Its *raison d'être* is gambling. The whole atmosphere, organization of the place, entices you to gambling. I thought he might “bite on” there. Céleste had strict instructions from me not to be friendly with me; indeed, to play her rôle as if our meeting at Enghien had been our first and only one.

When I arrived at Monte Carlo I put up at a small hotel under an assumed name. I knew, of course, at what hotel Legrange and Céleste were staying, and soon after my arrival I called her up. She was to go to the Casino that evening between 9 and 9.30 P.M., stroll into the small salon on the right (through the *trente-et-quarante* room); I would be sitting at the roulette table. She was to walk round the table with Legrange until Legrange saw me. So it happened. As soon as Legrange noticed me, he was evidently very pleased. It is a psychological phenomenon that casual ac-

quaintances meeting in Monte Carlo are at once friends, whilst the latter evidence boundless joy at meeting *there*.

“*Je suis enchanté de vous voir ici, quel bonheur! Quand êtes vous venus? Mais quelle chance!*” and so forth. I bowed to “Madame” and made my compliments. Where was I staying, eh? I was really staying at Cannes—I said—and only come over sometimes. I left the table and strolled out with Legrange to the terrace. It was a beautiful evening. Before us lay the moonlit Mediterranean, calm, balmy; we were surrounded by the beautiful Casino gardens. Legrange was melancholic, depressed. From past experiences I knew that this was a favorable opportunity to draw him into a discussion on international politics. With the stage set so auspiciously what more natural than that we should discuss Edward’s forthcoming Mediterranean cruise. He was in a bitter frame of mind and went on complainingly:

“I cannot understand our foreign policy. In order to gain back Alsace-Lorraine we support Russia’s adventures in the Far East and say ‘yes’ and ‘amen’ to whatever she does in Europe. For the same reason, we support, nay we concoct with you English an anti-German policy. To my mind we should have gone a long step forward towards solving the Alsace question if after Fashoda we had accepted the advances of Germany and instead

of offending her by the Morocco deal, made an honest understanding with her.”

“I agree with you, such a policy on your part would have compelled France to join and become the friends of both you and Germany.”

“But, *mon cher* Monsieur Lincoln, it was impossible, yes, quite impossible. We Frenchmen are brought up with hatred towards everything German. We are taught to see in every move of Germany nothing but brutal aggression. It is instilled into us by our textbooks in school, by our parents, by our newspapers, by our statesmen and politicians. If the present policy of England and France will issue in war—and I cannot see how it can be prevented unless one side gives up the policy hitherto pursued—it will be useless to lay the blame on this thing or that event. It is destiny. We cannot escape it. We do not believe Germany; we distrust her, we hate her. No agreement or facts can counteract the carefully nursed influences of school, home, and public life.”

This exposé greatly impressed me. It hit the nail on its head. It was the truth! I tried to pump him about Edward’s contemplated steps in France, Spain, and Italy during his forthcoming visits to these countries, but he knew nothing more than merely the outlines of the steps and the direction of policy. Evidently *pourparlers* were still going on.

We reentered the Casino as Céleste was playing there. The balmy air of the Riviera, the quiet conversation, revived both of us. We sat down at the *trente-et-quarante* table; Céleste remained at one of the roulette tables. Legrange won and won heavily. Next day—we met in the Casino by appointment—Legrange lost, and so after a while he discontinued. He was evidently anxious to keep his gains. In the evening he lost bit by bit, and went deeper and deeper into the game. He became flurried and excited—he lost more. And then discontinued. And the next day he lost his all. He asked me for 1,000 francs till next day, having wired for money to Paris. Indeed, he repaid me next day. Within two days he lost all his freshly received money and borrowed from me—until we met in Paris, where, I told him, I expected to be within six or seven days.

I remained in Monte Carlo one more day with "D." He impressed upon me the absolute necessity of obtaining precise information on Edward's contemplated steps, so that he might voice an opposition to them in the columns of the *Nation*, in Parliament, and in the Cabinet. Let Sir Edward Grey now recollect the heated arguments he had with some of the Cabinet Ministers in early summer (or late spring), who even went to the Prime Minister and argued against Edward's policy. But they were fooled, left in the dark.

“Who were the lady and the gentleman I saw you almost constantly with?” asked “D.”

“The lady my agent, the gentleman my victim!” was my laconic reply.

“I believe that if half you do to get your information were known, you would be considered a Jekyll and Hyde.”

“No, sir!” I replied. “I would be considered the very Devil himself.”

“D,” of course, was by no means a child in the game of subterranean diplomacy, but—he will pardon me for saying this—he had the hypocritical attributes of his race—he liked to pretend to be shocked. We both returned to Paris, I remaining there while he continued to London. I met Legrange in Paris and he promptly repaid me, but I knew from Céleste that he was terribly worried by his creditors. The time had arrived for action. I had to return to Brussels on Mr. Rowntree’s business. I returned to Paris with a sub-agent of mine, Heinrich.

Heinrich was an interesting fellow. He had a dignified, almost aristocratic appearance, thanks to his height, broad shoulders, faultless dressing, but above all to his dark full beard. It gave him the appearance of a distinguished French diplomat, or a grand seigneur. His speech was deliberate, slow, but he could be bitingly sarcastic, peremptorily cruel. He was a great actor. I got

him to buy up some of Legrange's overdue notes. I sent him to Legrange. I told him on no account to enter into bargaining, but to make a savage assault on him—a frontal attack. The same day I sent Céleste away from Paris. She went to Rome—I having found a spy's position for her with a foreign government, where, as I learned later, she did some excellent work.

My man from Brussels went with several bills to Legrange—demanded payment. Legrange asked for delay. "Heinrich" (princes, waiters and Secret Service men use only Christian names) brutally replied:

"No delay whatever. On the other hand, I shall hand you these bills and give you a substantial sum if you will reply to some of my questions and do a few other little things for me."

"What are they?" he asked. Heinrich bluntly told him. First, what proposals did Edward VII make to Alfonso XIII at Carthagenia in April of this year; second, what proposals to Italy's king in the same month at Gaeta; third, reports and plans of joint Anglo-French military and naval commissions. That was all!

Legrange was indignant, excited, threatening. Heinrich remained calm. Legrange threatened Heinrich with instant arrest.

Indeed, he reached for his telephone. Heinrich calmly stopped him.

“I advise you, before you ring up the police, to ring up your mistress. You may have a surprise.”

The calmness, the deliberation with which Heinrich spoke made Legrange anxious. He looked bewildered at my agent. He feverishly rang up Céleste. No reply; he rang and rang. He then rang up the concière.

“Oh, yes! Madame left this morning with her maid and all her trunks. She said she will be back in three weeks.”

Legrange collapsed! He mumbled something hoarsely. Heinrich drove it home mercilessly.

“Now have me arrested.”

Legrange sat there, his head buried in his hands—a wreck, his heart torn with rage, disappointment and betrayal. He begged to be left alone, but Heinrich pursued him remorselessly.

“No, you will give me the information desired or I will have you arrested for what you have already disclosed to your mistress.”

As a matter of fact, Legrange did not disclose anything of importance to Céleste, but who remembers what one has said or done during a year! Besides, his state of mind was such that he really believed it himself. He saw himself the victim of a plot. He was frightened, excited, torn by anguish, shame, and distress; he was like a straw in the hands of Heinrich.

“Monsieur Legrange, I now leave you; unless the desired information is in my hands the day after to-morrow at this address in Brussels you will be denounced. Don't try to escape. I shall have you shadowed. If you try to leave France, my agents—who will follow you like a Nemesis—will have you arrested. Bon soir!”

I need not add that the desired information reached me in Brussels without delay.

CHAPTER IV

EDWARD VII'S INTRIGUES FOR THE ISOLATION OF GERMANY

AT the time of her brilliant victory over France in 1871, Germany had no navy worth mentioning, nor had she an inch of colonial possession anywhere in the world. The consciousness of her power, so vividly demonstrated in 1870-71, gave a great impetus to German industrial development—aided forcefully by the huge war indemnity exacted from France. In a few years' time the world woke up to the fact of a new world-power—United Germany. As long as Bismarck guided Germany there did not exist a settled colonial policy, although in 1878 Germany acquired the Marshall Islands and in 1884 Luederitzbay, New Guinea, Togoland, and the Cameroons. Bismarck was averse to any colonial schemes. His aim was to encourage France in her colonial aspirations and to support her in them, hoping thereby to make France forget the loss of Alsace-Lorraine and thus pave the way for an understanding with her.

In 1884 it was Germany and France cooperating

that prevented the ratification of a treaty which England concluded with Portugal and which would have made England supreme in the Congo Basin. In the same year Bismarck placed himself in agreement with Baron de Gourcel, then French Ambassador in Berlin, on the question of opposing English policy in Africa. It was in agreement with Baron de Gourcel that Bismarck summoned the Congo Conference of 1884. In the next year (24th of December) Bismarck signed a delimitation treaty respecting French and German colonies in West Africa.

Germany honestly and sincerely tried to make friends of the French Republic. It is very important to bear this in mind—for the right understanding of later events of which I have first-hand information. In 1887 Bismarck could declare openly in the Reichstag that “the two governments [France and Germany] had full confidence in the sincerity and loyalty of their mutual relations.” Now we must allude to just another cardinal point of German policy. Kaiser Wilhelm II, as well as Bismarck, notwithstanding Germany’s alliance with Austria (1879) which in 1882 by the adhesion of Italy became the Triple Alliance, earnestly strove to preserve their friendly relations with Russia. On the 14th of September, 1884, the emperors of Germany, Russia and Austria met at Skiernewice (the Emperors’ armies

met here during the present war, but on a different mission) to proclaim the agreement reached six months previous between the three countries. This also is important to remember, i.e., cooperation between Russia, Germany, and Austria. *For when England, during and after the Boer War, found her "splendid isolation" a great peril to her, she deliberately embarked on a policy of sowing distrust and enmity between Germany and France on the one hand, in order to draw France into the orbit of her diplomacy and to create antagonism between Austria and Russia on the other, in order to break the traditional friendship between Russia and Germany and thus use Russia and France for her own selfish ends—the isolation and destruction of Germany.* I shall, in later chapters, disclose many of the secret schemes and plots emanating from Downing Street for the accomplishment of this diabolical scheme. Here I merely allude to it to point out the importance and full meaning of Germany's honest endeavors toward friendliness with all her neighbors.

Many people trace Germany's newer policy, her "warlike" tendencies, her "militarism," to the ascension of the present Emperor, William II. His whole history, life, and deeds belie all such groundless insinuations. In 1888, before the death of his grandfather, William I, the Kaiser said: "I am quite aware that among people in

general and especially abroad, I am accused of frivolous desires of warlike fame. I indignantly spurn these unworthy imputations."

It is true that he did not agree with Bismarck's policy of "non-colonization," but he continued Bismarck's policy of drawing nearer to France and keeping good friends with Russia—whilst at the same time putting forth every endeavor to remove causes of possible friction between his country and England. On the 14th of June, 1890, an Anglo-German treaty was signed, acknowledging Great Britain's supremacy over the whole basin of the Nile (complement to Fashoda agreement with France).

In 1891, on December 4th, the Kaiser in a public speech referred to France as "the chivalrous enemy." It was France who did not respond to the many offers and attempts of friendship; she harbored thoughts of hatred and hopes of revenge. She went far out of her way to prepare for them. In spite of the political, religious, moral, social, and military gulf that separates the two countries, France and Russia entered into an alliance (known as the Dual Alliance) in 1895. Still the present Kaiser continued his advances toward France for her friendship.

On the death of ex-President McMahon, on October 18, 1893, the Kaiser instructed his Ambassador in Paris, Count Münster, to express his sym-

pathies to the bereaved family. When President Carnot was assassinated at Lyons, the Kaiser was the first to express to his widow his sympathy, and referred to Carnot as "worthy of his great name" and as having "died on the field of honor." On this occasion and in spite of some resistance manifested by German opinion, he liberated two French naval officers who were imprisoned for espionage. Again, on December 2, 1895, in a speech he said of the French army, "Brave soldiers, fighting with the courage of despair for their laurels, their past, their emperor." On the death of General Canrobert in 1895, and on the death of Jules Simon in 1896, he repeated his chivalrous conduct of years ago by publicly expressing his sympathy in generous words. *Indeed, I can state as a positive fact that in 1897 Germany made overtures to France for an all-round understanding.* The reader will remember that, as related previously, Germany, France, and Russia in 1895 undertook a joint action against Japan wresting Port Arthur from her.

Even then, as we saw, Great Britain grew decidedly anxious. The three countries saw that Great Britain was their common and only enemy, blocking their legitimate expansion everywhere, opposing France in Africa and Siam in the Far East; Russia in the Far East, Middle East (Persia, Afghanistan), and Germany in Asia Minor.

Hence they combined against their common and only enemy. Great Britain, seeing this growing cordiality between Germany and France, on the one hand, and Germany, Austria, and Russia on the other, combined with the fact of the Dual Alliance of 1895, engaged Japan (Treaty of 1902) to make war on Russia, humiliated France in Africa (Fashoda), and prepared a deep-laid plot for Franco-German distrust. Germany's overtures to France in 1897 were at first responded to. On the 23rd of July a Franco-German agreement was signed about Togoland. The same year Count Mouraviev, Russia's Foreign Minister, visited Berlin and Paris, where proposals of Franco-German rapprochement were discussed. England grew very anxious. On the 13th of May, 1898, Mr. Chamberlain made his famous speech that "Great Britain was looking for friends." Meanwhile, the Kaiser continued his advances to France for her friendship. In 1898, on the occasion of the loss of the French ship *Bourgogne*, he was among the first to express his sympathies to the French Government.

In 1898, during the Fashoda crisis with England, although she knew that France was utterly unprepared, Germany did not take any advantage of this weakness of France. She preserved a very correct attitude. In 1899, the Kaiser again, on the death of President Faure, caused himself to be

represented at the funeral by his ambassador, Prince Radzivill. On the 6th of July of the same year, being in Norwegian waters, he visited the French training ship *Iphigenia* and telegraphed to President Loubet to express his gratification both as a sailor and as a comrade "at the amiable reception accorded" to him. In the same year Bülow, the Chancellor, said in the Reichstag: "With France we have always so far, easily and willingly, come to an arrangement in matters concerning colonial interest." In 1900 the Kaiser himself supervised the arrangements for the German section of the Paris Exhibition. In 1900 he invited the French general Bonnal to visit the German maneuvers as his personal guest and received and treated him with superlative attention. The same year—on March 15—Bülow could declare that between France and Germany there was no longer any real conflict of interest whether in the Far East or in many other parts of the world.

Why should not Germany and France live as good neighbors and good friends? Moreover, why should not all the nations of the Continent of Europe—neighbors as they are—live together in peace and harmony? Such thoughts passed through the brains of statesmen, who held the destiny of Europe in their hands, just prior to the Boer War. Far be it from me to suggest that all causes for possible future friction were removed.

But, nevertheless, it was discernible that a closer cooperation between them was contemplated. And this, for a specific reason. The time-honored policy of England has ever been to prevent such concord among the continental nations. I am not expressing an opinion; I am stating a well-known fact. The statesmen of England considered—rightly or wrongly—that the British Empire could only be preserved by dominating Europe through dissensions and distrust among the continental Powers. As Chatham said long ago: “Our first duty is to see that France does not become a naval, commercial, and colonial Power.”

This was France in the time of the Earl of Chatham. This is Germany to-day. England has always attempted to prevent other nations developing to the full their energies and abilities and making the most of their opportunities. It is England who prevented Russia from reaching a warm water port; England, who tried to prevent the formation of the United States of America, who destroyed American merchant shipping; England, who—by the help of the Japanese—drove Russia from the Far East. England, who destroyed Spain's, Portugal's and the Netherlands' Colonies. It is now England, with the help of her erstwhile enemies and her present dupes, who wants to prevent Germany “becoming a naval, commercial, and colonial Power.” The moment

England will give up the preposterous pretension of dominating the whole world, the peace of the world will have come appreciably nearer.

Prior to and during the Boer War, the European nations thought the opportunity came to dethrone England from her proud position of supreme and domineering world power. In 1899 Delcassé, French Foreign Minister, went to St. Petersburg, and Mouraviev, Russian Minister, came to Paris. An anti-English coalition was broached. Germany, in previous years seeing the impossibility of cooperating with England on terms of equality, struck out for her own path. Was that wrong or warlike?

She withdrew from the European concert in the Cretan Question (in 1898). In the same year she passed her first naval defense act, voting about ninety million dollars for ships and armaments. The same year (November) the Kaiser visited the Sultan in Constantinople and Palestine. Blocked everywhere by England in her justified endeavors for Colonial expansion—necessitated by her growing population, industry, and commerce—she determined to utilize her resources and energy for the rejuvenation of the Turkish Empire—with its vast possibilities. In the next year she obtained from the Sultan in Turkey a concession—known as the Bagdad railway concession—for the extension of the Anatolian railway from Koniah in Asia

Minor to Basra or the Bassorah on the Persian Gulf—through Bagdad. England declined to participate in this. In April of this same year Germany bought from Spain the Caroline and Marianne Islands for 25,000,000 *pesetas*. That no anti-English policy was behind all this, is proved by the fact that it was the Kaiser who prevented the anti-English coalition during the Boer War.

And just at this time a very important thing took place—important for the subsequent history of the world. In January, 1901, King Edward VII ascended the throne of his ancestors. With him a new chapter in the history of the world set in. He was cosmopolitan, a great traveler, intimate in his contact with people in every station in life, and knew, above all, the world and human nature. He was not insular, did not entertain an insular view of things in general. He had imagination; he had a historic and geographic sense. He saw things as they were. And he saw, first of all, that the Boer War had shown that the foundations and whole structure of the British Empire had commenced to shake. He saw that, in the Far East and in the Middle East, Great Britain was being opposed by Russia, supported by France; he even saw that a cooperation between Russia, France, and Germany was a possibility. In Africa, he beheld the growing understanding, not to say cordiality, between Germany and France,

which the Kaiser—as we have seen—very earnestly tried to extend to Europe. He knew of the cordiality existing between Berlin and St. Petersburg. He knew of the Franco-Italian reconciliation in the Mediterranean. It would be idle to ascribe to King Edward profound political knowledge, but he possessed exceptional diplomatic abilities. Neither he, nor Lord Esher, nor any of his trusted advisers, did plan a deliberate policy of any kind at this time. They felt that they would have to give to Britain's foreign policy a new direction, but none of them were guided by a clear comprehension of Britain's necessities or of the value of various combinations.

Incidental circumstances gave this new scheming a decidedly anti-German coloring. First of all there was a long-standing antipathy—not to use a stronger word—between the Kaiser and Edward, due in the first instance to the treatment of Empress Frederick (a favorite sister of Edward) by her son, the Kaiser. Another incidental factor of far-reaching importance was Edward's predilection for Paris, with all the gaiety he so thoroughly enjoyed while Prince of Wales.

There was a clique or coterie of people in England who cleverly played upon Edward's prejudices, and by degrees succeeded in giving to Edward's pro-French tendencies a growing anti-German point. In France they were not slow to seize

upon this opportunity. Delcassé, even after the Fashoda incident, declared to an intimate friend of his that he would not quit office before he had arrived at an understanding with England. Notwithstanding all the repeated and absolutely sincere overtures of Germany, France never gave up the idea of a war of "revenge" against Germany. She was ready to sacrifice much, but not to forget Alsace-Lorraine, called the "lost provinces"—but which in reality Louis XIV stole from Germany. English manufacturers, shippers, shipbuilders, viewed with growing alarm and concern Germany's wonderful developments in all phases, fields, and spheres. Being unable by sheer lack of ability to emulate Germany, John Bull devised another scheme—to destroy Germany.

Great Britain was not secure in the Far East and in central Asia against Russian expansion. She encountered France in north and central Africa. She feared Russian influence in the Balkans, but she feared German native ability, thrift, and efficiency above all. She was ready to pay any price, to give up centuries-old, political traditions, aye, corner-stones of her political fabric; she was willing to hand over Morocco to France, a contingency she consistently opposed all the time; she was willing to withdraw her navy from the Far East, handing it over to her ally Japan; she was willing absolutely to reverse her time-honored

policy in central Asia, handing over Persia to Russia (which she did); she was willing to reestablish her greatest and most dreaded political rival—Russia—after the latter's defeat in Manchuria by Japan; she was willing to reestablish Russian domination in the Balkans, at the risk even of having to give up Constantinople to the Russians; she was willing to do all this and much more—but she was not willing to emulate Germany and try to beat her at her own game: science, efficiency, thrift, good government. She was willing to make her erstwhile enemies (Russia and France) her friends and fellow-conspirators, but she was not willing to make a friend of Germany—who has never been her enemy. How this was plotted and carried out I will now describe.

The year of 1906 was ushered in by events of far-reaching importance in many parts of the world, which to the uninitiated seem to be unconnected with one another but in reality they have a very close bearing to one another. On the 10th of January, Sir Charles Hardinge, British Ambassador to St. Petersburg, presented his letters of recall to the Tzar, from whom he received a golden snuff-box, having been appointed Permanent Under-secretary of State of Foreign Affairs. On the 15th of January, the conference to settle the Morocco questions opened at Algeciras. On the 19th of January the French Ambassador left

London on a visit to Paris; the German Ambassador in London paid a visit to King Edward VII at Windsor Castle (third week in January). Belgium mobilized secretly in January; Austria declared a tariff war against Serbia on account of a customs union entered into between Serbia and Bulgaria the year previous. In February, Bulgaria addressed a note to Turkey relative to crimes committed by Albanian and Greek Bands on Bulgarians in Macedonia; also the Antwerp Fortification Bill passed by Belgian Parliament. In March, Russia passed a new military law; King Edward visited Paris (*incognito*); Anglo-Turkish conflict over Egyptian boundary question; rising in Yemen; Rumanian secret consignment of rifles captured in Kolozsvár, Hungary. In April, M. Isvolsky was appointed Foreign Minister of Russia. In May, he visited Paris.

My report on the situation in France to "D" could not be finished until I had obtained the secrets of M. Legrange through Céleste. I therefore took the train for Brussels. At the chancellery of the British Legation in Brussels I found Mr. Percy Wyndham, who consented to join me at a dinner, which, as usual, took place at the Hotel de la Poste. Of course, I played off some of the intelligence I had obtained in Paris. I told him that I had heard in Paris that, at the conference at Windsor

Castle war with Germany was discussed, but it was decided to postpone it for several reasons. Of these reasons I heard whispers, but I was never satisfied with mere whispers. I had hoped Mr. Wyndham might know something more. As a matter of fact, the British Legation knew only that there was a danger of war, that Belgium secretly mobilized in January, and that England was ready with her navy and expeditionary force, but they did not know the gist of the conversation at Windsor Castle in the last week of January.

“Well, Wyndham, I hear nice things in Paris—the negotiations with Russia are going well. His Majesty sent Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace to St. Petersburg, after a visit to Algeciras. I very much fear we are approaching a European war. To me it is unthinkable that Great Britain should enter into a treaty with Russia. It is a crime against humanity.”

“It is something new to me to see you in the rôle of a moralist, Lincoln. You must look facts in the face. We have come to the conclusion that, in view of certain developments in many parts of the world, we cannot possibly remain in isolation. Russia was undermining our influence in the Far East and although that was checked by the Anglo-Japanese treaty of 1902 and particularly by the Japanese victory in Manchuria, we could not feel

comfortable about Asia. Japan, our ally, cannot be trusted, and the Japanese alliance might prove even more dangerous to British interests in the Far East than Russian expansion. Being driven from the East, Russia will surely again turn her attention to the Middle East and European Turkey."

"This will raise some of the most vital problems of English policy."

"You know," he continued, "of our perennial difficulties in the Persian Gulf and in Persia. Russia has approached already too near to the frontier of our Indian Empire. The only buffer States separating her from India are Afghanistan and Persia. I do not think we need trouble ourselves about Afghanistan. For although the present Ameer is not so friendly to us as his father was, he would certainly resist with all his power any encroachment of Russia upon her borders. But with Persia it is different."

He then went on to dwell on recent Anglo-Russian rivalry in Persia. How Russia in 1900 lent 22,500,000 *roubles* to Persia, out of which sum Persia had to pay off her English debt of £500,000 so that Russia remained her only creditor. How Russia took possession through her Belgian hirelings of all the Persian custom houses and ports except Fars and ports on the Persian Gulf. De-

fault in payment gives right of control of customs houses to Russia.

“The building by Russia of a military road from Tabriz to Teheran cannot but cause us anxiety,” continued Mr. Wyndham. “The Russian-Persian Commercial Treaty signed in 1902 nearly ruined out Indian tea trade to Persia and caused a rapid extension of Russian influence in Persia.

“Indeed, Russia is not trying to conceal her designs upon Persia. With great difficulty we induced the Shah of Persia to come to London, which, as you know, he did in August of 1902, visiting King Edward. On his way back he visited Paris, which he left on September 17th for Warsaw. Three days later the *Novoye-Vremya* of St. Petersburg published the following lines: ‘One of the roads by which it is possible to reach the open ocean, lies through Persia.’ Our ambassador in St. Petersburg reported to Downing Street that this was inserted at the direct command of the Russian Government. In other words, it was a threat leveled at us. This was followed by Russia opening a steamship service from Odessa to the Persian Gulf, although there was no trade existing whatever. Indeed, we know that the Russian Government secretly subsidized the steamer *Kornniloff* with £5,000 per round voyage. In 1903, Russia built a military road from Tabriz to Kazvin. All these open encroachments on Persia,

coupled with Russia's secret intrigues in Teheran, compelled Lord Lansdowne to declare in the House of Lords, 'Great Britain will resist by all means in its power the attempt of any other nation to establish itself in force on the shores of the Gulf.'

"To emphasize Lord Lansdowne's speech in London, Lord Curzon, our Viceroy in India, left Karachi (India) for the Gulf, accompanied by four cruisers. This was a demonstration against Russia. However, these perennial bickerings could not go on in the Middle East without a clash of arms sooner or later. Now an armed conflict between us and Russia would sound the death knell of the Entente Cordiale—which is the corner-stone of our foreign policy."

"I know," I replied, "and it is for this reason that I maintain that the Entente Cordiale will, nay, must, ultimately lead you into a war with Germany. It will compel you to extend it to Russia, which will then have a decidedly anti-German point, and that will be disastrous. Why not rather make up your differences with Germany? It would not entail such enormous political sacrifices as the Anglo-Russian agreement, should the present negotiations lead to that result."

"We distrust Germany—that explains all," was his cryptic reply.

"Rather say you fear Germany and are jealous

of her, and I agree with you," I retorted. "But tell me a single reason why you should not rather compose your differences with Germany? An Anglo-German treaty, removing all causes of friction between the two countries and paying due regard to Germany's justifiable colonial ambitions, would make you secure in Asia, in the Middle East—everywhere. Besides it would be the only true safeguard of the peace of the world. Mind you, I am using this word in its true application, and not in the rhetorical sense of diplomatic after-dinner speeches."

"As a matter of debate your argument is unanswerable. I admit that much. But this is not a question of argument—it is a question of self-interest, national interest, pure and simple. You must not forget Fashoda. If after the Fashoda incident, and after all the French bitterness during the Boer War, we would have entered into a general treaty with Germany, eine Verbrüderungs Treaty—France and Russia would have interpreted it as directed against them. Now I want you to follow my reasoning in regard to the deciding factors in Downing Street. During and after Fashoda, the Kaiser was bidding high for French friendship. We cannot, of course, consider for a moment to stand by and watch the formation of a coalition or entente of Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and France in which Italy

must be included. There are two possibilities and two only: either we join this entente of European Powers or we prevent its consummation. The first is out of the question. To join such an entente would be to join an association of thieves in order *to be robbed*; or rather, to surrender our leading position, if you prefer this" (he corrected himself when I laughed at his former expression). "Therefore we had to make such a combination impossible. How? To side with Germany? That was very carefully considered, but rejected for the following reasons: to join with Germany would not only have sharpened the antagonism and rivalry between ourselves and Russia and France, but would certainly have resulted in a war. Now such a war could only have had one ending—the victory of the Anglo-German, Austro-Hungarian coalition. That means just this, which you don't seem to understand, *mon cher*—the strengthening of Germany, the raising of Germany to a real world-power position, *at our cost*—*Vous voyez voilà.*"

"And will not your present policy lead you into war—the results of which might, nay, will, be more disastrous? Besides, *why not enter a general European combination?* Why not? Do you think, furthermore, that Russia will play your game?"

"I know it is *schlecht mit Russland Kirschen*

zu fressen” (Mr. Wyndham was wont to quote French and German aside as he went along), “but it will be easy to make Russia play our game. There is Persia, Constantinople, the hegemony of the Balkans, prizes much coveted by Russia and only through us can they get them.”

“And when she gets them she will swallow you,” I retorted.

“There will be Germany to help us. Germany beaten and humiliated will be willing and glad to accept our alliance—but she will have to take a secondary position. You see our whole policy in a nutshell. If an Anglo-German combination wins the next war, Germany will subjugate us, with or without the help of Russia. If an Anglo-Franco-Russian combination wins, we shall retain our leading position—France being a decaying country and Russia being unwieldy. Should she, however, become dangerous, we shall call Germany in.”

“But suppose—that an Anglo-Franco-Russian combination would be defeated—what then?”

“That is unthinkable. We shall have other helpers besides. Our scheme is very comprehensive.”

Not only Mr. Wyndham spoke thus. All the British diplomats I discussed this question with gave expression to the very same views. It was in vain to argue with any of them; in vain to point

to Germany's record since 1871, notwithstanding the many opportunities to "conquer," if conquest had been her aim, so notable during the Russo-Japanese War. It was useless to appeal to facts. As Sir Arthur Hardinge remarked once during a luncheon he gave in honor of Mr. Rowntree and myself at the Legation in Brussels: "We diplomats are like lawyers; we have to plead for, and uphold, a cause which we know to be wrong."

True to my customary methods of work, I did not pursue my conversation further, although I was curious to know the exact details of "the comprehensible scheme" Mr. Wyndham referred to. I could, however, guess its outline.

I was just making plans to investigate this aspect thoroughly, when Mr. Rowntree decided to send me to Switzerland to start there also an investigation. This was wholly unwelcome to me, as it was arranged between "D" and myself that I should go to Copenhagen. I could not persuade Mr. Rowntree to desist, or at any rate postpone the Swiss investigation. So I had to go. I went to Switzerland and from there continued to mail and wire my arguments for the stopping of the Swiss investigation. All in vain. At last after a few days of fruitless wiring, I got a telegram from Mr. Rowntree, telling me to meet him at Bâle. Copenhagen now looked far away. Mr. Rowntree arrived in Bâle and within a few hours of his arrival

he was convinced that an investigation in Switzerland for his book was an impossibility. The very same day I returned to London, while Mr. Rowntree, accompanied by Mrs. Rowntree, decided to spend a holiday in Switzerland.

The reader will be rather surprised to hear that I returned to London. Did not I desire to go to Copenhagen? Oh, yes; it was precisely for this reason that I went to London. I convinced Mr. Rowntree that we should not investigate Switzerland. By the way, what seemed too difficult before was very easily accomplished. I secured the assistance of a very high official of the Canton of Bâle, and of the Canton of Berne to support my view, and Mr. Rowntree could not but yield before these weighty and unanimous experts. It was necessary now to convince Mr. Rowntree that we should start an investigation in Denmark. But in order to be successful, I had to have letters of introduction from Sir Edward Grey to the British Minister in Copenhagen, who would, as in Brussels and Paris, introduce me to ministers and high permanent officials in Copenhagen.

So I went to London, got my letters from the Foreign Office, and was off to Copenhagen. As I anticipated, Sir Edward Grey's letters had the desired results. To lend an air of reality to my supposed investigations, I requested the usual letters of introduction. As a matter of solid fact,

Anbefaling.

Mr. Tribich Lincoln, der er ankom.
men hertil fra England for at foretage et
omfattende Studium af sociale Forhold,
anbefales herved til velvillig Bistand og
Hjælp at vedkommende Myndigheder
hos hvem han maatte henvende sig
til Opnaaelsen af sit Ojemed.

Indeværesministeriet, den 10 Juli 1906

P. M. V.

H. Meyer



H. Vind

Mr. Lincoln's Credentials to the Danish Ministers and Permanent Officials.



I did not investigate anything except international, political, and diplomatic intrigues. Will Mr. Rowntree contradict me? Did I investigate anything in Denmark? I was there five weeks, returned, and advised Mr. Rowntree to drop Denmark too, and let me concentrate for the time being upon France and Belgium. Does Mr. Rowntree remember this? Can he say what I did in Copenhagen for him? No, he cannot. I was there for important things. Now it was very important for me to visit, just at this time, Copenhagen.

Both the dynasties of Russia and Great Britain being closely related to the Danish Court, it was felt by both countries that Copenhagen might be a good "clearing house"—which indeed it was. The old King Christian IX actively supported the efforts for an understanding for the following reasons: His daughters, the Dowager Empress of Russia and the Queen of England, influenced him in that direction—both having been anti-German. Both were, indeed, willing tools in the hands of the anti-German conspirators. It is not so generally known as it ought to be that it was mainly Queen Alexandra and her sister who prevented an Anglo-Russian war over the Dogger Bank incident.

Furthermore, King Christian hoped that an Anglo-Russian-French combination might provide him with an opportunity for revenge for 1866.

Not that he ever hoped or desired to attack Germany, but during those months of secret negotiations he was indeed promised, definitely promised, that for facilitating the landing of an Anglo-French force in North Schleswig-Holstein he would be given Schleswig-Holstein, including Altona and the Kiel Canal. For it should be remembered the discussion of an Anglo-Russian-French Entente did not by any means move within academic limits, nor was it prompted by tender considerations for "the peace of Europe."

In Copenhagen, I had a most remarkable experience—remarkable even for a diplomatic spy. I was staying at the Grand Hotel National. There was a round, big-faced, clean-shaven, spectacled gentleman much in evidence there, who smoked a brand of cigars, the bands of which bore his own smiling face. This gentleman took an unusual interest in me—a flattering unction which aroused my suspicion and watchfulness. His portrait brand of cigars I found remarkably good, after one of his excellent dinners.

His attentions went on for two or three days, and I was curious to know what was to follow. One evening, again dining together, we were talking about Rhine wines—a subject of which he knew a good deal—when he ostentatiously pulled out a magnificent watch from his watch pocket and looked at its dial. To my astonishment I saw a

double eagle in diamonds and other precious stones. Whether it was the Russian or Austrian double eagle, I could not tell. He put it away again. He went on talking on Rhine wines, when, to my greater astonishment, after ten or fifteen minutes, he pulled out another magnificent watch from his other vest pocket with the same eagle in diamonds. I could not repress my curiosity.

“Do you carry two watches on you?” I asked.

“I do, because these two watches are a very treasured possession to me.” He pulled them both out, unchained them, and put them into my hands.

“This one is a gift from Tzar Nicholas, the other from Empress Marie, his mother,” he said.

I took a good look at them. Both had the Russian eagle set in diamonds, and other precious stones, whilst the other side contained the monograms of the Tzar and the Dowager Empress respectively. Inside I saw engraved a date. It was clear to me, my host was a Russian something. But beyond saying “how interesting, they are beautiful,” I closed up like an oyster.

“I thought you would like to see them,” was his sententious reply.

“Certainly I am interested,” I urged. “Are they presents from the high personages personally whose monograms they bear?”

“That is a question to which I will only reply providing you answer one of my questions,” he said.

“That depends upon the question,” I countered.

“Well, Monsieur Lincoln, I am curious to know why there are so often messengers from two or three ministries coming to you with messages? Why do you drive so often to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Interior and the British Legation?”

“Oh, ho, I comprehend,” I replied with great hilarity. “You have followed me or had me followed. Why, it is very simple. I am here to make an investigation for an English philanthropist, covering Danish agriculture and kindred subjects,” wherewith I produced my credentials.

“Yes, yes, that is a very clever blind. Very clever, indeed. But you should then see people who are engaged in *agriculture* and not statesmen and diplomats. You see, Monsieur Lincoln, your blind does not deceive me. It only makes me *more* curious. Of course, I have no right to ask you or to know what you are doing here. But you asked me a question relating to my two watches. Now, sir, I propose a bargain; to wit, I will tell you my story if you will tell me yours. Agreed?”

This was indeed a prosperous situation. I was not so keen for his story, which might be sheer invention, but I was immediately on the alert to

locate his precise personality and its official implications. I jocularly agreed to his terms.

It developed that he was the chief secret service man in Denmark of the Russian Secret Police. It was his special duty to watch and hunt down Nihilists. Whenever the Tzar or the Dowager Empress of Russia sojourned in Copenhagen—which during the lifetime of King Christian IX was very frequently, he was attached to their person and was around them day and night. He told me some interesting and hair-curling Nihilist hunts. But what interested me infinitely more was the fact that he was in personal attendance upon the Tzar and his mother whenever they were in Copenhagen.

Indeed, when Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, spent their few weeks together every autumn in Copenhagen, he was always with them and overheard many a conversation. It was this year—1906—that Queen Alexandra of England and her sister were to spend their common holidays for the first time in their beautiful seashore villa, "Hvidöre," they had recently bought not far from Copenhagen—on the Strandvej. A tunnel was just being cut under the road so that the royal ladies might walk down to their shore garden without the necessity of crossing the public highway (the "Hvidöre" stands on an elevated garden across the road).

Indeed, I had the privilege—through Mr. M——, the man with the two watches, a privilege I greatly enjoyed—of going through the villa.

What a chance by coincidence! Here was a man who was in personal attendance upon the Tzar and his mother, who overheard many remarks and conversations. Was he not a trusted, a most trusted, agent, and did he not know all the wire-pullers in Copenhagen? The very man I wanted! He could tell me all. I desired to know more. During the few days of our acquaintanceship I had several reasons to learn that he was a great friend of England and France. Consequently I saw my chance. I told him I was an English secret service man in the diplomatic branch; showed him my credentials from Brussels and Paris, a private letter I received from Sir George Bonham, British Minister at Berne, and many other English diplomatic papers. He calmly remarked, "I thought so." He immediately volunteered to help me in my mission. "I will be glad and proud to help Great Britain," he said.

This conversation was the beginning of a very close acquaintanceship, ripening into friendship. We dined every evening I was free; he drove me in his superb carriage any time I wanted, along the Strandvej to the Hermitage. He drove me to the races, where he lost and I won. He had a villa not far from "Hvidöre," but on the shore.

British Legation

Bern, 13 June 1906

Sir, I enclose two letters of introduction for the two heads of departments who may be useful to you.

I also enclose a general letter of introduction, and when that given to you by direction

is desired - also the name of a house which you may find useful.

I am preparing letters of introduction to the four principal consuls which however you will

not require until you leave

I am
Yours truly

G. J. Bonham

British Legation, Bern

A letter from Sir George Bonham, British Minister at Berne.



There we used to spend some lovely evenings, such as one only finds under the northern skies—never getting dark during the summer months. Whenever we decided on an afternoon to spend the evening out there, he sent out an abundant supply of Rudesheimer or Iohannisberger Auslese—he had the best Rhine and Moselle wines in Copenhagen—with plenty of ice, so that by the time we arrived they were deliciously cold—having just the bouquet that an epicure desires.

We then drove out into the Strandvej, the most beautiful drive in Europe—on your right, driving north of Copenhagen, the Hermitage with summer villas charmingly situated in dainty gardens; on your left, the Sund, the silvery streak that separates Denmark from Sweden; silvery, not in language of romance or fiction, but in reality. There it lay, smooth, wide and large; silent save for the gentle and sweet hushaby rhythms of its shoreward motions, sh—sh—. And we sat in the garden of his villa; at our feet the sea; across, the shipping lights of Swedish coast. We were alone. Nothing disturbed our silence, our thoughts, our conversation, save the merry laughter of a cycling party cheerfully ringing out into the stillness of night or the rhythmic sound of the hoofs of a passing horse.

It was here that we had our secret meeting with one of the adjutants of King Frederick VIII, Count

K—. I vividly remember Count K—, tall, slim, of military bearing, which was accentuated by his exceptionally high and stiff collar (he came in civil dress). He was always faultlessly dressed, according to the latest London fashion, even to the single eyeglass. He looked as if he had just been turned out of some high-class Bond Street establishment. He was a pompous man with a tremendous self-esteem. He used to talk to us on international matters like a schoolmaster to his boys, much to our amusement and profit. The great advantage in Secret Service, of dealing with a vain-glorious man, is obvious. He is fair game for the practised interrogator when he is full of himself, his favorite topic.

From the Count I learned many things. The negotiations proceeding between England and Russia were proceeding slowly for three reasons: The first was Persia, the second reason was the antagonistic viewpoints, the third was the Dardanelles. Russia was quite willing to enter into a general treaty with England, but wanted to give it a more definite character than Grey could do on account of the House of Commons and the Cabinet. Grey's standpoint was that public opinion in England would not at that time support or even permit more than a treaty removing differences and "Reibungsfläche." But he let it be understood in St. Petersburg that this treaty might and should

become the basis of a wide arrangement. Russia, just worsted by Japan, wanted Persia as her sphere of influence, and an alliance, or at any rate, a military convention. She also wanted free hand on the Balkans or a promise of Constantinople.

Grey's reply was as follows: He could not possibly plead in the House of Commons for a treaty handing over Persia to Russia; indeed, he anticipated difficulties in any case. He then suggested a division of Persia into three spheres, Russian, neutral, and British; it being clearly understood that Russia was to have a free hand for pacific penetration in her sphere. As far as the Balkans were concerned, it should not be included in the treaty at all, as that would rouse Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. It might, indeed, prompt these Powers to wage a war for the protection of their interests, and, as yet, they (France, Russia, and England) were not ready. It might furthermore arouse the suspicion of Roumania—then a distrusting neighbor of Russia—and the other Balkan States. Again, the deflection of Italy from the Triple Alliance not yet being complete, owing to divergence of opinion between France and Italy on Mediterranean questions, this question should be held over, it being understood that Great Britain would support the Russian hegemony in the Balkans. But Russia should try to get closer to Italy, which she did.

Do you remember the Tzar's visit to the King of Italy? ¹

Constantinople was also to be left out for the same reasons. Russia, humbled and beaten by Japan, accepted these promises. It was on this basis that the negotiations went on. It is therefore evident that Grey deceived the House of Commons and the people of Great Britain. The treaty negotiated with Russia was meant by him to serve as a blind—behind it lay his further warlike preparations to settle accounts with Germany, Russia to be thrust into the Balkans, no mention of military matters to be made in the treaty, but relegated to the secret military missions—this is how Grey circumvented the opposition, the distrust of parliament.

✓ There was a strong anti-English party in St. Petersburg, working against the consummation of this anti-German policy. They were not unwilling to enter into a treaty with England to remove rivalry and friction, but they were not willing to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for England. One of their papers, the *Nasha Zhizn*, thus spoke on the 4th of July, 1906: "The Russian people would welcome a peaceful alliance with Great Britain. She sees, however, in the attitude of the British towards Russia only a desire to isolate

¹This is by no means a summary of what Grey said in *my own words* but is a résumé of what Grey actually said and wrote to several British Ambassadors in his despatches.

Germany." This was the comprehensive scheme confirmed by Mr. Wyndham to enlist Italy and the Balkans.

It can be truthfully said that Grey is responsible for converting the German-Russian friendship of centuries standing into an acute rivalry and antagonism. He brought Russia from the Far East, he pushed Russia into the Balkans, his policy unleashed the mad dogs of Panslavism. Just a word to my readers. I have made just now, and in prior chapters, sensational statements of exceptional gravity, claiming for them absolute authenticity. I have made a challenge and a proposal in my Preface. Meanwhile, I ask them to suspend their judgment, if they are unable or unwilling to believe that Grey and Edward VII could have been guilty of such enormities.

I spent five weeks in Copenhagen, during which I came frequently in touch with another odd chap, whom I shall call Rosenkranz. Herr Rosenkranz was a German, traveling ostensibly for a German "Baedeker" publishing house. In reality, forts, fortifications, guns, and other kindred subjects had a remarkable fascination for him, not to forget the exceedingly pretty girls of Copenhagen. We became quite friendly. Indeed, when after my successful sojourn in Copenhagen I took the night express to Hamburg I was seen off at the station by my two friends, Monsieur M—— and Herr

Rosenkranz. Do they remember it? Monsieur M—— absolutely insisted on my taking a box of his cigars with me and altogether it was a hearty send-off. I retired to my sleeping compartment well pleased with myself. Next morning I was in Hamburg, where I met "D." After spending two days in Hamburg, I returned to London. Three weeks afterwards I found myself in the superb apartments of Herr Rosenkranz in Berlin, facing the Thiergarten.

My meeting with "D" in Hamburg came about this way. He wrote me a letter, telling me he was going to Nauheim, and if I could tell him when I might finish in Copenhagen, he would arrange his trip accordingly and we could meet somewhere in Germany. I suggested Hamburg, for I was anxious to get back to Brussels as soon as possible—Mr. Rowntree having grown rather impatient about my inactivity in Copenhagen. Now Hamburg is on the direct route to Copenhagen and Brussels. I got to Hamburg on the morrow after I left Copenhagen and called upon "D," who was staying in the Hotel Viel-Jahreszeiten.

"D," a true patriot of Britain, a man of lofty ideals and of deep convictions, was visibly pained at my disclosure of the activities of his king and Sir Edward Grey. For him the peace, progress, and happiness of the world was conditional upon an entente between England and Germany and

France, to which in time he hoped the United States of America would belong as a "sleeping partner," or, as he remarked to me, an "approving and benevolent bystander."

"Lincoln," he said, with a grave countenance, "your intelligence is ominous, portending a catastrophe for the world." It should be borne in mind that the public, that Europe as a whole, knew nothing of these feelers and negotiations. Indeed, if published, it would have met in Great Britain with unqualified disapproval, yea, condemnation, whilst the whole world would have looked upon it as a grotesque piece of hallucination of disordered brains. "D" expressed deep obligation for my successful report and made significant use of it.

Sir Edward Grey will now know what those articles in certain organs of the British press meant and whence they came.

"What a hollow phrase democratic government, parliamentary government, is!" said he, "when a single minister has the power and opportunity of thus deceiving his country and committing it to a policy of which it knows nothing but which it sincerely detests. Before leaving London, I spoke to A—, B—, and C—, and they certainly knew nothing of any such details of the Anglo-Russian negotiations."

I subsequently learned from him that these three cabinet ministers, when they had reviewed "D's"

version of my report, not knowing of course whence it came, pronounced it unbelievable. They made personal inquiries of Grey and official inquiries in the Cabinet meetings. Does Sir Edward Grey remember it? My information, however, was brushed aside by Grey with a bland smile and with lame excuses. After our conversation, "D" and I took a ferry boat on the Alster, and going to the Uhlenhorster Fahrhaus, we had our lunch. He left for Nauheim in the afternoon, whilst I left for Brussels in the evening. In Brussels I found most of the diplomats away upon their annual holiday, so I left for England and York, Mr. Rowntree's home. In October I was back in Brussels after a brief visit in Germany, putting the finishing touches on my report which covered these important questions:

1. Had England or France entered into an alliance and what was its scope?
2. The purport of the conversations in Windsor Castle in the last week of January between Edward VII, Sir Francis Bertie, Sir Charles Hardinge, and Monsieur Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador?
3. What was going on between England and Russia?
4. What was the meaning of the Congo Agitation?

5. What was discussed and decided in Paris in March during King Edward's *incognito* visit?

Before giving the replies to these questions, I should like to make two observations. I have previously mentioned the sources of my information—giving even names wherever possible. Besides, I am reproducing photographically letters which at any rate show that I have been in personal touch with the prime movers in the international game of intrigue and counter-intrigue. I must be excused from not mentioning names of those high permanent officials in Copenhagen, Brussels and Paris, who were the real sources of my information. It is, of course, quite obvious that to do this would result in the direst consequences for those concerned.

My other observation is this. The reader, being told that I had to find out what was discussed behind closed doors in Windsor Castle, might think that I am wandering into the realms of fiction. As a matter of fact the diplomatic spy has nothing more important to find out than these conversations. As I have already shown, and will prove it still further, policies are plotted and carried out and the wires are continually being pulled by a small coterie of people. Hence, to unearth the hidden moves of secret diplomacy one has to get the knowledge of what is discussed behind

closed doors. How then does a diplomatic spy get the gist of these secret pourparlers?

First of all, I had to be continually on the lookout for information that would indicate the meeting of any secret conclaves. Sometimes a hint like this in the newspapers put me on their track: "His Excellency, Sir Francis Bertie, British Ambassador to the French Republic, arrived in London last night," or something similar often gave me the premonitory symptom. Again when King Edward VII arrives in Paris; or the Kaiser meets the Tzar, the diplomatic spies of all governments are immediately mobilized. For, by hook or by crook, they must all know the portent of these meetings. The meeting between Edward VII and the Tzar Nicholas at Reval in 1908, their schemes affecting the Balkans, particularly Macedonia, had more to do with the immediate outbreak of the Young Turk Revolution than even Abdul Hamid's intended disciplinary punishment of Enver Bey.

However, these all belong in the category of advertised meetings. Much more frequent are the secret meetings of which nothing is said in the newspapers, and about which nothing is known except by a few people in each of the capitals. For instance, when intrigues were going on to unite Holland and Belgium in a defensive alliance called "entente commerciale," when Sir Fairfax Cartwright sent secret reports to King

Edward VII and to the Foreign Office about his pet schemes for detaching Bavaria from the German Confederation. Schemes were being hatched, plans were elaborated, for a common military and naval policy of England and France directed against Germany, and many other secret things. How did I get wind of these things?

Did I employ the same ingenious methods as the enterprising New York journalist who wants to break down the habitual reticence of Mr. Murphy? Perhaps—certain stubborn obstacles confront both of us: the men highest up do not and will not talk—the lesser chieftains must provide the key.

I kept at all times in close touch with the highest permanent officials and their clerical subordinates in the three or four different chancelleries, my ratio of probable discovery was then one in three.

When Edward VII or any other sovereign discussed something vital with his ambassadors, or with other sovereigns, a full summary of it is filed away for future reference in Downing Street. This is number one. Each interested government is immediately confidentially notified; in this case, France, by her own ambassador, who was present. This is filed away in the Palais d'Orsay in Paris. Here is opportunity number two. In addition, the Belgian Minister in London—being vitally inter-

ested in these questions—asks Sir Edward for information. If he is not given it, he will find it out by other methods and report to his government; filed away at Brussels. This makes number three. And so forth, granted that not every government gets the full story—not even the most directly interested, sometimes—yet we pretty well know what has been withheld. Indeed, as I explained at the very outset, it is these conversations in private which constitute the chief item of interest for the diplomatic espionage. It is in these private and “irresponsible” conversations that policies are determined and plans decided upon, even in the most “democratic” countries. Cabinets are there to sanction, not to initiate, policies. If it were not so, Great Britain and Germany would not be at war to-day. Even British cabinet ministers will find many revelations in this book and proofs that they have been hoodwinked by King Edward VII, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Charles Hardinge, Sir Francis Bertie, Lord Esher, Sir Valentine Chirol, and others. Now to the questions!

Did England or France, under the influence of the Morocco crisis of last year and the Algeiras conference of this (1906), contemplate an alliance? If so, what was to be its scope?

Yes, this was agreed upon, but not on paper. These facts, understandings, and unwritten agree-

ments may be likened to the nebulous matter or star dust of the ancient theory of the earth's revolution, when each little planet had its own orbit but gradually thickened, took on a more definite shape and substance, and gaining in velocity until it gradually came into collision with another similar nebulous matter or star dust, uniting with it and forming one big fact—a new planet.

Consequently, if by an alliance is meant a written treaty, signed by the respective plenipotentiaries and ratified by parliament, then there was no alliance between England and France existing or contemplated. But if an alliance meant a close understanding between two governments on certain well-defined points; if it meant that common reciprocal or concerted action were provided for certain contingencies, political and military; if it meant that minute military and naval dispositions, strategical and tactical, were worked out in detail by a joint commission of military and naval experts; then there did exist an alliance between England and France directed against Germany. Nothing was signed, but everything was agreed upon. Nothing was put into a hard and fast treaty of alliance, but, nevertheless, everything was put down on paper in the form of memoranda and war (naval and military) schemes and plans and orders.

All these memoranda, notes, plans, exist in the

secret archives of the War Office and Admiralty and Foreign Office in London and corresponding offices in Paris. And the alliance was made in this form in order to obviate the necessity of disclosing this criminal, murderous, and suicidal policy to the Cabinet, and to Parliament, both of which were against such a policy. This is a very startling and sensational statement, incriminating Great Britain before history and posterity.

I know that I am speaking the truth; my information comes directly and indirectly from first-hand sources, and not in a few instances I saw the documents in question. If the committee suggested in the Preface will be called into being, and they will be given unrestricted power and opportunity, they will find all my statements contained in this book as absolutely and substantially correct. But I specifically call the attention of the proposed Commission to the fact that these documents and memoranda were never "official." This was done in order to enable Grey and Asquith to publicly deny their existence. But they exist not only at the Admiralty and War Office, but at the Foreign Office as well—amongst the non-official secret documents. There was an anti-German, a deliberately anti-German, alliance agreed upon between France and England, and it was decided to enlarge it by buying Russia into it by the surrender of Northern Persia, Northern

Manchuria, Mongolia, and the Balkans, and eventually Constantinople.

The "comprehensive" scheme agreed upon included the following program:

1. The inclusion of Russia to be preceded by an Anglo-Russian agreement.
2. Belgium and Holland to conclude a defensive entente.
3. The Balkan States to be united in order to have their help.
4. Denmark to be won over to a friendly neutrality, growing into actual support during the war against Germany after decisive successes.
5. To detach Italy from the Triple Alliance.
6. To detach Austria from the Triple Alliance, or, failing this, to detach Hungary from Austria.
7. To embark on naval and military preparations and then, when all above are accomplished, to make war on Germany.

Sir Francis Bertie, Sir Charles Hardinge, Sir Arthur Nicholson, were members of the inner ring of King Edward VII, and they were given the most important diplomatic posts to spin the web of intrigue against Germany. Sir Fairfax Cartwright was scheming in Munich, as Minister to Bavaria, on the hopeless task of deflecting Bavaria from the German Federation and to join Austria. Let the proposed commission call for his secret reports from Munich—mostly to Ed-

ward instead of to the Foreign Office. Edward VII was so convinced of the feasibility of Sir Fairfax's scheme that in 1908 he transferred him as Ambassador to Vienna, where he continued his intrigues in the same direction, until Great Britain received a friendly hint from the Ballplatz—Foreign Office in Vienna—that his recall would be welcome.

It was decided to humiliate Germany at the Algeciras Conference. Italy had already been won over previously by giving her Tripoli and promising her concessions in Somaliland, Abyssinia, and Asia Minor. Italy promised to participate with 500,000 men in France on the side of the Entente should war be the result of the conference. The same year the Anglo-Franco-Italian Abyssinian Agreement was signed. The support of Russia was won over by actively continuing the Anglo-Russian negotiations at Algeciras, which were commenced in 1904 (after Entente Cordiale) but were interrupted by the Russo-Japanese War (1904–1905).

Not only had Sir Arthur Nicholson, British Ambassador at Madrid and Great Britain's chief plenipotentiary at the Algeciras Conference, frequent and secret discussions with Count Cassini, Russia's chief plenipotentiary at the conference, but Edward VII sent specially his trusted friend Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace to Algeciras actively

to continue negotiations with Count Cassini, and subsequently he sent him to St. Petersburg on the same errand. This is how Edward and Grey made politics behind the back of the Cabinet and the Parliament of England. Sir Arthur Nicholson, at the termination of the conference, was transferred from the Madrid to the St. Petersburg Embassy and subsequently to the Foreign Office in London as Permanent Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

You see the thread that is running through all these moves? Edward and Grey achieved their aim. Germany was outvoted at the Algeciras Conference. Hence the conference, which the Kaiser called in order to remove the most dangerous factor against peace in Europe—the Entente Cordiale and all their schemes, particularly the Morocco intrigue—was turned into one of the greatest factors for a European war. At the time even German public opinion turned against the Kaiser and Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor. *The Kaiser was confident that this conference would bring about an agreement between Germany and France that would lead to a general understanding between Germany and France—one of the cherished ambitions of his life—but this was made impossible by Edward VII and Grey.* Germany at the time was thoroughly dissatisfied with the results of the conference and the whole

German policy back of it, but when the true history of those years shall be written Germany and the world will realize how ardently and sincerely the Kaiser worked for a real and lasting peace in Europe and consequently in the world, and how England, the marplot of the world, or rather the English conspirators unknown to the people of England, foiled all his well-directed efforts.

At that private conclave at Windsor Castle in the last week in January at which, in addition to King Edward, the following took part, Sir Francis Bertie, Sir Charles Hardinge and Monsieur Cambon, French Ambassador in London, it was decided not to drive the issues to a war, principally for the following reasons :

1. Russia's military power was completely disorganized on account of the defeat of the year previous. Russia was just beginning to regarrison her western frontier, which she entirely abandoned during the Russo-Japanese War. If the Kaiser really were the War Lord, why did he not make war in 1905, or even now in 1906, when he could have had everything his own way, for neither Russia nor France was ready—whilst Germany was?

2. Another factor taken account of by the secret meeting at Windsor was King Leopold's stand. He had the Belgium army partially mobilized in January, 1906; immense stocks of grain, flour,

and ammunition had been bought to resist an invasion of Belgium by Great Britain, the troops for which were ready for embarkment in the Eastern command, Shorncliffe and Aldershot. The Commission will kindly look up the secret archives of the Admiralty of the War Office.

Indeed, Leopold II was decidedly anti-English. He cursed the policy of Edward VII and made no secret as to the side on which he would fight—if he were drawn or forced into war. This his attitude prompted Grey to launch against him the Congo agitation, which was an attempt to force him to abdicate, as it was known that Prince Albert, the present king, favored the Anglo-French policy. *Vide* the secret archives of the Foreign Office in Downing Street, particularly the secret despatches between Grey, Sir Bertie, and Sir Arthur Hardinge in Brussels.

When the abdication proved a fiasco, England and France persuaded Holland and Belgium to enter into an entente; a defensive entente, it was called. The joint commissions were commencing their sittings and were dining and feasting in Brussels, when Germany made energetic representations at The Hague and Brussels and asked whether they still considered themselves neutral countries. If so, they must immediately dissolve the commissions (this happened in 1907); contrariwise, Germany would consider Holland and

Belgium un-neutral and would take immediate steps accordingly. The commission was dissolved. And now Germany demanded of Holland to fortify Flushing so that the contemplated forcing of the Scheldt by England could not be undertaken. But I am anticipating events. *Reve-nons a nôtre mouton!*

Another reason why war was postponed in 1906 was the strained diplomatic relations between France and Bulgaria. This is a very interesting episode and I must throw some light on it. In this "episode" France was playing the rôle of the amiable Simian, who pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for the Russian Bear. In 1905, Bulgaria and Servia concluded a customs union—destined to lead to a closer military and political understanding. This did not suit Russia! Russia? My readers will surely challenge this statement. Quite right! It is to be expected, in the light of what people know. I hear some of my readers asking whether I do not know, or have forgotten, that it was, and is, Russia's aim to unite the Balkan States; whether I do not know that it was Russia who conceived the formation of a Balkan League in 1911? And so forth. Now, all this is sheer humbug.

Russia's aim has never been to reconcile the Balkan States. A strong Balkan alliance would make it impossible for Russia to realize her ambi-

tions in Constantinople and in the Balkans. It was Russia (supported by England) who stopped the victorious Bulgarian armies at Tchadaldja (1912), and prevented them from reaching Constantinople. Russia is quite agreeable when the Balkan States unite to fight her battles against the Turk and Austria-Hungary (as in 1912), but she is decidedly against the Balkan States fighting for their own destiny. This will explain Bulgaria's attitude during the present war. Once bitten, twice shy.

Furthermore, it was not Russia but England who instigated the Balkan League as early as 1911, as I will show in a succeeding chapter. So when, in 1905, Bulgaria and Servia entered into a customs union, she was displeased. She called upon her vassal, the French Republic, and told her to bring pressure upon Bulgaria to dissolve the union. Russia, the "protector of the Southern Slavs" and the "mother of all Slavs," could not do it herself, for that would have uncovered the despicable game she was playing, even to the densest observer. So France had to do it, and she did it; anything to please Russia, with whose help she hoped to take back the "lost provinces." So France, at the behest of Russia, broke off her negotiations then proceeding with Bulgaria for a Franco-Bulgarian commercial treaty!

How mean and contemptible! Two poor, down-

trodden Balkan States consider it advantageous for them both to bury the hatchet, to do away with distrust and antagonism; they commence by entering into a customs union, which would have immensely benefited both. But because they do this—which, one should think, concerned them and them alone—France breaks off her negotiations with Bulgaria! It is hardly likely, therefore, that Bulgaria or Servia would have helped them in war. All this was discussed in Windsor with the greatest cynicism and naked brutality; the commission will find it at the Foreign Office. Look up minutes of this Windsor conference, Sir Edward Grey's secret despatches to Vienna, Sofia, Belgrade, Paris and Berlin!

Another reason for postponing war was the very serious Anglo-Turkish dispute about Egyptian frontier questions. There was a large and well-equipped Turkish force on the Egyptian frontier. The upshot looked decidedly nasty. Great Britain resorted to a time-honored expediency during Anglo-Turkish strained relations: a rising in the Yemen. This was cleverly engineered. So 1906 was not a favorable time to fall like vultures upon Germany—it was deferred. The Kaiser, needless to say, knew all this. If Wilhelm II was possessed of a mad zeal for blood letting, was not this the great opportunity to strike? And he was insistently pressed to do so by a very in-

fluent party in Germany, but he declined. He declined on the high moral grounds that he would not make war unless absolutely forced to do so in order to protect the Fatherland. On the contrary, he continued his peace efforts and hoped they might be successful. Alas, Edward VII and his conspirators made this impossible!

Reviewing those years of acute and dangerous tension, those years during which the Kaiser held out his hand of friendship and expressed his sincere desire that the Morocco Agreement might lead to an open agreement with France upon all questions, those years represent for France the missed opportunity which may never return. And whose fault is it? Primarily Edward VII's and Sir Francis Bertie's. See secret archives in Foreign Office in London. All this and many other matters of a similar nature, all tending in the same direction, were discussed by King Edward VII at Windsor with his confidential conspirators.

So the Algeiras Conference was the commencement of a very serious tension between England and Germany. France and Germany reached an agreement on the Morocco question. The Kaiser, though out-voted, was satisfied, for he was sincerely desirous and ardently hopeful that on this agreement he might build up the Franco-German concord, so strongly desired by him. But Great

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Britain foiled this, and the world was treated to a second Morocco crisis in 1911. More of this anon.

When, in March, King Edward VII visited Paris *incognito*, he affirmed all the above to President Fallieres. He invited Delcassé to the Ritz Hotel, where he stayed; he publicly testified to the fact that he still continued the policy of Delcassé and his own—to isolate Germany. Delcassé was at this time merely a private individual and his visit to King Edward created great astonishment. Thus we see how the present war was carefully and deliberately conceived and planned during the years 1902-06. But the year of 1907 was even more portentous. It is the year in which the Triple Entente conspiracy blossomed forth.



Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia.



CHAPTER V

AN ABYSSINIAN INTRIGUE

BEFORE, however, pursuing the intrigues of the Triple Entente, I must deal with an international matter which took place between 1903-06 and which is but additional proof of the brutal selfishness and unscrupulous plottings of Downing Street.

I have related in the previous chapter that I made the acquaintance of a Herr Rosenkranz in Copenhagen during 1906, and that in September I again met him in Berlin, where I was spending ten days. Both of us are partizans of a glass of genuine Rhine or Moselle and as we sat in the Garden of the Kaiser-Keller in Friedrichstrasse, discussing past adventures in international politics, Rosenkranz related to me the story of the Abyssinian intrigue, without disclosing his part in ferreting out the facts. I was very much interested in his narrative and even more in the documents he showed me next day. He was good enough to make me a present of some of them, which I am keeping among my collection of interesting curios of diplomatic espionage. He was also good

enough to give me some unique photographs he had taken himself of the Emperor Menelik in his full "canonicals" and also of M. Ilg his "Chamberlain," the members of the Austrian Commercial Embassy and the cuirassiers of the German Expedition.

Abyssinia, a country of great natural wealth and of strategical importance, drew early the attention of some of the European Powers. In 1805, Great Britain sent a mission under Lord Valentia to Abyssinia to conclude an alliance with Abyssinia and to obtain a port on the Red Sea, in case France should secure Egypt by dividing up the Turkish Empire with Russia. During 1838 and 1848, Northern Abyssinia was divided into two camps; the one, Amhara and Ras Ali, under Protestant British; the other, Tigré and Ulré, under Roman Catholic French influence.

The latent hostility between the two factions threatened to develop into a religious war. In April 13, 1868, Negus Theodore died; he was mysteriously killed,¹ and Menelik gained in power, defeating Ras Bareya of Tigré, the Ras of Amhara, and Tekla Giorgis, with help of British rifles and guns presented to him by the British Government. In 1870 an Italian company bought of the local Sultan Assab a port near the southern entrance of the Red Sea and, after adding to it more land by purchase, it was bought out by the

¹ Downing Street can explain how and why.

Italian Government in 1882. Soon afterwards Count Pietro Antonelli was sent to Shoa to improve by treaties with Menelik and the Sultan of Aussa the prospects of an Italian colony.

In January, 1885, Italians occupied Beilul, a port in the north of Assab Bay; some time later they took Massowa, an Egyptian port. This was strongly resented by Abyssinia, as they had treaties with Britain and Egypt for free transit of goods through this port. Up to 1887, Italy was systematically occupying the country round their ports and placing a large number of troops. In January of this year the Italian General *Gené* refused to withdraw his troops, after which refusal the Abyssinians attacked a detachment of 500 Italians, killing nearly 400 at Dozali. Great Britain sent a mission under Sir Gerald Portal to try and mediate between the Italians and Abyssinians, but he failed utterly and returned after many hardships in Egypt.

Abyssinia has no port of her own. It is enclosed in the west by Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, in the east by British Somaliland, in the south also by English possession, while in the north by French and Italian Somaliland (*Eurytrear*).

Great Britain knew how to secure the imports and exports of Abyssinia. The port from which the domination of Abyssinia's trade and commerce is carried out is Aden, almost opposite

Djibuti, the French port of Abyssinia. There are bi-weekly steamers from Aden to Djibuti. At the time under review no steamer of any European or any other country had called at Djibuti—this was achieved by England's consistent and perpetual opposition and intrigue against the establishment of a coaling station at Djibuti. All steamers passing eastward call for their coal at Aden. Abyssinia is a country of enormous natural wealth—the existence of which England had the best knowledge. It has always been the policy of England, through might, intrigues, or downright bad faith, to prevent other nations getting a share in the opening up of Abyssinia.

The chief exports from Abyssinia are coffee,¹ timber, and skins; the imports, cotton goods, small arms and ammunition and hardware, nearly the whole of which was done through English agents in Abyssinia.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, Menelik became Emperor of Abyssinia. He, in spite of English opposition and intrigues, surrounded himself by European advisors in order to benefit his country by the gradual absorption of European ideas and methods. However, England succeeded in preventing this. When Italy began to develop her aspirations and "pacific penetration" from Eurytrea, England incited Menelik to a war against

¹ This coffee is re-packed in Aden and sold as real Mocha.



Cavalry Squad of the German Expedition.



M. Ilg and the Dignitaries of the Commercial Mission; the third from the right is Count Széchenyi, Who Married Miss Gladys Vanderbilt.

Italy, in which Italy was terribly defeated by Ras Maconen. When the war was over England was the undisputed master.

France has always been desirous of developing the trade of her possession Djibuti, the only port and door through which the world trade must and does pass. The French obtained a concession from Menelik to build a railway from Djibuti to Adis Abeba, the capital in the interior. England protested against this concession and obtained an alteration in the concession to the effect that the railway must be built jointly by England and France. The French immediately started with the building of the line in their own territory, i. e., from Djibuti to Harar, and were willing and ready to continue it from there to Adis Abeba jointly with England. But until this day nothing has been done. Consequently the French section has become and remained useless; indeed, the company which built it went bankrupt and the French Government had to come to their rescue.

After 1897 British influence, owing to the conquest of Sudan and the destruction of Dervish power and particularly as a result of the Fashoda incident described in a previous chapter, was increasing day by day. France occupied only a secondary position. Austria, forced by an unstable situation in the Balkan States to look for new markets for her exports, had her attention

directed to the vast possibilities of Abyssinia by one of her prominent exporters. This gentleman fitted out a commercial expedition to Abyssinia, which arrived in Djibuti, February 19, 1904.

In the previous year the United States sent a mission to Adis Abeba (the capital of Abyssinia) and concluded a commercial treaty with Menelik. This Austrian expedition had the support of the Austro-Hungarian Government, as is proved by the subjoined, original letter from the Austrian Foreign Office. From this official document it is clear that the Austrian mission was a purely private and commercial undertaking, and it is also clear from the same letter that the Austrian Foreign Office communicated through the Austrian Embassy with the French Government. The mission reached Adis Abeba on the 29th of March, 1904, where, thanks to the letters from Minister Ilg to Emperor Menelik, they were very well received. Herr Ilg was a kind of Foreign Minister and Chief European Adviser of Menelik.

The two reproductions on the following page are from the original letters of introduction written by Mr. Ilg, Minister of Foreign Affairs and European Adviser of Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia.

Menelik granted a concession to this Austrian mission for opening branch offices anywhere in Abyssinia for trading purposes. Menelik expressed his desire to enter into a commercial

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መገናኛ፡ ዲሳም፡ ጤና ይስጥልኝ፡ ቢዩ፡ እኛ እነሣሰሁ፡፡
ጡሴ ሞርግንስተርን፡ ይህ፡ ደብዳቤ፡ የሚያመጣ፡ የአው-
ስትሪያ፡ መንግሥት፡ ዜጋው፡ ኢትዮጵያ ያንግድ፡ አቋ፡
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TRANSLATION

MAJESTY:—

I greet you. God give you health. How are you? M. —, bearer of this letter, comes from the Land of Austria, and he wants to study in Aethiopia (to study the opportunities) in order to carry on commerce and trade. I recommend him to your Majesty and beg your Majesty to assist him in his endeavors. Written in the city of Zürich on the 20th day of the Tekömt (October) in the year of 1896.*

Your Majesty's Servant,
(Signed) M. Ilg.

ደግሞ፡ ጠቅላይ፡ ሰው፡ መጠን፡ መጠን፡ ግሳም፡ ጤና፡
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ዜጋው፡ ደግሞ፡ ኢትዮጵያ ወደ፡ ጌንጋሪ፡ ያንግድ፡ አቋ፡ ሰም
መርመር፡ ይመጣልና፡ በጣም፡ የታመነ፡ ሰው፡ ስለሆነ፡
እገኛለሁ፡ በደረሰና፡ ስኞት፡ ወ(ደ)ደ፡ ጌንጋሪ፡ ሰደደ፡ እያሉ
ምን፡ በተጨማሪ፡ በጥቅምት፡ በ፳፭፡ ፲፯፡ ፲፰፡ ፲፱፡ ፳፯፡
ቀን፡፡

ወደ ጌንጋሪ፡

TRANSLATION

HIS HIGHNESS RAS MACONEN:

I greet, God give you health. How do you feel? I am recommending to you Bearer of this letter, M. —, who is from the Land of Austria and is going to Aethiopia (Abyssinia) in order to obtain from His Majesty permission to trade there and to study. Assist him in his endeavors and conduct him to His Majesty. Written in the city of Zürich on the 20th day of Tekömt (October) in the year 1896.

Your friend,
(Signed) M. Ilg.

* The Abyssinian calendar is seven years behind our own; so these letters were written in 1903.

treaty with the Austrian Government and intended sending a letter to the Austrian Emperor. Immediately after Menelik thus expressed his desire, Great Britain started her intrigues and put every possible difficulty in the way of the Austrian mission, and even succeeded in persuading Emperor Menelik not to send the intended letter to Emperor Francis Joseph I.

The French Government—this time enemies of Great Britain, particularly in all questions affecting Africa—heartily supported the Austrian mission. The Austrian Government, meanwhile, being convinced of the great possibilities for commercial development in Abyssinia, decided to send a political mission in order to conclude a commercial treaty with Emperor Menelik. The Austrian Lloyd of Triest established a regular sailing between Triest and Djibuti.

Germany has hitherto held herself quite aloof from Abyssinian adventures—prompted to do so by her desire to avoid any possible friction in that part of the world between herself and France. But the activity of her ally drew her attention to Abyssinia, and she decided to send a political mission to Emperor Menelik. This brought Russia, too, on the scene. The three missions, Russian, German, and Austrian arrived in Djibuti in January, 1905. Menelik entered into commercial treaties with all three missions, but Germany ob-

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In Erindring Iher in Wege des österr. ung. Exportes-
eines abgelaugten Elgäbe von 8. October 1. J. wird Ihnen
mitgetheilt, dass das Ministerium des Auswärtigen nicht erwaugt
hat, sowohl bei der Französischen Regierung als auch beim
Staatsminister Herrn Alfred Iig zu dem Behufe zu interveniren,
dass Iher Director Herrn Leopold Morgensperg schliesslich der
von ihm nach Abyssinien projectirten Handelsreise die gröss-
tmöglichen Erleichterungen zu Theil werden.

Der Staatsminister Herr Alfred Iig ist dem diesem
Ihnen Brauchen in bereitwilligster Weise nachzukommen und hat
die drei anvertrauten Empfehlungsschreiben an Seine Majestät
den Kaiser Menelik, dem Gouverneur von Harar, Ras Mekonen und
den abyssinischen Agenten Joseph Salama in Dilwenti ausge-
stellt, welche Ihnen hiemit zur weiteren Verfügung überlassen
werden.

Herr Minister Iig hat bei diesem Anlass in Interesse
des geplanten Unternehmens darauf aufmerksam gemacht, dass es
in solches Fällen derpflegenheit sei, dem Kaiser Menelik, sowie
den massgebenden Personen kleine Geschenke mitzubringen, wobei

es sich nicht um kostbare Gaben, sondern mehr um Aufmerksamkeit,
als dem Kaiser auch direct gemacht werden, handelt.

Beizeiten seien besonders beliebt, so habe beispielsweise Graf
Wickenburg a. z. dem Kaiser Menelik einen Revolver vonartigen
Systems geschickt, welcher ihm grosse Freude bereitet habe.

Herr Iig erklärt sich auch bereit, nach seiner Rückkehr
nach St. Petersburg seine zur Verfügung zu stehen und betont
ferner, dass es im Interesse des geplanten Unternehmens un-
schonswürth wäre, dass Herr Morgensperg desselben mit einem
in deutscher Sprache verfassten Empfehlungsschreiben ver-
sehen werde.

Das Ministerium des Auswärtigen nimmt daher keinen Anstand
ein solches Empfehlungsschreiben für Ihren Director auszustel-
len und anzuvertrauen zu übermitteln.

Ueber die in diesem Betrage bei der Französischen Regie-
rung Seitens der v. u. k. Botschaft in Paris unternehmenen Schrit-
te ist dem Ministerium des Auswärtigen dieging als Mittheilung
noch nicht zugekommen und wird Ihnen das Resultat der benöthi-
gten Information s. z. bekannt gegeben werden.

Wien, den 3. November 1903.

Für den Minister:

Credentials of the Austro-Hungarian Mission from the Austrian Foreign Office. "M. Iig Recommends taking presents to Emperor Menelik; not costly presents, but such as will attract his attention; e. g. a revolver of a new pattern, etc."

tained the most favorable terms of any nation, due entirely to the composition of their mission. They sent with their mission a squad of one of their crack cavalry regiments, which immensely impressed Menelik.

Great Britain and France had by this time composed their differences all the world over, having signed the Anglo-French Treaty (*Entente Cordiale*) on the 8th of April, 1904. They now combined to oust German and Austrian interests from Abyssinia, which they have accomplished by getting hold of the finances and railways of the country. The Bank of Abyssinia was established with British gold, France participating one-fourth in the subscribed capital.

By the terms of the Anglo-French-Italian agreement of 13th of December, 1906, it was decided that France should build the railway as far as Adis Abeba, while railroads built west of that place should be British, and any line connecting with Italian possessions and colonies on the Red Sea should be built by Italy. This is but a little-known episode in the sphere of international rivalry and intrigues, but it amplifies England's brutal selfishness in obstructing the legitimate and peaceful aspirations of other nations, except indeed that they agree to play second fiddle to her. England and France treated Austria and Germany as they had Germany in the Morocco question—

utterly ignoring her claims to trade interest. Italy, however, was let into the fold as part consideration of her support at the Algenciras Conference.

CHAPTER VI

THE TRIPLE ENTENTE CONSPIRACY

(1907-1911)

LET us return to Paris! Gay Paris, beautiful Paris, charming Paris. It is November, 1906. I moved to Paris for permanent residence there, for a time; only occasionally going to Brussels for two or three days. November in Paris—*chacun a son goût*—is to me more delightful than May or August, with the heat from above and from below the asphalt. But in November! There is the crispness, the sharpness of fall; the foggy atmosphere in the morning, but infrequent during this period, only lends it a more autumnal color. The Bois de Boulogne with the kaleidoscopic colors of the leaves on trees and covering the ground, is a revelry such as one seldom beholds. The bracing November morning brings out the rosy colors on the cheeks of the *midinettes*, the hurrying boulevardiers and boulevardières are clad in becoming overcoats, the charcoal fires on the terraces of the *cafés*—all this combined creates a *milieu*, a scene superbly Pari-

sian. And not to forget that *tout le monde* is back in Paris! It is too late for Vichy or Contrexeville or any of the summer resorts and it is too early for the Côte d'Azur—the incomparable French Riviera. Everybody is back, everybody is about town.

In the year 1907 there were some important moves executed on the international chessboard. At the tournament of 1906 in Algeciras, by a skillful usage of a bishop (Italy) and by a courageous handling of two pawns (Morocco and Egypt), they intended to checkmate the Kaiser. All Edward achieved was, however, a drawn game. Several important figures and pawns were knocked down and each player rearranged his figures with the grim determination to win. The bystanders—Europe and the world at large—were the while looking on amidst great tension, distrust, and alarm. The atmosphere was decidedly threatening, and charged with suppressed emotions and animosity in the antagonistic groups of players and partizans. The moves were briskly, energetically made; a keen observer could see that both players were determined to win; it could also be seen that no quarter was given. The game was long drawn out. The Kaiser repeatedly tried to capture the queen (France) of Edward, hoping that once that is accomplished the king (Russia) would be easy capture.

Edward made frantic efforts to win the game. He played as follows:

First of all he placed one of his knights and one bishop in such a position (Edward visits King of Spain and King of Italy, April, 1907) that no unforeseen attack could be made on his queen (France) in that quarter (Edward and his consort also visit Paris in February). He then moved his king behind the queen (Russian squadron visits England in March). In May he placed one of his castles (Japan) in front of the queen (France) to prevent trouble in that quarter (Franco-Japanese Agreement, signed May, 1907). To further play a safe move he put the king (Russia) behind this double protection (Russo-Japanese Treaty, signed June, and July). He strengthened his king (Russia) by placing some of the pawns around it. (East China and South Manchuria Railway convention between Japan and Russia, signed June 13; June 28th Russo-Japanese fisheries arranged and a treaty of commerce and navigation signed.)

When Edward made the above moves, some of his backers exchanged portentous smiles (Isvolsky and Motono sign the general agreement between Russia and Japan in St. Petersburg, July 30th) and shook hands in joy. (Grey and Isvolsky sign the Anglo-Russian agreement of August 31st.) To be quite exact, Edward was

tired of playing, he retired to dinner (Marienbad) but Grey made the moves for him and when accomplished he was notified (Edward notified on 2nd of September of signing of the Anglo-Russian agreement; a king's messenger bringing the news to him while he was sitting at dinner at Hotel Weimar in Marienbad, his guest being the Grand Duke Alexandrovitch of Russia and Mons. Crozier, French Ambassador in Vienna).

But Grey was not a very steady player. In moving the king behind his barricades of protection, he upset a pawn; *absit omen!* (in August, Cossacks bombard Parliament in Teheran), and the queen (France) falls upon another pawn (French bombard Casablanca in Morocco in August). Edward, to make the winning of the game quite sure, brought in additional friends to surround himself, as it were, to overawe the Kaiser (military reforms in England; Territorial army constituted). All these moves did not disturb the Kaiser. Indeed he, too, was absent, cruising in Norwegian waters, but his substitute player, Emperor Francis Joseph I, caught quite a bagful of pawns (had fifty-three southern Slavs arrested for high treason in August). The game was adjourned till next day (1908).

The first move was made by the Kaiser, he advanced one of his knights, threatening thereby a pawn (Balkans) and the king (Russia) of Ed-

ward. (Aerenthal announces on the 27th of January, 1908, to the Austro-Hungarian delegations that he will soon obtain the Sultan's concession to prolong Austrian railways as far as Mitrovitza.) Edward counteracted this move by moving one of his Balkan pawns in attack on a pawn of the Kaiser (Turkey). (Grey addresses proposals to all signatory Powers making very radical proposals of reform for Macedonia.)

A decided move at last by the Kaiser brings home to Edward the great danger attending his game and he calls in some more supporters to surround him, so that in the event of losing they might bodily capture the Kaiser. (March 18th and 20th, special navy orders issued, and on 31st Haldane's army reform comes into effect.)

The day finished amidst the greatest tension. The finishing moves of the Kaiser barred the main position of Edward and threatened a veritable holocaust amongst his pawns and even more important figures, unless indeed he changed his tactics. Next day (1909) there was a great alarm in Edward's camp at a review of the general position. (Navy scare in England, February, 1909.) Edward's camp started the day with low spirits. They played a reckless game and they knew it. Their hearts dropped in them at the memory of the Kaiser's queen's (Austria-Hungary) last night's bag (Aerenthal's energetic

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MOVES

Edward, frightened by the Kaiser's move, pushes his king (Russia) behind a pawn (Balkan), threatening the Kaiser's pawn (Turkey).

This move by Edward evoked signs of approval on the part of all his backers.

Two moves were now made by Edward, which had fatal consequences. He brought the king and queen back to their original positions, but which was now much stronger on account of frontal protection.

The Kaiser replied by moving forward one pawn (Turkey) and taking Edward's "frontal protection." The Kaiser pushed his queen (Austria-Hungary) forward and took two important figures (Bosnia and Herzegovina).

The game stood adjourned.

MEANING

Russia addresses on the 28th of March to all Powers proposals for the reform of Macedonia less radical than the English, but more advanced than any hitherto emanating from Austro-Russian pact.

With the exception of Germany and Austria-Hungary all Powers signified their adhesion to Russia's proposals.

King Edward and President Falliere exchanged toasts, "strengthening the Entente and rendering it more permanent." (June.)

Immediately after Edward hurried to Reval to see the Tsar. There he put Russia's head into a hornet's nest of Balkans.

After Edward's visit to Reval, Young Turkish Revolution broke out (July 23rd), upsetting for the time all the schemes of Edward on the Balkans and Turkey.

Austria-Hungary annexes Bosnia and Herzegovina.

action). The Kaiser cleverly seizing this opportunity, nearly captured Edward's queen (Franco-German agreement about Morocco, February,

1909). Meanwhile Edward's king fell upon some pawns, knocking them over (Russia sends troops into Northern Persia) in February. Edward seeing that he would not be able to beat Germany at the diplomatic game, secures his king (Russia) in a safe position (Russia acknowledges and accepts the annexation of Bosnia, March), and brings in more partizans in order eventually to capture the Kaiser (increased navy estimates in England, March). Edward wrings his queen (France) from the Kaiser, whereupon the Kaiser makes a very determined move for her (Germany sends the *Panther* to Agadir). The king's (Russia's) continual knocking over of pawns, due to Edward's elbows, creates displeasure among some of his followers, whereupon one pawn is sacrificed (Col. Liakhoff is recalled from Persia at England's request and Shah Mohammed Ali is deposed to pacify English public opinion).

The game again stood adjourned. But was continued next day (1910) and the following (1911) without any results to either side. Edward VII has meantime died and his place was taken by a triumvirate, *i.e.*, Sir Edward Grey, Mons. Sazonoff, and M. Isvolsky. They made a determined effort (in 1912) to bother the Kaiser's two principal figures (Austria-Hungary and Turkey) through the Balkan League, but achieved

only the loosing of all their pawns. (The Balkan League broken up.) From this day on the game was played with great acrimony, notwithstanding the fact that the Kaiser—in a last attempt—asked one of his supporters to go over to Grey and talk to him in order to terminate the game by mutual consent and shake hands. (The Kaiser sends Marshal von Bieberstein as Ambassador to London.) Unfortunately when he reached Grey's camp he was seized with a fatal illness. Previous to this Grey sent one of his lieutenants to the Kaiser on the same errand, but without being backed up by honest good will. Haldane's visit to Berlin fruitless as Grey was unwilling to accept terms for fear of offending Russia or France.

It was evident that this game of chess must end by involving in serious conflict all the opposing camps and their partizans. In July, 1914, Sazonoff, the Russian Foreign Minister, pushed one of his pawns (Serbia) and took the Kaiser's castle (Archduke Francis Ferdinand), although according to the rule of the game this ought not to have been done as there were covered fields between them. Exasperated by this wanton act and by innumerable others during the course of the play, it was demanded that the pawn should be handed over to the Kaiser (Austria demands from Serbia the punishment of the criminals). A heated and



Kladderadatsch, March, 1910.

Der perfekte Billardspieler im Hotel de l'Europe.

This prophetic cartoon, inspired by the Algeciras Conference, shows King Edward playing billiards (?) with six balls. The four balls in line with the cue are Italy, France, Russia and Serbia; Serbia the first in motion strikes Austria, which puts Germany into action. This amazing forecast of the war was correct save for England, which has no ball in the game, though King Edward is the player.

“Hm! Der Ball will überlegt sein! Direkt werde ich ihn nicht machen können.”

[“This is a difficult shot; I cannot make it direct.”]



bitter discussion ensued. Sazonoff refused and in this refusal he was backed up by Grey and Poincaré, who would not listen to the pleadings of the rules.

We are all familiar with the quick succession of events that followed Austria's ultimatum to Serbia and Serbia's reply; how on July 25th the Russian army was mobilized and warning was sent to Germany. It will be remembered that on July 30th, the Kaiser called on Russia to halt mobilization within twenty-four hours—a warning unheeded by Russia—which was followed by Germany's declaration of war on August 1st. On the next day Germany invaded France after the seizure of Luxemburg and three days later England declared war on Germany; the Kaiser's army had now reached Liége and had crossed the French border near Mars-la-Tour.

The moves paraphrased in the preceding pages are plain to everybody; in the following pages I propose to detail some of the hidden moves of the Triple Entente conspiracy.

In January, 1907, there were important movements and events taking place in some of the departments of France (for instance, around Toulon, Brest, Creuzot), and it was my duty to find out what exactly was happening and also to find out their connection with the intelligence obtained throughout the year previous in Paris, Brussels,

and Copenhagen. I therefore obtained a new letter from the British Embassy, Paris, addressed to all the British consular officers in France, and went and visited the ones I wanted. Through them I was introduced to the prefects (heads of departments). Tact, amiability, bonhomie, shrewdness, and a good bottle of a favorite wine over a fine dinner unloosened the tongue of all these high functionaries. What I did not learn from them I learned from the arsenal officials. And what was this?

France was making energetic preparations for a war with Germany. That's it! Not preparation, but preparations for a war with Germany—which can be verified from the records at the ministry of war and navy. The preparations—and this is important to remember—were undertaken on a plan of a joint action with Great Britain. The steps taken at Brest and Toulon, for instance, the schemes elaborated and carried into effect, were based on the understanding that England would look after the northern coasts of France. Grey admitted so much himself in 1914, although the arrangement, as he wants us to believe, was entered into in 1912.

I maintain and I know my subject, tentative arrangements to this effect were discussed and accepted in 1906. Indeed, the whole campaign, both in its offensive and defensive tactics, now

carried out in Flanders by the Anglo-French forces was being discussed in Aldershot between General Sir John French and a French military mission. In subsequent years these plans were elaborated and finally fixed. In 1906 Sir John French was given leave of absence on condition that he would go to France to learn French, which he did, for even then he was designated as the commander-in-chief of the expeditionary forces against Germany. Will Sir Edward Grey dare deny this? But for the sake of argument, let us admit that Grey is right. That the arrangement dates from 1912, the date of those letters exchanged with M. Cambon. Why did he not notify the Cabinet of those letters, say at the next cabinet meeting after their exchange but waited till 1914? Much interesting light can be shed on this point by my proposed committee.

The secrets of the French Foreign Office that M. Legrange had finally divulged and which had reached me at Brussels confirmed my investigations in two other diplomatic centers. The gist of it all was, that King Edward, after his visit to his beloved Paris of unforgettable memories, undertook to negotiate with Alfonso of Spain, thereby securing an extension of the chain of ententes. Unsuccessful in this, he tried to understand why it was he could not secure Spain's benevolent attitude. He had not learned the first

primer lesson of diplomacy and espionage—verify your internal politics either church or state.

He did not realize that the Catholics in Spain were too powerful and they would not permit the country actively to assist the anti-Catholic French republic. Germany, besides, had a great influence at the Vatican, through her ally Austria-Hungary and on account of the far-reaching policy steadily pursued by the Kaiser William II towards the Vatican—even though his own people misunderstood and disliked his policy. Indeed, the scheme of launching an anti-Catholic propaganda in Spain was touched upon in Paris—it was rejected by Edward VII upon the grounds that it might either reestablish the Carlists in Spain, or bring about a republic, to both of which he was opposed on political and dynastic grounds. His niece, Princess Ena of Battenberg, is Queen of Spain. It was considered sufficient to have a definite understanding from Spain that during the coming European War she would not disturb the peace in Morocco, but would abide by the Franco-Spanish Treaty of 1904. An agreement was signed in May between France, England, and Spain.

Secondly, it was decided to gain Italy's active support for the contemplated war, although it was considered advisable that Italy should continue to remain a member of the Triple Alliance.

I must say that it was very difficult to secure this—on account of French-Italian antagonistic interests in the Mediterranean and in North Africa. France was urged by Edward to hasten the completion of arrangements then pending between France and Japan. In his schemes Japan would look after the Germans in China and in the Pacific—though this was kept a profound secret. Not even France was informed of these arrangements, carried out faithfully by Japan in the present war; because Edward VII feared if Russia knew of the arrangements the Anglo-Russian agreement, so near accomplishment, might be indefinitely postponed; and, secondly, England feared that the United States would then be suspicious—the last thing they desired.

England was willing to hand over Persia to Russia and the Far East to Japan in order to smash Germany. And I go further and say that the British Ambassador in Japan warned the British government that in the coming conflict Japan would seize China. His objections and warnings were brushed aside, Edward remarking:

“First we must deal with Germany—we must have Japan’s help for that. If then the yellows get too strong, we shall deal with them.” He actually used the expression “*les jaunes*.”

He was bent on one purpose and one purpose only—to isolate Germany and then break up the

Confederation of the German Empire. Lord Salisbury—when at the head of Foreign Affairs—coined a very significant phrase. He used to say to his subordinates: “Consult large maps.” Now, it must be admitted, Edward consulted “large maps.” His conception was all embracing, his vision extended far and wide, no material fact or factor escaped his attention. He looked round and he beheld Austria-Hungary torn by internal strife and “nationality questions.” What a fine fruit to pluck—it seemed all but ripe for it. He casts his eyes there. Studiously he courted Austria-Hungary in order to detach her from Germany, and Hungary in order to detach her from Austria. Every method was tried—persuasion, cajolery, and the big stick (Russia) against the monarchy, the southern Slavs against Hungary.

Nearer home, he beheld little Belgium. What a splendid situation geographically to turn the German armies invading France; what an opportunity to strike Germany at her vitals: Westphalia. Such an opportunity could not escape the eyes of him, “whose only thought was the promotion of peace.” Concurrently with these “peaceful” schemes the naval and military forces of England, France and Russia were to be reorganized. One remark! These schemes and proposals were not turned out as it were—hard and

fast at one secret sitting, during one visit of the King to Paris. Oh, no! for more than six years these schemes were discussed and carried out, "unofficially" between London and Paris, Paris and St. Petersburg, London and St. Petersburg, etc. Edward got busy. In April (1907) he started his cruise in the Mediterranean, he met Alfonso and Emmanuel. He was entirely successful with Alfonso, but there were difficulties with Italy, which formed the subject of many negotiations, and which were only removed this year amidst the real dangers of defeat at the hands of the Germans.

In March, a Russian squadron visited England—the sailors were fêted; a hint to the people of England of the coming Anglo-Russian Agreement, of the precise nature of which they were ignorant, and had they understood would have heartily disapproved. On the other hand, there were influential committees in England and Germany—backed by public opinion, sincerely striving to bring about an understanding between the two countries, but this commendable object was deliberately defeated by Edward VII, Sir Edward Grey, and the others.

This year (1907) saw indeed the development of Edward's schemes. In June and July a series of agreements and conventions were signed between France and Japan, and Russia and Japan.

In August, France thought she might proceed one step further in Morocco and provided "incidents" to bombard Casablanca. England in the same month embarked on military reforms. The agitation paid with English and Russian and French gold was beginning to be busy in Hungary—the Hungarian government arrested fifty-three of their victims for high treason. The last day of the month of August the Triple Entente became an accomplished fact. The Anglo-Russian agreement was signed—to the imperishable shame of Great Britain and to the memory of Edward VII and his henchmen—as history will unerringly testify. For it meant the strangulation of Persia, a "small nation," it caused the Balkan Wars, and the present world conflict.

Edward VII was taking the cure at Marienbad—in Austria-Hungary. There Edward kept his "court." Statesmen came and statesmen went, Marienbad was the center of the world-wide conspiracy. Edward was a great stage manager, in addition to his other qualities. On the 2nd of September it was, if I remember rightly. He invited to dinner in his apartments at the Hotel Weimar in Marienbad the Grand Duke Alexandrovitch of Russia and Monsieur Crozier, French Ambassador in Vienna.

During dinner, when the *Stimmung* of all three was happy, in comes one of his adjutants, bring-

ing him official news of the crowning of his work—the signing of the Anglo-French Agreement. A momentous achievement. There, in that comparatively small room in Marienbad, three persons over an exquisite dinner receive news, destined to change the face of the world, with hilarity, pleasure, and with exultation over the results to be realized within seven years! But such is hatred. It dims the vision, it corrupts the senses.

“*C’est le premier pas, mon cher Guillaume!*” exclaimed Edward. Three days afterwards—watch the staging of it—Mr. Isvolsky, Russian Foreign Minister, who the day before arrived in Karlsbad, motors over to Marienbad to see Edward VII. Count Pahlen of the Russian Foreign Office accompanied him. This visit was intended to intimidate Austria-Hungary. “My dear fellow, you see who we are, you had better make up your mind.” A demonstration against Austria-Hungary on her own hospitable soil. Between Edward and Isvolsky schemes were discussed, which we shall see blossoming forth in 1908, and will, consequently, discuss them there. Before we leave the year 1907, I should like to point out a remarkable “coincidence” and relate a remarkable “episode.” The coincidence is, that almost concurrently with the signing of the Anglo-Russian Agreement, the Tzar’s officer, Colonel Liak-

hoff, bombarded the Persian Parliament in Teheran.

Céleste was gone! For this and other reasons, which will be obvious to the reader, Monsieur Legrange ceased to be of any interest or usefulness to me. I devised a nice little scheme to "capture" another official at the French Foreign Office. In this scheme the following personages were *dramatis personæ*:

Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Sir William Tyrrel, Sir Edward Grey's principal private secretary.

Mr. Ponsonby—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's (Prime Minister's) principal private secretary.

Sir Francis Bertie, British Ambassador in Paris.

The Hon. Reginald Lister of the British Embassy in Paris with the rank of minister.

Mr. Louis, head of the political department of the Foreign Office in Paris (and later French Ambassador in St. Petersburg). The incident was as follows:

I wanted to establish connections with a new official of the French Foreign Office. This, however, was not easy, for the following reason: It was easy, because natural, to establish connection with the French Foreign Office at the commence-

ment of my investigation for Mr. Rowntree. Sir Edward Grey asked Sir Francis Bertie to do all he could for me. I wanted to have introductions to various ministries. Now, diplomatic etiquette forbids that any ambassador should officially correspond or have any official intercourse with any ministry save with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Consequently at the commencement of my work, the British Embassy officially introduced me to the French Foreign Office, requesting them to assist me in any mission. The French Foreign Office then officially introduced me to any of the ministries I wanted.

After about a lapse of a year and a half when I had connections with all, I could not ask the British Ambassador to introduce me to a person in the French Foreign Office. He would have replied that I was known there and hence no need for new introductions. Quite right, and yet I wanted my new victim to see that I was somebody, so that he should not be afraid of discussing vital matters with me. I, therefore, devised the following method. I went up to the Embassy and asked them to give me a letter to the Foreign Office and so support my request for a set of statistical books of the French Government. They declined; if I wanted books, I should buy them. Surely Mr. Rowntree, who spends so much money on his investigation, will not mind

spending a mere \$100 for books. I retorted that that was quite right. But if we should buy all the official statistical books we needed we would easily spend some few thousand dollars. The Belgian Government had readily placed at our disposal all their official publications—realizing that the work I was doing will greatly benefit them.

They replied all right; that I should go and ask the Minister concerned and I would, no doubt, get the books. I said that I was told by some subordinate officials in two or three ministries that they could not give official books free to a private person. Consequently I repeated my request that the Embassy should ask for them for me. I persisted, so at last they said they would place the matter before Sir Francis Bertie. He declined to do it. I returned to London and wrote a letter in Mr. Rowntree's name, to Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice (brother of Lord Lansdowne), protesting against the discourtesy. I put the matter before him and said that I would call at the House of Parliament for his reply. Sir William Tyrrel, Sir Edward Grey's private secretary, saw me and told me they would write to Sir Francis Bertie on the matter. On my next visit to Paris I called at the Embassy—but I was told that Sir Francis Bertie could not see his way clear to grant my request. I, however, made up

my mind that I must press the matter for the sake of getting a new official letter from the Embassy to the French Foreign Office. I returned to London and worked Mr. Rowntree up into indignation. This was the assistance he was to expect from the Government for all the valuable work he had done. We must teach Sir Francis Bertie a lesson, I said. For the sake of future contingencies he must be forced to actively assist me.

Mr. Rowntree agreed and told me he would leave it in my hands to do what I thought necessary. I went to the House of Commons and saw Mr. Percy Alden, M.P. Mr. Alden was well known to me and I to him. He entered Parliament in 1906 as an Ultra-Radical. He was under various obligations to Mr. Rowntree; for one thing, Mr. Rowntree partly financed him in his election of 1906. Further, Mr. Alden was deeply interested in social reforms and economic questions. He was also *persona grata* with the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. So I told him in indignant tones my complaint and asked him to see the Prime Minister himself. Sir Francis Bertie, I said, must be told that the Governments are deeply interested in Mr. Rowntree's work—which indeed they were—and consequently he must do as I requested him. Mr. Alden immediately saw the Prime Minister and

came back with the message that Mr. Ponsonby has been instructed to see the Foreign Office and to see that instructions should immediately be sent to Sir Francis Bertie as I desired. It was done. I arrived in Paris, called at the Embassy—how I was received, I shall never forget. I sent in my card; out came Mr. Grahame, the third secretary. I could see they would have preferred to send me where the pepper grows, but, nilly willy, they, at last, had to do my behest.

“Sir Francis will see you shortly,” said Mr. Grahame.

They kept me waiting in that waiting-room for one solid hour—during which I sent word in three times. At last my patience ran out. I sent in a brisk note to Mr. Grahame, complaining of the lack of politeness by keeping me so long. Out came the Hon. Reginald Lister and said, “His Excellency will see you shortly.” He treated me with a cold aloofness and an air of superiority—positively amusing and comical; the single eye-glass and the twang were not missing either. These embassy chaps fancy themselves little tin gods on wheels.

But behold! a gorgeously dressed flunkey came in and conducted me to His Excellency. I went through beautiful corridors, up marvelous stairways, artistic rooms (Napoleon I. built this pal-

ace for one of his sisters), and at every corner there was a flunkey, who watched me until I got into the optical sphere of the next. At last I was in the presence of the arch war-maker—Sir Francis Bertie, of whom the late W. T. Stead said, “If we want to get rid of the tension in Europe recall Sir Francis Bertie.”

It was a rather small room. Sir Francis was seated, the Hon. Reginald Lister stood beside his chief.

“Well, Mr. Lincoln, I do not see how I can possibly ask the French Government to grant you books. It is ridiculous.”

“But I am sure the French Government will be glad to give them.”

“Very well, why not go and ask them?”

“They will not give them to me, but they will if Your Excellency asks for them.”

“That is impossible. The only thing I could do for you is to write a private letter to Monsieur Louis of the Foreign Office, which you can take to him and see what he can do.”

I was quite satisfied with this proposition.

“You have given us rather much trouble over this matter.”

“Your Excellency, the fault is not mine. It could have been settled weeks ago as well as to-day.”

I bowed and the “audience” was over. Was

it worth the candle? some reader may ask. It may indeed seem a complicated stage play to produce such apparently insignificant results. But these insignificant looking moves are, after all, the patient spiderlike web of diplomatic espionage. Having got the letter in a few minutes, I drove to the Quai d'Orsay. Monsieur Louis (Director of the Political Department) was not in his office. I was shown to his apartment (he lived in the Foreign Office). I was very cordially received. I produced my letter. Of course, he at once promised me all I wanted and advised me to send him a list of all the official books I wanted grouped according to the various ministries. He telephoned somewhere and asked some one to come and see him. A young secretary came, who was told to conduct me to M. B——, the successor to L——, and to explain to him the whole matter. Meanwhile he said, turning to me: "I will speak with Monsieur B—— on the telephone."

Monsieur B—— received me as befits a man coming to him from his chief and from Sir Francis Bertie. I spent with him about an hour, being desirous to impress him with my importance—which I completely succeeded in doing. I told him of the investigation I was doing in Belgium and France of the active interest and support of the British Government—of which he had tangible

proof just then and there. It was agreed that I should send him a complete list of all the books and he will have them collected from the ministries concerned.

“Where shall I send them?” he queried. I was just on the point of giving him Mr. Rowntree’s address in England when a splendid idea crossed my mind.

“Send them to the British Embassy for me—they will forward them to us in England.”

I returned to the Embassy and told Mr. Grahame. He was quite beside himself.

“We cannot turn the Embassy into a packing office or express company for you.” I said it was too late now to alter the dispositions. And so it remained. Hundreds of books were sent to the Embassy. They were there packed and expressed to England. But my relations with the British Embassy became very strained—I have not been there since. What is and was, however, of greater importance, I established connections with M. B—— with all the distinction and ceremony I desired. Indeed before I left him—I had invited him to dinner. I kept up my connection with him until 1911—and derived much benefit for which I herewith return thanks. As to the books I do not think we used them altogether ten minutes. Isn’t that correct, Mr. Rowntree?

THE YEAR 1908

The tension between England and Germany has reached almost the breaking point with the inevitable corollary of war clouds, scares, and increased armaments.

Before disclosing and revealing Edward's schemes in their more advanced stage I should like to make one or two observations.

As long as there existed in Europe only the Triple-Alliance (Germany, Austria, Italy) and the Dual Alliance (Russia and France) there were no war scares and dangerous tensions. In other words, as long as the Dual Alliance was opposed by the stronger Triple Alliance there was peace in Europe.

Indeed, as I pointed out, Germany and France got on well, sometimes very well together—equally Russia and Germany, and Russia and Austria. The two latter could even bring their naturally antagonistic policies on the Balkans into line (Agreement of 1897 and the Mürzsteg Program of 1903 testify to this).

But as soon as Edward the VII inaugurated his entente cordiales, peace departed from Europe. This is an incontrovertible fact and no amount of sophistry about "German militarism" can do away with this all-important fact. When further, the Entente Cordiale was extended into

a Triple Entente, and when these three Powers thought (for they were convinced of this) that the Triple Entente was stronger than the Triple Alliance, Europe and the world lived under a peace which in reality was a war only in degree different from actual warfare on the battlefields. From the time Sir Edward Grey and his satellites carried out their policy of isolating Germany, there was perpetual and acute tension between England and Germany; Russia and Germany; Russia and Austria; Austria and Servia.

Is this not an absolute fact?

I disclosed the undercurrents of British scheming and diplomacy during 1907; it is now my duty to reveal their development and poisonous results in 1908.

Austria-Hungary saw and knew what was going on—she saw and knew that an impending shock was being prepared in the Balkans. Aerenthal, the able and far-seeing Minister of Austria-Hungary, was neither willing to be bribed nor cajoled away from the side of Germany, or afraid to face the issues. On the 27th of January, 1908, he announced to the Austro-Hungarian delegations (joint session of Austro-Hungarian deputies) that he hoped soon to obtain the Sultan's consent to a proposal to extend the Austro-Hungarian railways to Mitrovitza. Although this was perfectly admissible under article 25 of the

Berlin Treaty, Russia, supported by England and France, made a great noise and declared that it was contrary to the Austro-Russian Balkan understanding of 1897 and 1903. That may be, but those and all other understandings and upon which the peace of Europe solidly rested were being torn to pieces secretly by England, Russia, and France. As soon as this conspiracy was revealed and because those who found them out took steps which they considered necessary for the safeguarding of their interests, the Triple Entente was angry and disappointed.

As then, so now. The Triple Entente thought they were ready for the war in August, 1914,¹ having prepared for it during seven years. But when actual warfare demonstrated their inefficiency—they blame Germany for doing efficiently what they also meant to do efficiently but could not. The reply of Russia to Aerenthal's declaration was a proposal to submit the issues to Europe. Please pause here for a moment. When England and France made a treaty in 1904 about Morocco and Egypt—they handed over Morocco, an independent country, to France without reference to anybody, and when Germany objected and demanded that the question be referred to the Signatory Powers of the Madrid Treaty of 1880

¹ Vide speeches of Grey, Asquith, and Churchill in England, Suchomlinoff and Sazonoff in Russia and Poincaré and Viviani in France at the outbreak of the war.

relating to Morocco, Germany is charged with being the marplot of the world.

When England and Russia sign away in 1907 the independence of Persia, nothing is said. Not only is Europe not invited to express an opinion, but the country most directly concerned, Persia, is not consulted at all. England gives to Russia the north of Persia, Russia gives to England the south of Persia, and both create a neutral middle Persia, for one does not and cannot trust the other, and the agreement is binding. But when Austria-Hungary obtains from the Sultan of Turkey—an independent sovereign of an independent country—a railway concession, the proposal is blocked by the Triple Entente by the subtle plea to submit it to a conference of the Powers. Of course, as we have seen, Russia had political design on the Balkans and the Bear was anxious that the Balkans might not be strengthened commercially and politically and so become a prey to his insatiable greed!

What a mean, despicable rôle France played in all these intrigues! France of lofty ideals, democratic precepts, the home of the "rights of man," says yes and amen to whatever pleases Russia. Such is blind hatred and wilful ignorance! But Downing Street was jubilant. Edward saw his opportunity to drive a wedge between Russia and Austria. Why? To strain the relations between

Germany and Russia and so intimidate Austria-Hungary. Watch now the game. Grey addresses on the 3rd of March a memorial to the Powers, proposing very radical reforms for Macedonia. Wonderful! This tender consideration for the Macedonian peasants! And timely, very timely. These proposals were like a torch to a powder magazine. They were meant to reopen the whole Balkan question, bring into relief the antagonism between Russia and Austria on the one hand and Turkey and Europe on the other, besides stirring up the ever-latent jealousies of the petty Balkan States. This is how diplomats of Sir Edward Grey's stamp work for the peace of Europe. Of course, Grey knew what he did and what his steps might lead to, *vide*: on the 18th and 20th of March new navy orders were issued by the Admiralty, whilst plans were hastily prepared and steps taken (according to arrangements previously mentioned) to land 166,000 troops on the Continent.

On the 31st of March, Haldane's army reform comes into effect, providing the above expeditionary force and 315,000 territorials for home defense. I was in Brussels at this time. I remember visiting Monsieur Brezey in his office at the Ministry, discussing this artificially created Macedonian trouble. It was toward the 17th of March. M. Brezey said to me:

“I am willing to bet you, Mr. Lincoln, that we shall soon have new Macedonian proposals from Russia. Say a good bottle of Burgundy.”

“Aha!” I jokingly remarked. “You have got advance information and want to tease me into a bottle.”

“No, I have not got any advance information on this point, but I see the game, don’t you?”

“You know, Mr. Brezey, that I am always willing to learn; what is your horoscope?”

“Why, it is perfectly clear! England wants to push Russia ahead in the Balkans in order to push Austria back.”

I subsequently learned from Brezey that this was substantially correct. The Belgian Minister in London reported it to Brussels and wrote that Grey said:

“Russia cannot be less concerned for the welfare of Macedonia and the Balkans than we are.” The prediction of Brezey was fulfilled within a few days. On the 26th of March, Russia addressed to all the Powers concerned proposals for Macedonian reforms more advanced than any hitherto emanating from joint Austro-Russian action. The Austro-Russian-Balkan understanding, so carefully preserved by Count Goluchovsky when Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary, was broken and publicly advertised to the whole world.

Great Britain, France, and Italy with undue haste adhered to the Russian proposals without comment or restrictions. This should not come as a surprise to those readers who have attentively and with an impartial mind followed my narrative hitherto. Indeed, these three Powers knew of the proposals before they officially received them. Germany and Austria knew what these English and Russian proposals meant. They also knew what was intended by them and above all they knew of all the remarks Edward VII made about the whole affair. They decided to be on the alert, to watch and wait. They declared their consent to these proposals with certain reservations. This happened in April. Edward VII was bent on mischief. He advocated and carried a policy—submitted it to his inner council—to drive matters to a head. “Austria-Hungary cannot and will not fight—we shall gain a great diplomatic victory.” It was decided to make a public demonstration of solidarity between the Entente Powers. Edward thought he would bluff Germany and Austria-Hungary into submission. He was so convinced of the superior strength of his Triple Entente—that he spoke of and treated Germany with scorn. “*Quelle surprise pour Guillaume!*” he commented on his forthcoming meeting with the President of the French Republic and the Tzar of all the Russias.

“*Quelle surprise!*” Did he really think that Germany was taken by surprise by his petty machinations? I was completely informed of the pourparlers in London and Paris and learned that both Governments desired to make a demonstration. The meeting took place in June; the toasts exchanged spoke of “strengthening the entente and rendering it more permanent.” This was a clear intimation to Germany that the Entente gave way to an Alliance. Let my proposed commission look through the files at the Foreign Office containing résumés and memoranda of important conversations between Edward and Grey, Grey and the French Ambassador, the secret despatches that were sent out to the oft-mentioned embassies, and they will find that whilst the majority of the English people and certainly the majority of the House of Commons were desirous of establishing friendship between England and Germany, Edward VII and Grey—unknown to them and unknown to the majority of the Cabinet—drove further and further their deliberate anti-German policy.

After seeing the President of the French Republic, Edward VII hurried to Reval—by sea to avoid traversing German territory—to meet the autocrat of all the Russias. Why did Edward go to Reval? And why did he take General Sir John French with him? What was discussed

there, what was decided? He went to Reval to forge another link in his chain of anti-German policy. In the coming and contemplated war with Germany in which all Europe will be involved, it was necessary for England to prevent the Turks, the friends of Germany, from attacking Suez and Egypt. This is the vital spot of the British Empire. The Turk must first be beaten, reduced to impotence. England suggested in St. Petersburg a strong Russian-Balkan policy—indeed she gave Russia *carte blanche* on the Balkans—except Constantinople. “Not yet,” was the evasive reply. Russia could take Armenia, do with and through the Balkans Slavs what she wanted—was one decision reached. Indeed, a possible Balkan Alliance was here mooted the first time, to be directed against Turkey and Austria. Its originator was England.

Another question discussed at Reval was this: How to prevent the Germans invading France in the coming conflict? This was General French’s business there. France was pressing this question and the only way to prevent this was an invasion of Belgium and Holland, or one of the two, by England.

After hostilities break out, either a pretext will be found to force the Scheldt and land an army there (should Leopold II still be King of Belgium) or Belgium will ask the protection of

England and the latter will then land 160,000 men there, to outflank the Germans (should Prince Albert have succeeded on the throne). The vexed and much debated question of violating Belgium's neutrality by the Germans hinges upon this my statement. Germany knowing this nice little scheme, prevented its execution by forestalling it. This is what Bethmann-Hollweg meant when he said "necessity knows no law." The English and French were furious, not because Germany invaded Belgium but because in doing so she prevented them from doing it.

Again I hear some readers say: This cannot be true, because Sir Edward Grey asked Germany's pledge not to violate Belgium's neutrality. Quite true, but when Germany asked him on the 1st of August (page 66 of British White Paper) whether he would engage to remain neutral if Germany agreed not to violate Belgium's neutrality, was his reply "Yes"? Oh no! He said "he could not say that."

Prince Lichnovsky then "suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed," in addition to Belgium's neutrality. What did Grey say? "I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms and I could only say that we must keep our hands free." (Despatch to Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambassa-

dor to Berlin, signed by Grey, mailed on the 1st of August, 1914.) This should effectively dispose of two of England's contentions: 1. That Grey only went to war because Germany violated Belgian neutrality. 2. That Grey did not want war. In fact, it should be clear to all impartial readers, that Grey was forced by previous agreements to support Russia in her ridiculous Balkan pretensions in shielding the Servian murderers of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

But granted that it is beyond contention, can it be possible that Grey would have invaded Belgium after he warned off Germany? Yes, that is precisely what he wanted to do and what he decided upon years before 1914. Diplomacy is a game, you must never take the statements of diplomats at their face value. Did not England seize several Greek Islands during this war on the plea that military necessity compelled her to do so? Indeed, when I criticized the Germans—as will be related in a later chapter—for having played into Grey's hands by the invasion of Belgium, assuring them that the people of Great Britain would have swept Grey out of office had he dared to side with Russia and France, not knowing of any of his secret agreements, they replied: "Once war breaks out a clever minister like Grey, who fooled his country eight years, would have easily fooled them, once passions

ruled. We knew that he meant to invade Belgium and we had to act accordingly.”

Another matter discussed at Reval referred to consolidating the Balkan States. Here it was the first time that the Balkan League was mooted. They counted without their host. On the 23rd of July the Young Turks revolted. The Young Turkish Revolution would in any case have come within a year. But the reports of the Reval meeting reached the Committee of Union and Progress and fearing for their country's future, the revolt broke out as soon as the most necessary preparation had been made. Germany and Austria-Hungary immediately after Reval partially mobilized their forces—they made up their minds that they would for once not tolerate Edward's insults and plots. They knew very well that neither Russia nor France nor England was then ready and they consequently decided to call their bluff. This was very cleverly done. In order to prevent the Balkans acting in unison in any direction, secret negotiations were started with Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria with a view of concerted action. For everything was in the melting pot now. But more of this aspect anon. Concurrently with the negotiations, extensive military preparations were carried out on the Servian and Galician frontiers by Austria and by Germany on the east and west.

Isvolsky met Aerenthal over the Balkan question—he wanted to gain time. Hardly did he leave Aerenthal, and when all the preparations were ready, Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina, and Bulgaria declared her independence of Turkey. This was indeed a masterpiece of statesmanship. Russia could not possibly object to Bulgaria (her own creation) going one step further on the road she started her in 1878. And this was just the reason for the stormy opposition of Russia and England. Russia had created Bulgaria, it is true, but she wanted Bulgaria to be and remain her vassal, as it were. An independent, strong Bulgaria, made so with the help of Austria—that was a bitter pill to swallow. Russia did not care for Bosnia-Herzegovina; she readily agreed in previous discussions on the subject with Austria that the latter should have them. But the cooperation of Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria shattered for the time being the Triple Entente's scheme for a Balkan League. While—as to Macedonia—the Young Turks looked after that. I am constrained to admit that had the Young Turks not committed a whole series of blunders and if they had listened to the excellent advice which Count Aerenthal and Berlin tendered to them, the Balkan League would never have become an accomplished fact. The Triple Entente bluff indeed had been called. The

next few months of acute tension and war hanging over Europe are well known and remembered by all.

As remarked above, the Young Turkish Revolution brought everything in the melting pot. All the Powers lost their bearings for the time being. Grey was spouting fire and brimstone at Austria-Hungary for the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina and made some rash promises and vowed some childish vows! Needless to say, he did not keep them. Two years afterwards I was a member of House of Commons and I could not forego the pleasure of pointing out to Sir Edward Grey, by way of ironical questions often repeated in various forms, that he did not keep his word. Several questions of this nature finally upset his equilibrium and he put up the Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs (Mr. McKinnon Wood) to reply to me, which he did in a brutal fashion.

The year 1909 seemed to start well with a promise of a saner and more peaceful policy all round. Turkey and Austria composed their differences over the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina by the Protocol of the 26th of February. In the same month France and Germany reached an agreement over their Morocco difficulty, King Edward and Queen Alexandra paid their long-deferred state visit to Berlin. Russia, faced and

threatened with Germany's "hands off," acknowledged the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina (March 15th). To the uninitiated observer, it seemed that a new era of international amity and peace had set in. In truth, the above events—and many others—were dictated by the fact already mentioned, that all the Powers had lost their bearings. To make myself clear, the young Turkish Revolution caused Germany to pause and think. In the German scheme of defense the friendship of Turkey played a very important rôle. Nobody at that time could foresee with exactitude how far the regeneration of Turkey would go and principally how it would affect the Christian States of the Balkans. Great Britain was anxious about Egypt, and the possible effect a revival of Pan-Islamism with a regenerated Khalifate might have on the 60,000,000 Mohammedans in India. Her dear friend Russia was also causing her much concern—in the Near East, whither she brought her back from the Far East—and in Persia.

Public opinion in England and a very strong section of the House of Commons viewed with concern, alarm, and disgust what Russia was doing in Persia. Sir Edward Grey had to do something. The excesses of Liakhoff and his unbridled Cossacks could not be overlooked. Sir Arthur Nicholson gently demanded his recall,

which was refused. France and Italy during 1909 were anything but friendly. Each one of the Great Powers lost its bearings. They were seeking to find a new direction for their policy. Underground and beneath the surface the old intrigues went on just the same. Even in 1909 it would not have been too late to sweep away all the difficulties, artificial and natural, that existed between England and Germany. And here I must say that Edward VII—realizing the dangers which his policy had created and the imminence of war over the annexation crisis—was sincerely anxious this time to bring about an entente with Germany—the Kaiser being more than willing. It is to the guilt of Sir Edward Grey, above everybody else, that this was not brought about. How does this tally with oft-repeated previous statement that it was Edward VII who was the most active propagator of the anti-German policy?

He was, but having seen that his policy brought Europe four times to the verge of war, he thought that the opening of the Eastern question might be a favorable opportunity to compose the differences with Germany. But Grey was too deeply and too far committed, and it is he who now made this impossible. He felt the responsibility for this, last year, when he saw England on the verge of the bottomless abyss of a Euro-

pean war, for he thus wires to Sir Edward Goschen in Berlin on the 30th of July, 1914:

“My own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, or ourselves, jointly or separately. The idea has hitherto been too Utopian to form the subject of definite proposals.”

There are several admissions in this statement.

1. That hitherto a hostile and aggressive policy has been pursued against Germany and her allies.

2. That Grey could have prevented it by intimating that he will bring about an arrangement to which Germany can be a party with France and Russia, and

3. That he did not want it hitherto, by calling it, “too Utopian hitherto.”

Grey it was who, in 1909, prevented this, then, “too Utopian” arrangement being carried out.

After a few weeks of lull, of hypocritical platitudes, the old feuds broke out anew. France was nervous about a possible entente, or, at any rate a detente, between Germany and England, while the latter was not less nervous about the completion of the Franco-German Morocco Agreement. The conspirators in both countries set to work.

This time, in the spring of 1909, I left Mr. Rowntree, having finished my investigations for him, and devoted all my time, or nearly all my time to secret service work. I left for Belgium in the second week of April. Mr. Rowntree, keenly and sincerely interested in my welfare, inquired what I was doing now. For when I left him we parted as good friends and he quite understood and appreciated that aspiring to parliamentary honors I could not remain a salaried man—but must try and make money by entering business. So he inquired what I was doing in Belgium. Naturally, I could not tell him. I gave him evasive replies. After several vain efforts he never asked me again. Does he remember it? Now, of course, he will know what I was doing and why I could not tell him.

I was sent to Belgium on a twofold mission: To find out exactly what military measures were being discussed and decided upon, under the influence of the annexation crisis; and to obtain an exact description of all the iron and steel factories in and around Liége, Seraing, Ougrée, La Louvière, Hain-St.-Paul, Hain-St.-Pierre, Charleroi, etc., etc. The number of workmen they do and can employ, capacity of the various mills, forges, lathes, smithies, etc., raw material on hand, and many other questions. Now an ordinary spy would have made his residence stealthily in Brus-

sels and tried to get into touch with some officer at the War Office, and so find answers to his first question. Very probably he would have been caught and locked up for a few years. As to obtaining information to the second question—that would have been even more difficult than the first. Big corporations guard their secrets very well and very seldom, if at all, are strangers admitted and enabled to put their noses in all their affairs.

Not so with me! I could and did go ahead openly and boldly. Was I not well known everywhere? Did not everybody know that I was conducting a scientific and economic investigation? And although it was finished, was it not possible that in looking through our material in London we found that on certain points we needed complementary information? With such thoughts in my mind I went up on the 14th of April, 1909, to my friend M. Dubois, Directeur Général at the Ministry for Industry and Labour—in other words the highest permanent official next to the Minister. I requested him to give me an official letter of introduction which would enable me to visit any and every factory in Belgium. I was desirous of making a supplementary investigation about wages, I said. He readily furnished me with the letter. This I knew would fully enable me to satisfy Question 2.

Receved 14 April 1909



Le Ministre se déclare que
 Monsieur Kerkhel Ancho, titulaire
 de N^o B. Scholom, Rombout, membre du
 Parlement Belge, procure depuis plusieurs
 années à une enquête d'ordre technique
 que j'ai notamment sur les travaux des
 fabriques dans une certaine nombre d'industries
 sur la recommandation de la
 Régularité technique, différents objets,
 travaux mis en œuvre ont permis à
 le ministre d'accomplissement de
 la mission.

Le Secrétaire Général de l'Office
 du Travail,
H. Schollaert



Belgian
Signed by P. M.

Recommandation.

Le porteur de la présente, Monsieur WRENCH HENRY,
 sujet anglais, se propose d'émigrer en Belgique les ques-
 tions sociales. Le Regulator Britannique l'a recommandé
 près de Monsieur le Ministre des Affaires étrangères à
 cet effet de lui être obtenu toutes les facilités desir-
 ables pour se livrer à des études dans notre pays.

Le Ministre de l'Intérieur et de l'Agriculture prie
 tout les Administrations concernées, ainsi que les Hommes
 de l'Intérieur, de vouloir bien, dans la mesure
 possible, lui faciliter les renseignements dont il aurait
 besoin. Les Administrations de l'Intérieur et de
 l'Agriculture,

Le Ministre de l'Intérieur et de
 l'Agriculture,
F. Schollaert

BRUXELLES, le 15 avril 1909.

Credentials from M. Dubois, Director General of the Belgian Ministry of Industry and Labor, and from M. Schollaert, Prime Minister of Belgium.

As to the first question, I went to the War Office? Not at all. That would have been the obvious but not the best method. Belgium is a country governed on the principle of very far reaching provincial and local self-government. Furthermore, there was a modified conscription existing in Belgium, and national defense was pivoted really on a national guard and national militia. Now, bearing these two main considerations in mind, I said to myself if any military measures or reforms were decided upon or were being carried out the provincial governors, certain communal authorities, would know exactly what was going on. I decided to visit them, and if after having canvassed them I found that on one or two points my information was not complete, it would be necessary to obtain the "missing links" in Brussels. So having obtained the letter from M. Dubois, I went straightway to the Prime Minister of Belgium. There was shortly before a ministerial crisis, in consequence of which M. Schollaert was not only the Prime Minister, but also the Minister of the Interior and Minister of Agriculture, until he could fill this latter portfolio. I really went to him in his capacity as Minister of the Interior. I received from him next day the letter. Armed with these two letters I traveled all over Belgium, visiting every iron and allied mills and, of course, calling

on provincial governors and certain communal or regional officials.

I was readily admitted to every mill save two: Cockerill's in Seraing and the big Ougrée works (both near Liége). Cockerill's is the Krupp of Belgium. I was shown into the spacious and beautifully furnished private room of its managing director—if I remember rightly, Mr. Schneider, or something similar. No, he could not, much to his regret, let me go through the works. If I wanted to know anything, I could give him or send him a list of questions and they would be very pleased to furnish me with replies compatible with their rules on such matters. Of course, that would not do for me. After much arguing and persuasion he promised he would consider it and let me know in a day or two. I had with me an expert in order to get the most out of my visit. So naturally, I requested that my "secretary" might accompany me. I wired to Minister Dubois what had happened, requesting him to write direct to Cockerill's requesting that the desired facilities be extended to me.

Cockerill's is in Seraing, a suburb, so to speak, of Liége. I stayed in Liége visiting some other works whilst waiting for the reply of Cockerill's. On the second day the permission to visit Cockerill's arrived and I and my "secretary" had a very useful day. Mr. Schneider showed me the

great courtesy of appointing as my guide an English speaking official. I think it was the librarian—an Englishman. I had another similar experience. Next to Seraing in the village of Ougrée is the Société Anonyme d'Ougrée, employing about 6000 men. They would not let me in; no, not even with Mr. Dubois's recommendation. They only let people in for whom some one they know vouches.

“Do you know Professor Mahaim?” I asked.

“*Mais, certainement, Monsieur!*” replied the director.

Professor Mahaim was professor at the University of Liége, one of the most prominent and respected citizens of Liége. I knew him very well. So did he me. It was promised that if Professor Mahaim will vouch for me and accompany me, then I can visit their works.

This was easily arranged. On the appointed morning Professor Mahaim, myself and my “secretary” met in the waiting-room of Ougrée. I should have pointed out that at the time of making the arrangement my “secretary” happened to be busy somewhere else—and I quite overlooked to ask for a permit for him as well. Professor Mahaim was associated with me in my investigations for Mr. Rowntree, having furnished the reports on housing conditions in Belgium—so I could not introduce my “secretary” as such—

Professor Mahaim having known personally my real secretary. He now passed as my cousin, who just happened to arrive from London. Since I was permitted to take notes during my visit, I suggested to Mahaim that I introduce my cousin to the director as my secretary. And as my "secretary" he was admitted without delay. I obtained a most thorough and complete dossier and a handsome reward for it—which foolishly I deposited at the baccarat tables of Ostend Casino.

My visits to provincial governors and local government officials were equally successful. So successful, that I had but little to complete on my return to Brussels. I obtained uncontrovertible evidence that during the summer and fall of 1909 the Triple Entente, or rather England and France, were almost actively interfering in the military matters of Belgium. They compelled Belgium to make preparations against the Germans, whilst they themselves not only contemplated but decided to invade Belgium—with or without Belgium's approval—after an initial success against the Germans. But I have previously dealt with this matter, and I leave it to the suggested Commission—to refute me—if they can.

From Belgium I returned to England and put in several weeks of electioneering work in Darlington. I was just contemplating going away for a well-merited holiday, when a telegram

reached me, requesting me to meet "D" at Ostend. The Triple Entente was decidedly busy in the Balkans and in Southern Hungary. It was my duty to find out what they were doing. From Ostend I returned to London. I had now to invent a reason for my secret inquiries in the Balkans. No longer in Mr. Rowntree's service, I could not say that I wanted to investigate social or economic conditions in Servia. I would have been derided. After some consideration I went up to the Foreign Office and obtained official letters of introduction to Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, Bucharest, and Constantinople. Sir Edward Grey said in those letters addressed to British consuls or ministers in those respective capitals that I was going to "study commercial conditions with a view of the development of British trade."

My first visit was to Budapest. The British Consul General at the time there was the Hon. Esmé Howard. He is now, I think, Minister in Berne, Switzerland. Here it was—the first and only time during my secret activities—that I committed an indiscretion—which resulted in a rather unpleasant interview at the Foreign Office in London after my return from the Balkans. This interview took place between Lord Dufferin, head of the commercial department at the Foreign Office, and myself.

My indiscretion consisted in mentioning rather

often the name of a very distinguished and prominent personage of the immediate entourage of King Edward VII. Mr. Howard, either disbelieving the pretended purpose of my visit to Budapest or suspecting some connection behind that prominent name, cabled to the Foreign Office in London. He will be surprised that I know this. Indeed, I knew it immediately. The Foreign Office approached the personage in question—who, I may say, has had all kinds of honors, orders, and other marks of favor showered upon him by King Edward VII—who, of course, disclaimed any knowledge of me. Mr. Howard was advised accordingly—so was I.

Two days later I called upon Mr. Howard by appointment, for he was to take me to His Excellency, M. Kossuth, then Minister of Commerce. Mr. Howard did not disclose by any word or sign that he had cabled to London. Nor did I betray to him that I knew of it. He was my guest at luncheon at the Hotel Hungaria, where I was staying. We both played the game perfectly. After luncheon we drove across the Danube to the ministry which is in Buda. He introduced me to M. Kossuth as having come to study "means and ways to extend British trade in Hungary." After about ten minutes' conversation with the Minister, His Excellency M. Sztérényi was ushered in and he took charge of me.

We left the room together, leaving Mr. Howard and M. Kossuth behind. It was then that Mr. Howard warned M. Kossuth against me, as I knew the very same afternoon.

M. Kossuth was a member of what was known in Hungary as the "Coalition Government," who wanted to break up the Triple Alliance. One of their favorite pastimes was coquetting with France and England. When I got back to London after penetrating the Balkans, I wrote a "diplomatic" letter to the high personage in question, receiving a "diplomatic" reply. By these letters exchanged I completely shielded the personage in question—drawing any possible trouble from him to myself. But nothing happened except that unpleasant interview at the Foreign Office.

Lord Dufferin and Mr. Howard may now intelligently guess who my mysterious patron "D" is, and the significance of my activities in his behalf. And another observation. In future the British Government will do well not to leave a young attaché in entire charge of the Belgrade Legation. These young attachés are too inexperienced and are by no means a match for the resourceful methods of an experienced Secret Service man.

To my great pleasure I found the British Legation in Belgrade in the sole charge of a young

attaché from the Bucharest Legation. We got very friendly. Every afternoon he and I drove out in the Legation's carriage, drawn by two superb Hungarian horses. We were the sight of Belgrade—when we drove along the main street in furious *tempo*, the driver sitting behind in his picturesque uniform! He introduced me to Colonel Ch——, a very useful source of information; to Madame E——, in the pay of the British Government. Colonel Ch—— worked for me and introduced me to two ministers and one ex-minister. Madame E—— for money and generous compliments was willing to pump officers, statesmen, and other smaller fry. But above all, my friend, the attaché—he was invaluable; so much so that I could dispense entirely with my contemplated journey to Sofia, Bucharest, and Constantinople.

Mr. Harting, the newly appointed Russian Minister to Belgrade, arrived with a very bad reputation from Teheran. Ask Mr. Shuster, the ex-Treasurer-General of Persia. The plan of a Serbo-Bulgarian rapprochement had already been discussed between M. Isvolsky and M. Milovanovitch. Harting was sent to Belgrade with the definite mission of forging a Balkan alliance against Austria-Hungary. This was well known by Sir Edward Grey, and had his support. Harting—and this is not so well known—was the inspirer, the active head of the disintegrating

propaganda carried on from Belgrade in Austria-Hungary. He was behind the Serbo-Croatian coalition of the Diet of Agram. Out of these machinations grew the murder of Archduke Francis Ferdinand. When the full history of the last few years will be written that dastardly crime will be brought home to Russian diplomacy. And Sir Edward Grey must accept blame and responsibility for the odious methods and practises of Harting. His insane fear of Germany, his mad jealousy of Germany, delivered him up into the hands of the Pan-Slavists of Russia and the Chauvinists of France. Any price was not too big for him to pay for the coalition against Germany.

The Triple Entente started reorganizing the Balkans politically and from a military point of view, and it was openly declared to me then that in three years' time they would be ready to strike. And they did strike in 1912. Grey was caught in the meshes of his own intrigues. The Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907, carried against the outspoken opposition of English public opinion and against the true interests of England, did not work well. There was no little friction with Russia in 1909, and she was beginning to turn her eyes toward Germany, with whose help she hoped to obtain the much-coveted outlet on the Gulf. Grey was alarmed. "An understanding between

Germany and Russia or for that matter between Germany and any other power must be prevented by us at all hazards," said to me the young attaché at Belgrade.

In order to draw away Russia from Persia and to compensate her elsewhere, Grey thrust Russia into the Balkans. But the annexation crisis has closely brought home to Russia that while she is playing England's game, England cannot be of any help to her when their joint policy is brought to a test. Russia and the whole Triple Entente had to buckle down before Germany in 1909 over the Bosnian question. Russia began to realize that England was using her for her own aims. Mr. Harting, whom I saw several times in Belgrade, once told me, "We are wanted by England to crush Germany." If only this true vision had reached other circles in Russia, the present war would never have happened. But Isvolsky in Paris, the Dowager Empress in St. Petersburg, Grey in London, and others took care that it did not.

I returned from Belgrade to London, instead of proceeding to Sofia and Constantinople, so obliging was the young attaché. When I got to London I had an invitation to go to the Foreign Office. They wanted to question me more closely about my indiscretion committed in Budapest and which when understood would have brought dis-

grace upon a very prominent person of King Edward's personal circle. So we strenuously disavowed each other. Let now Lord Dufferin and Sir Edward Grey ponder over that incident and see what they can make out of it.

I had to devote the remaining few months of 1909 to electioneering. The elections were to take place in January, 1910. I was elected a member of the British Parliament for Darlington, by no means a commonplace achievement, in light of insular prejudice. I was the first Hungarian (and I am surely the last) that ever attained this honor. During my parliamentary career I paid very frequent visits to the continent of Europe. In the autumn, whilst in Vienna, I was honored with an audience by the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand. It was agreed that I might publish his views on international political questions concerning England, Germany, and Austria-Hungary, and the Balkans. To make my article authentic it was arranged that the whole interview be written out by me in the form of questions and answers with the assistance of an ex-minister, a confidant of the Archduke. I met His Excellency and his secretary next day in the Hotel Imperial in Vienna, and read the draft of my article to him.

At a special audience, I then submitted it to His Imperial Highness. Archduke Francis Ferdi-

nand was of a commanding presence. Once you saw him, with his big eyes, his serene countenance, his superabundant energy manifested by his every move, gesture, and mien, you could never forget him. He was a man of fearless courage, deep-set convictions, high and lofty notions of his duties and work. With clear vision he saw the weak spots in the structure of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and with relentless determination he set himself to repair them and weld the country into a cohesive whole by timely and just concessions, resisting with unflinching will the disintegrating influences.¹ He maintained that he was keenly desirous of preserving and improving friendly relations with Great Britain.

His visits to England must be viewed as efforts in this direction. He talked on Austria's Balkan policy; he denied any political ambitions there, but freely admitted that Austria-Hungary had commercial interests there. If Austria-Hungary had political ambitions, she would never have renounced her right—as she did—of garrisoning the Sanjak of Novibazar. There was a thinly veiled admission in the published interview of Saloniki being considered as important for Austro-Hungarian commercial expansion. I published the article in the *Daily Chronicle* of London (September or October, 1910). It created a profound

¹This work was ably continued by Count Tisza, Hungary's present Prime Minister.

sensation all over Europe, but particularly in southeastern Europe.

It now remains for me but briefly to summarize the more important diplomatic moves of the years 1911-14, until the outbreak of the war. In the moves that were executed behind the scenes since 1911, I had no direct part. I quitted Diplomatic Espionage in 1911, but, of course, I kept up my interest in international politics and rivalry.

I had considerable business interests in Galicia and Rumania and traveled a great deal. Occasionally I would stop at Brussels or Paris, or in some Balkan capital, look up old acquaintances, friends and "channels," discussing with them the diplomatic questions of the moment, so it was really not difficult for me to know what was being enacted behind the scenes.

The outstanding event of international importance in 1910 was the meeting of the Tzar and Kaiser at Potsdam. At the time, as is always the custom, the dignitaries and the minor officials of the two countries interested denied that any importance was attached to the meeting. The fact is—and I have it from the best possible source—that it was of the most far-reaching importance. Russian statesmen came to realize that the Anglo-Russian Treaty was a very one-sided arrangement and particularly instead of helping Russia to an outlet on the Persian Gulf

it effectively debarred her from reaching it. Russian statesmen clearly saw that Russia was being used for the purposes of British policy and British schemes without any compensating advantages. They could not reach the Gulf and even in the Balkans, whither they were pushed by the British scheming, they did not get the desired and justly expected support from England. Was not Russia deeply humiliated in 1908 and 1909 over the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina? So Russia decided to turn to Germany. If but Russian statesmen had persisted in their course, the present war would certainly have been avoided. The Potsdam meeting resulted in the famous but mysterious "Potsdam Agreement." The cardinal stone of the agreement is to be found in the following secret clause now given to the world for the first time: "Germany and Russia each undertakes to remain aloof from any combination of Powers that has any aggressive tendency against the other in finding an opening on the Persian Gulf."

This one clause alone virtually meant the breaking up of the Triple Entente. Germany was glad to enter into this agreement with Russia, for several reasons: Germany desired to live in peace with all her neighbors; she believed a close political cooperation between Germany and Russia might, nay, would, bring about the Kaiser's long

sought reconciliation between France and Germany; more than this, it would provide an effective means to negate Great Britain's arrogant pretensions to world domination.

I remarked in an earlier chapter that whenever two or more of the great Powers enter into an arrangement about a third weaker and smaller country, one of the first results will be disorders in that small country. So it was this time. There was a big upheaval in Persia, indeed, in 1911, British control of the Gulf seemed seriously threatened, and British-Indian troops were sent to Southern Persia. Great Britain and France were decidedly nervous over the Potsdam Agreement, the former seeing in it an impossibility of isolating Germany, the latter a postponement of the "war of revenge" for the "lost" provinces. Both got busy to upset it and so prevent the understanding between Russia and Germany from developing. To this end various moves were undertaken.

The reader will remember the Franco-German Agreement of 1909 about Morocco. Sir Edward Grey now seized this instrument, designed to bring two neighborly nations together, and actually made it into an instrument of war. For let it be known that it was chiefly Grey and Sir Francis Bertie's intrigues in Paris which made the agreement a dead letter. The secret archives

of the British Embassy will prove this. The intention of Grey was to drive matters to a head between France and Germany and thus bring about war between the two, France assisted by Russia. British troops were ready to be embarked and landed in Belgium (1911). It was with the knowledge of this intended violation of Belgian neutrality by England that Holland in this year launched a project to fortify Flushing. The tremendous outcry against it in the British and French press will now be understood. Sir Edward Grey put up Lloyd George to make a threatening war speech against Germany (the Mansion House speech, London, 21st of July, 1911).

M. Caillaux, one of the most far-seeing of French statesmen, desired and worked for a Franco-German entente, but Great Britain foiled it and ousted Caillaux from office. Now, as then, it was England who caused war and enmity. In this very year of 1911, von Tirpitz agreed to fix the proportion of the British and German navies at 16 to 10. What clearer proof than this could Germany give of the absolute sincerity of her repeated declaration that her navy was for defensive purposes only? This newer outbreak of the Morocco crisis—the work of England—did not result in war—to the great disappointment of Sir Edward Grey. That this last statement is no

mere surmise may be gathered from a comparison of the language used in Downing Street, Quai d'Orsay, and Wilhelmstrasse.

France and Germany were desirous to discuss the incident tête-à-tête in a conciliatory way; England thunders, threatens. Sir Edward Grey explicitly intimates Great Britain's "desire to take part in the discussions of a matter which very directly concerns important British interests of various kinds." And he gives Germany to understand that "apart from the support of France from which there can be and will be no swerving, England has interests of her own and will not recognize any arrangement to which she was no party."

Now, gentle reader, stop here for a moment. I need not point out the menacing tone of the language employed, and I am quoting the *exact* words; I should like to dwell on another aspect. First, the time chosen for this threatening attitude. It was the time when two neighborly nations—France and Germany—were willing to sit down around a table in a conciliatory mood to compose their differences. You can see that hand! Grey did not want France and Germany to become friends; he had designated France and the manhood of France for other purposes! But I want quite particularly to call attention to the closing sentence of Grey's threat: "He will not

recognize any arrangement to which she was no party." But when Germany said the same thing in 1905 about the Morocco agreement of the previous year, the Anglo-French Treaty of April, 1904, she was called the marplot of Europe. Whom did England ask or notify when she divided Persia between Russia and herself in the Anglo-Russian Treaty of August 31, 1907? England, it seems, arrogates to herself the right to dominate the whole world without let or hindrance.

The threatening and domineering attitude of England during this Morocco crisis would have plunged Europe and the world into war—as Lloyd George threatened Germany—but for an unforeseen event. Italy long cast envious eyes across the Mediterranean. She was elbowed out of Tunis by France and hence she decided on Tripoli. She missed her time in 1908, and so desiring to profit from the international situation she decided to filch away Tripoli from Turkey. She declared war on Turkey on September 29th. This event—the Turkish question has always been the bugbear of European diplomatists—postponed for the time being the great European war.

France and Germany met, discussed their differences, and entered into the (second) Franco-German Agreement (November 4th, 1911). England and Russia had their attention directed

towards the Near East, both considering themselves (at that time) the rightful heirs of the Turkish Empire. Indeed, when in November, 1911, Italy, in the course of war, made preparations to attack the Dardanelles, or at least to blockade them, Russia interfered and declared quite plainly that she would not permit it. France would have supported Russia, as French and Italian interests and policy in the Mediterranean are antagonistic, which was clearly revealed by several incidents during the Turco-Italian War and by the traditional backing of Greece by France. Of such "harmonious" elements is the Quadruple Entente of the present war made!

I have repeatedly pointed out during my narrative the reasons and objects of the Anglo-Russian Treaty. I particularly emphasized England's aim to draw Russia away from the Far East and push her into the Balkans. It will be recollected that I pointed out—among other things—that England desired a free hand in Central Asia, hence Russia had to be occupied elsewhere—in the Balkans—for this would inevitably bring to clash Russo-Austrian interests. This constituted one of the corner-stones of British intrigue, policy, and diplomacy. An energetic Russian advance in Balkan politics would also prevent the

consummation of the growing Russo-German understanding. Two moves, or rather three moves, in 1911 testify to this.

The first was Germany "recognizing North Persia as a Russian sphere of influence and providing German capital to assist in the building of a Russian railway from Teheran to Khanikin, on the Turco-Persian frontier."

England had to do something first, to counteract this growing intimacy between Russia and Germany in the Gulf; second, indeed, to separate the two Powers. To achieve this, England started a very important move on the Balkans, i.e., to form a Balkan League. The popular idea is that it was Russia who initiated or conceived the Balkan League. Others say it was Venizelos, the Greek Prime Minister. Both are wrong. It was a Mr. Bouchier, the Balkan correspondent of the London *Times*, who conceived and initiated the formation of the Balkan League. It was in December of 1911 that Mr. Bouchier saw M. Milovanovitsch, Foreign Minister of Servia, and broached to him a comprehensive scheme of a Balkan League. I lay emphasis on the adjective comprehensive. For it is not unknown to me that Mons. Milovanovitsch previous to this saw Mons. Gueschoff, the Bulgarian Prime Minister, at a secret interview when a possible Bulgar-Servian agreement was discussed. I also

know that Milovanovitsch touched upon the idea—for such it was then—when he saw Sazonoff during his visit to Petrograd. An all-embodying scheme of a Balkan League, however, was first propagated by the *Times* correspondent. Indeed, it was Mr. Bouchier who served as a go-between between Milovanovitsch and Gueschoff, Gueschoff and Venizelos.

It was also Mr. Bouchier who sounded the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, Joachim III, and the Bulgarian Exarch as to their attitude toward a Balkan League. All this was done with the greatest possible secrecy—as they thought! Perhaps however Mr. Bouchier will remember now, as he thinks it over, one of the guides who accompanied him and M. Venizelos. One of the muleteers, I mean, who accompanied them on that lovely May morning in 1912 when they took an early ride on mulebacks over the slopes of Pelion. Was it not on the summit that Venizelos gave his consent to the scheme? Does he remember what Venizelos told him? Does he know who the muleteer in question was? I daresay not but I rather fancy I do!

Now this Balkan League was directed against Turkey and Austria-Hungary; in other words, against Germany; and it was the work of England. Russia stood godfather to it once it was finished, having aided its accomplishment, but it

was originated by Bouchier. How necessary it was—from the English point of view—to draw away Russia from the Far East was once more vividly brought home to English statesmen in January, 1912, when Russia invaded outer Mongolia. This was preceded by a secret Russo-Japanese Treaty, notwithstanding the Anglo-Japanese Treaty renewed in July, 1911. This sinister activity of Russia in the Far East, her pact with Germany in the Gulf, the signing of the second Franco-German Agreement, all brought forcefully out the bankruptcy of Grey's policy and diplomacy.

He veered round and sent Haldane to Berlin. This was in February, 1912. Dates are important, as will be clear presently. The Haldane negotiations were continued in London, between Grey and Count Metternich, German Ambassador. Germany was willing and did several times modify her attitude, her proposals, but alas! Grey's mind was poisoned against Germany, and as soon as the danger had passed he deliberately frustrated the Anglo-German negotiations. Grey refused to meet Germany half way, "fearing he might offend France and Russia." In these words of Grey (and these are the actual words he used), the criminal designs of Grey's policy are glaringly revealed. But, I can hear some reader interjecting, but why should he send Haldane to Berlin to

negotiate if he did not want to conclude an agreement with Germany?

The Russian menace was the sole cause of Grey's Anglo-German negotiations. He continued these negotiations as long as he was uncertain of Russia. Indeed, he would have gone to any lengths with Germany against Russia. But when his schemes in the Balkans matured, he knew that he had Russia in the hollow of his hand.

I said above that dates are important. Certainly they are. Haldane went to Berlin in February and the negotiations were continued in London until May. In March, 1912, the Bulgar-Servian Treaty was signed. In April, the treaty between Greece and Bulgaria and in May the Serb-Greek Treaty was signed. The Balkan League was a *fait accompli*. The work for Russia was cut out. The cleverly engineered antagonism between Russia and Austria-Hungary was driven to a climax. The Triple Entente were ready for war and war came. On October 8, 1912, the first Balkan War was declared—it was a war more against Austria-Hungary than Turkey. The Serb-Bulgar Treaty contained a clause against Austria.

And what did Germany and Austria-Hungary do? These so-called military nations, who are continually on the look-out for bloodshed and conquest? They worked for peace, as Sir Ed-

ward Grey and Mr. Asquith publicly and repeatedly declared in the House of Commons. Will any intelligent student of history deny that had Austria-Hungary stationed only five army corps on the Danube, Servia would have been defeated by the Turks in Macedonia and the whole Balkan War would have ended disastrously for the Balkan League? Or if Austria-Hungary had attacked Italy in 1911 when Italy was busy with the Turks? But Austria-Hungary does not attack her ally when that ally is busy with other enemies. Such conduct was reserved for Italy!

Yes, Austria-Hungary did something in the first Balkan War; she permitted Servia and Montenegro to treat the Sanjak of Novibazar as Turkish territory and join forces there, which was of incalculable strategical advantage. And who brought the first Balkan War abruptly to an end at a time when the crowning victory of capturing Constantinople was within the grasp of the Bulgarian? Who? England and Russia! They prohibited Bulgaria following up her victories! They actually called her to stop at Tchadaldja!

Russia, "the Mother of All Slavdom," certainly. Russia is quite in favor of the Southern Slavs fighting battles. That is her whole interest in them. Russian intrigues and Russian breach of faith caused the Second Balkan War. Sazonoff by denying the existence of the secret

treaty of 1902 between Russia and Bulgaria, the former guaranteeing the integrity of Bulgarian territory, enabled Roumania to stab Bulgaria in the back and occupy the territory Turtukaia-Baltchik.

The Treaty of Bucharest, which ended the Second Balkan War—the work of the Triple Entente—left sores everywhere. I was at the time in Bucharest and I predicted then and there a European war within two years. It actually came exactly a year afterward. The Russian Minister, Hartwig, relentlessly pursued his anti-Austrian intrigues in Belgrade. The rest is known, how England—from the very first—backed up Russia at all costs, and how this and this alone precipitated the present war. If the Parliamentary Commission suggested by me will be appointed and will do its work honestly and fearlessly, then the world need not wait till future generations to learn the true history of the present war. I have told it in this present volume and I challenge the British Government to refute me. I cannot conclude this chapter more fittingly than by quoting from an inspired editorial of the *London Times* on July 31, 1914, which, by the way, effectively disposes of the Belgian pretext.

“A German advance through Belgium into the north of France might enable Germany to acquire possession of Antwerp, Flushing, and even

Dunkirk and Calais, which might then become German naval bases against England.

“France does not threaten our security. A German victory over France would threaten it irremediably. Even should the German navy remain inactive, the occupation of Belgium and Northern France by German troops would strike a crushing blow at British security. We should then be obliged alone, and without allies, to bear the burden of keeping up a fleet superior to that of Germany and of an army proportionately strong. This burden would be ruining us. The instinct of self-preservation, therefore, compels us to be ready to strike with all our force for our own safety, and for that of our friends.” Here you have British policy in a nutshell!

In the next chapter I shall describe an unsuccessful attempt to do naval and military espionage for Germany in England since the outbreak of the war.

CHAPTER VII

THE DANGEROUS RUSE WHICH WON THE CONFIDENCE OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE

WHEN Legationsrath Gneist, the German Consul at Rotterdam, reads these words he will understand the dangerous game I was playing and the necessity for deception that I had to practise even upon him. When it finally became clear, that life in England for me, and every other naturalized foreigner, had become impossible, the cumulative effect of the spy hunting epidemic, the impending ruin of my business and the personal insult to which I was subjected under the roof of my own club (the National Liberal) filled me with a bitter desire for revenge. I made up my mind to shake England's dust from my feet but not without "getting even."

The plan I mapped out to achieve this will seem to many rather startling. It was certainly original. It was nothing less than a decision to find out important naval and military secrets and to betray them to Germany, and, having achieved that, to quit England forever, if still alive.

This is no mere figure of speech. I knew that

what I was going to do was technically high treason, but my blood was boiling in me at all the calculated barbarities inflicted by a haughty, perfidious race upon innocent people.

My aim as stated was simplicity itself, but to carry it out meant clever acting. Indeed, to effectively carry out my scheme it was essential that my plan of campaign should be known only to me.

To obtain the secret information required in my hazardous undertaking necessitated a confidential berth in the War Office. This was not so easily accomplished. I offered my services in turn to the Home Secretary, to Sir Edward Grey and to Mr. Churchill, all of whom I knew personally, but they were not accepted. Next I attempted to get into the Counter-Espionage Department (M. O. 5 J.) at the War Office. Just what happened I will set out in some detail.

On December 10 I called on Lieutenant-Colonel Bellamy at the War Office and asked him to introduce me to the Secret Service officers. Fortunately for my plans I had for several weeks at the outbreak of hostilities served under this officer as censor of all Hungarian and Rumanian correspondence and cables at the War Office and at the Mount Pleasant Post Office.

My old chief at once presented me to Major Anderson in room 225 of the War Office, who

next day presented me to Capt. P. W. Kenny, who is the acting chief of the Secret Service at the War Office, or rather of the military Counter-Espionage service. Captain Kenny is an officer of rare intelligence and ability and is one of the best linguists I had met in England. But then he is an Irishman. As an ex-M. P. I was cordially received.

Now my aim really was nothing less than to lure part of the British fleet into a certain quarter of the North Sea on a certain day and to have the German fleet within easy steaming distance. In order to procure this, I proposed just the reverse to Captain Kenny and laid before him a carefully prepared scheme, the ostensible purpose of which was to destroy part of the German navy.

The plan I proposed to Captain Kenny was as follows:

“You lose, as a risk of war, vessels of all description. Battleships, cruisers, destroyers, etc. Why not sacrifice one or two of these with a view of destroying part of the German Navy?”

“Now what do you mean?” he queried.

“You will send two or three cruisers, or one dreadnought and two cruisers, with attendant destroyers and torpedo boats, on some errand in the North Sea. You will let me know three or four days beforehand. I will notify the Germans and they will naturally send a more powerful squad-

ron to the same vicinity on the same day in order to destroy them. In order not to send your men to certain death, you will tell them what is going to happen. They will be prepared; they will fight. Surely, some of your vessels will be sunk, for the Germans, knowing the type and number of your vessels, will be well prepared to deal with you. Yet it is almost certain that some of your vessels, at any rate, will escape and it is equally probable that in the fight you will damage or sink a German vessel. The Germans will then see that my information was correct. Now we will do this twice more; each time you must be ready to sacrifice some war vessels of old types.

“After we have done this, say, three times, you will send a bigger squadron in order to lure out a large, or the largest, part of the German High Sea Fleet. In addition to your ‘bait’ squadron, you will have a very powerful squadron of dreadnoughts and battle cruisers within easy steaming distance, but far enough that even with the most powerful glasses they cannot be discerned on the horizon. You will give instructions to your ‘bait’ squadron how to fight and in which direction to run during the fight, luring the Germans into a trap; of course, you must have this well out in the North Sea, otherwise the Germans will not follow you towards your own coast. You might make an apparent attempt to force Heligoland, or bombard

Borkum, and then keep up a running fight towards Rosyth. You can then have a powerful squadron north and south of the prescribed fighting course and capture or destroy the pursuing Germans." This was the scheme submitted to Captain Kenny.

My real scheme was as follows: Not to tell the Germans what I told the English. In secret service one must not and cannot trust any one. I would have worked on the assumption that at the very first "bait" fighting the English would have had a powerful squadron waiting within steaming distance, so that the Germans would not have taken them by surprise, but would have found them adequately prepared in any event. The Germans would have taken the necessary precautions.

Now, supposing the English had acted according to my scheme two or three times, and I knew that the next time would have been the big scoop, two ways were open for the Germans: either to be satisfied with the number of ships they had destroyed during the previous two or three rendezvous, and keep away; or, send all their available ships to outnumber the English. They could have done what they considered best. Of course, if the Germans had not turned up at the rendezvous after two or three smaller naval battles, the Admiralty would have known that I was a German spy and would have shot me if they had still found

me in England. But they would not have found me there.

To carry out my plan was not so simple. I could not possibly propose this audacious plan to the Germans, for they would have mistrusted me. It is one of the safeguards of diplomatic espionage to distrust your immediate and "most trusted" agents, as well. I was sure, however, that after a few weeks I could have worked it so that they would have followed my lead. Independent of everybody I intended managing the scheme myself as follows:

I would have advised the Admiralty, with whom I was connected, that I knew from the Germans that they are going to raid the English coast again. How did I know this without creating the suspicion that I was a German spy? Oh, very easily. By telling the English at the very outset that I was indeed a German spy, but only in order to accomplish a very complicated and daring ruse for England. In corroboration of this I gave them valuable German information, including two codes, keeping one for myself so that I could communicate with the Germans.

I hope the reader follows me in this tangled vein of cross-plotting. Now, then, I would have walked up to the Admiralty and said: "I met a German spy to-day and I got very valuable information from him, but I can only tell you if you do

not arrest him, for that will give both of us away. He just tells me that he had orders to be in Seaton Carew, take a room facing the sea in a high building on such and such a day and signal during the night out to sea, because a raid will be made on the Hartlepoons."

It is certain that the English would have sent a squadron to deal with the supposed "German raiders," and naturally enough they would not have come too near to Hartlepoons so as not to frighten away the Germans.

I would have, indeed, sent one of the numerous Germans in London to Seaton Carew with instructions what to do. But what is more important, I would have immediately cabled to the Germans that a squadron will be near the Hartlepoons on the night of such and such a day, because the English have information that the Germans are to make a raid. How could I have sent such a telegram out of England? Wait and see. All will be explained below. Now the Germans would have seen that I had advance naval intelligence of the English squadron, while the English would have seen that my information about a German raid somewhere at the Hartlepoons was correct. Of course, I would have refrained from mentioning how many German warships would come; so that the Germans would have been at liberty to send ten or sixteen vessels of various types and

descriptions. It is certain that the English would not have expected more than four or six raiders. The Germans would have won. Needless to say I could not repeat this very same operation; but I could have executed a second one like this:

“I have information that in a few days’ time the Germans will send during the night two fast battle cruisers to bombard Dunkirk.”

What arrangements would the British have made?

It is certain that they would have made a two-fold arrangement. First, to send a small squadron to fight the Dunkirk raiders; second, a big and powerful squadron would have been cruising about the North Sea to intercept these two raiders and prevent them reaching their bases. This would have been my opportunity. I would have advised the Germans that about six British war vessels will cruise off Dunkirk, and that a very large and powerful squadron will be north of Wilhelmshaven, or about there, on such and such a date. The Germans would have known the whole story, the English only a small part of it, and they would have been caught in a fearful trap. Why and how this scheme could not be carried out—I will explain further on.

In order to succeed the easier I explained my alleged scheme to a friend of mine, an M.P., who was so struck with its feasibility that he promised

to mention it to Mr. McPherson, M.P., who is Parliamentary Secretary to Lord Kitchener. He also spoke to Mr. McKenna, the Home Secretary, in the Commons. Needless to say, he did not know of my real intentions. If this should reach his eyes he will be not a little surprised. Of course Mr. McPherson and Mr. McKenna in reading this will immediately know to which M.P. I am referring.

My object in doing this was to forestall Captain Kenny's probable inquiries.

On December 7, I met Captain Kenny at the War Office by appointment. He told me my plan was under consideration and he then went once more into a discussion of my scheme.

On December 16, I again met Captain Kenny. He told me that my plan, though most admirable could not be accepted, as it would necessitate disclosing to me the whereabouts of the British fleet, or part of it, which could not be disclosed to any one, no matter what advantages might result from it.

I was balked. However, by my plan and other factors I had evidently gained the confidence of Captain Kenny, who told me of a possibility of sending me in a few weeks' time to a neutral country for certain purposes.

It was evident that I must adopt a new line of procedure. I knew that the headquarters of the

German Espionage for England were at the German Consulate in Rotterdam and that the English, too, had many agents in that country. "Incidentally," he remarked, "we might ask you to go to Rotterdam to find out how much cocoa and other foodstuffs are exported from Holland into Germany," adding that they had found it hitherto very difficult to find this out. This at once showed me an opening.

I said to myself, if such a comparatively easy matter causes the Counter-Espionage difficulties, provided I could find out this or other more important things, surely that would enable me to get behind the scenes and thus accomplish my purpose.

Next day, December 17, I left London for Rotterdam, where I arrived on the evening of the 18th. My trip to Rotterdam was not known to any one.

Once there I had to devise means to gain the confidence of the German Consul. For it was evident that I might prejudice my case if I should straightway offer my services to him. No matter how sincerely I wished to help him, he might consider me as an emissary of England, in which case the achievement of my purpose would be altogether impossible.

Now my object was to obtain important secrets from the Germans which I would use as a means

to get into the confidence of the English and find out and use things to their harm.

Consequently I am constrained to admit that I worked the German Consul in Rotterdam as my tool, by not disclosing to him my true plan. I hope Consul Gneist will appreciate my explanation and not feel annoyed.

But a word of advice to him. He must be more careful in the future. For indeed, if I had been an English agent the consequences might have been disastrous, so important were the official secrets he confided to me.

Had I desired it to be so most if not all the German spies concerned would have been caught by the English. From the foregoing it will be clear that nothing was further from my thoughts. The information that would have enabled me to do this came unwittingly from the German Consul at Rotterdam, as we shall see.

He knows now, of course, that while I could not carry out my scheme, I prevented the information he gave me from being of any real service to the English by warning him the very moment I saw my plan had miscarried.

On December 30, I had so far succeeded that next day the German Consul promised me the delivery of certain documents.

During my conversation with Captain Kenny in London he told me once on service that although

he knew that there were many German spies in England, he could not "unearth" their organization nor discover the general methods by which they sent their information to Germany.

The information I got from the Consul on the 30th placed in my hands the absolute and unquestionable power and means to hunt down most, if not all, of the German spies in England—had I wished to do so.

In passing, I should like to remark that the Germans are better informed of the Secret Service of England than the English of the Germans. I will only give two instances.

On December 29, I had a conversation at the German Legation at The Hague with Lieut.-Col. von Ostertag, Military Attaché of Germany, who, as Major Ostertag, was for seven years prior to the war German Military Attaché in London.

Lieut.-Col. von Ostertag during our conversation complained about a slighting remark Captain Kenny made about him to some one, following the outbreak of the war. This was very significant, for, knowing Captain Kenny to be a gentleman, I knew that he would not make a remark of that nature about any one except to one in his confidence. It was obvious, therefore, that in Captain Kenny's entourage there was some one who was in Germany's service. The other

instance was furnished by Herr Legationsrath Gneist, the German Consul in Rotterdam. He not only knew a great deal of the Secret Service work of England, and of the disposition of part of the British Fleet, but he also knew one of the principal codes used by Captain Kenny's agents.

I had to see the German Consul at 10 A.M. on December 31 by appointment. When I called at the Consulate he was not there, but had left a message for me, explaining that he had left for Wesel, Germany, that morning specially in my behalf, but would be back at 6 P.M. When I said that he could not do the return journey in that short time I was informed that a German motor car from Wesel was to meet him at Arnheim, take him to Wesel, and bring him back there. Wesel, it should be pointed out, is the headquarters of the Nachrichtendienst (Information Service) connected with Great Britain.

Accordingly I called at 6 P.M. This was my final interview with the German Consul, and he promised to have all my instructions and codes copied out for me and sent to my hotel next morning. It was considered advisable not to call again at the consulate as I might have been shadowed by English spies.

Now I must describe the nature of the information and documents I obtained from the German Consul in Rotterdam, information—it should be

borne in mind—by the use of which I hoped to obtain secrets of the British Secret Service for purposes already indicated:

1. Exact knowledge how and by what means German spies in England transmitted their intelligence to Rotterdam.

2. Two codes generally used by the German spies in England for the transmission of intelligence by cable and one code specially prepared for me.

3. Some addresses in Rotterdam to which information was being sent.

4. A questionnaire drawn up by the Nachrichtendienst in Wesel.

5. The means by which the German spies in England were being financed.

A detailed description of some of the above points may be of interest. As will be pointed out later, when my plan miscarried, I took steps to notify the Germans and warned them to effect immediate changes all around. This was nearly ten months ago, so that no harm can result from disclosing these details now:

Methods and channels of intelligence are divided into two categories: Urgent and Non-urgent. All urgent information is sent by cable, of course. It may be asked how it is possible for a German spy in England to send a telegram to Rotterdam, since there is a strict censorship in

England and nothing but plain language messages were passed.

To the uninitiated this may indeed seem an insurmountable difficulty; in fact, however, it is the simplest thing imaginable.

The three codes above referred to are known in the German Secret Service as the "family code," the "oil code" and the "Lagenscheidt" code respectively. The "family code" and the "oil code" are restricted to reporting movements of the British Fleet.

These two codes had key words for steering eastward, westward, north and south and for various longitudes and latitudes. Why? Because it was used extensively on the ocean and in the North Sea during the first few months of the war by German spies who were passengers on board ships. Whenever one of them saw a British squadron passing he promptly sent a wireless to a prearranged address sending love or best love to father, Alice, Daisy, Dorothy or Elsie, giving exact information of the number and type of war ships, longitude and latitude and direction in which they were steering.

I can state as an absolute fact that British ships transmitted wireless messages not knowing that they reported their own fleets' movements. This code was used frequently until one wireless spy was caught by the British and put away.

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EXAMPLES OF THE "FAMILY CODE" AND "OIL CODE"

(1) WEBER ROTTERDAM

Best love to May love to Alice and fondest love to Aunt in Rosendaal Do write

JOE

(2) SCHERENSKY AMSTERDAM

Cable prices 5 consignments of vaseline, 8 paraffin 12 gasoil invoice per waggon need it

KELLETT

(3) VAN STAGEN Co ROTTERDAM

Quote without delay linseed oil c o d blueoil 30 days draft vaseline invoice per barrel

BAXALL

TRANSLATIONS

(1) WEBER ROTTERDAM

Keywords Code	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Dearest love} \\ \text{to May} \\ \text{two} \\ \text{Lord Nelson} \\ \text{Class Battleships} \end{array} \right\}$	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{best love to Alice} \\ \text{two Super dreadnoughts} \end{array} \right\}$

Code { and fondest love to Aunt in Rosendaal do write
Keywords { four Torpedo Boats in Harwich riding at anchor

(2) SCHERENSKY ROTTERDAM

Code { Cable prices 5 consignments vaseline 8 paraffin
Keywords { Dover 5 first class cruisers 8 seagoing destroyers

Code { 12 gasoil invoice per waggon need it
Keywords { 12 torpedo boats (dummy) steaming out northly
direction

(3) VAN STAGEN Co ROTTERDAM

Code { quote without delay linseed oil c.o.d blueoil
30 days draft
Keyword { Tyne two dreadnoughts four battle cruisers 5

Code { vaseline invoice per barrel
Keyword { first class cruisers (dummy) repairing

As will be seen it is very easy once you have the key. But if you have not the key, no amount of

ingenuity, experience, or patient effort could ever decipher any of these messages. I will now give for the benefit of my readers three full and actual codes, which have been used during the first seven months of the war. I feel at liberty of disclosing them, for every one of them has been withdrawn, after a hint from me.

<i>Designation of Ships, Harbors, Etc.</i>	<i>Family Code Key Words</i>	<i>Oil Code Key Words</i>
Super-Dreadnought	Alice	Shale oil
Dreadnoughts	Daisy	Linseed oil
Lord Nelson Class Battleships	May	Benzin
Majestic Class Battle- ships	Hilda	Kerosene
King Edward VII Class Battleships	Ethel	Gasolene
Triumph and Swift- sure (only these two exist of this type)	Florence	Crude oil
Battle Cruisers	Amy	Blue oil
First-Class Cruisers	Rose	Vaseline
Second-Class Cruisers	Ella	Lubricating oil
Third-Class Cruisers	Pauline	Petroleum
Scouts	Elsie	Vegetable oils
Seagoing Destroyers	Father	Paraffin
Other Destroyers	Uncle	Residues
Torpedo Boats	Aunt	Gas oil
Submarines	Sister	Fuel oil
Older Battleships (re- serve fleet)	Brother	Benzol
The Tyne	Amsterdam	quote
The Clyde	Helder	can you sell
Rosyth Naval Base	Utrecht	can you deliver
The Wash	Tilborg	have you on stock
Grimsby	Vlissingen	how soon can you ship
Hull	Hook of Holland	how quick can you deliver
The Hartlepoons	Leyden	when could you ship
Harwich	Rosendaal	when do you expect

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<i>Designation of Ships, Harbors, Etc.</i>	<i>Family Code Key Words</i>	<i>Oil Code Key Words</i>
Dover	Harlem	cable prices
Folkestone	Arnheim	wire prices
Chatham Dockyard	Ymuiden	can quote
Portsmouth Dockyard	Breda	could you offer
Portland Dockyard	Zandvoord	can you offer
The Nore	Schiedam	can you ship
Boulogne	Gennep	could you ship
Calais	Dortrecht	buy for me
Dunkirk	Maastricht	quote for me
Cherbourg	Bergen-op-Zoon	why didn't you ship
Havre	Middleburg	why didn't you send
Brest	Oldenloe	can you acquire
Berehaven	Venloe	could you acquire
in damaged condition	am well	tons
repairing	am quite well	barrel
riding at anchor	do write	cisterns
steaming out	am feeling well	waggons
passed squadron	thinking of you	cwt
steaming north	sending	need it
steaming south	am sending	need it much
steaming east	sending you	very urgent
steaming west	sending to you	urgently wanted
cruising about	hope all well	much needed
1	love	1 or quickly
2	best love	2 or without delay
3	dearest love	3 or f.o.b.
4	fondest love	4 or c.o.d.
5	much love	5 or 30 days draft
6	deepest love	6 or 45 days draft
7	greetings	7 or 60 days draft
8	best greetings	8 or 75 days draft
9	heartiest greetings	9 or 90 days draft
10	greetings and love	10 or 120 days draft
11	love and greetings	11 or as soon as possible
12	best regards	12 or by return
over 12	kindest regards	immediately

The two codes given, the "Oil" and the "Family" codes, can only be used for naval intelligence; nothing else can be transmitted in them. How

could I, then, notify the Germans of other matters? Supposing I wanted to send any of the following messages:

1. Raid will be made on Heligoland within week.

or

2. Four divisions new troops leaving for France.

or

3. Am suspected be careful advise changing all codes notify all your agents.

or

4. New dreadnought added to navy.

To enable me to send any messages on any subject, I had a third code, known to the Secret Service as Dictionary Code, because I take the necessary words out of any dictionary—English-German, German-English, French-English or German-French. I simply cable the numbers of page, column and place of word.

To mislead the censor I put dummy words into the message. The addressee of my message, as already pointed out, did not possess the key to my message; he simply acted as go-between out of sympathy for the German cause. Any dictionary will do, as long as the recipient of my message has the same, the very same, edition of same year. Pocket dictionaries of Lagenschneidt are the best, for they do contain

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two columns of twelve words on each page, which, in view of the fact that a shilling has 12 pence, is rather an advantage. But it is not absolutely necessary. The examples to follow are taken out of Wessely's Hand Dictionary (English-German), revised edition.

I will now translate all the four messages above:

1. WEBER ROTTERDAM

Market on account of Russian reverses disorganized not much business done your holdings following quotations

(raid)	(will)	(be)	(made)	(on)	(island)	(Fortress)
169/39	239/15	21/45	129/10	144/22	119/39	92/15
	(Within)	(week)				
	239/36	237/21				

Advise you buy American war stock.

Laming

It will be noted I did not code the word Heligoland, simply because my dictionary does not contain that word, so I had to describe it in some other way. It will be obvious that to mention Heligoland would have been sheer madness.

The second message would read as follows:

2. VAN SPANGE UTRECHT

Your letter received prices too high am willing to close as follows:

(four)	(divisions)	(new)	(troops)	(leaving)	(for)
92/02	70/019	140/07	217/033	124/026	91/13
	(France)				
	93/15				

Bullock

The 0 signifies second column word 2, or second column 19, etc.

The third message would read as follows:

3. VANDEN BERGH ROTTERDAM

Goods despatched to-day via Batavier Line mailing invoice as follows

(am suspected)	(be)	(careful)	(advise)	(changing)	(all)
2060/19	21/45	340/36	6/022	38/4	9/10
(codes)	(notify)	(all)	(your)	(agents)	
43/17	1410/32	9/10	2420/4	7/017	
			Calvert		

It will be noted that 0 is in this message sometimes affixed to the first figure, sometimes to the second. It is a simple device to confuse the censor or the Counter-Espionage. The meaning is the same: second column. To take above message, for instance: Page 206, word 19 in second column; page 34, word 36 in second column. How does he know that it is not page 340? Simply because my dictionary and his have only 250 pages. In other words, I can put the 0 to the first or second figure in numbers exceeding 250; but certainly not in numbers below 250, for that would cause not only confusion but might make the deciphering impossible.

The fourth message would read as follows:

4. WEBER ROTTERDAM

Upon publication of Field Marshall French's report market recovered

(new)	(dreadnought)	(added)	(to)	(Navy)
1400/7	720/16	5/16	214/11	1390/25
			Laming	

All words in dictionary codes are merely dummies.

Needless to say, I was provided with various addresses and for each address another signature previously agreed upon.

A word about non-urgent messages sent by mail. It is known that all letters coming into Great Britain, or leaving Great Britain, are opened by the censors and read. Yet for many months information reached the Germans in ordinary or business letters.

These letters *did not* contain any indication that they were not bona fide. But between the lines, dealing with family, business or other matters, were written in invisible ink the messages of the spies. This went on during the first six months of the war. The boast of the English that they knew this and used it in the name of Kuepferle needs qualification. Indeed, I am bold enough to flatly contradict it, and I challenge both Captain Kenny of the War Office, and Captain Hall, R. N., Director of Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty, to contradict me when I say that before January 3, 1915, they had no idea of this, although they spent thousands of pounds trying to find it out.

Another means of transmitting information through the mail from England was to write in invisible ink on the white margin of English daily papers, weeklies or magazines and then to send them in an ordinary wrapper to a prearranged address in Holland. As Consul Gneist laughingly

remarked to me: "They can open all the letters they like; I am getting most of my postal information on the *Times* and other English papers."

Information to the spies in England from headquarters in Rotterdam was conveyed in the same manner and by messengers crossing from Holland.

Two kinds of invisible inks are most generally used, i. e., lemon juice and cream milk. They are preferred to chemical invisible inks on account of their simplicity of use. You write a letter to a supposed friend. Between the written lines you write in lemon juice or cream milk. When dry they are invisible. Your "friend," when receiving the letter, heats them and the writing immediately appears.

Now I come to the questionnaire drawn up by the Nachrichtendienst in Wesel. It put several questions to me on which they desired information. This questionnaire disclosed the fact that the Germans knew but little about Kitchener's army, its recruiting, composition, organization, the transport of troops from England to France, the training camps in England, and about numerous matters connected with the Indian troops, their camps in France, etc.

It was this document which evoked from Captain Kenny the following remark: "How interesting, how interesting. I must show this to Lord

Kitchener at once. He will be awfully amused and interested.”

Having gathered all the information, as above described, or rather having known on the 30th that I should get it next day in writing, I had carefully to consider how to use it.

There was the first difficulty of carrying the papers into England to face. I was not satisfied with sending this kind of information to Holland. My ambition went higher; to obtain the confidence I needed, I determined to pretend to the English that I had gone to Holland to get possession of important German secrets in order to be of service to England.

I set out to accomplish something. To do it successfully I had to obtain the assistance of the German Secret Service agents. If I had disclosed my entire plan to the German Consul in Rotterdam he would not have entertained it for a minute: I, therefore, only told him part of my scheme. He quite understood, however, that I wanted to be and was going to be, of help to him and his service. I was not on his staff. I did not ask any remuneration for my services; indeed, I distinctly told him I wanted none. I was free to act to the best of my own judgment, and under these circumstances I felt justified in not disclosing to him the precise nature of my scheme.

One thing, however, I was bound to consider:

In case my scheme should miscarry I had to prevent any great or lasting harm resulting therefrom to the Germans. This I did. Indeed, there was only one chance that I would not succeed, one chance only. I knew how it could arise; whence it might come. It was indeed this one thing which nullified my efforts. It was not the cleverness of the English Secret Service, it was this accidental and incidental circumstance which for the time being enabled Captain Hall to stultify me. He will know what I mean.

But he is not yet through with me. We shall meet at Philippi. I owe him yet a reply to the last interview I had with him in his room at the Admiralty on January 28, in reply to an official telegram I received from him. I will pay him in my own way and time.

On December 30, 1914, I knew, as already remarked, that next day I should have the various codes, documents, etc.

I sat down and wrote a letter to Captain Kenny somewhat on the following lines:

“Dear Captain Kenny:

“You will no doubt be surprised to get a letter from me from Rotterdam. Seeing that for some reason unknown to me you hesitated to employ me, I came here on the 17th inst. in order to prove to you that I could indeed be of great service to you.

I prefer not to divulge in a letter the result of my work, but I can tell you so much that you will be astonished and pleased. I shall leave here on Friday, January 1, arriving in London Saturday evening, and if possible, should like to see you the same evening. Please drop me a line to my club.

“I shall call there on my way home.

“I am sending this letter through the British Consul here so that it shall quickly and safely reach you.”

I want to draw attention to the last paragraph. There was a reason for this. In order to cross to England I had to have my passport viséed at the British Consulate General in Rotterdam. To avoid unpleasant questions about my sojourn in Rotterdam and in order to obtain unmolested access into England I put the letter in an envelope and addressed it as follows:

Capt. P. W. Kenny,
M. O. 5 J.
War Office.

and headed straightway with it to the British Consulate.

The mystic letters M. O. 5 J. I knew would do everything for me. They did.

Arriving at the Consulate General I asked to see the Consul General himself. The nature of

my business? That was only for the Consul's ears. My card was taken in and forthwith I was shown into the Vice-Consul's room.

I pulled the envelope from my inside pocket with studied deliberation and showed it to the Vice-Consul. When he saw the letters M. O. 5 J. and the name of Captain Kenny, he thought I must be of the English Secret Service. He looked up at me like a shot, pulled a chair as close as possible and asked me to be seated. In whispering tones he asked me whence I came, what I had done, etc. I gave him such replies as I wanted. I told him my object in calling was to ask him to forward my letter at once in his official despatch bag to the Foreign Office in London for safe transmission to Captain Kenny and to visé my passport. He readily consented. We had quite an interesting conversation and he suggested that he introduce me to the Consul General. He took me into the Consul General's private room. He is Mr. E. G. B. Maxse, a brother of the notorious German eater, the editor of the *National Review* (London). We had about an hour's conversation, of which I must mention two details; first to show how inefficient the English Secret Service is, and secondly, how easily it is fooled.

During our conversation the British Consul-General complained to me that he had a certain letter (how obtained I do not know) which he had

reasons to believe contained matters in invisible ink. Could I tell him how to make invisible ink visible? He had tried all kinds of things but could not make the ink visible. Comment unnecessary. I told him that I was returning to London in a day or two with very important documents and I wanted him to allow me to put them into his official envelope under his own official seal. He suggested that he should send them to the Foreign Office. To this I demurred. He then readily agreed to my request. Could he read them? I said he better not. He ultimately agreed.

Next day, December 31, 1914, I saw the German Consul after his return from Wesel and it was arranged that he would send everything I had asked for to my hotel next morning.

Friday, January 1, I received through a messenger of the Consulate all he promised. Forthwith I drove to the British Consulate where the documents were put under seal without being read or even seen, and a code message sent to the Foreign Office, London, at my dictation, somewhat to the following effect.

“Advise Captain Kenny, War Office, Mr. Lincoln leaving to-night with important documents.”

I left Rotterdam New Year's Day, arriving in London next day—Saturday evening. When I arrived at Folkestone all passengers were subjected to a close scrutiny, examination and search.

When the Secret Service men there started questioning me, instead of replying to their questions I pulled out the large official envelope bearing the official seal of the British Consulate General in Rotterdam and showed it to the man at my left (there was a Secret Service man on each side). When he saw the seal and the address he let me pass, remarking to the one on my right, "M. O. 5 J." They both saluted me and I passed through.

I drove to my club (the National Liberal), where I found this letter from Captain Kenny:

"2—1—'15.

"War Office, Whitehall, S. W.

"Dear Mr. Lincoln:

"I shall be very interested to hear your news. I am here till 7.30 P.M. From 7.30 to 9.30 P.M. Telephone No. 3460 Vic. will find me, if you care to call me up. To-morrow, Sunday, I can see you any time between 11 and 1, or between 3.30 and 6.30, only please let me know by 'phone when I may expect you. Yours sincerely,

(Signed) P. W. KENNY, Capt."

I accordingly called up the number indicated, but Captain Kenny had already left the place. I left a message for him that I would call at the W. O. next day at 11 as suggested. I did. And

I was closeted with Captain Kenny exactly three hours.

Captain Kenny was keenly anxious to hear my story. First of all I told him that I went to Rotterdam because the British Secret Service would not employ me and I was desirous of showing him that I could be of great service to him.

“You are a sportsman,” remarked Captain Kenny. I then asked him the following questions:

“What amount of money is the British Government willing to spend in order to obtain the following information and documents?

“1. The code by which the movements of the British fleet have been and are being reported to Germany.

“2. A code which is being used by German spies in England for the transmission of telegrams (in plain language) to Holland.

“3. The means, methods and channels they employ to send intelligence through the mails.

“4. Some addresses to which telegrams and letters are being sent.

“5. A disclosure how they are financed and through what channels.

“6. A document which would show what the Germans do and do not know of the British Army.”

Captain Kenny was speechless. Before he recovered from his evident surprise I pointedly

asked him: "Do you know any of these things?" He hesitated to reply.

"It is no use, Captain," I said, "to tell me that you do, for I know that you do not."

"Mr. Lincoln," he replied, "it is no use to ask that question because it is impossible to obtain any of that information."

"But supposing it were possible," I replied, "what are you willing to spend to obtain possession of it?"

"Granted for the sake of argument that it were possible—money would be no consideration."

"Very well, then," I said, "I have much pleasure supplying all this to you free."

Words fail me to describe the effect of my words upon the captain.

"What do you mean? I cannot understand you," he said.

"I mean that all this information is in this room," said I, reaching into my pocket, "and I have much pleasure in handing it to you unconditionally."

I drew the large envelope from my pocket, pointed out that the seal was untouched and handed it to the captain.

Captain Kenny broke the seals, eagerly read through all the documents, made copious notes and drew up a long report of all I told him.

He was quite beside himself with excitement.

He could not sufficiently express his thanks, his astonishment. Before I left it was agreed that I must be employed in connection with this matter, indeed he insisted I must continue to work the thing, which augured well for my success. He said he was going to make a report of the whole matter that very afternoon and present it to Lord Kitchener, who, he said, would be immensely pleased, and to the Admiralty, and would let me know next day.

Next morning, January 4, I went to my club and found the following letter from Captain Kenny:

“Dear Mr. Lincoln: “War Office.

“A certain naval officer would very much like to see you. He proposes calling on you (with me) at your club between 12 and 1 to-morrow. He is an authority on oil. I hope you will be in the club then; in any case I shall expect you here at 3.30 P. M.

“Yours sincerely,
“(Signed) P. W. KENNY, Capt.”

The words “he is an authority on oil” were put into the letter as a “blind.” Captain Kenny called at my club at 12.20 P. M. and told me that the naval officer would not be introduced to me by his name, as that must remain a profound secret. Indeed I do not know to this day who he is. He is simply known to me as “C.”



January 24th - 1915

War Office,
Whitehall,

S.W.

Dear Mr Lincoln

In the course of
procedure your case has
now passed out of the
jurisdiction of this section
and I must ask you
to communicate with
the Admiralty.

D. J. Captain Stale

is expecting a visit -

from you.

I hope you have quite

recovered from your attack

of influenza

Yours very truly

Ph. Kenny
Capt.

Mos. J.

A Letter from Capt. Kenny that Warned Mr. Lincoln of His Dangerous Position.

Captain Kenny also asked me not to be surprised if our meeting place be somewhat unusual. A few minutes later a page boy came to me and told us that a naval officer was waiting in a taxi downstairs.

“This means,” the captain said, “that we shall have to go.”

We entered the taxi and drove about the streets of London one hour and twenty minutes. It was explained to me that this was done for absolute secrecy in order to prevent German agents shadowing us. The naval officer, I learned, is and has been for ten years the chief officer of England's Secret Service. When we met he thanked me profusely and promised to let me have matter which his department would ask me to transmit to Rotterdam to hoodwink the Germans.

Here I must explain that I withheld from the British one piece of information which would enable me at any time things did not go according to my program to warn the German Consul in Rotterdam.

Between January 4th and 7th nothing happened, and I took it that they were preparing and outlining work for me. On January 7th, not hearing anything from either the War Office or the Admiralty, I went to the War Office and remonstrated with Captain Kenny for the delay. I was growing uneasy about the silence on personal grounds.

I was afraid the British might be acting behind my back to take the matter out of my hands and effectively deceive the Germans. Consequently, in order to play my rôle of pretending to serve them, I had to take a strong attitude; in other words, to whistle, because I was afraid.

Captain Kenny rang up "C" in my presence and told him that I was there and that we (Captain Kenny and I) thought it important that something should be done. "C" said he was very busy that day, but in a day or two he would be ready for me.

When two days later I still had no news I grew very uneasy and considered myself in constant danger. On January 9 I again rang up Captain Kenny. He promised me that he would attend to the matter at once and asked me to call at the War Office Monday, January 11. This I did.

Captain Kenny could not give me a satisfactory reason for the delay and silence of "C." Indeed, I gained the impression that the captain, himself, did not know what was going on. The matter apparently had been taken out of his hands. I gave him a friendly ultimatum, saying that unless I heard from him by the morrow I would lay the facts of the case before the Right Hon. Sir Henry Dalziel Bart, M.P.

I had to show plenty of courage and resentment. Indeed, I made up my mind to find out what was

going on behind the scenes. If developments were proceeding contrary to my plan I could then disappear quickly from England and warn the Germans.

Next day, January 12, there was still no news. It was evident that I would have to act quickly. I decided to see Sir Henry. This I did because I knew from my parliamentary days that Sir Henry is one of the few independent Radicals who fear nobody. He is the owner of the great radical weekly, *Reynolds Newspaper*, also a kind of unofficial leader of a small set of extreme Radicals below the gangway in the House, and he wields great influence.

I saw Sir Henry twice that day and made him red hot. He was very indignant. He promised to take up the matter with Lord Kitchener himself.

I was fully cognizant of the dangerous nature of my procedure and made all preparations to leave England at a moment's notice. I notified Captain Kenny, by letter, of my visits to Sir Henry.

Late at night, on January 13, Sir Henry rang me up to say that he had a message from the War Office "that the matter is having most urgent consideration."

I received two letters, one from Captain Kenny, and the other from "C," complaining that the

secret codes I had furnished did not "fit" any of the messages "caught" by the British, and criticizing me for communicating with Sir Henry.

On the following afternoon I again saw Sir Henry at the Hotel Cecil. That night I did not go home to sleep but went to a hotel under an assumed name, as I expected anything to happen.

Next day at 1 o'clock I had another interview with Sir Henry and I learned from him that I was to receive a summons from the War Office that day. I gathered from him that there was as yet no suspicion about me. I waited till 4 o'clock—no news from the War Office. I then decided—with the previous approval and knowledge of Sir Henry—upon a supremely courageous step.

I went to the Admiralty and asked to see Mr. Winston Churchill. I was taken at once to his quarters, and he sent out his principal private secretary (Mr. Marsh) to tell me that he was too busy; would I tell his secretary what I came to see him about.

I handed a long typewritten statement to Mr. Marsh, addressed to Mr. Churchill, complaining bitterly about the delay in my case. Mr. Marsh, after reading the document, left me, as he explained, for a few minutes. I was left there in his room and felt as though I were in the very lion's den. I did not know what might happen the next minute.

Mr. Marsh returned about fifteen minutes later and had me conducted to the director of naval intelligence. This post is one of the most important of the Admiralty and is, as a rule, a stepping stone to the First Sea Lordship. Lord Fisher and Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg were directors of naval intelligence before becoming First Sea Lords.

I was very well received. The Director, of course, knew everything. During a conversation lasting more than an hour, I was led to understand that nothing had yet been done except to send a letter to Holland pretending to come from me, telling the German Consul that I was laid up with pneumonia and consequently "I" must ask him (the Consul) to be patient for a while.

I clearly saw that as yet they did not suspect me and that nothing had yet been found out. So I decided to wait a few days but to be on guard in case they should meanwhile either do something against me or the Germans.

I waited six days and, not having word from any one, on January 21, I went up to the War Office and saw Captain Kenny, who asked me to come and see him next day between eleven and twelve. Accordingly, I called at the War Office on January 22. Captain Kenny definitely promised to write to me within two days. "Within two days"

sounded just a trifle too definite not to arouse in me a suspicion that something was going on. All this time I kept in touch with Sir Henry.

On January 25, I received a letter from Captain Kenny notifying me that my case had passed out of the jurisdiction of the War Office, and asking me to communicate with the Admiralty where I was expected. The tone of this letter was different from the preceding ones.

Immediately after the receipt of this note I went up to the Admiralty, where I had a long talk with the Director. It was evident, from this conversation, that things were not proceeding according to my wish or in my favor, and I then decided to leave for New York by the first American liner sailing. This was on a Monday. There was no boat available before Saturday, hence I had to put them off for a while. This I succeeded in doing by hammering at them for recognition through Sir Henry and by addressing a letter to Mr. Churchill. On January 27, I received a reply, referring me to the Director and then came this official telegram:

“Lincoln, 51 Torrington Sq., W.

“Please call and bring your passport. Director of Intelligence.”

I was puzzled by the request to bring my passport with me. As it turned out, it was a trap.

It is an authority on oil.
I hope you will be in
the Club then: in any
case I shall expect you
here at 3.30 P.M.



Sunday
War Office,
Whitehall,
S.W.

Dear Mr. Lintch

Alexander Navale

My views would very much

like to see you. His

proposes calling on you or

(with me) at your Club

between 72 and 77 tomorrow.

Yours sincerely
S. H. Kennedy
Cape

The "Naval officer" who is "an authority on oil" Mentioned in
this Letter is the Head of England's Secret Service.



I called upon the Director of Intelligence. Before I was taken into his room and after my arrival had been announced to him, I saw two gentlemen being let into his room. I may remark that at my interviews with the Director, Lieutenant Herschell, R. N., was always present. When I entered this room I surmised at once that something had gone wrong. In addition to Lieutenant Herschell, as usual in his uniform, two gentlemen in civil attire were present. One of them was pretending to be busy with some books; the other, with his face turned away, pretended not to be interested in the conversation at all, though furtively taking shorthand notes.

Captain Hall, the Director, put an innocent-looking question to me. This showed me that the game was up. I expected to be arrested at once. Indeed, I cannot understand even now why they did not arrest me. However, I kept up the play and finally after a clever tactical conversation, left the room unmolested. They let me go, thinking that they had me in any case due to the fact that all passports in circulation were declared void. Indeed Captain Hall, who at first wanted to keep my passport, returned it to me with the ironical remark: "All right, you can have it back, it is only valid two more days." (The decree above referred to demanded new passports from the first of February.) In order to be able to flee I

“played” information into their hands that I would try to escape to Holland.

Next morning I left London and sailed on the steamer *Philadelphia* the following day, January 30th, for New York, where I arrived on February 9th, and at once got in touch with a certain German. Through him I got my cable to Berlin past the English censor without delay. Before leaving London I sent a note by circuitous route to the German Consul at Rotterdam, telling him in a prearranged code of all that had happened and advising him immediately to take the necessary steps.

In spite of the failure of my chief plans I discovered during my dallying with the War Office some plans of tremendous moment to the German Intelligence Department. Through some inadvertences of Captain Kenny's, I learned that the Secret Service of England was then considering and elaborating a plan to blow up all the railway bridges and important railway stations of the Rhine by sending into Germany emissaries with false passports. I also discovered that there were Russian Secret Service men at this time in London, who held daily conferences at the War Office with Captain Kenny and the two colonels, devising a plan of military espionage in Germany. There was a naturalized American citizen (native of Holland) in London, holding the temporary

rank of Lieutenant in one of the Indian regiments. He was for a while in Marseilles and afterwards in one of the Indian troop camps near Orleans—but was on furlough in England. It was decided to send him into Germany. He was to go first to Holland and make the necessary arrangements to enable him to travel in Germany as a Dutch commercial agent and so organize a thorough system of espionage there. My warnings to Berlin soon made this plan ineffectual. I also obtained accurate information about the mobilization of Kitchener's army and forwarded it to Germany. This was of great value to the General Staff, for in spite of the activities of their spies in England they had but meager knowledge of the new armies.

Having escaped from the admiralty detectives by a mere chance, you can imagine my mingled emotions when I read in a New York morning paper two months later this paragraph:

CODE OF SPY USED TO SPY ON GERMANS

British Correspond with Kaiser's Workers Under
Name of Kuepferle, a Prisoner

LONDON, April 19.—Anton Kuepferle, the American citizen of German birth, who hails from Brooklyn, and is held for trial on a charge of supplying Germany with information concerning the movements of British troops and ships, is said to have been the means of affording British detectives much inside information concerning the workings of the German spy system, with headquarters in Holland.

Kuepferle's arrest was kept a secret for nearly two months. Meantime it is reported that Scotland Yard men were using the prisoner's name as a means of communicating with German officials in Holland. In Kuepferle's baggage sheets of paper for use with invisible ink were found. Imitating Kuepferle's handwriting, the detectives are said to have written letters to German spy chiefs, between the lines of which they traced in invisible ink all sorts of questions asking further instructions. A rapid fire correspondence is reported to have continued until Kuepferle had actually been in jail for many weeks.

A plain recital of facts like a police inspector's notes, yet of personal and moving interest to me! There is, however, dramatic surprise in the report lying hidden in the statement that Scotland Yard actually did correspond with German officials in Holland in the name of Kuepferle—*unknown to the German Secret Service*. This is indeed interesting. The climax, however, is to be found in the facts that the German Secret Service *knew that Kuepferle's alleged reports came from Scotland Yard* and the requested instructions they ostensibly sent to Kuepferle were indeed meant to mislead the British officials.

As for my old friend Captain Hall of the Intelligence Department, I only wish I could witness his chagrin when he reads this narrative of one of the chief actors in this drama of plot and counterplot. Only now will he understand why his "dummy"

messages in the name of poor Kuepferle were taken at their true value and the replies he got were fashioned by keener wits at Wilhelmstrasse.

CHAPTER VIII

SPYING AND COUNTER-SPYING—THE SINISTER FOUNDATION OF SECRET DIPLOMACY

“**I** HAVE just spent some weeks in England going over the ground which in case of invasion is assigned to me.” Thus spoke to me an officer of the German army, in 1911, on the Dover-Ostend boat, both of us reclining on the deck chairs, on a superb July day. We were basking in the sun. I was reading a German book, and he, noticing it, soon drew me into conversation. Our conversation soon drifted on to the Morocco crisis, particularly the Agadir incident.

“Sir Edward Grey is pursuing a wrong policy,” I urged. “Instead of paying such a tremendous price for Russia’s adherence to his anti-German policy, as he did by the Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1907, he ought to have satisfied Germany’s legitimate aspirations by agreeing to the sale of the Portuguese colonies to her—we would have had peace in Europe instead of this continual tension.”

This my opinion, frankly stated, greatly interested him, and soon he knew that I had been an



Jan 27 '15

Dear Sir,

The First Lord desires me to acknowledge
the receipt of your letter of today,
& to say that the matter is in the
hands of the Director of the Intelligence
Division, from whom you will hear
in due course.

Yours faithfully

Alford

J. J. Lincoln Esq

A Letter from the Naval Intelligence Department of the Admiralty
that Aroused Mr. Lincoln's Suspicions.



M.P., disclosing, in his turn, that he was an officer of the Great General Staff of Germany. He was greatly surprised at my detailed knowledge of Germany's war readiness in 1905 and 1906 and again in July of that year (1911), and looked at me with a mingled look of amazement and interrogation when I remarked that all along the Rhine locomotives were collected at strategical centers with steam up day and night, and that a vast aggregation of rolling stock was ready for the troops concentrated there should England and France force Germany into war over the Morocco affair.

England was also ready. The expeditionary force was ready on the east coast and in Alder-shot, ready to embark at a moment's notice. "I know," he said, and did not ask me any more questions. He had gone over his section in England in a touring car to see whether any new buildings had been erected, and whether bridges had been strengthened, and so forth, but chiefly to keep his local knowledge of his section up-to-date and fresh. This is but an illustration of the thoroughness of the German spy system.

ORGANIZATION OF SPY SYSTEMS

Much has been written of late of the organization and activity of Continental spy systems, but all these descriptions are fragmentary, many even

confused and confusing. The arrest and execution of Kuepferle, Lody, Rosenthal—German spies in England—the unexplained blowing-up of the battleship *Bulwark*, the oft-repeated stories of signalings from the east coast of England, and many other incidents have not only contributed little to the exact knowledge that the man in the street has of espionage, but have, on the contrary, enshrouded its workings with greater and deeper mystery.

People with an inventive turn of mind, or with an alert imagination, seized this favorable opportunity and regaled the public with fictitious descriptions of spy systems, which were eagerly read and readily believed. In the mind of the average person, spying has become a kind of mythical organization, working furtively and with great dramatic effect. Nothing could be further from the truth. On the contrary, it is a most matter-of-fact organization, sober, methodical, working with great deliberation and unusual thoroughness. The Japanese, for instance, have a wonderful espionage system, which in some respects is even superior to the German.

In the Russo-Japanese War they had a paid agent in the Russian headquarters—a staff officer—who by relays of messengers kept them informed of all decisions taken or moves contemplated. It was only after the battle of Mukden

that this was found out. The officer in question was, of course, shot.

But in regard to organization, none can be compared with the German. The German espionage system is the only one which has a peace establishment which in times of war expands into a war establishment. This is the great distinguishing feature of the German Secret Service. When the army is mobilized, the espionage is also mobilized in the strictest sense of the word. This mobilization takes place according to a well-prepared plan in which each agent has his or her preappointed place and duty. Schemes long ago prepared are put into execution. An agent who, for instance, for years was doing porter's work at the railway station at Ostend (Belgium) is recalled, meets certain troops, and leads them in their advance, having a thorough knowledge not only of Ostend but of the whole neighborhood which he minutely studied on his bicycle rides into the country on his "off days."

Military or naval attachés must be very circumspect, for if their espionage is revealed the Government must take official cognizance. This recall, if found out, cannot be evaded. For years there was no German military attaché in Paris because Col. S—— was deeply involved in high espionage. Indeed, I call the military and naval attachés "privileged spies," for they cannot be

called to book, no matter how much they are compromised. A few years ago Colonel Zubovits, the Russian Military Attaché in Vienna, had to leave Vienna on six hours' intimation that the climate of Vienna did not suit his health. He had carried on from the Embassy a vast scheme of military espionage. But as a rule, attachés take care not to be identified with any espionage.

In times of peace there are itinerary spies employed by the Germans and Japanese more systematically than by any other government. The Russian and English, too, send spies into a foreign country to spy upon some definite object, say the defenses of Wilhelmshaven, or the distribution of troops in South Hungary and Bosnia at a given time. |But only the Japanese and the Germans carry on spying in times of peace as an art and science.|

Each spy unit works unknown to the other. The duty of some spies is to acquire topographic knowledge of certain well-defined localities, of roads, schools, other public buildings, hospitals, factories, dockyards; others to obtain drawings of forts, guns, battleships; others to obtain exact data as to quantity of food provisions obtainable in a given neighborhood during different seasons; draught animals, cattle, sheep, other live stock, etc., etc. Others, as teachers of music or languages or governesses or butlers or gardeners,

reside for months or years in a foreign country and acquire an inner knowledge of its internal administration, party politics, and obtain the contents of important documents.

MOBILIZATION

Now, when war breaks out all these thousands of agents are mobilized. They get a code telegram; they know what it means. It is all rearranged. Kuepferle, for instance, goes to London. Another goes to Chile, to keep track of British war and merchant ships. Others go to Canada to watch the training or sending of troops. Indeed, they travel with them as sailors on the boat, or as Red Cross men or as Red Cross nurses. Others hurry to the United States to watch and report shipments of ammunitions and other merchandise to enemy countries. The whole is a wonderful piece of organization, thoroughly prepared in advance. Those who have resided for years in Belgium or France or England or Russia hurry home, join certain army troops, or Zeppelins, as guides. This knowledge, carefully tabulated and filed away at Berlin, extends to the most minute matters.

I know, for instance, that the Great German General Staff as well as the Japanese General Staff is informed exactly from what hill or elevation New York, Galveston, Baltimore, or Bos-

ton, etc., can be effectually bombarded. The ranges, distances, are all measured and prepared. This knowledge embraces every important city of strategical or tactical importance in any country of the world. As a high German officer once remarked to me:

“We may never land in San Francisco, indeed the probabilities are we never will, but yet we have got the range of all important government buildings there. As soon as the caliber, velocity, and range of our field or siege guns is increased, the information is brought up to date.

“Moreover, any railway that is built in any part of the world is carefully noted and studied from various points of view—weight of rail and nature of permanent way—in order to know what amount and weight of traffic it will handle during a given time; also quantity and quality of rolling stock required for the transportation of troops and war material devised for that particular section. Bridges are very carefully studied. You know in England there are a great number of old stone bridges. We know every one of them and know what amount of traffic they will stand. Now, when we invade England, we shall take with us not only pontoons to cross rivers but bridge material which is all ready in sections, numbered, booked away, so to speak, for a specific object in a known locality.”

“Don’t you think, Colonel,” I said, “that much of this information is, or rather will ever remain, useless? What is the use of collecting, studying, filing away of things into elaborate war plans, minute information which you never may use?”

“Why not?—it may be useful to potential allies,” was his significant reply.

In the War Office in London, I found a verification of this. In many of the secret offices in the War Office, I saw high filing cabinets, more like chests of drawers, of quite enormous length. The legend on them runs as follows: “Hankau Peking Railway,” or “Tashkent-Tiflis Railway,” or “Kabul-Herat Road,” or “Liao-Tang, Peninsular Railway,” etc., etc. There were a goodly number of these huge drawers. My curiosity was aroused and I asked Captain Kenny of the M. O. 5 J. (Military Counter-Espionage) what they were. He told me as far as Manchuria, China or Mongolia were concerned they got their information from the Japanese Secret Service, “who know everything,” as he said. (Yet even he admitted that no Secret Service in the world had so complete a knowledge of all countries as the Germans.

GERMANY’S MISTAKES

This brings me to the consideration of a point which will, I am sure, come as a great surprise to

many a reader. (The Germans know all mechanical, topographical, military, or naval secrets, but their system entirely fails in the personal element, the personal factor. Their own system, I mean their Secret Service, is over-organized.) Very little scope is left to individual enterprise or initiative; everything goes, as it were, by pressing a button. It is a thoroughly organized machine, but it is a machine. I will give two illustrations from my own personal knowledge.

“You have made a great blunder by invading Belgium, from a diplomatic point of view,”¹ said I to Legationsrath Consul Gneist at Rotterdam, and to Lieut.-Colonel von Ostertag, German Military Attaché at The Hague (formerly in London), and to a member of the German Embassy in Washington, whom I met in New York, soon after my arrival in New York.

The faint, half-hearted contradiction to my drastic statement clearly showed me that in their hearts they did agree with me.

“You would have prevented England joining the war—at any rate for several months,” I remarked.

“No, Mr. Linclon, we know that Grey meant to war upon us. Indeed, this was one of the reasons why we invaded Belgium,” they all replied.

¹ See also pp. 200 and 201.

“I was in the House of Commons on the 3rd and 4th of August, 1914, where as a former Member of Parliament I had the privilege of going into the inner lobby and the majority of the members I spoke to, and indeed the general opinion of the House and of the country, was that if Belgium is not invaded—Great Britain should not go to war.

“Now you knew that the Foreign Office had another policy, that at all costs to join France and Russia as they were committed by previous understandings. The people of England, the Parliament of England, yes, even the Cabinet of England, knew nothing of Grey’s policy. Consequently when Grey asked you that fatal question, ‘Will you respect the neutrality of Belgium?’ you should have replied, ‘Certainly, how can you ask such a thing? Have we not guaranteed it? Our word is our bond.’ I can assure you the Parliament of England would not have supported Grey. As it is, Lord Morley, John Burns, and Mr. Trevelyan resigned from the Government. Grey could not have gone on with his policy.”¹

Why this lack of diplomatic finesse? Because the mill works with great precision, but does not see the human element. The future will re-

¹ Prince Lichnovsky offered to Grey to respect Belgium’s neutrality and not to attack France, but Grey refused. However, I still maintain if Germany had from the first made this clear Grey could not have plunged Great Britain into the war.

veal the correctness of my statement, for it will be proved that Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor, was emphatically against the invasion of Belgium, but was overruled by the military—the supreme power in Germany.

There is nothing worth knowing about the naval and military establishments of England which the Germans did not know until the outbreak of war. But since then they have been singularly lacking in information about the number of recruits, the training camps, the transportation of troops to the Continent, their number there, their training camp there, and many other important details connected with Kitchener's army. This lapse is to be referred to the same blunder as the invasion of Belgium, ignoring the human equation. The war plan of the Great General Staff—prepared years ahead—provided for the invasion of Belgium for two reasons:

1. Because Great Britain, to their knowledge, intended doing the same thing.

2. It was easier and quicker to reach Paris via Liège than via Verdun—so they thought. As a matter of fact they could have reached Paris quicker via Verdun, as the French were hopelessly disorganized and behind with their mobilization the first three weeks. Also they did not expect such a resistance from the Belgian army, a knowledge of which their secret service might

have forecasted. However, it was previously worked out, so it had to be executed. This is the military mind of precision and method.

So with their failure to know things about Kitchener's army, they never expected, nor thought it possible, that Kitchener or anybody would raise such a large army in a trice—consequently they made no preparations to watch its coming into being, its organization, training, and transportation. | Once war breaks out it is difficult to organize a comprehensive, unified spy system in an enemy's country. | The fate of Lody, Kuepferle, Hahn, Muller, Rosenthal, and my own experience amply testifies to this.

Lieut.-Colonel von Ostertag, the Intelligence Office at Wesel, were very badly informed of Kitchener's army. Colonel von Ostertag has put forward every effort to gain information on this point. They were and are fairly well informed of the movements of the British fleet in ports, but much less when at sea. At the outbreak of the war certain previously selected and appointed agents were sent or assigned to Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Sheffield, Southampton, Dover, Harwich, and Tyne, and all along the east coast towns, and of course to London. These agents are Irishmen, Belgians, Dutchmen, Americans, Poles, Danes, etc. They are frequently changed. They are not all sent from the same

sectional headquarters and consequently they do not send their information to the same countries. Some came to England from the United States. Others came from Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, South America, etc., and of course they send their information to different offices. These various offices have each other's code systems.

When I arrived in New York, and desired to communicate to Berlin via Rotterdam that my scheme had miscarried, I went to a certain office in New York City. I asked to see a certain party. When I was shown into his room, he naturally first of all wanted to know my identity, or rather, have proofs of any *bona fides*. When I told him I communicated to addresses through Rotterdam, he asked me:

“What codes did you use, to what addresses did you send your mail and cables?”

I gave him my three codes and the corresponding three addresses. He went up to his safe, opened a portfolio, took out some sheets of paper, looked them over, and said, “Yes, that is quite all right.”

My *bona fides* was thus proved to him beyond doubt. He then called in a higher official and they then immediately put me in touch with some one to whom I gave my report.

| Another great fault of the German Secret

Service is that they pay by results, placing great temptation or rather compulsion in the way of their agent to invent stories when they are unsuccessful. The English Secret Service, on the other hand, engage their agents on a fixed salary basis, which is paid to him whether he be successful or not. In addition to their regular army of agents, the Germans employ sometimes (but rarely) occasional spies for certain specific objects. Alike with the Russians and Japanese, every German consul all over the world is at the same time a secret service agent as well.¹

England is, however, not only thoroughly "worked" at home; she is being spied upon from Holland, Norway, United States. This is the Counter-Espionage. To find out what the English spies in those countries do, what shipments are made, and many other matters, the respective consulates in those countries look after this branch in close cooperation with the military and naval attachés. At the outbreak of war many spies were sent to England to blow up certain important bridges, factories, shipyards, waterworks, etc., and it is only due to the prompt measures taken *before* the declaration of war that every attempt failed. But there were many attempts.

¹In times of war, such as at present, every Consulate, Embassy or Legation of *all* the belligerents are centers of Secret Service activity. The English have at present more spies in this country than the Germans.

The English have done or attempted to do all the same things in Germany. Indeed I know that plans were being elaborated for the blowing up of all the Rhine bridges through spies, but I foiled this.

COUNTER-ESPIONAGE

The aim of the Counter-Espionage is to thwart the schemes and plots of Secret Service agents. It is a most elaborate system and absorbs quite as much money as the espionage itself. How effective the whole system is may be judged by an interview I had with Mr. McKenna, then First Lord of the Admiralty, in January, 1910:

After my election to the House of Commons in January, 1910, I paid a visit to my native country and was quite royally received in Budapest. While there I came into possession of a very valuable secret process which I thought would greatly aid the British navy. The man in possession of the secret only gave me sufficient details to be able to form a judgment on its merits. I immediately wrote to McKenna and told him that the man was willing to accompany me to London and place all the facts before him. The price he asked was \$5,000,000 (£1,000,000). Mr. McKenna wired me to bring the man along.

In the afternoon at 3 P. M. of our arrival in Lon-

don, I saw Mr. McKenna by appointment. The man I brought with me from Budapest had to wait in the waiting-room, which had three bare walls, the window being on the fourth wall opposite the door and looking down on St. James Park. It is important to bear this in mind to appreciate the full significance of what will follow later. Being shown to Mr. McKenna's private room, I, in reply to a query of his, explained to him the nature of the secret and added:

“The man wants £1,000,000, but for this amount the British Admiralty shall be the sole possessor of the secret.”

Mr. McKenna smilingly replied:

“We never give any large amount of money for secrets, for I know within a fortnight of any secret, invention, or process of any navy in the world, and I must necessarily assume this to be the case with your secret.”

This statement reveals the astonishing character of Secret Service plotting and counter plotting.

Towards the close of our conversation a gentleman came in, drew Mr. McKenna into a far corner of his very spacious room, and whispered something into his ears—and then left.

When bidding good-by to Mr. McKenna, he thus addressed me:

“Will you please ask the man in the waiting-room to return all the Admiralty note-paper he filled his pockets with?”

I rushed into the waiting-room and remonstrated with the man for having thus abused my chaperonage of him. He turned as white as snow and stammered out a few incoherent remarks.

“I can’t understand . . . I . . . there was nobody in the room . . . I thought there was no harm . . . seeing it is placed here in the waiting-room . . . eh.”

Those of the readers who have ever had occasion to call at any of the government offices in London were certainly astonished at the long waiting in a waiting-room and at the presence of an abundant supply of note-paper with the royal arms impressed on it.

Now they understand!

As a general rule actual espionage is much more elaborate during times of peace, whilst in times of war, like at present, the Counter-Espionage is even more important than actual espionage.

There is a Counter-Espionage Division (M. O. 5 J.), both at the War Office and at the Admiralty. It must, however, not be presumed that the two work independently of one another. On the contrary; indeed the military division is *quasi* under the supervision of the naval one. The

funds for both are supplied by the Foreign Office, which gets a vote annually from Parliament for Secret Service, amounting to £65,000. This is a very small amount compared with the huge amounts spent by Japan, Russia, or Germany. But then it must be pointed out that Great Britain has many voluntary workers, which is not the case with the other powers. Some of the most valuable information, such as the defenses of Borkum and other Frisian Islands, sectional drawings of the new naval gun of Germany, and many other pieces of secret data were obtained for Great Britain through the efforts of voluntary workers.

I need only refer to General Baden-Powell's book "My Adventures as a Spy," and to Captain Trench and Brandon, who, however, were caught by the Germans and imprisoned. But before they were caught they obtained and sent very valuable information to England. Capt. P. W. Kenny, at present the active chief of the M. O. 5 J., as well as his brother, have been on secret service in Germany. Of the £65,000, only £20,000 were allotted to the War Office during the years prior to the war, which, as Captain Kenny remarked to me, "greatly handicapped our work. Though since the war we have all the money we want."

When the War Office wants money they apply to Captain "C" of the Admiralty, who on every first

Tuesday of the month obtains funds from the Foreign Office.

Prior to the war the Counter-Espionage in London restricted its activity to the opening of the correspondence of suspected persons and their shadowing. A classical example in this connection was furnished by the arrest in London of Mr. Ernest, a German barber, and three others on the day of the declaration of war and whose correspondence were read during two full years. Mr. Ernest, for a bagatelle of 20 marks (\$5.00) a month, which later was increased to 30 marks (\$7.50) a month, received and forwarded mail between the chief of the German Secret Service in Charlottenburg and his agents in England, unsuspecting that all the letters he sent or received through Mr. Ernest were being read during two full years by the Counter-Espionage in London.

Through the reading of these letters four German spies were arrested and imprisoned in London on the day of the declaration of war; and three during 1912, the one a teacher of languages in Rochester, adjoining Chatham where the royal dockyards are, and a man and woman at Charing Cross station, just departing for Ostend with important plans and drawings.

When war broke out the Counter-Espionage was totally unprepared and unorganized for the enormous task it had to face. The Germans not

only had quite a few spies in England permanently, others temporarily on "special duty" in the years prior to the war, but when Austria delivered her ultimatum to Servia, Germany's Secret Service was mobilized. I am using this word in its truest application. Many of Germany's agents in France, Belgium, Great Britain, Russia, and Poland, who have resided in those respective countries for years, were recalled to act as guides, etc., to the invading army; but others from Germany, Holland, Norway, and the United States were sent out on their duties, some to Russia (Slavs, Poles), to France, others (mostly Alsations), to Great Britain (mostly Belgians), and United States naturalized citizens, such as Kuepferle. In exceptional cases Germans having had special qualifications, were sent to England on special missions, with fraudulent passports, of course.¹

The Counter-Espionage in England was totally unprepared to deal with the situation and the greatest blunders were committed. When the Belgians fled before the invader and sought refuge in England, scores, yea, hundreds of German spies (Belgians) were shipped across the Straits of Dover by the methodical Germans as "Belgian refugees."

¹ The English, too, have a section doing nothing but forging passports, post marks, letters, documents, etc.

For several weeks they went about their work unsuspected, sending plain language code messages to Belgium and Holland about the troops in their respective localities, the presence of war ships, etc.

The coast of England was, of course, guarded by patrols, and how ineffectually is proved by the following event. One of the "Belgian refugees" was installed comfortably in Margate, from whence he took walks and drives along the coast both during the day and in the evening accompanied by an English girl whose acquaintance he cultivated in order to serve as a shield. One Sunday evening he proposed to the English girl with whom he had become acquainted that they should motor to Dover (only a few miles away), which the girl gladly accepted, not finding it strange that a refugee should have money enough to spare for motoring excursions. From Dover they drove on to Folkestone. There they were stopped by a sentry. The sentry was satisfied with the spy's explanation, confirmed by the girl, that he was a "Belgian refugee" who had escaped from the barbarous Germans. He also produced a meaningless card with a lot of stamps, seals, and his photograph on it, dated at Brussels and printed in French.

The spy apparently was a fellow with a pretty sense of humor for he actually reprimanded the

sentry for taking the examination so lightly, as there were many German spies among the Belgian refugees. The sentry jabbered a few words in his defense, that "he would easily detect them" and so on.

As a result of this ruse several weeks later, an order in council was promulgated prohibiting any foreigners or even Belgian refugees to live or stay in any coastal towns or other prohibited areas.

I recite this merely as an instance to show how hopelessly inadequate were the means adapted by the English Counter-Espionage. But with each month the system improved and a few months after the war the British Counter-Espionage had a fairly efficient staff in Holland, Norway, and thousands in the United States.

In London itself the War Office organized a Counter-Espionage department under the very able leadership of Capt. P. W. Kenny and a Postal Censorship department under the control of Major Churchill. The Postal Censorship had nothing to do with the Post-Office. It was and is under the M. O. 5 at the War Office, Major Churchill having under his personal control the correspondence of the prisoners of war, whilst Lieut.-Col. Bellamy has charge of all general correspondence. When the diplomatic situation toward the end of July became threatening, the

British Government withheld all correspondence mailed in England to Germany or Austria-Hungary or arriving from those countries.

Although Great Britain declared war on Germany on the 4th of August, 1914, I can affirm as a positive fact based on personal knowledge that, beginning with the 28th of July, much, whilst from the 30th of July all, correspondence as above described was kept back in London. Mail from Germany and Austria-Hungary to the United States and South America passing through England from the 24th of July was held up—we shall see presently why.

During many years preceding the war the Home Office had a department at Scotland Yard opening correspondence of persons suspected of espionage. But no systematic provision seems to have been in existence for the contingency of a war. Hence when war broke out the Counter-Espionage of the War Office hurriedly organized the Postal Censorship and installed the censors at the Mount Pleasant Sorting Post-Office, Major Ducrot being in actual charge. There were millions of letters, positively millions, accumulated by the time the censorship was organized, and hundreds of thousands pouring in daily. All the corridors of the floors where the censors were housed were blocked by thousands of mail bags. If the pro-

visions devised to deal with all this mail was inadequate, the personnel was absolutely ridiculous. First, as to their number. There were sufficient censors for French and German correspondence, but totally inadequate for the Slavic languages. There was only one censor for the Scandinavian languages, one for Yiddish, though a sufficient number of naturalized British subjects were available for any and all languages. As to their fitness, the blunders committed were really indescribable.

There were, to my own knowledge, three German spies doing censor's work for the British War Office when I left London and during many months previous, as I learned. When one remembers the importance of the postal censors for the purposes of Counter-Espionage, of immediate reading of letters, of quick action being taken, no words can be too strong for the deplorable conditions existing in the Postal Censor's department during the early stages of the war.

The card reproduced on the next page was given to me August, 1914, at the War Office, London. It secured for me admittance on the next day to the sacro sanctum of the Censorship Bureau. When you arrive at the War Office, unless you have an appointment, you will not go further than the waiting-hall, whose every

*War Office,
Aug. 17, 1914*

*Admit bearer to the
Censor Department.*

M. O. 5

*Bellamy,
Lieut.-Col.*

door is guarded by two stalwart policemen. So having an appointment, you sign a slip, giving the name of the officer you want to see, say, "Capt. P. W. Kenny, M. O. 5, by appointment," and then you have to sign it and give your full address. You are then taken up by a Boy Scout to the floor clerk, who takes charge of you and your slip. He takes in the slip to the officer concerned; meanwhile you have to wait under the vigilance of an usher. At last you are conducted into the inner recesses of the English Secret Service. Great Scott! What a difference between the workshops of the German and English Secret Services! The German office, the model of order, exactitude, cleanliness.

The disorganization and muddle at M. O. 5 was such that many clerks and officers had to do their work—secret and confidential—in the War Office corridors, shielded only by a folding stand. How different a German office! No overcrowd-

ing, everybody has his place, every officer his appointed room, every matter, department, or section is located somewhere, according to a methodical plan conducive to efficiency.

Whether you entered the room of Captain Kenny, Captain Hall, Legationsrath Consul Gneist, or Colonel von Ostertag, you see nothing! No maps, codes, invisible inks, and other paraphernalia of espionage.

) Every time they leave their office, all slips and fragments of paper, blotting paper, are carefully collected and destroyed.¹

THE ROUTINE OF CENSORSHIP

I started my work as Hungarian and Rumanian censor on the 18th of August. On arrival at the office, Major Ducrot introduced me to one of the superintendents, who handed me a large secret dossier, which I had to read and sign each page as read. Some of the contents I had to return *immediately* after it was read, while another part became my personal dossier, lying always in front of me.

The dossier contained full instructions about codes, both cypher and plain language codes, used by spies, samples of spies' letters, and other gen-

¹This is important. M. Delcassé when Foreign Minister of France, used to work at his desk till exhaustion, leaving the destruction of such papers to his usher, who sold them to secret agents.

eral instructions on how to detect suspicious letters. In it were also various names, pseudonyms, aliases of German spies in England, the addresses they corresponded with, etc. This list was called the "Black List." It contained the names, etc., of fifteen German spies who had been busy in England in the years preceding the war and whose correspondence, unknown to them, was opened by the British authorities, photographed, sealed, and then delivered. There was another longer one—in the sole possession of Major Ducrot.

All letters handed to us were already opened. All matter dealt with had to be divided into four categories: First, correspondence which was addressed, or came from, one of the persons on the Black List; or correspondence manifestly being written by a spy. A slip had to be attached to all such, marked urgent, and immediately handed to Major Ducrot, who sent them on to the War Office by special messengers. When the reader recalls that the mail in many cases was days, in some cases weeks, old, the "urgency" was rather amusing. In the second category were placed those letters which were suspicious looking, but in which there was no definite or open mention of military or naval matters. These, too, had to be handled at once. In the third category were placed doubtful letters. In the fourth category were the

manifestly innocuous ones, which were passed by us to be sealed again.

I have mentioned above that all mail matter passing through England from Germany or Austria-Hungary to the United States and South America or on British vessels was held up a week or ten days before the actual declaration of war by England. Why? Hundreds of thousands of mobilization orders to German and Austro-Hungarian reservists in England and on the whole continent of North and South America came into the hands of the Counter-Espionage by this simple process.

Needless to say, these mobilization orders never reached their destination. Each of us was provided with a sheet of paper, giving every regiment of line, first and second reserve, Ersatzreserve, also of infantry, cavalry, field artillery, garrison artillery, engineers, wireless section, telephone troops, etc., and all we had to do was to fill in the rubric "place of mobilization," "date of presentation."

Every evening the result of the day's work was cabled to the French and Russian General Staff, who thereby knew exactly which troops and how many of them were mobilized against them. How much more valuable this information might have been had there been no avoidable delay! Take my own case. I started on the 18th of August

and was positively overwhelmed with work. None of the mobilization orders coming from Hungary were then as yet dealt with! Yet war had been going on for close upon three weeks. And although I worked all day it took me a fortnight to dispose of the tremendous accumulation of mail. For be it remembered, I had to take the letters as they came to my hand and the detection of the spies through their correspondence was as important as the classification of the mobilization orders.

As Major Ducrot remarked to me:

“We are doing here more useful work than a battalion of soldiers on the battlefield.”

There was another kind of work done in our section of the Counter-Espionage which throws a lurid light on the hidden motives for this war. The correspondence held up during the eight or ten days preceding the war and that illegally captured from neutral vessels after the outbreak of the war (this was stopped by President Wilson's first note addressed to Great Britain although continued clandestinely), was for the most part genuine, bona-fide correspondence.

There were letters from German and Austro-Hungarian manufacturers, exporters, bankers, etc., both to Americans and to English, but also from American firms to German and Austro-Hungarian houses. Indeed, until President Wil-

son's note stopped it, all neutral mail such as United States, Dutch, Italian, Danish, passed through our hands.

Now all the information gleaned from this mass of valuable sources with exact data was carefully collected and minutely tabulated, according to country, articles, prices, with cross references, and handed over to the Intelligence Department of the Board of Trade, who confidentially circularized the trades concerned or interested in any particular trade or pursuit, with a view, as I was often told, to capture German and neutral trade.

THE METHODS OF ESPIONAGE

The methods employed are manifold. Each accredited representative of a foreign nation may be termed a spy, with certain qualifications. No ambassador, minister, or military attaché ever engages directly or openly in spy's work, and yet they all employ backstair methods to gain precise information on vital methods, such as secret negotiations between two or more governments or what is passing at the time of meeting of sovereigns, etc., which may become inimical to the country they represent. The only exception to the above rule is furnished by the Russian representatives, who do directly take a hand in all the plotting.

Ambassadors, ministers or military attachés or naval attachés, as a rule, work "underground."

It can be stated as a positive fact that all embassies or even important legations have their confidential informants in every capital.¹ These informants in many cases are in the immediate *entourage* of the ruler. They do not do it for money, as a rule, except in Russia. Indeed, very often, they do not know that they give information to another country. Ladies play a very important rôle in this sphere. The embassy keeps in close relation with a noted society beauty, who is amply provided with funds to keep a salon. They have liaisons with officials, indeed, with members of the Cabinet themselves, and obtain by finely spun intrigues, by the alluring and liberal display of their charms, many important state, i.e., diplomatic, secrets. But they never have direct relations with the embassy for whom they are active.

Some years ago in Rome the young and beautiful widow of the multi-millionaire Von S—— moved to Rome to reside there, keeping up a huge and luxurious establishment, which became the rendezvous of statesmen and diplomatists. She

¹ I could tell some interesting and sensational things of M. de Leval, the legal adviser of Mr. Brand Whitlock in Brussels. I know him and he knows me. He had very close connections with the British Legation in Brussels during many years.

then married the accredited representative of another country, Prince M. K.

Every move, policy, or negotiation conducted or embarked upon was known to her and to the government she was working for, until through jealousy—the usual tale—the whole plot was discovered and suppressed, as many of the highest of the country would have been ruined by the sordid revelations. The consequences of this mistake were very drastic. Her husband's government received a friendly hint from the Quirinal that his recall would be more than welcome.

Another source of the embassies is the abundant gossip of high society. It is astonishing how much "bad blood" has been created between nations by information which is propagated by mere gossip. It is not generally known that the very strained relations that existed between Edward VII and the Kaiser—for years they were not on speaking terms—and which resulted in strained diplomatic relations and in the intensification of distrust and jealousy already existing, were in degree due to some remarks the Kaiser made to a small circle of intimate friends.

The Kaiser was regarding his left hand, crippled by the English physician who attended his mother in confinement,

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“*Sie haben meinen linken Arm verstummelt, aber sie sollen meinen rechten zu fühlen bekommen!*”

(“They [the English] have crippled my left hand, but they shall feel my right!”)

At another occasion when his nose was bleeding, he remarked:

“*Gott sei Dank! Das war das letzte Tropfen englischen Blutes in mir!*”

(“Thank God, this was the last drop of English blood in me.”)

Within a day or two Edward VII knew of these remarks, and they added but another welcome opportunity to the English conspirators to drive Edward one step further in his anti-German policy already pursued.

The most thorough and well informed of all military or naval secret services is the Japanese, next comes the German, then the Russian, then the English, then the Austro-Hungarian, then the French. If I were asked pithily to characterize each, I would say, *The Japanese get their information through the devotion of their agents; the Russians by lavish distribution of money; the Germans through minute organization; the English through the sportsman-like instinct of their agents (mostly officers); the Austro-Hungarians by a judicious but only half-successful mixture of the German and Russian systems; the French by daring and spirit of adventure.*

The biggest success the Russians have had during recent years was their employment of Colonel Redl of the Austrian army and head of the Austrian Counter-Espionage. Colonel Redl was during four years in the pay and service of Russians and betrayed to them not only plans of forts—so notably Przemysl, Cracow, etc., and plans of mobilization, but actually denounced to the Russians his own agents whom he sent to Russia. He was at last cornered in a Viennese hotel, where four staff officers of the Austrian army handed him a loaded revolver and gave him fifteen minutes to shoot himself, they meanwhile standing outside his door.

The discovery of this plot necessitated the expenditure of millions of crowns for the hasty transformation of the Cracow and Przemysl forts and the working out of new mobilization plans. However, ambassadors and attachés devote their attention to specific objects and never do they (except Russia) directly take any part in this work. Indeed, they have no "official cognizance" of it. Consequently the finding out of Secret Service secrets, i.e., the names of the spies, the organization of the service, the methods adapted, the discovery of information sought, is performed by special agents.

One of the most strictly guarded secrets of all espionage is the names and personalities of the

heads of the service, and conversely one of the most sought for informations of the Counter-Espionage is precisely to obtain the names and photographs of the heads of the other countries' spy system. Indeed, it is one of the strict rules of all Secret Services that the heads very rarely, if ever, have any direct intercourse even with their own agents. This rule is devised and enforced in order to prevent a foreign country snapshotting him. Once his name is known it is easy to shadow him until a favorable moment will enable him to be snapshoted—and from this minute his usefulness is greatly diminished and in many directions made impossible.

In Rotterdam, the English Consul General as well as the Vice-Consul complained to me that they were shadowed constantly by the German Counter-Espionage, while the German Consul in Rotterdam and Lieut.-Col. von Ostertag, the German Military Attaché at The Hague, made the same complaint about the English Counter-Espionage. When Captain Kenny, the active head of the English Counter-Espionage and "C," met me, we had our meeting in a taxicab, driving about the streets of London, with drawn blinds, to prevent being snapshoted. It is, namely, sometimes found necessary that one of the heads himself go to a foreign country; indeed, this is part of their training before arriving at being chief.

Captain Kenny, the present head at the M. O. 5 J., at the War Office, London, spent many years in Holland and particularly in Germany as a music teacher. But as he remarked to me:

“I shall never be able to return to Germany, as I was careless enough to allow myself to be seen by German agents.”

Often, indeed, the Counter-Espionage of one country sends its emissaries to another country that they should offer themselves as spies to that country. Whether they be accepted or not, is immaterial. The main thing is that they shall find out who the chiefs are and from very little data under their notice, they shall be able to “infer” the “system” adapted as well.

A case in point. A Major von der Goltz came to London from the United States in October last, pretending that he was a naturalized American living in Mexico. He succeeded in establishing a connection with Captain Kenny, offering his services as a spy. But diligent search revealed his identity—and was put under lock and key and will remain there for some time to come.

In addition to emissaries, each Espionage seeks to enlist natives of the country as agents. The Germans have many Irishmen working for them in Great Britain. Subjects of neutral countries are very much used. When I was in the Censor's Department in London, we discovered, as will be

shown later, two Hungarians who have been German spies in England, the one was arrested, the other escaped through the blunders of the English.

Another rule of the Secret Service is that their agents operating in foreign countries should not know each other, if possible have no complete information about each other. Every one is provided with a code and other means which enable him to communicate with his chief. In times of peace very few telegrams are sent, only occasionally, to notify the chief of change of address, or want of money, or for some urgent, reason. In times of war, however, telegrams and cables for the transmission of messages are extensively used. Needless to say, to pass the censor they must be plain-language codes.

Poor Lody gave his life for a message of the most trivial nature. Just at the time when he was in Scotland, the passing through Scotland and England of those "phantom" Russian armies was talked of and believed by every one. He sent a message to a neutral country, telling of this expedition with pretended satisfaction, predicting in consequence with evident glee the routing of the Germans. This message directed attention to him. He was being watched and shadowed and a clever trap set for him, in which

he was caught. He paid with his life for his daring devotion to his country's call.

Another means of finding out important naval and military secrets is by the use of "dummy" prisoners of war. After the naval battle in the Bight of Heligoland many naval prisoners were brought to England by the British fleet. A day or two afterwards a batch of other German prisoners, taken at some other time and place, were moved amongst the Heligoland prisoners, but with them several Counter-Espionage agents, who spoke German or Hungarian like natives were smuggled in amongst them. They pretended to be reservists and to have been taken prisoners on an ocean liner on their way to Rotterdam to join their regiments. They were treated and lived exactly like the other prisoners of war. But they found out very important things, such as the location of the mine fields, how many battleships are in actual commission, how many are in repair, fortifications of Cuxhaven, etc.

After a lapse of time a batch of the prisoners was moved to some other town in order to provide a convenient mode of smuggling these Counter-Espionage agents away, to be sent to a newly arrived crowd of prisoners elsewhere.

Agents on special missions, are cautioned not to cross the frontiers. The disregarding of this

instruction landed Mr. Stewart, the London solicitor, in a German fortress prison, from which he was liberated by the Kaiser on the occasion of King George and Queen Mary's visit to Berlin.

At the time of his arrest both Stewart and the British Government disclaimed that he was a spy, but he was none the less. He was sent to Holland to obtain plans of fortifications and other data about Germany's North Sea coast and was especially cautioned *in writing* under no circumstances to cross into Germany.

The German Counter-Espionage knew of Stewart's plot, a German counter spy got into touch with him in Holland, gave him or obtained for him "bait" information, cleverly lured him to Bremen, where at eleven o'clock at night he was to be given the promised plans against the agreed payment. But in the afternoon Stewart was arrested and the Germans found on him written instructions from the British Admiralty. Six years in a fortress prison was his sentence.

"Stewart was a fool," said to me Captain Kenny, when once discussing with him past reminiscences, to which I replied:

"The fools were they who employed a man like Stewart as a spy."

I knew Stewart very well, having had occasion in 1910 to come up against him in a matter relating to Austria, and I must confess I absolutely

played with him to my heart's content and successfully shattered all his machinations. He is dead, having died in France, but a certain Mr. R——, who was allied with him against me, will know, if reading this, to what I refer.

I must now give some examples of the wonderful organization, forethought and ramification of the German Secret Service. I (and all of us) in the Censor's Department had a "Black List," containing the names of German spies and addresses in Germany and neutral countries to which they mailed their information, as I have before related.

One day towards the end of August, 1914, when reading and examining the letters on my desk, I picked up an envelope which bore the following address:

X. B. 21—Tr.

Berlin

Poste-Restante

or some similar letters. It was posted in Edinburgh on the 28th of July, six days before the declaration of war, and contained a four-page letter without address. It was addressed to "Dear Camilla" and signed "Vilmos" and was written in Hungarian.

It was a most remarkable letter. Although it was written in colloquial Hungarian, occupying

four pages it did not contain any consecutive thought or subject, except that furniture and furnishing and house and rooms appeared in it too often without any reference to the contents.

I looked up my black list, but it did not contain the address to which the letter was sent. I then went to Major Ducrot's desk and asked him to look up his black list, and indeed there was the very same Berlin address. So the letter was from a German spy. Many of the words of entire sentences in the letter were bracketed or underlined, once, twice, or three times. Sometimes, too, there were figures like 5, 9, 12, prefixed or affixed to certain words.

It dealt with many subjects. That the weather in Edinburgh was stormy, threatening; that Daisy was getting nervous on account of not having received the money as promised; that Albert cannot understand why he has got no reply to a wire he sent three days ago; that there are many open spaces in Edinburgh surrounded by *houses* (underlined) in which there are rooms to let (underlined), but the furniture is "scanty 9." The rate of exchange is going up on account of war rumors, consequently he thinks it best to exchange his money at once and the furniture in the room and so forth.

I made a literal translation of the letter and had then to go to the War Office and from there

with a staff officer to the Code Department of the Admiralty, where we compared it with many German codes in the possession of the Admiralty. But none of them would fit it. Some days afterwards three more letters to the same address, written in the same handwriting, came into my hands, posted on the 1st and 3d of August. These four letters then combined helped us to decipher the most of the four letters, and we found that they contained information about Rosyth and the Forth Bridge. The information, however, was too old to enable the Counter-Espionage to hunt down "Vilmos." His movements in Edinburgh were traced, but he had already escaped.

Another letter that came under my notice was from a well-known Manchester firm, addressed to Germany in Hungarian. On the face of it it looked a bona-fide address in Berlin. Yet my suspicions were aroused by the fact that a Manchester firm should write a business letter to Berlin in Hungarian, and by the fact that too many words were underlined, such as, "we would like to send you *samples of our goods*, but *we are afraid they might not reach* you on account of war breaking out, which seems probable. The samples are very *fine* and we are sure would please you, etc., etc."

Major Ducrot would not agree with me that it was a spy's letter, but I was certain it was. I

then suggested that inquiries should be made in Manchester whether there was such a firm, and, if so, whether they had written this letter. This was done and it turned out that the paper headings of the note-paper were very clever imitations of their business paper. This spy, too, escaped arrest on account of lapse of time. The letter was dated the 2d of August, but it was the 23d of August when it came into my hands, which shows lack of organization.

Here another experience. During the first few weeks of the war the wires between London and important centers were often "tapped" during the night. This was particularly the case with the wires between London and Edinburgh, London-Harwich, London-Portsmouth, London-Southampton, London-Dover and Folkestone. Toward the end of August motor cars and motorcycle patrols were organized, who "guarded" the highroads along which these wires were drawn. On the 1st of September, Tuesday night, a suspicious looking "tramp" was arrested by one of these patrols and lodged in Canterbury jail. The old man, he was about fifty-six, refused to speak English; he pretended not to understand anything that was said to him or asked of him. On him were found the sketch drawings of a Zeppelin and a small pocket notebook with unintelligible notes and figures. Nobody could read them.

There were also about £160 in gold and Bank of England notes found on him. No information could be gained from him, who he was, whence he came, or what his nationality was.

The War Office asked me, knowing that I speak or know most of the European languages, to go down to Dartford in Kent (it was near this place that he was arrested) and see what I could make out of the case. I went through his notes and soon saw that most of them were in Hungarian, though others were evidently in code. There was also the following table in the book:

S=	S2'	1	8	15	22	29
	P	2	9	16	23	30
	C	3	10	17	24	31
	S	4	11	18	25	
H	K	5	12	19	26	
K	H	6	13	20	27	
	V	7	14	21	28	

To all intents it looked like a calendar, but it was a code in skeleton. It was agreed that I should go down to Dartford on the 3d, Thursday, and the man should be brought from the Canterbury county jail the same day by two detectives to whom I was introduced, and coming with their prisoner from the station in Dartford on their way to the police station, I should pass them and when nearest to the man—as if speaking to my-

self—make a remark in Hungarian. This was done and, as expected, the man turned to me: “Maga magyar ember?” (“You are a Hungarian?”) He then complained to me about his arrest, but closely studied me all the while. He was indeed a shrewd man. I asked him who he was, why he was arrested, what he was doing in England, and so forth, but could get no satisfactory replies. Here is his incredible story. He came to England twenty-four years ago from America, he was robbed of his money and could not continue his journey home. He was ashamed to ask his relatives to send him money, so he decided to remain in England.

“All right,” I said, “but what did you do all these twenty-four years here?”

“Nothing; I tramped,” he said.

“Surely,” I replied, “you must have lived somewhere, done some work some time.”

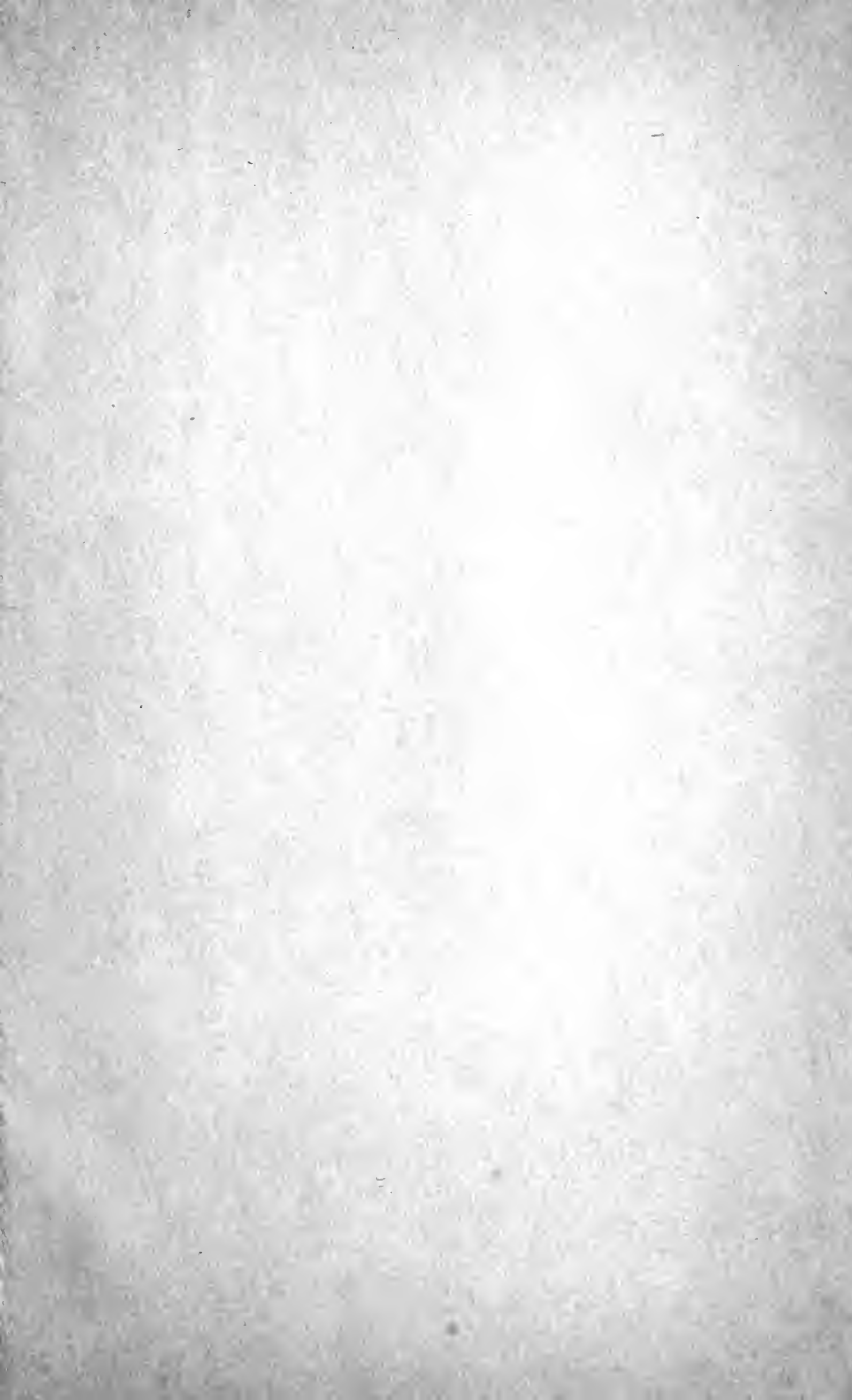
No, he had tramped all over the British Isles twenty-four years and had done no work. He had no home, he could give us no address where he had been all these twenty-four years, nor could he explain why he could not speak English after twenty-four years of tramping in England.

As to the codes, the money and the sketch he was equally obstinate. The same day he was taken before the magistrate—I acting as interpreter—and on the technical charge of vagrancy

he was condemned to six months' prison to enable the Counter-Espionage to make inquiries.

It is likely that the man had wandered about in England for a great many years—he looked it, but that he was no “tramp” was equally certain. His intelligent, shrewd face and his correct, select Hungarian, belied all his statements. He was without doubt only another impenetrable link in the marvelous organization of the German Secret Service.





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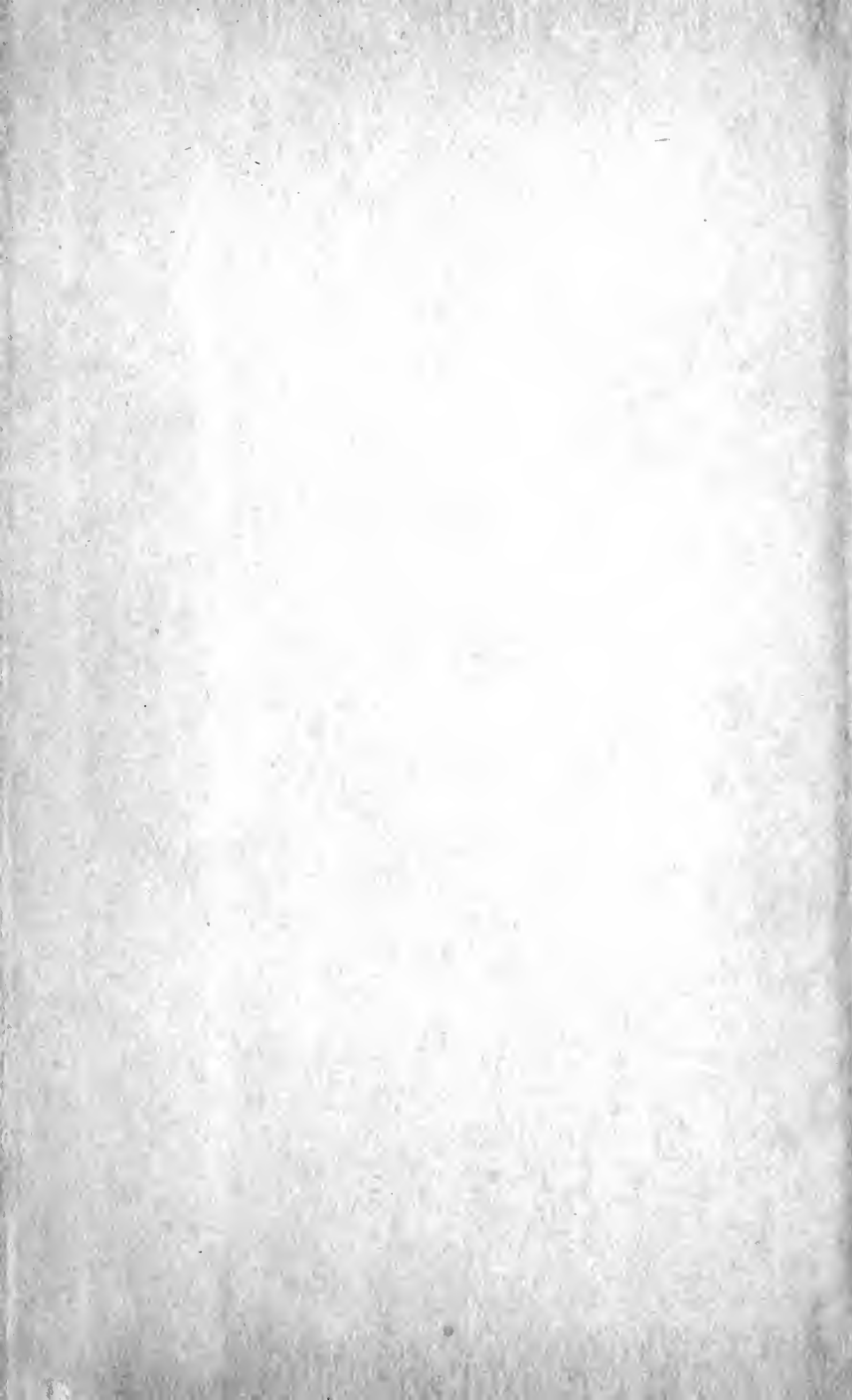
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