

THE WILMINGTON DISPATCH, SUNDAY, JUNE 23, 1918.

# How Secret Service Hunted Hun Spies

## HOW SPY SYSTEM INFESTED AMERICA

Millions in Money to Destroy Munitions Plants

### DR. ALBERT'S MISSION

The Secret Service Had a Man in Bernstorff's Private Office

### AMAZING REVELATIONS

First of Series of Stories of How Nest of Snakes Was Dealt With by American Secret Service

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Written by J. J. BOSDAM.

Dr. Karl Muck, distinguished leader of the great Boston Symphony orchestra, is seemingly the one German to analyze correctly the disastrous failures of the Hun spies in America. Only a few weeks ago the master-musician was ruefully puffing on a pipe in his cell at East Cambridge jail. It was his first experience with a pipe, cigarettes being forbidden in this institution.

"It is most unjust that I should be confined here," Dr. Muck remarked to the friendly guard who had brought him a match. "My life in America has been like an open book."

"So has that of quite a few Germans in this country," retorted the guard, not unkindly. "And that is exactly the reason they are behind the bars."

**Violin and Spying.**  
"But tell me, Doctor," he added, suddenly, "why have you Germans with your wonderful organizations made such a sorry mess of diplomacy, espionage and the like?"

"I will tell you, my friend," replied Dr. Muck, sadly. "The artisan who builds the violin, the piano or any musical instrument, seldom, if ever, can play them well. We have built a marvelous organization to promote our interests, but like the artisan who builds the violin we do not seem to be able to play it. But we will learn. Nothing is impossible for us."

That spontaneous outburst from Dr. Muck hit the nail squarely on the head. The German spy system in America is, or rather was, a truly marvelous organization. Theoretically, it had been perfected. No organization, business, religious or otherwise, excelled it in scientific methods. Coldly and calculatingly, it provided for every contingency that might arise. The whole world was card-indexed by it. It was always in close touch with its agents.

America was literally honeycombed with the operatives of this system when the war began. Some were paid, particularly the educators and those holding positions of prominence and trust. And as the war went on the system became super-perfected.

Yet the system perpetrated blunder after blunder and the reason, as Dr. Muck pointed out, the Huns had made a wonderful instrument but they could not play it—at least with the secret service on the job.

**Dr. Albert the Mint.**  
In this connection it is apropos to begin this series of exposures with the case of Herr Geheimrat Dr. Albert, fiscal agent to the United States from the Imperial German government. For everyone must remember the sensational revelation that Dr. Albert was concerned in a plot to embarrass the munitions industry in America, published in the newspapers about the first of August, 1915.

Dr. Albert was not the fool that he appeared to be after the secret service had finished with him. He was an exceptionally clever man in his line—high finance. No German was more familiar with its intricacies than he. So that when it became necessary to send an agent to America with the necessary funds for the propaganda of espionage, propaganda and destruction in the United States, the mere fact that \$50,000,000 was necessary, suggested to the German mind the necessity of having a financier to disburse it.

Admittedly Dr. Albert could have taken this small fortune to America with him and invested it so judiciously and sagaciously as to create another fortune. But investing in the money market and investing in the spy market are two extremes that no one man seems as yet to have mastered. Least of all, Dr. Albert. He blundered frightfully in his new role from the very beginning.

**Enter Albert.**  
Dr. Albert made his first appearance in New York one day early in 1915. With commendable caution he entered that city most circumspically,

and without the slightest ostentation. All the more so because he carried in his bag papers and memoranda of the most incriminating nature since they outlined schemes to destroy munition factories and lictate labor troubles in every war-work industry of the country. The agent also carried in the banks credits to the extent of \$7,000,000. The bug also contained authorizations for the extension of these credits upward to \$50,000,000.

The fiscal agent registered at the Ritz and went directly to his room, congratulating himself, no doubt, that he had successfully escaped observation, as he had. As far as I could find out he had slipped by all the secret services of the allies without being labelled "dangerous."

Dr. Albert had been instructed most minutely as to his preliminary movements in this country, as his correspondence later showed. He had been enjoined in particular not to begin his activities until Ambassador von Bernstorff himself had made him thoroughly familiar with conditions in America and had advised him as to the weak spots, as far as labor conditions went, in the armor of the munitions industry.

**In the Land of "Idiotic Yankees"**  
So Dr. Albert lost no time in informing von Bernstorff of his arrival. When dinner was served to him in his room on this Friday night he was sealing an envelope, on the front of which in a fine, delicate hand, was the name and address of the German ambassador at Washington.

The financier personally carried this letter to the mail chute, where he discovered that he had forgotten to stamp it. He signalled the elevator boy and with the letter in his hand hurried down to the desk. Then, seeing that it would require at least a minute to gain attention to his want, the doctor still carrying the letter in his hand, suddenly recalled his dinner.

He thrust the letter into his pocket and rushed back to his room, where his secretary and several members of his staff were waiting for the dinner to proceed.

One man in the lobby of the hotel had had the letter almost thrust into his face as Dr. Albert swung his arms alternately on his way to the desk. This man noted the words German embassy on the envelope. They aroused his curiosity, but on scrutinizing the register the name "Albert" meant nothing to him, and although he was in the employ of a foreign power to note arrivals and departures of "dangerous" Germans and Austrians in New York, the man chose to ignore Dr. Albert.

It was shortly after 9 o'clock when the good appetite of this arch-plotter was fully satisfied. Some time later he mailed the letter. For a while the doctor sat in the lobby. Once he strolled into the bar. He went to bed early.

The letter reached Washington next day through the usual postoffice channels and a few minutes after noon was delivered at the embassy.

**Enemy Agent at Hun Embassy.**  
Long before Dr. Albert had left Germany an agent had been "planted" in the office of Count von Bernstorff. Unless some one commits a gross breach of confidence the world will never know who that agent was. A score of wild rumors have grown up about his identity. Nearly every allied power in Washington has at some time or other been credited with having performed the almost incredible coup of "planting" him.

Not in all the history of diplomatic intrigue and espionage, written and unwritten, was an ambassador so completely duped as was Count von Bernstorff by this secret agent. Day by day, he performed a great part of the confidential work of the embassy. Frequently he relieved the ambassador's personal stenographer and took dictation of the most invaluable information—to the allies.

His part in the "coup" was one that any secret agent would almost have bartered his soul to have played. But only one man in thousands could have played it so successfully to the end without detection as did he. It called for an absolutely flawless knowledge of the German language, "unimpeachable" references and, in short, the combination of the highest grade of acumen and cold-blooded nerve. It is obvious that this man—"Mr. Rolls"—qualified.

Especially unfortunate for Herr Dr. Albert, "Mr. Rolls" was entrusted with the opening of the ambassador's personal and confidential mail.

**"Mr. Rolls" Face to Face with Kaiserism.**  
At half past twelve o'clock on this Saturday afternoon "Mr. Rolls" sat in the German ambassador's office with Dr. Albert's letter in his hand.

He was alone, the ambassador had left early that morning for a week-end in the Adirondacks. As was customary, on Saturday, the other members of the staff had ceased work at 10 o'clock in the morning. And as was customary with him, the secret agent had delayed his departure to look over the mail uninterrupted, an opportunity that was possible only on Saturday.

Chance, and chance alone, guided the hand of the secret service agent to the letter. First, when it lay on top the newly-delivered pile; second, when memory withheld his hand from cast-

ing it to one side. The handwriting was vaguely familiar to him, but as he poised the letter in his hand he raked his brain in vain to identify it.

Without further thought, he inserted his thin ivory opener under the flap. The flap lifted easily and without tearing. Undoubtedly, "Mr. Rolls" whistled softly in surprised pleasure.

The usual policy of secret agents is never to precipitate a climax by their own efforts. They prefer to sit back and permit their victims to bring the climax on to themselves, following the truism of that well-known old saw to the effect that if you give a man enough rope he will hang himself.

**Albert's Letter.**  
This occasion, however, was made to order for the secret agent. He was the only man—as far as can be ascertained—who knew that some tremendous significance lay behind Dr. Albert's arrival in America. Once he had heard the ambassador speak of Albert's ability both as a financier and as a diplomat and that if the great man should come to America it would mean that von Bernstorff would no longer be hampered for want of funds.

Contrary to the general impression, von Bernstorff did not have enough funds to carry out all of his plans and he was constantly nettled by the implications of his own people in America that he was "grafting."

Truly it was a situation made to order. The secret agent decided upon instant action. No one in the employ of the embassy could learn of Dr. Albert's arrival unless they knew him personally and happened to meet the fiscal agent in New York—a remote possibility. He was free to act as he chose.

"Mr. Rolls" swept the mail into a drawer, put Dr. Albert's letter to Count Bernstorff in his pocket and strolled down the embassy steps. He calmly beckoned a taxi. At the union station he went into a telephone booth. In a foreign language code he apprised his chief of his plan. The latter approved it.

**"A Blonde, Baby-faced Young Man."**  
At a rendezvous in New York the same evening "Mr. Rolls" was met by a blonde, baby-faced young man, who greeted him in German as good as "You're from the embassy, you know," Mr. Rolls explained. "Albert's letter is sufficient to vouch for you. You'll find the personal card of one of the secretaries in it. The ambassador is away until Monday morning, but in any event would not see Dr. Albert until late in the week. In the meanwhile you are at his pleasure in the way of apprising the ambassador in advance concerning the full import of his mission."

There was nothing further in the way of instruction. The young, blonde, baby-faced chap hurried to Dr. Albert's hotel and sent up his card. Dr. Albert's secretary came down and escorted the young chap up.

Introductions to Dr. Albert and his staff followed. The agent spoke familiarly of his excellency, the count, gaining much needed rest over the week-end in the mountains. The English were gaining ground in America with their propaganda. The fatherland must strike some heavier blows in order to offset it. Then, could he speak with his excellency in private.

**The Great Herr Geheimrat Duped.**  
"You must understand, Herr Geheimrat, that the embassy above all things must be discreet," said the youngster, apologetically, when they had withdrawn to another room. "It cannot meet, let alone speak with anyone unknown to it personally. Of course, Count von Bernstorff had the honor of a pervious meeting with you but I—well—pardon me—your excellency, but you will perceive that it is compulsory on my part, much as it is against my inclination, to request proofs that you are the Dr. Albert of this letter."

Thus was enacted a rare bit of psychological drama, such as would have delighted the heart of Professor Hugo Muensterberg, a little greater, perhaps, if the roles were reversed. For by the production of a personal card and the letter the German fiscal agent had himself mailed to von Bernstorff the night before, the young agent had established in the mind of Dr. Albert the conviction that this blonde, baby-faced young enthusiast was all that he represented himself to be.

The card alone would not have been sufficient. But the letter in the hands of the young man left no room for doubt, since it was impossible for it have gone elsewhere than to its destination. There was no thinking on the part of the doctor. His acceptance of the agent was automatic.

Then, to be suddenly confronted with a demand that he prove his own identity was the last necessary master stroke that felled Dr. Albert. On the moment he was robbed of all his caution. Unconsciously he must have experienced an irritation at the attitude of a subordinate and a resolve to humble him by an overwhelming mass of proof.

I have said that Dr. Albert was not a fool, almost any man would have done as he did to a certain extent and it must be remembered that while Dr. Albert was an able financier and diplomat he was working in a country and under circumstances of intrigue entirely unknown to him.

Most naively Dr. Albert rose up from his chair when the young man made his request and strode to the door. Opening it, he bade his secretary and the other members of his staff, who

were still in the room, to vouch for him.

Whereupon their so doing and retiring, the fiscal agent displayed a triplicate set of passports that had been manufactured for emergency. He showed his letters of introduction. He held up for inspection letters of political import addressed to von Bernstorff and a package of documents. Lastly he reached down in his valise and drew out another package.

The young agent was startled out of his poise.

For as Dr. Albert with a touch of boyish conceit spread the contents of the package out on the table—one heavy, crispy bond paper letter after another—the pseudo secretary's bulging eyes saw:

That Dr. Heinrich Albert was literally a walking mint.

For in two letters alone were contained credits with pro-German bankers in America for \$7,000,000.

And in the others were authorizations for Dr. Albert to take the necessary steps for the extension of his credits to the stupendous sum of \$50,000,000.

**Who is Idiotic Now?**  
"You will tell your ambassador that you have seen this fellow Albert and that he is an impostor, will you not?" demanded Dr. Albert with poisonous serenity.

"I will tell the ambassador what a blind fool he has sent to annoy a high commissioner from the Fatherland," declared the agent, properly humiliated.

"You will not," said the doctor, with insistence. "You did right and I am proud that the embassy lays such emphasis on caution."

"Now, let me tell you what we purpose doing in America," he continued, reaching for another packet of documents. "In these are the plans. It is obvious to all concerned that America will not be influenced in the matter of furnishing the entente with munitions by our representations. Therefore we have decided that other means must be utilized for we cannot tolerate a situation that affords the enemy substantial aid."

"We aim to cut off this munitions business at its source, and to that end we intend to go right to the doors of

every factory in the United States. I have a list of firms who may be approached with a view of an understanding that will hold up their contracts: I will go into the market and compete with the allied munitions buyers. I have several other plans that will be developed according to the occasion and circumstances."

**The Hun Bragging.**  
Whereupon Dr. Albert proceeded to unbosom himself still further to the agent reach the ear of the service before that and thus did his purposes in America of von Bernstorff.

He boasted that a certain number of munitions-makers in America would be responsive. For those who were not to be approached he proposed the "other means."

It seemed simple to him. Labor in this country is afflicted with a mania for high wages, he argued. He intended to play upon that mania. He planned to recruit an organization of agitators and send them throughout the states, preaching a doctrine of unrest in steel plants, munition factories and coal mines—everywhere.

The I. W. W. was to be subsidized and influenced to resist the government and send them throughout the western states might rebel "like the southern states." The socialists were to be encouraged to resist, likewise.

"And the Hungarians and the Austrians and our own people must be reached," the doctor went on, carried away by the immensity of his scheme. He deplored lack of success with the American newspapers, but was enthusiastic over the foreign-language press. They were to be encouraged to support all agitation hostile to the government.

"You have no idea how completely and extensively we have planned to hit at this business of munitions. There will be strikes by the wholesale"—Dr. Albert lowered his voice to a whisper which he emphasized with a blow of his fist on the table—"and there will be much destruction. We will paralyze the business until it cannot possibly be a factor."

**Political Friends.**  
Dr. Albert questioned the young agent about political friends of Germany in congress. Then with a re-

quest that Count von Bernstorff make all possible speed in arrangement for an interview he dismissed his newly found friend.

"Mr. Rolls" was waiting at the rendezvous for the return of the letter. Once again with it in his possession, together with the knowledge of Dr. Albert's plans he was hurrying back to Washington.

Apparently unopened, the letter was found by Bernstorff on his desk Monday morning. The ambassador on reading it telephoned Dr. Albert to come to Washington without delay.

I expect that Dr. Albert will be the bearer of good news," he told "Mr. Rolls."

Dr. Albert arrived at the embassy late Monday afternoon.

Ambassador and emissary embraced. They retired to the count's office. Within hearing distance was "Mr. Rolls."

"It is most vital that you be discreet and if you are asked by the press to give an interview furnish the reporter with a prepared interview. We have been most unfortunate in having our words incorrectly quoted," the ambassador was saying. "Admirable policy," Dr. Albert exclaimed. "The young man you sent to meet me in New York on Saturday gave me a splendid demonstration of his excellent training." "Mien Gott! Who was he?"

"Young man—New York—Saturday!" Von Bernstorff choked over the words. "What do you mean, Herr Doctor; I sent no young man to meet you?"

"Who was he, then?" shrieked Dr. Albert. "A young man came to my suit with my letter to you. Where did he get it? It had been delivered here in the embassy."

"Mien Gott! Who was he?"

In vain von Bernstorff tried to locate the leak. Not an iota of evidence was in sight.

The secret service bided its time after the revelations of Dr. Albert's purpose in coming to America. Amateur Sherlocks would have clapped the German plotter in jail without delay. But the service preferred to give him rope with which to hang himself. Dr. Albert used the rope. He began his campaign. One by one the ser-

vice compiled a list of dangerous plotters as they responded to his propaganda and gold.

**Exit Albert, With Tail Between Legs.**  
Then in the latter part of July there occurred the stealing of Dr. Albert's bag in the New York elevated. Its incriminating evidence was published the following day. Dr. Albert's usefulness to Germany and the secret service was at an end.

Again the secret service had been thwarted in its plans but outwardly it gave no single sign that it had been disturbed by amateur interference.

It proceeded to give the well-known rope into the willing hands of the notorious Captain von Papen as Dr. Albert, tail between legs, slunk out of the country.

(In the next installment Mr. Bosdam will tell how the United States secret service discovered the German passport bureau in New York and how the Hun attaché at Washington brought Huerta from Spain and was about to send him to Mexico to embroil that country with the United States, and how again the secret service copped the Mexican ruffian and foiled Hun machinations.)

## McCALL MAY ENTER RACE AGAINST WEEKS

Boston, Mass., June 22.—Gov. Samuel McCall will buck Senator Weeks for the republican nomination for the United States senate this fall in a canvass being made by McCall's trustees in all parts of Massachusetts leads the veteran to think he can win.

In case McCall goes in, the greatest republican fight ever waged in the state for a nomination will take place, as McCall has been out for Weeks' scalp ever since the Boston financier sidetracked his senatorial ambition in 1913 by getting the state legislature to send him to Washington instead of McCall.

At that time McCall did not send Weeks a letter of congratulation and it was the only bitter pill he has taken in a long political career. Nothing would suit the Massachusetts governor better than to beat Weeks at a popular election.

# MONDAY and TUESDAY

## TUESDAY

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Ladies' Home Journal Patterns for July | SPECIAL — A shipment of Silk Crepe are on sale at Pattern Counter | Faille just in, all colors, per yard...\$1.48

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