

1: Le Queux, W. () Spies of the Kaiser | The Riddle of The Sands

With this slim volume, Thomas Boghardt, Historian at the International Spy Museum in Washington, DC, has produced a valuable contribution to the small but growing body of scholarly works on intelligence during the First World War. For intelligence historians, the period before the First World War is.

And again the story was presented as non-fiction. To lend further credibility to the narrative, Le Queux noted in the introduction: This very serious fact I endeavoured to place vividly before the public in my recent forecast, *The Invasion of*, the publication of which, in Germany and in England, aroused a storm of indignation against me. The Government, it will be remembered, endeavoured to suppress its publication, because it contained many serious truths, which it was deemed best should be withheld from the public, and on its publication—in defiance of the statements in the House of Commons, and the pressure brought upon me by the Prime Minister—I was denounced as a panicmonger. But have not certain of my warnings already been fulfilled? I have no desire to create undue alarm. I am an Englishman, and, I hope, a patriot. What I have written in this present volume in the form of fiction is based upon serious facts within my own personal knowledge. That German spies are actively at work in Great Britain is well known to the authorities. The number of agents of the German Secret Police at this moment working in our midst on behalf of the Intelligence Department in Berlin are believed to be over five thousand. The spies themselves are not always German. They are often Belgians, Swiss, or Frenchmen employed in various trades and professions, and each being known in the Bureau of Secret Police by a number only, their monthly information being docketed under that particular number. As I write, I have before me a file of amazing documents, which plainly show the feverish activity with which this advance guard of our enemy is working to secure for their employers the most detailed information. These documents have already been placed before the Minister for War, who returned them without comment! He is aware of the truth, and cannot deny it in face of these incriminating statements. It is often said that the Germans do not require to pursue any system of espionage in England when they can purchase our Ordnance maps at a shilling each. But do these Ordnance maps show the number of horses and carts in a district, the stores of food and forage, the best way in which to destroy bridges, the lines of telegraph and telephone, and the places with which they communicate, and such-like matters of vital importance to the invader? Facts such as these, and many others, are being daily conveyed by spies in their carefully prepared reports to Berlin, as well as the secrets of every detail of our armament, our defences, and our newest inventions. During the last twelve months, aided by a well-known detective officer, I have made personal inquiry into the presence and work of these spies, an inquiry which has entailed a great amount of travelling, much watchfulness, and often considerable discomfort, for I have felt that, in the circumstances, some system of contra-espionage should be established, as has been done in France. I have refrained from giving actual names and dates, for obvious reasons, and have therefore been compelled, even at risk of being again denounced as a scaremonger, to present the facts in the form of fiction—fiction which, I trust, will point its own patriotic moral. Colonel Mark Lockwood, Member for Epping, sounded a very serious warning note in the middle of when he asked questions of the Minister for War, and afterwards of the Prime Minister, respecting the presence of German spies in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and elsewhere. He pointed out that for the past two years these individuals, working upon a carefully prepared plan, had been sketching, photographing, and carefully making notes throughout the whole of East Anglia. Under our existing law it seems that a foreign spy is free to go hither and thither, and plot the downfall of England, while we, ostrich-like, bury our head in the sand at the sign of approaching danger. The day has passed when one Englishman was worth ten foreigners. Modern science in warfare has altered all that. All the rifle-clubs in England could not stop one German battalion, because the German battalion is trained and disciplined in the art of war, while our rifle-clubs are neither disciplined nor trained. Were every able-bodied man in the kingdom to join a rifle-club we should be no nearer the problem of beating the German invaders if once they landed, than if the spectators in all the football matches held in Britain mobilised against a foreign foe. The Territorial idea is a delusion. Seaside camps for a fortnight a year are picnics, not soldiering. The art of navigation, the science of

engineering, or the trade of carpentering cannot be learned in fourteen days annually”neither can the art of war. In response, we have held up to us the strength of our Navy. But is it really what it is represented by our rulers to an already deluded public? When it is completed, Germany, a great country close to our own shores, will have a fleet of thirty-three Dreadnoughts, and that fleet will be the most powerful which the world has ever yet seen. It imposes upon us the necessity of rebuilding the whole of our fleet. That is the situation. What may happen to-morrow?

2: Read Spies Of The Kaiser Light Novel Online

Spies of the Kaiser examines the scope and objectives of German covert operations in Great Britain before and during the First World War. It assesses the effect of German espionage on Anglo-German relations and discusses the extent to which the fear of German espionage in the United Kingdom shaped the British intelligence community in the early twentieth century.

From her pretty lips rang out a merry ripple of laughter, and over her sweet face spread a mischievous look. Especially as I am now aware of the truth. Then she gave her shoulders a slight shrug, pouting like a spoiled child. There were none to overhear us. I had serious business with Suzette Darbour. Yet how sweet, how modest her manner, how demure she looked as she sat there before me at the little table beneath the trees, sipping her tea and lifting her smiling eyes to mine. Even though I had told her plainly that I was aware of the truth, she remained quite unconcerned. She had no fear of me apparently. For her, exposure and the police had no terrors. She seemed rather amused than otherwise. I lit a cigarette, and by so doing obtained time for reflection. My search had led me first to the Midi, thence into Italy, across to Sebenico in Dalmatia, to Venice, and back to Paris, where only that morning, with the assistance of my old friend of my student days in the French capital, Gaston Bernard, of the Prefecture of Police, I had succeeded in running her to earth. And as I sat smoking I wondered if I dared request her assistance. In the course of my efforts to combat the work of German spies in England I had been forced to make many queer friendships, but none perhaps so strange as the one I was now cultivating. Suzette Darbour was, I had learned from Ray Raymond a few months ago, a decoy in association with a very prince of swindlers, an American who made his head-quarters in Paris, and who had in the past year or two effected amazing coups, financial and otherwise, in the various capitals of Europe. Her age was perhaps twenty-two, though certainly she did not look more than eighteen. She spoke both English and Russian quite well, for, as she had told me long ago, she had spent her early days in Petersburg. And probably in those twenty years of her life she had learnt more than many women had learned in forty. Hers was an angelic face, with big, wide-open, truthful eyes, but her heart was, I knew, cold and callous. The mission upon which I was engaged at that moment was both delicate and difficult. A single false move would mean exposure. I was playing a deep game, and it surely behoved me to exercise every precaution. During the years I had been endeavouring to prove the peril to which England was exposed from foreign invasion, I had never been nearer failure than now. Indeed, I held my breath each time I recollected all that depended upon my success. Ray Raymond, Vera Vallance, and myself had constituted ourselves into a little band with the object of combating the activity of the ingenious spies of the Kaiser. Little does the average Englishman dream of the work of the secret agent, or how his success or failure is reflected in our diplomatic negotiations with the Powers. We had for months been working on without publicity, unheeded, unrecognised, unprotected, unknown. A thankless though dangerous task, our only reward had been a kind word from the silent, sad-faced Prime Minister himself. For months our whereabouts had been unknown, even to each other. Ray generally scented the presence of spies, and it was for me to carry through the inquiry in the manner which I considered best and safest for myself. To-day we stand upon even ground. He was not, for he told me that if you attempted any reprisal, he would at once denounce you to the Germans. Truth to tell, however, I was much upset by the knowledge that the cunning American who so cleverly evaded the police had discovered my present vocation. Yet, after all, had not the explanation of the pretty girl before me rather strengthened my hand? On the contrary, I am extremely anxious that we should be friends. Indeed, I want you, if you will, to do me a service. If you will only allow me, I will be your friend. I dare not disobey that man who holds my future so irrevocably in his hands. But I had no knowledge of who he was. Why not dissociate yourself from him? I have no means of disproving this dastardly allegation. I am in his power. She was silent, but about the corners of her pretty mouth there played a slight smile which told the truth. He knows what you are, and would denounce you instantly! Banfield was one of the cleverest scoundrels in Europe, an unscrupulous man who, by reason of certain sharp deals, had become possessed of very considerable wealth, his criminal methods being always most carefully concealed. The police knew him to be a swindler, but there

was never sufficient evidence to convict. Alone there, beneath the softly murmuring trees, I stretched forth my hand across the table and took her neatly gloved fingers in mine, saying: I am a cosmopolitan, perhaps unscrupulous, as a man occupied as I am must needs be. I am an Englishman and, I hope, a patriot. Yet I trust I have always been chivalrous towards a woman. Nevertheless, let us be friends. I want your assistance, and in return I will assist you. Let us be frank and open with each other. I will explain the truth and rely upon your secrecy. In Berlin certain negotiations are at this moment in active progress with St. Petersburg and New York, with the object of forming an offensive alliance against England. This would mean that in the coming war, which is inevitable, my country must meet not only her fiercest enemy, Germany, but also the United States and Russia. I have reason to believe that matters have secretly progressed until they are very near a settlement. Then I at once saw that you, Suzette, was the only person who could assist us. If any one is aware of the truth that man is. I want you to go to Berlin, make his acquaintance, and learn what he knows. If what I suspect be true, he possesses copies of the despatches emanating from the German Foreign Office. And of these I must obtain a glimpse at all hazards. The reason of my presence there was because I chanced to be interested in his movements. Mine was becoming a profession full of subterfuge. Her breast heaved and fell in a long-drawn sigh. I saw that she was wavering. She sipped her tea in silence, her eyes fixed upon the shady trees opposite. He believes you to be the niece of the rich American, Henry Banfield, little dreaming of your real position. If he knew the truth he would be enraged. He has always forbidden me to fall in love. If you are successful on this mission I will, I promise, find a means of uniting you with your lover.

3: Spies of the Kaiser|William Le Queux |Free download|PDF EPUB|Freeditorial

"Spies of the Kaiser" is written as a novel, based on what Le Queux describes as "serious facts." He describes a scenario whereby more than 5, German, Swiss, Belgian and French spies are working in Great Britain during WWI alongside the German Secret Police.

4: Spies of the Kaiser : William Le Queux :

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Spies of the Kaiser has 17 ratings and 0 reviews. Le Queux was the first and most prolific of all British spy writers, but Spies of the Kaiser was not ju.

7: Spies of the Kaiser Plotting the Downfall of England by William Le Queux - Free at Loyal Books

Le Queux was the first and most prolific of all British spy writers, but Spies of the Kaiser was not just another tale of scheming foreigners and plucky British heroes, for this paranoid tale of German secret agents plotting the invasion of Britain played a major part in the formation of MI5, Britain's counter-espionage organisation.

8: Spies of the Kaiser: Plotting the Downfall of England by William Le Queux

Spies of the Kaiser examines the scope and objectives of German covert operations in Great Britain before and during

the First World War. It assesses the effect of German espionage on Anglo-German relations and discusses the extent to which the fear of German espionage in the United Kingdom shaped the British intelligence community in the early.

9: Airborne spies of the Kaiser? “Airminded

William Le Queux () Spies of the www.enganchecubano.comng the Downfall of England. Spies of the Kaiser was published in , and raised spymania to new extremes. Again, Le Queux's fantasies had their popularity massively boosted by the Daily Mail's hype machine.

Goodbye to a River Continuing appropriations, 1966. The Icon Cowboy Presidential Premonitions (Icon Cowboy) Whats wrong with secular societies? A manual of organizational development The peoples guide to vitamins and minerals, from A to zinc A manual for cleaning women selected stories Passages north anthology O-Bon in Chimunesu Playing Period Plays Importance of english language essay Christology and Discipleship in the Gospel of Mark Economic inequality in the United States Dasar dasar ilmu politik miriam budiardjo Electromagnetic Theory and Computation Persuade us to rejoice Spider-man: mysterios menace/X-men: reign of apocalypse. Maternal-Newborn Child Nursing Golden Dreams, Poisoned Streams Backroads of the Yukon and Alaska (Lone Pine Travel) No time-limit for these crimes! A genius at the Chalet School 2003 kia optima service manual Sometimes I feel stubborn Musical Instruments Stained Glass Coloring Book The saturated self The spirit mercurius. Part two : A Tale of a Tub. The Authority Vol. 3 Anatomy in physical education Annual Review of Womens Health Mononuc cells nfr fld manual Linoleum block printing The guardian of Willow House How my brother Leon brought home a wife. Religion, Identity and Change Toyota 2012 annual report Piazzolla oblivion oboe piano The Republican Party and Wendell Willkie Rich Poor in Ancient Greece (Rich and Poor in)