

UNDERWORLD  
AND  
SOVIET

# UNDERWORLD AND SOVIET

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VLADIMIR ORLOFF



LINCOLN MAC VEAGH  
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## TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

As this book was written in 1929 it takes no account, naturally, of events affecting Orloff and his lawsuit which have happened in the interim.

M. H.

UNDERWORLD  
AND  
SOVIET

## MY CAREER

I, VLADIMIR GRIGORIEVITCH ORLOFF, am descended from the old nobility of the Government of Rjäsan. I attended the grammar school and university in Warsaw, travelled as a third-term student through the United States of America in order to acquire a knowledge of administrative justice, wandered about the country for months, studied criminology, and worked as a Russian compositor, and as a sailor.

On my return to Russia I became a referendar<sup>1</sup> at the Moscow County Court, and went through the Russo-Japanese War.

1905-6: Examining judge and Public Prosecutor in Poland, investigating all cases of espionage and high treason during the first revolution.

1907: Examining judge for the Lovitch circuit in the district of Warsaw.

1908: Assistant Public Prosecutor to the county court at Radom.

1910: Chief Public Prosecutor to Count Medem's Commission for the reconstruction of the Siberian Railway in the military circuit of Omsk, and for the Siberian Cossack Army.

1912: Examining judge to the Warsaw county court for exceptional political offences.

<sup>1</sup> Young barrister attending the courts and qualifying for the post of junior judge.



1914: *Military Attorney-General at headquarters.*

1916: *Member of the commission of inquiry into cases of insufficient and delayed provisioning of the Russian armies during the War.*

*End of 1916: Director of the inquiry into the sale of Army stores to Turkey.*

1917: *Working under Stutchka and Krestinski, at the request of the volunteer army, in the law commission in Petrograd under the name of Boleslaff Or-linski, during which time I saved thousands of officers and their families from being shot.*

1918: *Unmasked by the Bolshevists and forced to flee with the help of the Germans to the Volunteer Army in Odessa. While there, became Departmental Chief on the staff of the High Command and head of the Intelligence Service.*

1920: *In Riga to report on the Polish-Bolshevist Peace Conference.*

1921-26: *Attached to General Wrangel's Commission in Berlin to report on Bolshevist activities.*

*From 1927 to the present time: Studying jurisprudence in connexion with Bolshevism.*

## BAPTISM BY FIRE

THE dead body of Marie Visneffska lay in the tiny *salon* of her little villa in the county town of Novominsk, not far from Warsaw.

It lay beneath the one large picture in the room, a portrait in a gilded frame of her once beautiful niece, whose success as a leading lady had not been entirely due to her activities behind the footlights.

An officer of a Hussar regiment, surprising her one day with a rival, shot her, undressed his victim, and left the body strewn with cherry-blossom.

Marie Visneffska used to tell this gruesome story with unconcealed pride to any and every one who expressed admiration for the picture.

And now she, in her turn, had been killed. A death entirely devoid of any romance. Not even with a revolver. Just an ordinary hatchet. No one would have known that anything was wrong had not a postman called some weeks after the crime to serve a summons, and in so doing had discovered the dead body.

It was about the middle of January, and a terribly cold winter at that. Marie Visneffska's body was entirely frozen, and the corpse was curiously well preserved.

The examining magistrate from Warsaw takes with him to this out-of-the-way little town of Novominsk one of his students, who, in addition to his university

studies, does odd jobs and scribbles down his reports for him; so that while he, the magistrate, sits in a snug corner by the stove in the inn parlour, his young companion has perforce to go out into the deserted land to win his spurs, searching for tracks which the brutal December gales have already blown away.

The novice has first to accustom himself to the sight of a corpse. He has never seen one before, and he shudders as he forces himself to look at the ghastly head. The murderer had battered the skull of the wretched woman with inhuman rage, and had reduced it to an almost unrecognizable state. The effect is so appalling that he feels he must get out into the fresh air at all costs. He is not yet hardened to sights such as these. Why, indeed, should he be? For centuries his ancestors had been peaceful priests in the poverty-stricken village of Ivansoffskoia, in the heart of Russia. He had grown up among the beanstalks on the banks of a tiny stream, under the guardianship of a grandfather, who, in a white cassock and with a little white cap upon his head, cared for nothing but the common good of a peaceful world.

At last he pulls himself together and begins conscientiously to conduct the inquiry. He collects the villagers around him and questions them. In vain! No one will speak. Certainly not against the living, who might afterward take their revenge! So there remains only the statement of a labourer from a neighbouring estate, who is alleged to have seen ghosts in the garden of Marie Visneffska's house on one of the nights in question.

The temporary magistrate has to keep a tight grip upon himself in order not to appear too credulous of the story-teller, for how often had natives of his own village told him fantastic stories of mischievous tricks played by wood-demons, who certainly—yes, quite certainly—still exist, and who transform themselves into wolves and prey upon human beings?

“Was Marie Visneffska what you would call a bad woman?” asks the student of the excited labourer from the neighbouring estate, who was giving evidence.

“A mean old skinflint she was!” calls out the enraged man.

“Black bread and soused herrings was all the old bitch gave us to eat every day,” calls out another workman at the same time.

“How did it happen that you both fed at her house?”

“Well,” answers one of them, “we were both in her service at one time for a few months.”

“Alone?”

“Yes! She was far too mean to employ more. We went through something with the old hag in our time, I can tell you.”

“Why did you not say before that you had been in her service?”

“Because—well—because——” The man begins to stammer.

The other is completely silent.

Instantly suspicion arises. And rightly so, as when the young student accuses them of the crime they go to pieces and confess.

They did it out of revenge for the wretched treat-

ment they had received at her hands. They also robbed her, but the few odds and ends they took were useless, as nobody would buy them.

And so the young man, flushed with victory, leads his two self-confessed culprits back into the warm parlour of the inn, where sits the examining magistrate.

The experienced official gives his pupil an approving glance. "Well done!" he says. "We shall be able to make something of you, my lad."

Was the prophecy correct? That I cannot answer, as I myself am that green young tyro.

## THE UNKNOWN OF THE HUNDRED DISGUISES

"CIGARETTES? I have a particularly cheap line." The young man who stepped into my office in the Konstantinoffskaia Oulitza in Lodz approached my desk, crowded to overflowing with official papers. He took stock of me with his remarkable eyes, and I felt uneasy. What was the matter with this strange creature? What did he want with me, and how had he succeeded in obtaining entrance unannounced into the office of an examining magistrate? I put the question to him.

"Your Lordship has the reputation of being kind and just, so I walked through the unguarded entrance and came straight in. I only wanted—I mean, it seems a pity that your Honour does not give me a regular order for his cigarettes, as do nearly all his colleagues in Lodz. Perhaps your Lordship will also——"

I refused, rose to my feet, and showed my importunate visitor the door, for my office was full of important documents dealing with cases that were still unfinished.

Outside I once more warned my servant to be on the lookout, and to take care not to let any unauthorized persons into my office. Living as we did in the unsettled years following the first Russian Revolution, even when things were outwardly calm it was well to remember that Vulcan was always at work below

the surface, ready at any moment to break out with renewed strength. Nowhere on earth did parties fight with such fanatical hatred and such crude brutality as here in the district where I had deliberately chosen to be sent as examining magistrate after my first *coup* in Warsaw.

Three days later the door opened again. Who was it standing smiling on the threshold? Our friend, the unknown.

What the devil does he want this time?

With a low bow he came toward me, dragging a bulldog on a lead. A truly magnificent animal! I am passionately fond of the breed, and had difficulty in concealing my admiration for the points and appearance of the dog.

"I heard you liked bulldogs," he began.

"Now how on earth did you find that out?"

"Your Honour, I am not in the witness-box here. Does the animal please you? If he does I am prepared to sell him to you for a few roubles. Is that agreed?"

"How much?"

"That is of no importance. If you will allow me I will make you a present of him."

"Kindly come to the point," I broke in angrily. What did all this mean? What possible reason had this fellow for giving me a dog? Did he want to bribe me? Why? On whose behalf!

"You misunderstand me, sir. What I mean is that I will sell you the dog for practically nothing."

But hard though it was I refused to have anything to do with the proposition. I accompanied him to the door and forbade him ever to enter it again.

Each day he returned in a different disguise, with new offers. One day as an old trader muffled up in furs offering me winter clothing at bargain prices; another time on an alleged mission from one of my colleagues. Would I not like to do a private deal in Paris perfumes?

At length I reached the limit of my patience, although I could not but admire his skill and perseverance.

"The next time you dare to show your face here I shall have you thrown out!" I shouted, quite determined to put the threat into execution on the slightest provocation.

Turning round from the doorway, he asked, "Are you conducting the inquiry into the murder of the democrat Kartchmark?"

It was the first slip he had made. So that was what he was after! That cleared up many things.

"Yes," I answered. I was anxious to see what his next move would be.

"The murderer is a member of the Polish Socialist party!"

"Yes."

"He is a friend of my party," continued the stranger.

"And what do you want here?" I asked the question, although it was quite obvious what the reply would be—what the reply *must* be.

Naturally he could not admit that he had sought my acquaintance in order to bribe me, or to move me to pity for his friend the murderer.

"I mean, and I ask your pardon for intruding, sir, what bail are you asking to release the prisoner?"

The next moment he was on the floor!



Once more I drummed it into the ears of my servant that should he again allow this person to come near me he could expect nothing but punishment and dismissal.

The warning this time proved effective, and he did not appear again, but a few days later I saw him nevertheless. During my examination of a man at police headquarters he was dragged in under military escort.

"You here?"

"Yes. I have other activities as you see," answered my old friend.

I did not quite follow his meaning, but the Inspector explained matters to me. "That is August Fremel, leader of the Polish Socialist party. His chief job, however, is working for us secretly against his party—informing us of their plans and the state of the enemy's camp."

"Careful," I warned him. "This fellow works also for the Socialists! He was several times——"

"—at your office." The Inspector finished the sentence for me.

"That was all a blind, your Honour. He was obliged to do that in case his political friends became suspicious. Every self-respecting spy works for both sides. We police-officers realize that and make allowances for it."

This was the first spy I had ever seen, and the occasion made as great an impression upon me as years ago the corpse had, on that bitterly cold winter's night in Warsaw. I had no suspicion then that my whole life was to be spent in a perpetual warfare against people such as these.

I began to take an interest in August Fremel. What were his methods?

They were simple enough: he lived, slept, and had his being at the police station, watched over and protected continually by both police and military. His brother Richard spent his time loitering about factories, picking up information. He had two secret accomplices, ostensible members of the Socialist party, but in reality working for the authorities at a flat rate of twenty-five roubles.

As soon as these two outside helpers had accumulated sufficient information from their wanderings, and from the meetings they had attended, they passed it on to August Fremel, who, in the guise of party leader, undertook the final investigations, rummaged about after arms, and revealed where seditious literature, lists of members, and receipt-books were to be found. He accomplished this with such skill that even the most cunning of his comrades suspected nothing. Even when he marched through the town surrounded by troops no one had the least idea that he was a traitor. They merely thought that he was on his way to another investigation.

One day the brothers Fremel and three of their accomplices were returning to the police-station surrounded by a company of mounted Ural Cossacks. They were marching through Konstantinoffskaia Oulitza when suddenly a bomb whizzed out of a house, and three Cossacks and two police agents were blown to bits. The Fremels and eight Cossacks were left for dead. Each had at least twenty wounds in his body.

Such was the vengeance of the betrayed, who had at last discovered how they had been tricked!

The street was barricaded, and the alarm given. The house whence the bomb came was searched. In vain!

Cossacks stormed the building, and found a man lying stretched upon the floor.

"Now we've got you!" they roared.

The man whimpered for help. He struggled to get free. There was a deafening tumult going on, and nobody really knew what it was all about.

Already some of them were preparing to set upon the prisoner.

He, too, was wounded, and could scarcely speak.

He pointed mutely to the bed. One of the Cossacks followed his glance. A uniform was lying there.

A uniform?

"Stop," roared the Cossack; "we have got the wrong man!"

And such, indeed, was the case. Directly they saw the uniform they realized that the man was my colleague, the examining magistrate Diet, who lived in the house and had been wounded by the explosion.

An innocent man had almost suffered for the guilty!

One of the party was of the opinion that the man who threw the bomb would take shelter in the neighbouring theatre, and accordingly police and military concealed themselves behind the exit, and no one was allowed to leave the performance.

One by one the audience filed out through a small door.

Each one had to pass by August Fremel, who, with bandaged head, stood on guard. He took stock of them

all, and woe betide any unlucky partisan he might see, even though he were but an innocent member of the audience!

My wife and I had also attended the performance and Fremel bowed to us as we went through the door.

"There's a swine of a police agent!" growled one of the spectators behind me, giving me a look of concentrated hatred. "You wait! We'll get you, too, in time!" And he, too, shuffled away with the crowd into the night.

A week later we had to cut down August Fremel from a tree. The friends he had betrayed had driven eight twelve-centimetre nails into his head and hanged him alive.

## STORMY DAYS IN LODZ

MAY 17, 1907, was an important day for the brothers Poznanski, textile-manufacturers in Lodz. The great strike and dispute between employers and employed had been brought to an amicable settlement, and all *employés*, with the exception of ninety-seven ring-leaders, were to resume work.

Thank God! The machines were going again, and within a few hours new materials were being turned out as though nothing had ever happened. The truth was that every one was so relieved that negotiations had been so successful and that peace once more reigned.

Directors Rosenthal and Sachs met at a small *café* near the factory, and celebrated the beginning of this new activity by a small breakfast. They returned together to the factory, and on the way were stopped by three men.

"You dogs," cried one of them, "you've let us all down!" The directors recognized them as being three of the dismissed workmen, and attempted to smooth matters over, the immediate result of which was that one of the men picked up Rosenthal and tossed him to his friend as if he were a parcel. They then attacked him with a file, shattered his skull, and never stopped until their victim was lying in the gutter.

Director Sachs had meanwhile pushed his opponent aside with a trick he had learned in boxing, eluded his pursuer, and dashed through the streets calling for help.

They fetched me.

Sachs, who was trembling in every limb, implored me not to take any action, as he said his life would be at stake. I tried to make it clear to him that everything would be done with the greatest caution, but that it would be impossible for me to stand by and do nothing. The murder would have to be avenged.

"What are the names of the three who have killed your colleague?"

"I—I cannot remember the names," answered Sachs, terrified lest he should be made the object of revenge by those who had escaped. I could not really blame him for it, as in those volcanic times we heard daily of men who had fallen foul of the workers being dispatched heavenward by some secret league. Even children threw bombs and manufactured first-rate infernal machines out of old sardine tins and discarded chemicals in order to blow up a nurse who had perhaps refused them an apple! Bombs had been discovered in baskets of strawberries, in postal packets, in overcoat pockets, at public meetings, even on the church altar!

The terrorists had secret bomb factories everywhere, and blew up anything that came their way: gin shops, statues, churches, policemen, detected spies, secret agents—all and everything. On one day a Democrat killed a Socialist, on the following day a Socialist wreaked his vengeance on the Democrat. Corsica was

a peaceful Paradise in comparison with the Poland of this period.

I could therefore understand perfectly the desire of Director Sachs to retain his hold on life. Nevertheless I ordered the arrest of the ninety-seven dismissed employees and made them face the witness. None of them, declared Sachs, was involved. After I had dismissed them he told me which were the culprits, and without any undue disturbance I ordered their arrest.

They all lied.

I had one of them up before me for examination, the father of a family. I promised him a free pardon, compensation, a new home, land, peace, so that in the end he confessed all, and more besides. He gave me the names of the revolutionaries, their future plans, their secret organization.

Naturally the arrests became known. Sachs collected his papers in feverish haste, and prepared to flee home to Belgium, leaving his affairs in charge of a third director.

While they were still discussing matters in the office a stranger broke in through the window, shot wildly at both men like a maniac, dropped down from the second floor into the courtyard below, and escaped.

Sachs was dead, and his successor badly wounded.

As soon as the latter had recovered sufficiently I questioned him.

"What did the stranger look like?"

"I don't know."

"But you must have seen him!"

"I don't know."

"But you must speak out!"

"I shouldn't dream of it! Get your witnesses where you like, but I've had enough of these erratic marksmen, and I leave for Germany to-day!"

I tried to hold him back by force, but he broke loose and dashed out into the street, hurled himself into a cab, telling the driver to drive hell for leather to the station, without luggage, *sans adieu*, his one idea being to get away.

Arrived safely at the station, he learned, to his intense relief, that the express for Germany had not yet left!

Suddenly a shot rang out, followed by another, and another and he fell to the ground with three bullets in his heart and head.



## THE TRAGEDY OF COLONEL VON STEIN

"HELL take it! Is that confounded clerk not in barracks? How often do I have to call the fellow? Does the hell-hound want a printed invitation sent to his office? What? Am I in command here or am I not? If he is on duty he can go to blazes! When I—*bic*—tell him—*bic*—that he—*bic*—*bic*—does he understand, this animal in the form of a man?"

The Colonel was again in a bad temper! The Colonel had looked too long upon the vodka bottle! The Colonel required a fellow-toper on whose discretion he could rely.

And the clerk was a taciturn fellow, and no despiser of vodka either—the kind of man who sat quietly soaking with his Colonel until even their squalid surroundings disappeared in an alluringly coloured haze. It was no joke to have command in a Godforsaken hole like Rava, a miserable, uncomfortable, filthy little provincial town! To hell with it all! Let's have some more vodka! Here's to you!

Was it for this that Colonel I. I. Stein went through the Russo-Japanese War? Was it for this that he became commanding officer? To end his days in solitary misery in Rava? His wife, son, and daughter were living near Warsaw. The girl was taking a course in dentistry; the boy was, of course, a cadet.

"Well, good health, old chap! Long live the Tsar! Long live everything that is young and beautiful! Come on, now, no cheating. Drink fair, you lazy old devil!"

The clerk gulped down his share; then fell asleep in an armchair.

I ask you, what was there for a Colonel to do?

He went to the cook. Ignorant old woman! One could not even carry on a conversation with her, she was so stupid! Just a hussy, that was all. The soldiers complained to the Colonel because she ran after them all day long, and tried to seduce them! Man mad!

Oh, well, one could drink and sleep with her!

And so it went on, evening after evening, night after night.

Soon things reached such a pitch that on the second of the month he hadn't a rouble left for drink, let alone necessities!

He borrowed some from the mess funds, which were in his charge.

This was serious! Forty roubles! He'd have to economize now!

Then again sixty roubles! How good drink tastes!

"What about a present for me, you old swine?" demanded the cook.

"No money," answered the Colonel.

"Then take some more out of the mess funds."

"How do you know about that? It isn't true anyway! I've never taken a cent out of the mess funds!"

"Oh, yes, you have! You babble about it in your sleep every night when you're soused! Why, I even have to put my hand over your mouth so that your

orderly doesn't overhear what a fine chief he has! So now what are you going to do about it?"

He gave her something, out of the borrowed money of course. And so it went on!

Suddenly an officer arrived from Warsaw to audit the books. Stein didn't know which way to turn. If this were found out it would mean the end of his career. In terror he rushed to a money-lender, who advanced him five hundred roubles.

Nothing came out at the audit! The accounts agreed! Well, that was a good thing!

The Colonel was once more in a rattling good humour, and sent for his clerk to help him celebrate the occasion.

The clerk, however, refused to obey.

"Isn't my brandy good enough for you, you swine?"

"It's not that, sir, but I—I—I'm afraid of the talk in the town!"

"What talk in the town? Who talks? Were they able to find even the smallest discrepancy at the audit?"

"No, sir, but—but the cook tittle-tattles to every one. And at night, sir, if you will excuse me, and allow me to say, they hear you storming and raging——"

"Oh, rot! Drink up and let the idiots in Rava say what they will! It's all lies anyway!"

"I don't doubt that for a moment, sir, but all the same I know that continual complaints are being sent to Warsaw about your drinking orgies, and I don't want to lose my job and get sent to Siberia just because I have been drinking with you!"

After the Colonel had thrown out the cowardly little wretch he sent for the cook, read the Riot Act

over her, forbid her to gossip, and promised her a new fur coat!

There was a ring at the front door!

So late!

"Go and see who it is. And remember I'm not in to anyone! Importunate baggage!"

"Perhaps it is the auditor from Warsaw? I heard only the other day that we'd have to run for it, Ivan!"

"Open the door and let him in!" commanded the Colonel. He looked really ill, poor man, and was doing something that no soldier ought to do—he was trembling!

The cook announced a man of about thirty—clean-shaven, not very tall, by no means unattractive—Arnold Bart!

"What is your errand?" the cook asked him outside the door.

"My business is of a private nature! I come from Saller!"

Aha, Saller is the money-lender. He must want the five hundred roubles back. Chuck out the dog; there is still two months' grace! But perhaps it would be better to bargain with him? Yes, that would be better! Clever! "Come in, won't you?"

Arnold Bart entered. He had excellent manners, and bowed obsequiously, as though to excuse the fact that he even existed!

"Sit down, Herr Bart, and tell me what brings you to me."

"Are we alone?"

"You may speak freely! May I offer you some vodka? Your health! A cigar? A light?"

"Your friend Saller has sent me to you. He wants to help you. You shall at last earn something to rid yourself of your debt. I have a marvellous plan. We will print postcards with the impression of Russian banknotes on the front. Yellow cards for one rouble, green for three roubles, blue for five, and red for ten roubles. You get my meaning? It is a pretty and original idea. We buy the paper in Antwerp, order the machines in Guben, and Vladimir Litvinovitch, a good friend of ours in Sudoffaia, near Lemberg, will supply the stereotype-plates. You understand?"

Did the Colonel understand? It didn't take him long to make up his mind when so much was at stake, and he readily agreed.

"But how can we get to Litvinovitch?" he asked. "I shall have to apply for foreign leave, first, from headquarters."

"Ah, my dear Colonel, we can arrange that in a far simpler and less conspicuous way than that! I have a great friend who lives in Censtochau—a German—a certain Heinrich Baranek. He will put his passport at your disposal for the two or three days with pleasure. You will, of course, travel in mufti, and with this passport we can travel to Galicia and back without any trouble at all. The great thing is that, being descended from German colonists, as you are, you speak the language so fluently!"

Everything went according to plan. The Colonel perhaps didn't feel too sure of himself, but when he thought the matter over he realized that there was no other way out! The cook was pressing him, and he needed money, not only for his debts, but for ordinary

daily necessities if he had to continue to live in that pigsty of a place. And after all two days in the train would go very quickly. The whole business would soon be completed, and he would once more have money in his pocket.

The two new friends set out on a Saturday for Censtochau, and as arranged, Baranek lent him the passport. The Russian produced it at the frontier, and was naturally allowed into Galicia without any question.

The Colonel breathed again. He had certainly been a little nervous. It would have been uncomfortable, to say the least of it, had he been discovered taking French leave on a false passport.

Scarcely had they crossed the frontier when the door of the compartment opened and four men entered and asked Bart where he was going.

"To Sudoffaia Vistchnia," he replied, astounded.

"You are going to Vladimir Litvinovitch?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, we are!"

"He has just gone to Vienna! You'd better come along there," said one of the strangers.

"And what is your name?" inquired a second.

"Arnold Bart."

"And the other gentleman, is he also going to Litvinovitch?"

"Allow me, gentlemen! My name is Heinrich Baranek!" said Stein, introducing himself before any awkward questions were asked.

"That's splendid! Herr Baranek, you also are coming to Vienna. Allow me to introduce Captain Lehr, of the Imperial ——" and he muttered something quite unintelligible.

Colonel Stein grew pale. He became years older, poor wretch.

Had he fallen into a trap?

An infernal rogue, this man Bart!

Colonel Stein pulled himself together, and was silent. He took his bearings, and finally declared himself entirely satisfied with the idea of the journey to Vienna.

All four passed themselves off as Austrian officers. They stayed next to him in the compartment, forbade him to go out into the corridor, and ordered everything for him that he required.

Vienna!

Stein got out, surrounded by the four men, with Bart behind them, who whispered a hurried injunction to the Colonel that he should calm himself, that things weren't really as bad as they appeared to be!

A car was waiting outside the station, and all six took their places—Stein behind, in the place of honour, Bart next to him, and the four officers in front, keeping guard.

They stopped at the War Office, and Stein was taken into a room on the first floor. A spacious apartment, with a large writing-table, behind which sat a colonel in the Austrian Army.

"Kindly sit down, Colonel Stein!" began the Austrian without delay. "You intend setting up a plant here, I believe, for the manufacture of spurious coinage? That is all quite unnecessary! If you are in pressing need of money we can, perhaps, come to some arrangement. We should not, of course, ask you to do anything illicit—nothing that would come in conflict

with your duty! All we ask is that you should fill up this *questionnaire* in Russian. It contains no secrets, but Austria would appreciate it if you, as officer in command at Rava, would give your expert opinion——”

Colonel Stein glanced quickly over the questions, and could see nothing likely to give away State secrets. He accordingly answered all the questions without hesitation, the Austrian Colonel taking down every word. At the end of the conversation he took the sum of seven hundred roubles from his desk and handed it over to the Russian with his gracious thanks for the information.

Two Austrian officers escorted him to the still-waiting car, and accompanied him to the station, travelling with him in a reserved first-class compartment as far as the frontier, where they bade him good-bye and allowed him to continue his journey alone to Rava.

As yet he did not quite realize what they had done with him. The only thing he did know with any degree of certainty was that he could now pay off the loan, and furthermore would have two hundred roubles over and above that to play with. So he philosophically made up his mind as soon as he got back to his rooms not to bother any more about this curious incident, and to continue to enjoy life in his accustomed manner.

The loan therefore paid off, the danger overcome, and the oppression of the last few weeks was at an end. Drink, the cook and cards were once more the order of the day. But before long the last kopek had vanished again, and he went to Saller for another loan.



Once more at the critical moment there was a ring at the door, and Arnold Bart entered the room.

"Are you game for another journey to Sudoffaia Vistchnia, Colonel?" he asked. "There is money waiting for us there."

The Colonel laughed, and was silent, but a few moments later he appeared in mufti, ready for the journey.

Baranek's passport was again useful. Bart bought a ticket for Vienna. There was no need for ceremonious discussion, as Stein knew already what was required of him.

The same formula as before was gone through in Vienna—the escort, the car, the Colonel behind the desk, the sheet of questions.

This time the questions were more ticklish than before, and Colonel Stein, officer commanding at Rava, scratched his aching head!

"No, this question I cannot answer," said Stein, quite determined not to betray his country.

"Then, my dear Colonel, we shall be obliged to take proceedings against you for travelling with a false passport! That, of course, would be extremely unpleasant after all that has occurred between us—but look here, Colonel Stein, be sensible! We have already got the answers to all these questions! All we want is that you should check them. If you would rather not do this, it is, of course, quite easy to find some one who will; but you can count upon a thousand roubles if you fill up the *questionnaire* correctly."

The Colonel realized that he had been driven into a corner: he had neither the time nor the opportunity

to think things over, and of course did what was required of him, travelling back to his station with the thousand roubles in his pocket.

Arrived at home, he threw his money about in an even wilder way than before, gave the cook a completely new outfit, and soaked and soaked, playing cards with the most impossible companions.

Anonymous letters hailed down upon his chiefs, also upon his wife and daughter in Warsaw.

The two women travelled to Rava, gave him a lecture, and confirmed the fact that he had large sums of money at his disposal, the origin of which he refused to divulge.

Frau and Fräulein Stein returned to Warsaw in deep distress. Had he gone mad? Was he the catspaw of unscrupulous people? The ladies decided to ask the advice of the headquarters staff, who promised them to keep a sharp eye on the Colonel, and to try to discover the secret source of his wealth, to which end an officer of the Secret Service settled in Rava and followed the Colonel's every step!

And once again the bell rang late at night at the Colonel's house, and Arnold Bart was admitted. But this time he did not ask him to go to Vienna. Why incur the unnecessary expense? He did not need to put himself out to that extent at all! All he had to do was to fill up the *questionnaire* which he, Bart, had brought with him.

The Colonel read it through in silence.

"Vladimir Litvinovitch is prepared to pay you three hundred roubles in advance," said Bart. "And when

you bring him the confidential maps of the General Staff to Vienna you can count on another three thousand roubles."

"It is quite impossible for me to procure either the maps or the information. They are so secret that they are kept only by the staff of the military districts of Warsaw, Kieff, and St Petersburg."

"I don't think, somehow, my dear Colonel, that Vladimir Litvinovitch will be entirely satisfied with that excuse! He might, perhaps, even find it necessary to send the *questionnaires* already filled up by yourself to the Warsaw Military Intelligence. So you see, dear friend, that it would not be wise to fall out with him."

With a heavy heart, Stein applied for a fortnight's leave, took the train to St Petersburg, to Kieff, and arranged all that Litvinovitch required of him. Packing the papers in a small suitcase, he proceeded to Censtochau, where he picked up Baranek's passport and resumed his journey with all speed to the Austrian frontier, as far as Granitza.

Never had he felt more uneasy. If only it were possible to get out of going to Vienna! But it was no use thinking about it, and he bought himself a ticket at the booking-office to the first station on the other side of the frontier. Waiting for his train to come in, he sat in the refreshment-room, miserably swallowing down a cup of scalding tea. He fidgeted about on his chair; then looked at the suitcase. The train to Vienna was signalled. He made an effort to rise, but remained in his seat. There was a struggle going on within him which seemed to render him powerless, and the bell

rang for the third and last time. Stein did not move: it was just as though he were tied to his chair. He drank another cup of tea; paid for it; a second train went out in the same direction. Still he did not stir . . . just stared in front of him. Two more trains went out, and at last the signal-bell rang for the last train. Stein made no attempt to move.

A police-officer came up to his table.

"The waiting-room is closing, sir!"

Stein did not appear to hear.

"Where are you travelling to?"

The Colonel started up in terror, and named the station.

"Then your train is just about to depart!"

Stein got to his feet excitedly, and ran through the restaurant to the door, like one possessed.

"Stop, sir! Your luggage!"

For Stein in his excitement had forgotten the all-important suitcase. He staggered back and seized it, and at that moment six men hustled him through a side-door into a small room—to the police-station. He had been followed since the first step of his journey!

A few days later the disgraced officer was in the fortress of Warsaw, and I was chosen to undertake his examination.

He was brought before me, an old and broken man, with no further interest in life! I offered him a chair.

"Teasing," he said, turning his back on me.

"What do you mean, sir?" I asked him, in amazement.

"To Heaven, doctor, direct to Heaven. Don't stop me, or I'll beat you to a pulp! Idiot!" he screamed.

So he was going to play the madman!

I spoke kindly to him, telling him that all those spies whose addresses were found in his possession had already been arrested, and that lying would avail him nothing.

"I am a Red Indian!" answered the prisoner, tearing off his clothes at lightning speed and laying himself naked on the floor in front of my desk. "I must protect myself from poisoned arrows."

"What is the name of your paramour, the cook?" I asked him.

"Name? She has no name. She is an angel!"

"Now, look here, it's no use your trying to play the madman here. All the other spies who were arrested at the same time as yourself have all tried the same game, but they have given it up and confessed that it was Bart who put them up to it. So own up; he put you up to it, too! That rascal is smarter than the whole lot of you put together. As soon as he heard of your arrest he fled to Austria!"

"Hush, I'm a flycatcher!"

"Do try and behave properly!"

"Catching flies isn't improper! Listen! I must have the flies, because I am making a new strategical map of Germany and Austria, and the flies stand for those towns which we must bomb in order to get to Paris! Do you know, Prince, that if I were going to Paris I would fly. Houpla! Ah, you brute, now I've got you."

"You can get on with your fly-catching when I have finished with you! Now kindly sit down. We will start with your visit to Kieff. At what time did you arrive?"

"At ten o'clock!"

"No, you arrived at eight!"

"Yes? Now how on earth do you know that?"

"Where did you go after leaving the station?"

"To the chemist."

"No, you went to a shop where you bought a small box. What did you do then?"

"I went to a restaurant, and——"

"No, you did not go to a restaurant. You went to a butcher's shop, where you bought a sausage, which you ate in the park! What did you do then?"

"Good God, how do you know all this? Was I being watched the whole time?"

I nodded my head in assent.

It was too much for the unhappy man. He broke down utterly, and bit by bit told the whole story of his miserable progress into the snares that had been set for him.

Colonel Stein, then aged fifty-three, was sent to Siberia for twenty years' hard labour.

## BERLIN, 1913

THANK God, the Friedrichstrasse station at last! There was a good deal to be said for Berlin in 1913. What activity! What pulsating life!

We had at last arrived at our destination from Warsaw; but of course I must explain who "we" were!

"We" were my friend, a Public Prosecutor, and myself, an examining magistrate. We had been working very hard, and had just succeeded in unearthing another dangerous nest of spies, curiously enough also in the neighbourhood of Rava.

We caught a telegraphist, Peter Antosievitch, of the Warsaw Telegraph Bureau, red-handed, in a ditch, as he was in the act of extracting from his pocket the plans for the defence of Warsaw, preparatory to handing them over to a German spy, Ernst Böhm, an alleged representative of a firm dealing in agricultural implements.

On examining the traitor we extracted from him the admission that he had already sold innumerable important documents through Böhm to a high German official on the frontier at Soldau, a man called Richard Skopnik.

This Skopnik was a well-turned-out, intelligent German of about forty, who, in his official capacity on the frontier, had every facility for spying. It was, indeed, an open secret that he had agents all over

Poland, and that he had us followed wherever we went, but whenever we paid our periodical official visits to the frontier he always treated us with charming courtesy. And now my colleague and I were in Berlin. By a lucky chance we were met on the platform by a Russian colonel wearing the order of St Vladimir in his buttonhole.

He greeted us, his countrymen, effusively, and refused to leave us until he had introduced us to an exceedingly charming young man, a Dr Jacob of Berlin. This Dr Jacob overwhelmed us with attentions, impressed upon us his admiration for everything Russian, and implored us to be his guests during our stay in Berlin.

This placed us in an exceedingly difficult position. We could hardly thank him for his somewhat importunate invitation and explain that we would rather be alone during our short visit to the German capital! But my friend finally hinted that such was, indeed, the case, whereupon Dr Jacob showed himself in his true colours. Did we wish to insult him? His relations with Russia were of the best. His uncle was, indeed, a high Government official at Soldau, Richard Skopnik by name! Perhaps we knew him?

"Oh, slightly," answered my friend, nudging my arm. "The nephew has been put on to watch us in Berlin," he whispered in Russian, as we descended the steps from the station.

"We'll pretend we don't suspect anything," I answered him.

We allowed Richard Skopnik's nephew to escort us to a well-known hotel; we allowed him to give



us breakfast; we let ourselves be driven about in a taxi, and shown the sights of Berlin! We visited Potsdam, and finally ended up the day in a *café cabaret* in Unter den Linden. We drank, we laughed, and were soon slightly intoxicated, which was not surprising, as we had already observed in the mirror that our friend had been pouring brandy into our beer when he thought we were not looking!

"The night is yet young," he said, and took us on to an all-night bar, where there were pretty girls, whom he invited to a moonlight picnic on the Spree. Finally he brought us safely back to the hotel in the grey light of dawn, and all but put us to bed!

All night long he waited outside in the corridor, watching, and did not let us out of his sight the following day when we insisted on making some purchases before leaving Berlin. He hired a private car for us, ran behind us into Wertheim's store, searching for souvenirs that we could take home, and packed them up so that even the most eagle-eyed customs officials would not discover them!

The whole affair must have cost him a mint of money, but he would not allow us to pay for a single thing. He was always a little ahead of us in everything; so what could we do?

In the end we took the line of least resistance, and allowed ourselves to be taken to all the attractions of this alluring city without any further opposition, finishing the day, as usual, at a *café*, drinking our brandy-flavoured beer.

The next day we were to leave for home—for

Warsaw—back again to the business of Antosievitch-Böhm-Skopnik.

Dr Jacob had reserved two first-class window seats for us, and accompanied us to the station, himself carrying our parcels into the compartment. He embraced us affectionately, calling us his dearest friends, and swearing that these unforgettable days must soon be repeated in Soldau with his uncle Skopnik.

We looked out of the window and waved to our friend as we slowly steamed out of the station in the direction of Warsaw. One could almost see the zealous little man heaving a sigh of relief as he saw us two dangerous customers bound for the frontier!

As old hands at the game my friend and I could not but appreciate the thoroughness with which he had carried out his instructions to keep an eye on us during our Berlin visit, and to prevent us from entering into any intrigues in Germany.

All the same he might have spared himself the whole trouble and expense.

There was nothing we wished to find out in Berlin!

We were there precisely for the reason we gave, for a little rest and distraction after the strenuous and complicated business in Rava.

Our Berlin friend had certainly done his best for our entertainment, for which we are grateful to him to this day!

## THE GAP IN THE FRONTIER

My compartment presented a most peculiar appearance: there were mountains of documents on the floor, stacks of papers on both the Pullman seats, and masses more in the luggage-net above my head. I could not even look out of the window! There were papers, papers, and yet more papers everywhere!

This was the case of the brothers H—— and Co. (The two brothers play no small part in economic affairs even to-day. They have understood how to save money, and, what is more, how to make it. And, after all, memories are short these days!)

I read and read and read. Past Petrograd, Moscow, and Rostoff, past Baku, and yet further, and all the time nothing but papers about the brothers H——.

What were they and their accomplices alleged to have done?

Russia before the War exported large quantities of sugar to tea-drinking Persians. The brothers H——, who at the time were merely street-vendors in a small way, managed somehow to get sugar transported by caravan not only to Persia, but to the enemy forces in Turkey, and even farther, into Germany! They also exported everything they could lay their hands on belonging to the commissariat to hostile countries abroad.

Bribed railway-workers helped as far as the fron-

tier; after that it was child's play, as scarcely anything came under observation. The Belgians, who had rented the Turko-Persian customs, were also easily bluffed.

Before the War the brothers H—— had an income of about 800 roubles. The first year of the War brought their resources up to 10,000,000 roubles, thanks to their well-organized system of wholesale smuggling, and the second year to 75,000,000 gold roubles!

And so in 1916 I was sent to Persia to clear up the whole crooked business, and to administer the *coup de grâce* to the notorious caravan. No light task, I can assure you, as the two heroes and their accomplices, already in Kieff, were such clever craftsmen that they were convicted only after an exhausting struggle.

What I went through with them at the trial!

After examining one man I told him to sign the report. "I write? How should I be able to write suddenly? I'm not an author, nor a secretary! Why should I worry about being able to write? I'm a contractor, a financier. My thoughts run faster than my pen. So I regret exceedingly that I am unable to sign."

And now in the madly rushing train my mind was busy with the problem of how they managed to shift all this benzine, oil, and iron, and I pored over the intricacies of the different grades of sugar! I tried also to learn a little Persian, as later on I should have to go to Persia to deal with the leaders of the caravans.

There was a knock at the door of my compartment, and an official entered with a telegram.

Proceed at once to Tiflis. Must see you urgently.

GRAND DUKE NIKOLAI NIKOLAIEVITCH

This, of course, necessitated a change of plan, and I went at once to Tiflis.

The Grand Duke knew me from previous spy cases, and knew, too, that I should be going to Persia only on a matter of grave importance.

I got out at Tiflis. The Grand Duke Nicholas resided with the Governor, and on presenting my telegram to the guard I was shown into an office.

There I was received by a privy councillor with much ceremony, and my arrival announced to the Grand Duke.

I was escorted into the castle, past more sentries, into the banqueting-hall, preceded always by the councillor.

The table, I noticed, was laid for three.

The Grand Duke Nicholas entered the room. He had a well-groomed appearance, and looked well cared for.

He gave me a friendly welcome, and without any further preliminaries we took our places at the table. Two uniformed Cossacks waited upon us.

*Consommé en tasse!*

"Tell me," inquired the Grand Duke, "how do you propose to conduct your case against these bandits?"

I gave him a rough sketch of my plans. Investigations at Tiflis, the stopping of all gaps, examinations of

the caravan leaders, the unmasking of all accomplices, and the fixing of damages.

Rissoles followed the *consommé*. Kwas without alcohol. Black bread. No vodka, although a tempting bottle stood upon the table.

I handed the Grand Duke a copy of my fifteen-page report. He had, after all, the right to be kept informed of the proceedings, as he was actually responsible for the territory where the smuggling was taking place. Also some of his own stock had been stolen.

Twenty minutes later the Grand Duke took leave of me. "Get to it, my dear fellow! I am glad it is you they have sent! We badly need a firm hand here!"

Without further delay I continued my journey to Tabriz, to the heir-apparent of the Shah.

My fellow-travellers immediately alarmed the city, and the news spread like wild-fire that an ambassador of the Tsar had arrived.

My first call was upon the Russian Consul, who offered to put me up. A great blessing this, as the other buildings did not look exactly alluring. Scarcely had I tidied myself up when a dashing carriage and four drove up with the Persian Governor.

He was an incredibly old little man, dressed in gala uniform, decorated by an enormous star of the First Order. The Consul presented me to him, and I wondered secretly what difficulties the Persian Government was going to put in my way. I was, of course, a Russian examining magistrate, in Tabriz for the sole purpose of working for the Tsar, without any

understanding with the local authorities or the consent of their Government.

But the old Persian had other cares which brought him to my door!

What uniform would I be wearing for my audience the following morning with the Crown Prince?

The Consul was our interpreter, and I confessed to him that the only thing I possessed was a much-worn field uniform.

In that case, declared the Governor, the Crown Prince would also appear in a much-worn field uniform! To-morrow morning, then, at eleven o'clock.

At ten minutes to eleven the following day an extraordinary cavalcade drew up in front of the Russian Consulate. A magnificent carriage with a Cossack coachman on the box and a footman beside him, waving a Russian national flag every bit as big as a large-sized tablecloth. Both in brilliant uniforms. Two Cossacks rode in front, two on the right, and two on the left of the coachman. I ask you, what more could a man want!

We dashed through the narrow streets at a hard gallop, across the market-place, where hundreds of queer-looking folk with dyed hair and beards were kneeling upon the ground near their braziers, offering their wares for sale.

With wild shouts the Cossacks cleared a way for us, and we careered madly through camel caravans and herds of asses to the waiting Crown Prince. His castle had been burned down. A pity, because the harem was also there! He now lodged in a small and modest house.

We arrived at our destination, and the cavalcade halted in front of the tiny dwelling. Awaiting our arrival was an orchestra of ten men dressed in a uniform terribly reminiscent of that worn by the Russian police, the only difference being that it was decorated by a piping only worn by generals! There was also the conductor, a worthy old man who wielded an enormous baton. They struck up the march of Peter the Great as we descended from the carriage. A pretty little attention!

On the veranda a man awaited us, dressed in an incredibly ancient coat, across the breast of which was slung a green ribbon while under the jacket shone the Order of the Lion and the Sun!

That was the master of ceremonies.

The Consul had even sent his man there as interpreter, and I introduced myself, expressing my pleasure at the same time at the welcome they had given me.

We were led through the room with grave solemnity. It had the appearance of a guard-room, so shabby and uncared for was its aspect. Terrible chairs, an old carpet, and dirty windows!

Two footmen stood at the salute by the door, old men with newly combed beards, and wearing white stockings and low shoes.

They conducted us into the next room with becoming dignity.

Yet another man came toward us. A well-turned-out, attractive-looking man, with charming manners, dressed in a fashionable cutaway coat. He spoke German, Russian, and French, and greeted us in all



three languages. He was the Court Physician, had studied in Paris, and was widely travelled. He offered us tea, and we sat down feeling more comfortable and at our ease in those surroundings.

"Sugar?" he asked. "Smuggled by your friends, of course, but first-rate quality, I can assure you!"

After a quarter of an hour our new friend left us, and a herald wearing a fantastic musical-comedy uniform announced the arrival of the Crown Prince.

A tall young man of about seventeen years of age entered the room. He was wearing what he considered to be a field uniform in accordance with the arrangement of the previous day. Black trousers with gold lacings, Hessian boots with white rosettes, and a small Persian hat, on the top of which rose a star of inconceivable brilliance! I had to pull myself together in order not to burst out laughing.

"Where do you come from? And what is your business here with us?"

"I come from Russian imperial headquarters." And I explained to him my mission to his country.

"Good luck!" said my host.

"And how are the Tsar and his family?" he asked in an interested tone.

I had not the heart to disappoint the young man by telling him that in these uneasy times I scarcely came in contact with the imperial family at all, so I answered as though the Tsar was in the habit of sending me hourly bulletins regarding his state of health: "All is well. We cannot complain."

"That is good news. Kindly give him my greetings. How do you like it here in Persia?"

"I think it's wonderful!"

"I am glad to hear that, as your country pleases me, too. I was once in Petrograd, and thought it a magnificent city!"

And with that the audience came to an end.

I left for the interior with five different interpreters, as it was practically impossible to hit upon the right one, and one of my chief tasks was to try and discover which dialect each particular ruffian spoke! I couldn't even trust my interpreters: they were all rogues, and were hand in glove with the smugglers.

After some weeks a messenger of the Crown Prince rode into my camp.

"Why do you worry yourself with all this unnecessary work?" he asked. "Off with his head, and the whole business is finished once and for all!"

Well, we Russians are a more civilized people. We worry and worry at the matter in hand, until slowly but surely we succeed in finding out the dodges of these cunning profiteers. Details of kinds, manufacture, blends, and the destination of the smuggled and stolen goods, all contribute to the knowledge of the State; and yet in spite of our labours millions and millions fall into the outstretched hands of these sugar fiends.

On my homeward journey to Kieff I spent a few days with the Grand Duke. I arrested all those of whose guilt I was convinced, but my work was in vain, as the Provisional Government released them all! They had already traded upon their personal relations with Rasputin and his secretary, and had not

much difficulty in persuading those two despots to prevail upon the Tsarina to quash the proceedings. Even the Tsar declared that "the knowledge of their crime has been sufficient punishment," and gave them his pardon.

## A FORGOTTEN GRAVE IN TEGEL

ONLY a few Berliners know that out in Tegel there is a street called the Wittestrasse. Alexander III had acquired land there in the good old days, so the inhabitants called the adjacent street after Witte.

On this territory is a grave, an insignificant mound, where rest the remains of a man crushed by life! A Russian! He died in agony in one of the nursing homes of Berlin, in terrible poverty, forgotten, stricken!

At one time he had been so great, so famous, so powerful, happy, and rich!

Vladimir Suchomlinoff.

The name strikes no familiar note to-day, for this generation hustles and bustles and despises any hint of a sentimental memory.

Vladimir Suchomlinoff—Russia's Minister for War.

When?

No, not centuries ago, just a matter of a few years. Even during the War, which ruined him. But now for several years he has been lying out there in Tegel, cursed by many, but by others still loved and forgiven.

He was a remarkable officer—with a brain. That struck one at once. And what a dare-devil! What temperament! What imagination! One didn't come

across many like him, and the Russian General Staff seized upon him at once.

I can see him now, not very tall, but powerfully built, even a little inclined to be corpulent! A well-clipped grey beard and a frank and homely countenance.

He was made Minister for War, and shortly before war was declared, stated, "We are armed. We can attack at any moment we choose." But the first few shots were sufficient to expose this fallacy! Nothing was prepared. Invincible strongholds fell. Regiments surrendered because they lacked sufficient stamina, and had not enough weapons to go round. No supplies, no arms, no ammunition. Everything was out of date; there were no reserves!

The whole thing was a colossal scandal. The Minister for War was, of course, responsible.

It appeared that many of these gross blunders were committed for his own ends, and pressure was brought to bear upon the Tsar to take strong measures.

A commission was set up in Petrograd, of which I was a member, to go into the matter thoroughly, my particular task being to find out whether he had any connexion with foreign spies, and of what his circle of acquaintances consisted. In four months I had accumulated a mass of incriminating evidence, and a *dossier* of four hundred sheets set forth what Russia had to say about her former War Minister.

Among other things I had to clear up what was for him a most disastrous affair. Before the War three high Russian military officials invented a smoke bomb,

which, when it exploded, created a curtain of smoke, under cover of which it was possible to move troops. This invention was ignored for several years. Suchomlinoff had quarrelled with one of the inventors, who had at one time expressed the opinion in a newspaper article that the water-supplies of a certain fortress were insufficient. As Suchomlinoff had recently assured the Tsar to the contrary, he refused to test the bomb, and, what is more, had the inventor transferred.

The project, however, was not abandoned, and at last the inventors managed to penetrate into the presence of the Tsar. The Minister for War declared that the bombs had already been tried in other countries, and had proved a failure; but the Tsar was so interested that he requested not one but two demonstrations, and was more than enthusiastic. In fact, he ordered a mass production of the invention, the carrying out of which was suppressed by Suchomlinoff.

In July, 1914, a French officer arrived in Petrograd and was shown the smoke bomb during manœuvres. The inventors asked, however, that it should not be demonstrated in the presence of any foreign military *attaché*, as they very naturally feared espionage; but in spite of receiving a promise to this effect, Suchomlinoff arrived, bringing a German general in his carriage. The inventors did not wish to proceed with their demonstration in these circumstances, but the War Minister declined to tolerate such mistrust, declaring that his guest was a harmless individual who understood nothing of the workings of such things.

"Do please give me two of the bombs for my

archives!" entreated the German, Count Dohna.

Suchomlinoff handed over the coveted invention of his countrymen.

And so it happened that soon after the first battle the French sent over to the Russians a German smoke bomb they had picked up on the battlefield. It was composed of precisely the same chemical components as that of the Russian invention. Only the Russians themselves had not manufactured a single specimen!

Even worse is another case I was investigating.

A few months after the outbreak of war the wife of Suchomlinoff's cousin, an engineer called Nikolai Goschkevitch, called upon the Minister.

"Cousin," said the visitor, "the War will soon be over, and I should like to prepare a memoir of you in all languages, so that the world may know how much they owe to your masterly mobilization of our fighting forces. Show me, therefore, the necessary documents!"

"Who, then, is going to write this book?"

"Discretion, I pray you! Trust me, your cousin, and give me before everything the secret memorandum containing details of your strategy, strength, equipment, and commissariat. It is historically such an important document, as only three manuscript copies exist and are kept by the Tsar and yourself."

Suchomlinoff had no hesitation in handing over these papers, and two days later his cousin again appeared.

"Cousin, I want you to help me to clear up one or two points about the memorandum," said the engineer.

"That is impossible, and is of no value to your work. The information you require would only be of interest to a spy, and I refuse to tell you a word about it," answered the Minister, taking leave of his guest, but forgetting to request the return of the memorandum.

Goschkevitch soon came back again.

"Look here," he said, "I have got two first-rate spies; they have got magnificent connexions in Berlin, and can obtain any information you require. They can get in touch with the German Minister of War, the Minister of Marine; the Foreign Office, and the Minister of the Interior, and can bring back important information to Petrograd regarding the future peace negotiations."

Suchomlinoff consulted the Tsar, who gave his consent, and the engineer's two friends, Vassili Dumbadse and Prince Matchiabelli, were supplied with money and sent to Berlin.

Matchiabelli was never seen or heard of again.

But the second spy was captured on his return-journey, crossing the Finnish frontier, and a code memorandum and a report in Russian stating the conditions under which the German Minister was disposed to sign a separate peace was found on him.

Investigation showed, however, that this was only a put-up job on the part of the German General Staff in order to mislead Russia. Dumbadse was indisputably shown in his true colours as a German spy, and was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, while cousin Goschkevitch got four years' hard labour. (Both were subsequently pardoned by Kerenski, and Dum-



badse is now in America working for the independence of Georgia.)

Goschkevitch had been involved in other cases of espionage, and belonged to the coterie surrounding Altschiller, the Austrian Vice-Consul in Petrograd.

This Altschiller was a host in himself!

Every child in Russia knew that he was an unscrupulous spy. Only the Minister of War seemed to suspect nothing! He and his wife were very friendly with this charming and opulent gentleman. Altschiller, in fact, paid the dressmaker's bills for the extravagant Mme Suchomlinoff, and invited both her and her husband for long visits to his magnificent country house near Vienna. He paid their travelling expenses, also for Mme Suchomlinoff's cars, and encouraged her in her extravagance. And Altschiller footed the bill for everything without a murmur!

This placed him in the position of being able to do just what he liked in the War Minister's office. He opened letters, looked through all correspondence, and helped to decide what, from whom, and how much should be ordered in the way of stores equipment. Altschiller, in fact, ran the entire Ministry.

We stumbled upon a good many queer things during the investigation. Mme Suchomlinoff wore clothes, for instance, such as the Tsarina herself could not have afforded, and ordered gowns of every colour, shade, and design, with, of course, the appropriate *lingerie*, the cost of which could not possibly have been covered by one-third of the Minister's pay and additional allowances.

This woman was to a great extent responsible for

his ruin. He was imprisoned, in 1916, in the Peter Paul Prison as a result of the incriminating evidence accumulated against him, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. In 1918, however, he was pardoned by the Revolutionary Tribunal, and fled across Finland to Berlin, where he engaged a room in Friedenau, there to await death from starvation! Katharine Suchomlinoff had by this time long since forgotten him, and had fled during the Revolution with an attractive young Georgian. She was subsequently arrested on the Volga with two pounds of sugar in her possession, and she and her friend were shot on the grounds of illegal speculation!

SECRET THREADS BETWEEN PETROGRAD  
AND BERLIN

PRISONER OF WAR'S CAMP

*September 13, 1914*

TO THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND

I, First Lieutenant Jacob P. Kulakoffski, of the 2nd Russian Army Corps, now prisoner of war in Soldau, respectfully request the German High Command to accept my services as an Intelligence Officer. I know, among other things, where the Kecksholm Lifeguards have buried their flag and their money-chest near Soldau. I beg of you to treat my application in confidence.

JACOB P. KULAKOFFSKI

*First Lieutenant of the 23rd Regiment of Infantry*

PRISONER OF WAR'S CAMP

*September 21, 1914*

TO THE GERMAN HIGH COMMAND

GENTLEMEN,

May I repeat my request to work on your behalf in Russia? My connexions with Russian headquarters would enable me to provide you with excellent information. I humbly request you at least to grant me an interview.

FIRST LIEUTENANT JACOB P. KULAKOFFSKI

"Kulakoffski," called out a sentry in the German prisoner of war's camp in Soldau.

"Here," answered the Russian lieutenant.

"You're wanted in the office," ordered the German.

Kulakoffski followed him. Three officers of high rank awaited him, and to them he repeated his request. The result of the interview was that he was taken to a building on the banks of the Landwehr Canal, in Berlin, where he was interrogated by other officers in mufti, after which he was sent to the staff of the 20th Army Corps at Allenstein.

Stationed there was the highly respected head of the German Intelligence Service, our old friend Richard Skopnik, erstwhile customs official and German spy, and uncle of the Dr Jacob who showed us the beauties of Berlin in more peaceful days.

Skopnik, admirable in his dealings with spies, or those who wished to become spies, promised the Russian a magnificent estate in Poland or in the Ukraine after the War, and in any case a safe-conduct back to the Russian army, providing that he carried out everything satisfactorily. The two then went to the place where, according to Kulakoffski's first report, the flag and the money-chest were buried.

All they found was a trench! Nothing else! Perhaps the things had been dug up at some later date. But in spite of this disappointment Skopnik professed himself quite enchanted with the new spy, and described him in his report to headquarters as a trustworthy agent.

Kulakoffski was then ordered to join the staff.

"We are entirely satisfied with you, and offer you two thousand marks a month salary, with bonuses for extra service. Is that a bargain?"

"Certainly! I am ready for anything!" answered the Russian.

"Very well. You will now escape to Russia, *via* Stockholm."

"At your command, sir!"

"You will return to your western front as a Russian officer."

"Yes."

"You will accomplish the murder of the Grand Duke Nicholas, either by your own hand or through the agency of hired assassins."

"Yes."

"You will get in touch with General Bobyr, or with one of his brother officers, and you will persuade him to surrender the fortress of Novo Georgievsk!"

"As you command, sir."

"You will then arrange for organized gangs to blow up the bridges which cross the rivers Vistula and Nienen."

"Yes."

"Further to that you will stir up Poland and the Ukraine against Russia!"

"As you command, sir."

"Now, my dear Kulakoffski, all my friends are entirely convinced of your ability, and we believe in your honourable intentions toward us. We have, however, sent other gentlemen with similar instructions to Russia, but we hope that it will be you who will accomplish this highly confidential task for us. You will not regret it, I can assure you! You will leave for your new field of action on December 10, *via*

Stralsund and Stockholm. And, remember, there's no time to be lost!"

"And to whom do I apply for instructions in Russia?"

The officers did not consider it advisable to be too explicit on this subject, but Kulakoffski gathered that he was to return to Germany *via* Stockholm, for which purpose he was provided with a faked passport, wherein he was described as a trader from Danzig.

In Berlin he was interviewed by Lieutenant Bauermeister, an Intelligence Officer on the Russian front, who discussed details with him, gave him some final words of advice, and provided him with generous funds.

"How do you know your Petrograd so well, and how is it that you speak such fluent Russian?"

"I was born in Petrograd, of Russian parents, brought up there, and only came to Germany last year. And, my dear Kulakoffski, if you are really up against it in Petrograd and need advice or money go to Kololnaja. A Russian lieutenant-colonel lives there. He is our guarantor, and knows you are working for us."

The trader from Danzig accordingly travelled through Stralsund to Stockholm, hurried to the Russian Military Attaché, and informed him of all he had experienced, seen, and heard. Secret telegrams warned all Russian headquarters, General Staff, and centres of contra-espionage. The first object of attention was that mysterious Russian colonel who lived at Kololnaja. The house was secretly watched.

It was true that a colonel did live there. A Russian colonel. And further to that an intimate friend of the Russian Minister of War. A colonel who had been under suspicion for some time. Lieutenant-Colonel S. M. Miassoiedoff.

The Chief of General Staff ordered me to take charge of the preliminary investigations of the case. The Colonel was not then in Petrograd, but was believed to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Johannisberg. He was summoned to appear before the Staff and given an unimportant command.

The adjutant appointed to him was a Lieutenant Düsterhoff, whom the Colonel did not want, and tried to get rid of. Düsterhoff was quite depressed about it, and wrote a letter of complaint to his former chief.

SIR,

Although I am sad at having been transferred from your kind care to that of Lieutenant Colonel Miassoiedoff I must confess that I have never before found such a high-minded chief as he is, and that the thought of working for our great army with this enthusiastic officer makes me very happy. Unfortunately this great man does not seem able to accustom himself to me with the same facility, but I pray God that he will soon see what a good friend and helper he has in me. With your unlimited connexions with the high powers, it will, I am sure, be easy to make use of the military genius of this great man for his advancement, I shall always . . .

In the midst of this letter Lieutenant Düsterhoff was called away by his orderly, and he got up and

left the room. Through the keyhole, from which he had taken the precaution to remove the key, he saw the Colonel contentedly reading the letter.

Düsterhoff breathed again, he had gained this first victory, and had dispelled any mistrust that Miassoiedoff might have felt. A mistrust which was, in fact, well founded, as Düsterhoff was no lieutenant in reality, but one of the most skilful Russian agents in the contra-espionage service, whose job it was to watch the Colonel's every movement.

In fact, every one, however remotely connected with Miassoiedoff, was watched by an army of agents. In Russia there was scarcely a single active member of the Intelligence Service who had not a hand in the surveillance of those suspected persons. The danger was obvious, and all leaders were hourly awaiting the first blow of one of the German agents. But Miassoiedoff still suspected nothing. Lieutenant Düsterhoff had won his confidence by innumerable tricks, and by hurriedly looking through Miassoiedoff's voluminous correspondence before it reached him, managed to make a note of all suspect addresses and get a fair idea of any code messages or future plans, and in this way was able to give the alarm beforehand, so that the schemes could be made ineffective. Not for nothing had he been described as Russia's most efficient agent.

An examining magistrate from Warsaw with innumerable colleagues and assistant attorneys sifted the evidence day and night, held examinations, local assizes, extorted confessions, deciphered code letters, examined important documents, and revealed as yet



undreamed-of facts. And so bit by bit the material was pieced together and showed a far from flattering portrait of Miassoiedoff.

At the end of the century he was attached to the police administration at the frontier station of Wirballen, and, curiously enough, was awarded six German orders, but no single Russian one. There must have been something to account for that. His commanding officer discovered things were not quite as they should be, and sent him to a command in the interior of Russia, far removed from German influence. This, of course, was not at all to his liking, and he sent in his resignation, which was accepted. Naturally, for, after all, he was no loss.

He then had to look for a job, and found one in Libau. He became president of an emigration bureau, which he ran with the brothers Freiberg, whom he already knew from the Wirballen days. They became partners in this enterprise, and employed a man called Robert Falk.

Miassoiedoff was successful, the business flourished, and he got to know a pretty young woman, Clara Gollstein, from Vilna, whom he married and took to Carlsbad.

It was there that Mme. and M. Miassoiedoff made the acquaintance of another young married couple, the Minister of War, Suchomlinoff, and his wife.

The wives liked each other, the husbands got on well together, and they saw a great deal of one another. Suchomlinoff liked and admired his new friend Miassoiedoff. And so it came about that in September, 1911, Miassoiedoff again applied for active service,

and as the War Minister himself spoke for him he was sent to a command where he had orders to stamp out revolutionary propaganda among the troops. To this, however, he paid scant attention, as other activities engrossed him more: important documents of the censorship authorities passed through his hands, and these he read and took to his friend the Minister of War. In this manner he acquired an extensive knowledge of current events.

He persuaded Suchomlinoff to let him do some espionage in the Russian Army, and the feeling among the men because of this became almost intolerable.

But these activities of Miassoiedoff came to an untimely end when the Minister of the Interior acquainted Suchomlinoff with the fact that his friend and adviser Miassoiedoff was under grave suspicion of being a German spy.

Why?

How did they know this?

It was quite simple. Miassoiedoff was the founder of the North-western Shipping Co. There was nothing to take exception to in that, although one did not expect an adviser of the Russian Minister of War to start private enterprises of that description.

But his best friend of many years' standing, and now partner in the shipping company, happened to be David Freiberg. And this Freiberg was known to have business connexions with a Russian swindler Katzenellenbogen, who for years had been supported by secret agents of the German General Staff, and had made enormous profits in faked passports. Such

a man was naturally no help to the Russian War Minister. And Miassoiedoff was again deprived of his command. He was, however, given the opportunity of sending in his papers.

Shortly after this another blow fell. It was stated in an article published in the *Voice of Moscow* that since the appointment of an ex-frontier officer as head of the Intelligence Department foreign spies had known everything that had been going on in Russia. In one paper he was even mentioned by name, and openly accused of being a spy in the pay of Germany. The scandal was out!

A few days afterward the highly compromised Miassoiedoff lay in wait for the editor of the paper in the street, called him to account, and demanded to know who had written the statement. The journalist refused to divulge the name, and Miassoiedoff challenged him to a duel. There was much agitated discussion. The editor pleaded for time to think it over, and the request was granted.

Some days later Miassoiedoff met him again at the races, and asked him to come and have a talk with him in a restaurant. The editor went in first, Miassoiedoff followed. Once inside the restaurant, Miassoiedoff fell upon his man. Covered with blood, the journalist collapsed, recovered immediately from the shock of the attack, and knocked the eyeglasses off the nose of his spiteful antagonist. Miassoiedoff drew his revolver, but at that moment a friend of the editor's appeared and separated the opponents. "Put that gun away! You must be mad!"

Miassoiedoff stammered something unintelligible,

and slipped out of the room unnoticed in the general tumult.

The commissionaire, however, blocked the way. Once again the heated man grasped his revolver and forced his way into the open. A court-martial subsequently pronounced Miassoiedoff's conduct as ungentlemanly, because he had attacked his adversary from behind. As now another newspaper was talking about his activities as a spy, he challenged the reporter to a duel. His opponent fired into the air. Miassoiedoff aimed, but failed to hit anything. This scandal forced him to send in his resignation, and Suchomlinoff was obliged to start an action against him for high treason, but the whole matter ended in smoke.

Two years afterward, at the outbreak of war, Miassoiedoff wrote to his old friend imploring him to send him into the front line. Suchomlinoff answered that he had nothing against the idea, and gave him an appointment as an interpreter. Meanwhile his wife, Clara Gollstein, attended to all his affairs at home, and forwarded letters and telegrams to Johannisberg, which, as president of the shipping company, he must necessarily receive.

He also had a new occupation, a commission from Katzenellenbogen, whose friendship had already nearly cost him his neck. If he produced secret papers detailing the exact position of all regiments of the 10th Army Corps up to January 19, 1915, he would get 30,000 roubles, of which 10 per cent. would be kept by the middleman who worked behind the scenes. For this purpose he traveled to Dembora-

Buda, where an officer of the General Staff told him all he knew, and much, incidentally, that he ought never to have divulged. That same evening Miassoiedoff was arrested in Kovno, and hundreds of houses in eighty different Russian towns were searched. Innumerable accomplices were thrown into Warsaw gaol, and incriminating evidence was amassed by the ton.

Miassoiedoff was accused of high treason and of looting German houses in Johannisberg. He denied the first accusation, but the second was in his opinion no crime. A court-martial was held at the Citadel, in camera, and after fourteen hours' discussion he was condemned to death on the scaffold, because, while in the service of his country, he had had dealings with enemy agents, giving them particulars of our fighting forces, and furthermore, after the outbreak of war, had continued his activities, collecting material for the agents of Germany as to the position of troops, etc.

One of the officers went up to Miassoiedoff and tore off his epaulettes. He went white, leaned trembling against the wall, and covered his face with his right hand. He was almost on the point of collapse, and looked a truly pitiful sight.

There was silence in the court. Each man stared in front of him and pretended to be busy with his papers. "May I be allowed to leave the room?" asked the condemned man.

Two sentries lead him away. He locked himself in the lavatory, detached the chain from his eyeglasses, and tried to cut his throat, but at the critical moment

the patrol looked through the keyhole, and the attempt was frustrated. He was taken away and deprived of his eyeglass-chain.

Half an hour later he again went to the lavatory, and this time attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat on the sharp edge of the porcelain pan, hoping thereby to cause a hæmorrhage. Again the guard frustrated the attempt, and he was placed in a cell.

At dawn they fetched him. The gallows awaited him in the courtyard of the Citadel. "I do not want to die," he cried, attacking the guards who had brought him. They put him in chains, but it was no use, he still attempted to break away, and was finally brought to the place of execution lashed to a stretcher, roaring and raving, and cursing God and man.

At the stroke of 4 A. M. they hanged him, and half an hour later his body was buried at the foot of the gallows.

Now came the accomplices turn. They came up for trial at Dünaburg. Groothurs, Freinat, Falk, Riegert, David Freiberg, Mikulis, and Mme Clara Miassoiedoff were all condemned to the scaffold, and David Freiberg, Riegert, Falk, and Mikulis were executed at Vilna. Mme Miassoiedoff's sentence was commuted to life-long deportation to Siberia, and Freinat and Baron Groothus were cast into prison.

The revolution automatically released all those who had not suffered the death-penalty.

## HOW TO SPY

"PLEASE, please, Master Orloff, do tell me how you catch all these wicked spies?" pleads a dainty little lady-in-waiting of the Tsarina.

"But, dear lady, there's nothing easier in the world than catching a spy! We do it in just the same way as we trap lions in the Sahara."

"Oh, how exciting! And how is that done?"

"Quite simple! One takes a funnel and shakes all the sand of the Sahara through a sieve, you see? The sand, of course, sifts through, and the lions remain in the sieve. And that is the way we catch our spies!"

"How terrible!" she cries, shuddering, relating the story to her friend.

How often am I asked this question! One can never answer it, as each spy is caught with a different method. One must notice every detail and be prepared for every eventuality. How many different kinds of sympathetic inks there are, for example! Hundreds!

The most primitive sympathetic ink which can be used by everybody, and in every place, is, of course, urine. Write with it on paper and leave it to dry; then hold it over steaming iodine, and the writing will instantly become clear again. Milk also is a favourite medium for secret writing. Held over the fire, the writing becomes clearly legible in daylight.

Shrewd folk use potato-flour. When one has written something down one wipes the flour away. Afterward one rubs the paper with ashes, whereupon the writing instantly reappears.

Rice-meal mixed with water is also a reliable ink. One only needs to allow a small quantity of iodine fumes near it in order to be able to read what has been written.

If you take 100 parts glycerine, 100 parts water, and 35 parts sugar you will have a splendid ink at your disposal. Strew this with ashes, and everything again becomes clear.

For forgers who make use of watermarks in their notepaper there is a magnificent recipe that any child can use. You lay a damp sheet of paper over a looking-glass upon which you press a dry sheet. Now draw on the dry sheet what you wish as a watermark, and when the paper dries it will be impossible to see anything. Only when the paper is again moistened can the design be seen.

The deciphering of codes is not so easy, as one can only get successful results after much labour and a good deal of luck. Every spy has his own code, and he changes it as soon as he thinks it has been deciphered. The Bible is a favourite medium.

One agent, for example, came to an agreement with his opposite number to utilize a chapter of St John, and always, therefore, signed his reports with that name. The recipient knew at once what to look up, as the letter was entirely composed of numbers, each number having its own unmistakable meaning. The first number was four, which meant the fourth



chapter of St John; then there was a three, meaning the third paragraph. The addressee therefore opened the Bible at this place, and was able, without further trouble, to read the message.

Eight. Eight is the eighth letter, therefore "i." Six is again the sixth chapter; three, the number which comes next, stands for paragraph three, and so on.

There are hundreds and thousands of such arranged codes, which seem at first quite undecipherable.

But Russia has two extraordinarily talented code specialists.

I know them both, and have often watched them with horror and astonishment as they unravel the most complicated code documents after only a few moments' meditation.

One of them once showed me a telegram in Chinese characters, quite inexplicable, but without any doubt an important communication.

The decipherer took his leave, went to Mass, and prayed earnestly to God for over an hour; then hurried home, ate nothing for three days, and shut himself up in his home, seeing nobody.

Utterly exhausted, he finally reappeared at the office, sat down at his desk, scribbled a few words on a sheet of notepaper, and read without further deliberation what was actually in the telegram. How is such a thing possible? It is beyond my comprehension entirely, and better men than I have been confronted with this riddle without arriving at an answer. Anyway, the whole of Russia can produce only two such geniuses.

Often the solution of a code communication occurs in quite a different manner. Some smart agent or other manages to steal a code-book, which is not an easy coup to bring off.

One agent I know was given the task of deciphering the code used by the Chinese Ambassador when communicating with the Peking Government.

For days the worthy fellow, disguised as a harmless tourist, watched the habits and customs of those attached to the Chinese Embassy, and accidentally discovered in which safe the Ambassador kept his code-book. He therefore disguised himself as an electrician, and managed to penetrate into the official's room. At the very moment when he was about to attempt to break open the safe he heard footsteps.

Where should he hide?

It was a matter of life and death.

In the wardrobe? No, he would be found there immediately.

Under the sofa—the large one? Yes, that was the place. Under he went! How narrow and uncomfortable it was! Scarcely had he got his feet underneath when the door opened and the Ambassador entered. But not alone! No, with a beautiful, a very beautiful woman.

The old dog!

Our spy remained under the sofa as quiet as a mouse.

At first the Ambassador conversed with his visitor; soon they both sat upon the sofa. The poor fellow underneath underwent tortures. The two were extremely heavy, and threatened to rob him of even the

little bit of air he was able to breathe. The pair, believing, of course, in their solitude, grew amorous, and soon the spy was a witness to a passionate love scene.

He remained quite still.

How long could all this last, even with the Chinese Ambassador?

But as all things come to an end some time or other he was soon released from his torments. The Ambassador accompanied his mistress to her house, and in the meantime the agent had successfully acquired the code-book.

It was quickly copied, and parts were photographed to save time, page for page, and the only thing that remained to be done was to get it back quickly into the safe, so that its disappearance should not be noticed.

But one cannot always depend upon the powers of love.

On the way back it struck the happy pair that it was as yet early to separate, and they suddenly decided to return home. It was then that the Chinaman discovered that the safe was open and that the book had vanished.

Instantly he cancelled the existing code and introduced a new one, which, sly old fox that he was, he had already prepared and agreed upon with Peking.

The wretched spy had had all his dangerous and nerve-racking work for nothing.

But it doesn't do to worry too much over things like that; often the merest chance brings things to the surface.

A Russian gendarme watched a man fishing on the banks of the Vistula. There was nothing to object to in that. Why shouldn't he fish?

The next day he was there again, and the gendarme noticed that the fisherman caught nothing, and yet, in spite of his failure, continued to stay at the same spot.

Seeing the fisherman on the third day, he determined to have a closer view of him, particularly as he did not recognize him as being a native of those parts.

"What is your name?" he asked the strange angler on the Vistula.

"I—I—I—— What is my name? My name is Ivanoff!"

"That is interesting. Show me your papers. Ivanoff is the family name of all tramps."

The fisherman Ivanoff showed his papers.

"Look here, you'd better come along with me! Were you born in Russia? You speak such broken Russian!"

"No, I was born in Poland—I mean Germany. I—I am Russian, because my father—yes, and my mother too—were born in Petrograd!"

The gendarme took Ivanoff to the police-station and looked him up on the card index.

"Is your name really Ivanoff?"

"Yes, truly!"

"Well, that's a lucky chance—there's a memo about you here! You've got twenty-four strokes of the birch coming to you!"

"That's impossible. I've never broken the law in

my life! Why should I have twenty-four strokes?"

"Well, if you're Ivanoff it must be right, so there's nothing for it. You'll have to take your gruel! And quickly, too. Or are you, perhaps, not Ivanoff?"

"No, no. I am really Ivanoff. I've got no false papers."

"That's all right then. Come on, look sharp, pull down your pants."

"No, I'm damned if I will just because some one in Russia called Ivanoff has got twenty-four strokes coming to him!"

They seized hold of him and strapped him across a plank bed, brandishing a brutal-looking whip.

"Stop! Stop! I'm not Ivanoff!"

"Aha! Well, who are you then?"

"My name is Borner, and I am actually a Prussian officer——"

"I see, and why were you fishing in our river?"

"For fun."

"Oh, for fun? And what, then, may I ask is that in your trousers pocket? Is it, perhaps, an instrument for measuring the depths of the river—also for fun?"

Borner realized that it was no use lying any more. He was arrested and brought before me. I liked the look of him very much, as he laughingly told me how scared he was of the twenty-four lashes with which the police threatened him in order to make him confess.

He got off scot-free, because as the Germans had caught one of our men we made an exchange. Why, after all, should we punish the pseudo-Ivanoff? We Russians have only one interest at heart, and that is

to catch Russians who are working for the other side. We've caught most of them, although the Tsar nearly always commutes the death-sentence to one of a year's imprisonment or hard labour. It has almost become a rule that we arrest enemy spies only when they are especially troublesome or when we see the possibility of an exchange for one of our own men.

As a matter of fact, I meet Borner fairly often these days. He has become a good business man, and we often have a drink together. And when I remind him of his luck in not being Ivanoff he laughs at the remembrance of the event which years ago was not a very propitious beginning of our friendship. I tell him all sorts of stories about the depth of the Vistula, but it doesn't seem to interest him any more—anyway, he gazes with absorbed interest into his beer-mug.

Once a man has been in the Secret Service he never quite escapes from its clutches, but he becomes so entangled in its meshes and so compromised among his countrymen that when he wishes to give it up the fear of betrayal prevents him from being dangerous.

The potential spy is thoroughly tested. From six to ten men, in addition to himself, are all given the same task, unknown of course to each other. He is then set some individual problems, the solutions of which are already known. One can soon form an opinion as to his trustworthiness and skill, and then only is he given a more complicated mission.

The pay is good, as every chief knows that at the end of six months his spy will be working for the other side as well, and that he will only serve that

party honourably which rewards him more generously. So Russia paid 1500 roubles for a German staff officer's notebook, and 20,000 roubles for the exact description of the fortifications of Poland. A woman spy, who, in the guise of a speculative buyer of contraband cigars, travelled in Germany in order to procure various documents, received 300 roubles.

Some agents brought keys of secret safes as well as military papers, from which duplicate keys were cut in a few hours. The agents were given both sets of keys, one to replace those stolen and the second with which to open the safes.

Secret information is not always sold. Sometimes it is only put temporarily at our disposal for the purpose of photographing it. There was a whole collection of tiny books, each one no bigger than a matchbox, which were miniature copies of either printed books or of manuscript documents. There were even schools for agents, with daily classes of instruction. It is practically impossible for a layman to grasp the extent of German influence in Russia during the War. Numbers of politicians and other public men in Russia worked consciously or unconsciously for the German Intelligence Service.

The centre of German espionage during the campaign was the Hotel Astoria in Petrograd. Here the German spies, Siegfried Rey, Katzenellenbogen, and Baron Lerchenfeld worked. All information proceeded to Stockholm—thence to Berlin. The entire administrative staff was composed of disguised German soldiers and officers, and this concern took orders for the construction of fortresses at prices which

underbid all competitors, and at an almost fantastic loss. In this manner they of course discovered the most confidential military secrets, which they promptly cabled *via* Stockholm to Berlin.

The electric-light companies of Russia, Siemens and Halske, Siemens Schukert, and the A.E.G.—all divisions of the German "Eletro-Trusts"—received orders in relation to the construction of Russian ships, and not only formed a source of information for the German High Command, but executed certain instructions from documentary data of the Russian General Staff, by which the completion of warships during the War was delayed.

The Singer Company, although actually an American concern, was run by Germans in Europe, and the Russian branches were managed by a German officer, August Flohr, who understood well enough how to turn the powerful machinery of this wealthy firm to the advantage of the German Intelligence Service.

At the outbreak of war Flohr, ostensibly on behalf of the firm, requested all branch representatives, even those in the most out-of-the-way corners of Russia, to answer the following questions: How many men had gone to the War? How many horses and cattle were available? What kind of *moral* existed among the majority? And how many men liable for military service had absconded on being called up?

Every district and parish was compelled to furnish this information, and the results were collected together and dispatched to Germany.

The transport companies, Gerhardt and Hey,



Kniep and Werner, among others, were nearly all run by Germans, and contributed valuable information as to the condition of railways and other ways of communication, of rolling stock, of the transport of troops, provisions, etc. Apart also from all this, they aided the German High Command by causing disturbances among the troops and delaying the transport of the most necessary supplies as much as possible.

After the Germans had gradually acquired control of re-insurance they founded so-called independent branches of the German Re-Insurance Co. in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, as well as active insurance companies with Russian firms, who were, in fact, for the most part always in their hands. The re-insurance extended mostly to firms dealing with Army supplies, shipbuilding, and transport of war material from America to England.

In that way Berlin knew exactly the rate of production of all military supplies, the number of completed ships, and the time of departure of transports, which were conscientiously sunk by German U-boats.

The shipbuilding yard in Wilhelmshafen had a branch in Riga. The director, Rudolf Ziese, who had fictitiously acquired Russian nationality, maintained communication with Germany through an intermediary in Denmark, and sent regular information as to the work being executed in his yards.

Another firm in Riga, ostensibly belonging to a Danish citizen, Kolstroff, made use of the naval treaty between Denmark and Russia to supply Germany

with several million roubles' worth of wood and railway sleepers, at a time when the construction of a certain strategical section of line could not be completed owing to the lack of sleepers.

The Russian-American company for rubber goods, Treougolnik, and the shoe company, Skorochoch, both of which belonged to Germans, provided Germany quite openly through Sweden with tyres, rubber goods, and footwear. It cost the staff of the Commander-in-Chief on the Northern Front two years' hard work before he could get the Hotel Astoria closed down. At last, on the instructions of the High Command and of the police departments, the firms Treougolnik and Skorochoch were obliged to go into liquidation, as there was ample proof of their association with Germany. The chief shareholders were Baron Krauskopf and his son-in-law, Utemann, both of German nationality.

A well-known public man was therefore appointed as receiver, but as he drew a salary of 300,000 roubles for this office he naturally did his best to delay the proceedings. The same thing happened with the Ros-sija Insurance Company, which re-insured transports from American to England through intermediaries of Sweden and Denmark in Germany.

The battle against such companies as these was more than strenuous.

The General Staff soon found that it was in banks that the Germans had established themselves most securely. From here they directed the entire network of enemy espionage in Russia. The largest group of banks, the Foreign Trade Bank, the Siberian, the

Petrograd International, and the Disconto Bank, was entirely in German hands, in the same way that the trade and industrial banks were branches of the D. Banks in Berlin. The Asoff-Don Bank was dependent on Mendelssohn.

Before the War Mendelssohn managed the private fortune of the Tsar; but a month before the declaration of war he was dismissed. So of the non-German banks there remained only the Russian Asiatic, the Volga-Kama, and the Moscow Merchants' Bank. In the first-named the Germans had managed to place one of their men, a certain Chari.

The Petrograd International and the Russian Foreign Trade were the most important banks. At the head of the former was the son of the ex-Finance Minister, Wischnegradski and Herr Schaikevitch, who recently became the sole director of the Char-koff branch, and at the head of the second were the Chamberlain and the former director of the Treasury—Davidoff and Abram Dobrei. In these two banks and in the Asoff-Don Bank was concentrated almost the entire economic life of the country.

The Foreign Trade Bank belonged to the two largest sugar-manufacturers (Alexandroffsk and Kriukoffo), who produced approximately half the supply of refined sugar. The whole grain trade of the Volga district lay in the hands of this bank, as did also the largest Russian insurance company. The Petrograd International Bank possessed the chief mines—the Kolomench, the Issetsker, and the Sormoffer—the jute industry, and innumerable coal-mines. A large portion of the entire coal output and of the grain

market of South Russia also belonged to this bank. The Bank of Siberia disposed of the gold and platinum production and of the grain and oil markets in Siberia. As they possessed unlimited capital these banks, and through them, of course, the Germans, completely ruled the markets, though until the War they negotiated only with manufacturers, wholesale merchants, and consumers, paying loans on goods and selling the output to those interested.

We received information from our military agency, which was confirmed by one of the directors of the Junker Bank, to the effect that in May, 1915, Davidoff, the chairman of the Board of the Foreign Trade Bank, went to Stockholm and negotiated with Herr von M., one of the greatest German bankers. Soon afterward Schaikevitch, a member of the board of the Petrograd International Bank, also journeyed to Stockholm to confer with Warburg.

The upshot of these discussions was that orders (found afterward on the examination of the International Bank) were issued to the German managers, which were said to have been the commencement of the speculation in food and other necessities; the object being to send up prices and so to cause discontent among the people calculated to awaken a revolutionary spirit.

And, indeed, shortly afterward—about the end of July, 1915—sugar, flour, and coal, etc., began to disappear from the markets in the larger Russian cities. At the same time prices went up and dissatisfaction grew while the local authorities were unable to do anything to better conditions. They were indeed

powerless to step in against such influential factors as the banks.

Only when the matter reached the ears of the military command was the veil lifted and the appalling action of the banks, who were working at the behest of a foreign country for the destruction of their own, was revealed.

Apart from speculation, cases were proved where large quantities of food and necessities were kept back and to a great extent disposed of abroad.

Large sums were paid for the newspaper, *The Will of Russia*, which was run from Berlin through Stockholm. The reporters of this paper moved in Government and Parliamentary circles, gleaned much important information which would not pass the censor, and the editor of the paper, Herr von Hackebusch, sent these news items to the German Ambassador, Von Lucius, in Stockholm.

## FAREWELL TO THE TSAR

It was a day I shall never forget, March 8, 1917, which marked the beginning of the crumbling of the monarchy.

We were all with the Tsar at Mogileff. He had already abdicated in favour of his brother Michael, who had in his turn refused the crown.

The Chief of Staff dispatched couriers to our quarters with orders to meet together in a large room in the General's house. Very soon the room was crowded to overflowing; every member of the headquarters staff, all active officers, and we, of the Intelligence Service, were there. There was dead silence. We knew that we were going to see our Tsar for the last time. What was to become of him?

He entered the room dressed in a black Cossack uniform, which had black straps over the shoulders and round the waist. He was, as usual, very quiet. He walked down the narrow gangway in the middle among us all, and we were all so overwhelmed with sorrow that we scarcely understood what it was he was saying. He spoke remarkably quietly, so quietly that even those in front could scarcely hear him. He contradicted himself frequently, began a sentence, faltered and failed to finish it, began again, and broke off suddenly.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for your loyalty. You

know what has happened as well as I do. I have abdicated for the good of the country, and the necessity of avoiding civil war means more to me than anything else. I have abdicated in favour of my brother Michael, but he has declined. I wish—I wish—I hope that you will do everything—Russia's enemies . . . I wish you all . . . I . . . and so, gentlemen——”

The old Generals cried like children; the Cossacks sobbed out loud; one of the Tsar's most faithful servants, a very giant of a man, fell unconscious to the ground, foaming at the mouth. He was quickly carried out.

The Tsar went up to General Alexeieff and embraced him. He then bid every one farewell all down the line, wishing happiness to each one. With his friends he spoke longer.

I saw hard and tried warriors giving way to their grief, and even I was weeping. But then the Tsar, too, had tears in his sad eyes.

The conference was broken up. He nodded to us all, wiped away his tears, and hurried silently away.

A few moments later he slipped into his train, which, as has been so often described, he left only as a prisoner.

## THE END OF A DYNASTY

IN July, 1918, I was examining some agents at the Tcheka presidency when a messenger brought in a telegram for Dzeryinski, who was standing next to me. He read it through quickly and started to his feet, white as death, and with a cry of "Again they have acted without consulting me!" he dashed out of the room.

What had happened?

The whole Tcheka became frenzied. There was an uproar in which was mingled cries, shouts, the ringing of bells! People telephoning, couriers running through the corridors, and cars clattering off and hooting like things possessed.

Dzeryinski hurried to the Kremlin. What in heaven's name had happened?

The following day we learned the news. The imperial family had been murdered—without the knowledge of the Tcheka! Arbitrarily, at the instigation of Sverdloff and the Central Executive Committee of the Communist party!

One could not get at the truth, not even who had actually been murdered. Some of my informants were of the opinion that it was only three Grand Duchesses; others said that all four of the Tsar's daughters were dead. The number soon grew to eleven, and even thirteen, victims, but no one knew



anything for certain, not even the examining judge. One man was supposed to have found evidence that Tatiana had flown; another swore that Maria had escaped.

"The world will never probe the secret of the death of the imperial family," was the classic answer which the U.S.S.R. representative, Voikoff, afterward gave to the thousands of questions which he was always being asked because of the great part he played in the affair. For he, Safaroff, and Golochtchok formed an inseparable triple alliance which favoured and directly planned the crime.

Voikoff was a great squire of dames, and employed a great many women and girls on his staff. Apart from that, he possessed the most beautiful house in the town, lived like a prince, and spent enormous sums on clothes, cars, and receptions. When in the company of his wife he played the aristocrat, and laid great store upon striking the correct note in his immediate circle.

Voikoff was the son of an army surgeon, and was born in the Ural. He was given a good and thorough education, his father even sending him to Switzerland. Whilst he was in Geneva he mixed with the Social Democratic set which grouped itself round Lenin, Trotski, and Co., and it was here that he made the acquaintance of the above mentioned Safaroff, who afterward became his accomplice in the crime at Ekaterinburg.

Voikoff came to Russia after the February Revolution of 1917, arriving in the celebrated sealed com-

partment which brought Lenin and other Bolshevik leaders to Petrograd. When the Bolsheviks came into power he was sent from Moscow to Ekaterinburg, where he was appointed to the office of District Commissioner for Unemployment. Apart from that he was a member of the Presidency of the Executive Committee of the Ural Soviet.

Voikoff took part in the historical meeting which decided the fate of the imperial family (April, 1918). He, Golochtchok, and Safaroff played a large part in the debate over the necessary execution. This was confirmed by a witness, Sakovitsch, one of those who took part in the tragedy of Ekaterinburg, and who attended the secret conferences of the Soviet; he was afterward interrogated on these points by the examining judge.

In a dirty little room in the upper story of the Volga-Kama Bank in Ekaterinburg, where the Ural Soviet of workers, peasants, and soldiers were billeted, was to be found the figure of Voikoff, with his narrow head, sticking-out ears, and large, characteristic nose, surrounded perpetually by thick clouds of smoke. He did his best to have the Tsar and his family shot.

Albeit the death-sentence was signed by Beloborodoff, at the instigation of Sverdloff; he was but a blind dupe in the hands of the triple alliance.

The general opinion in the Tcheka and in the ranks of the agents active in the Revolutionary Tribunal and in the Kremlin was that the murder of the imperial family was solely and arbitrarily decided upon

and carried out by Sverdloff. He kept his preparations secret from his comrades, and told them only after the execution was an accomplished fact.

A certain Jermakoff, who played an active part in the murder, published his memoirs in the *Red Star*.

The last page of the story of Nicholas the Bloody has been turned over by the hand of the workers of the Ural, at the moment when the counter-revolution again lifted up its head in the hope of supporting the tottering throne. Secret plots were afoot, and a rising was planned in Siberia by reactionary officers and Cossacks, who wished to give the Revolution a stab in the back. The name of Nicholas attracted the monarchists like a magnet, and they concocted all kinds of intrigues in order to form an organization for the release of the former Tsar. But the verdict of the Ural workers destroyed all the hopes and plans of the reactionary clique.

The Tsar died during the night of July 16-17, 1918.

He and his family had been brought from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg, to the house formerly belonging to Ipatieff, on the corner of the Wosnesenskaia Oulitza and the Skver. It was a large building, on the ground floor of which were the business offices, etc., while above were five rooms, in which the Romanoff family were lodged.

The strict watch kept by the Red Guard of the workers, under the supervision of Comrade Avdeieff, a member of the District Soviet, let no one through, and a high wooden fence protected the house from prying eyes.

The prisoners were allowed a certain amount of liberty, and they were not interfered with in their private affairs.

Every day they were taken for a walk in the tiny garden, where their gardening-implements were put ready for them, in case they should feel the need of physical exercise.

Nicholas took his enforced captivity fairly well, unlike Alexandra, who protested violently, and continually insulted the guard and the representative of the District Soviet.

Many gifts were sent from time to time to the royal prisoners, and were brought daily in a large breadbasket by the nuns from the neighbouring convent; but these gifts were promptly confiscated and given to the sentries.

After the arrival of Nicholas in Ekaterinburg suspicious characters were continually appearing, striving under some pretext or another to gain audience with the ex-Tsar.

Correspondence poured in upon Nicholas, and especially his wife, who took a much more active part in things than he did, and in one of these letters was the following passage:

The hour of release is drawing near, and the days of the usurpers are numbered. The Slav armies are advancing on Ekaterinburg, and are now only a few versts from the city. It is a critical moment, and one fears bloodshed, but the hour has struck, and one must act. . . .

The death-sentence on Nicholas Romanoff and his family was signed. The prisoners were ordered to

descend to a room on the ground floor, outside the windows of which was a hooting lorry, placed there in order to drown the sound of the shots.

Nicholas and his wife, their son, Alexis, and his tutor, Dr Botkin, and the ex-lady-in-waiting were told to stand against the wall, where the sentence was read out to them.

The House Commissar, a member of the Ural Soviet, added that any hope that the Romanoffs might have of being rescued was in vain; they must die.

The news terrified every one; only the Tsar forced himself to question them.

“Are you not going to take us anywhere?”

A few revolver-shots was the only answer—and the imperial family was no more.

The bodies were piled upon a car and taken to a factory in the district of Ober-Isselzken, where they were thrown into a pit and the next day burned in sulphuric acid.

## THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

FOR the first time in one's life one read in the newspaper that there was a person called Ensign Krilenko. According to his *dossier* in the Intelligence Service of the High Command, he had, as we say, "got away with it" in the first Revolution. Who was he?

A man who came across him in earlier days told us his life story: He was born in '85 in Smolensk, and studied at the grammar school in Lublin, where he subsequently became a teacher of geography. He had small, crooked legs, very little hair, an unhealthy, puffy face covered with pimples, and a figure bordering on corpulence.

Then how in the name of Heaven did he come to be in the Army? While he was on the Galician front he played the incurable invalid so successfully that he was sent to Moscow, and during the eight days' journey there earned much money by wandering from one medical corps to another, singing obscene ditties and handing round the hat. Arrived at his destination, he tactfully forgot this begging, as when his name was called out he turned to his comrades, saying angrily, "Krilenko! What's this Krilenko? I'm not Krilenko here! For you I am his Excellency Mr Ensign Krilenko." That was Krilenko all over.

When in November, 1917, the Chief of Staff General Duchonin, Adviser to the People's Commissary, re-

ceived orders to start negotiations for a truce he refused to do it. It was the duty of the Government to arrange peace, not the People's Commissary, said General Duchonin on the telephone to Lenin, Stalin, and, yes, even to this upstart Mr Ensign Krilenko.

Two days afterward the ensign was called before the commanding officer. There's a career for you!

Soon afterward he appeared in person at headquarters, in a special Pullman, and accompanied by a strong bodyguard of Bolshevist soldiers. They marched through the town to our headquarters. We decided not to defend ourselves in the face of their superior numbers.

All senior officers were imprisoned. Krilenko's adjutant appeared before General Duchonin, and told him he was to go at once to the station. The Commander-in-Chief was awaiting him there in his compartment. On the way the sailors who fetched him mocked him, and ran him through with their swords. They dragged his body on to the platform, and laid it in front of their leader's compartment.

He, Krilenko, stood calmly in the train, gazing over the corpse into the town, as though nothing had happened. As examining magistrate at headquarters, I was sent for, and arrived dutifully at the station without any loss of time.

A ghastly sight! General Duchonin's body lay on the rails, a plaything for those blood-crazed sailors. He had at least twenty bayonet-wounds. I laid a soldier's greatcoat over him, but they dragged it away again, and the sailors who were idling about turned on me. Krilenko stood in the doorway of his Pullman,

smiling scornfully. "Well, you old rascal, what do you want here?"

"I am the examining magistrate at headquarters." A peal of laughter was the only reply. "Kindly refrain from hindering me in the execution of my duty."

"Oh, go to the devil! Your day is over. It won't be long before you're lying where he is," shouted the man, pointing to what was left of Duchonin.

What was I to do? I went away, but returned the next day to find the body of our poor friend still there on the railway-lines, but in the meantime terribly maltreated. Once more I endeavoured to conduct an examination, but each time I was driven away with insults and sneers. I gave it up after the third day, for that evening the body was stolen. I believe it was his widow, who had him secretly conveyed to Kieff and buried there. A grisly end for Russia's last Commander-in-Chief.



## CHAOS!

NOTHING is any use now. Everything is broken up. Rumour says that General Alexeieff is mustering the last props of the old *régime* against the Reds, so I place myself accordingly at his disposal.

But he, too, is powerless. We have met at several examinations, and I knew that his courage would never fail if he thought there were the slightest hope.

"Try and come to Petrograd and smell out what you can for us, my dear Orloff," advised the General. "Perhaps in that way you can help our cause." So I closed my office, no light task in itself, as what on earth was I to do with all my records? Where could I store my notes and documents about the spies of Europe? Where could I rescue them in times when the Revolutionaries burned all papers, and put their owners up against a wall?

Friends were already taking leave of one another in our gradually crumbling headquarters as the news was getting more and more gruesome. They tried to reach Petrograd in the guise of soldiers returning from the Front, and with tears running down their cheeks they took off their officers' uniforms and put on shabby field-grey greatcoats with no orders. Only those whose lives have depended on such things as these will understand how they suffered. To each of those loyal men I entrusted a few of my most important papers, and

in this way my records travelled to Petrograd in the packs of twenty friends, carefully separated and going by different routes. Some of my papers, those used in special cases were already in Warsaw. I set about these, too, on my journey to the capital, where my wife and children awaited me. And what a journey!

It lasted over a week, as trains only run in one direction, namely, from the battle area home. Every compartment was filled to overflowing with war-weary men returning from the Front. The unofficial demobilization was already doing its work, and day and night we lay about in heaps on the filthy floor on the goods' wagons. The windows had long ago been broken, and the holes were stopped up with bits of felled trees, but in spite of this an icy wind swept around us and awakened us after an all-too-short sleep to find our limbs frozen.

Every few miles we had to stop, as other trains were in the way, and often we had to camp a whole day, and even longer, on some stretches of the line. Peasants from the neighbourhood hurried up and sold us fresh vegetables and meat for a few kopeks, and soon a regular market formed itself at our spontaneous halting-places. We could have bought anything had we but had the money to pay for it.

When it became unbearably cold we stole the station benches and used them as firewood, or else we burned all the weapons we had with us, as they did not seem as important as a warm evening.

Petrograd was such a long way away, so far! I had already grown a beard, and was practically unrecognizable. That, of course, was one of the advantages of

that slow transport. In the meantime, we had plunged into icy December. *Ugh*, the cold!

But at last we reached our destination, in the middle of a pitch-black night. The snow was heaped in great mountains in the street, and was very dangerous.

I slipped unobtrusively away from the empty station. Was it really true, that Revolution? Were the Reds really in power? I got a sleigh to my wife's house, which was situated in an out-of-the-way working quarter in the Tauritcheskaia Oulitza. It was a mad-house, full of extreme Communists.

My wife chose this place on purpose, because it would be safe from domiciliary visits, molestation, and attack. I had a high temperature and shooting pains, and could scarcely heave myself out of my sleigh, and this was indeed not the time to be ill.

I crawled painfully into the house, and my wife had to shock of her life when she saw me; the enormous beard made me almost unrecognizable, even to her. She had thought of me in this great upheaval as being somewhere miles away, so she was all the more pleased to see me.

We talked over our situation, and it didn't look too good. I naturally didn't tell her what I intended to do or who had sent me on the mission, as it would only have made the poor, nervous, unhappy little woman more agitated.

I stayed there quietly for some days, unnoticed even by our neighbours, and had a good rest after the arduous of my wretched journey. Then I looked up an old friend, a former comrade and partisan, B. (I

daren't mention the name, lest I should compromise him in the position he now holds in Moscow.)

I told him my plans. I proposed working as a converted Communist in Petrograd, and reporting everything I saw and heard to General Alexeieff, and founding there an intelligence centre against the Bolsheviks and working systematically to attain their downfall.

"Your idea seems to me, in this present state of affairs, to be absolutely impossible. As you plan it now, you will not only fail to bring it off, but you will find yourself blown up. No, my dear Orloff, listen to a man who knows the times and understands how to turn the situation to his advantage; listen to my plan. Throw away all your projects with General Alexeieff and work with the Soviet, in no way in a creative sense—in fact, where there is an opportunity to destroy, do it. Spin a web around the comrades, and when it is finished I and many others will help you strangle them."

I listened carefully to my friend, and got it all into my head. It was an important decision that I had to make, because it led my future life into an entirely different channel. One thing only stood out clearly.

The Reds must be fought to the bitter end.

"No," I called out suddenly, "I cannot suddenly alter my whole attitude in Petrograd, at any rate, not without an understanding with the General. No, that won't do. Please, my dear friend, think of another way of helping me."

"Willingly, Orloff, but how?"

"I know it is very presumptuous of me to ask you

to do what I have in mind, but the end justifies the means. What I want you to do is to give me a written recommendation as to my trustworthiness to any person in authority, in order that I may get some kind of occupation where I can form new connexions which would help me to conduct my campaign."

He gave me a very kind letter of introduction to Vladimir Bontch H. Bruievitch, then Councillor of the People's Commission.

"Thank you, thank you! I shall never forget the service you have rendered me."

Later on I appeared before Bontch with a false passport as Boleslaff Orlinski, a Polish Communist. He read my letter of introduction in a gloomy room in the house which he shared with his wife, a woman doctor. He was not in the least suspicious, although he must have been a little surprised at my faultless Russian. Since when has a Polish Communist spoken the language so fluently, and since when is he so well up in local affairs?

I often wondered later on why this very intelligent and logically minded man never suspected that I was a spy. He sent me to one of his colleagues in the Commissariat.

What irony of fate! The officers of this department were situated in the former residence of Suchomlinoff. Heavens above, what a difference in those rooms now! The wide marble staircase was dirty, the carpets were covered with bits of paper, cigarette-ends, and with sunflower-seeds. The beautiful furniture, with its costly silk coverings and its carvings, was filthy. It was enough to break one's heart. Those waiting to

see the War Commissioner were sitting in the arm-chairs or lying about on the floor, smoking rank cabbage, which made me almost vomit. And when in this unbearable atmosphere they ceased for one moment in their hysterical puffing it was only to spit out the sunflower-seeds. *Ugh!*

Punctually at eight o'clock the next morning I arrived in the already packed anteroom and took my place with those already there. Everybody was cursing and quarrelling, and in the meantime it came to four o'clock in the afternoon, and the Commissioner had not as yet seen anyone. The office was shut.

The next day I waited again with the same fellow-sufferers. A chauffeur lying next to me had it on his mind that he had to deliver two litres of petrol, and didn't know where to take it.

"D'you mean to say I've got to pinch this muck and land up in gaol? No, thank you. I'm going to wait here until that big bug in there sees me."

A member of the Red guard was also there waiting, and waiting the same as we were. Why?

Because he wanted to move a table out of his present quarters to his home, and for this he had to have the Commissioner's personal permission. Then there was a sailor who had to wait to get a marriage permit.

"Why, man, get married without permission," advised the others, who by this time had all become friends.

"If only it was as easy as that," answered the sailor. He took me into his confidence, because I suppose, with my long beard, I must have looked trustworthy. "I want to marry my sister."

As there was nothing doing that day we trailed away again, and this went on for days, always the same, hundreds of petitioners of all sorts appeared and sat or lay about waiting. Some were old officers with their portfolios, quiet men they were, looking as though they were living dead. They didn't say a word, but gazed about them as though they couldn't take in the situation at all. In the meantime two Communists came in, showed their papers at the door, and because there was a note written by a well-known leader they were taken before the Commissioner in a few moments. "Equal rights for all" was a saying that didn't hold good there at any rate. And every time some favoured person was let in a low murmur rose from the rest of us.

We didn't mince matters there in our conversation, and said just what came into our heads in the excitement of the moment.

After a week of this I sneaked in to Bontch, who gave me an introduction to Commissar Stutchka. Stutchka was formerly an advocate, but was a Bolshevik, even when the Tsar was on the throne. He saw me immediately, this white-haired old man with a long moustache.

He listened carefully to what I had to say, and I told him that I was formerly secretary to a justice of the peace.

"That's excellent," he said. "I am looking for a man like you. I will make you chairman of one of our criminal commissions. Come and see me again in a day or two."

I went again, and was told that I had been appointed

President of the Sixth Criminal Commission in Petrograd.

I could scarcely conceal my joy. It seemed almost too good to be true that I should be in the heart of Petrograd, and I lost no time in taking possession of my office in the building of the Commission of Justice in Iekaterinenokaia Oulitza. I found it necessary to have assistants for my work, and my request was instantly granted, and I was told to choose any trustworthy helpers I liked.

The next thing was to creep out of my wife's house and take a furnished room in Gretcheskii Prospeko, because, officially of course, my wife was not my wife; we were complete strangers, and I was supposed to have made her acquaintance casually, and pretended to be instantly attracted by her, and asked to be allowed to have her as an assistant in my office. She already had a false passport, and worked with me under some quite harmless name. I made her my manager.

Work soon came to us. I had to combat bribery and corruption, unmask thieves, murderers, and forgers. My colleagues were uninteresting, and every free minute I had I spent in going from office to office, spying out the inner workings of this new Government. Before long I had the most intimate details at my finger-tips, as nothing, of course, was kept from me in my position as examining magistrate.

A short time later I was promoted, and was made examining magistrate for the whole of North Russia, a territory the size of half Europe. Unfortunately my activities were confined to criminal proceedings, and I



could occupy myself in political matters only with great care and discretion, as these, of course, were the sole province of the Tcheka.

But in spite of that I didn't give up the attempt, and got as far, for example, as arranging that all citizens upon whom arms were found should be sent to me for examination, instead of to the political department, and this alteration of the law saved the life of many a Russian officer. In more than a thousand cases I just destroyed the papers when it concerned one of our partisans, and in order to save officers from punishment I gave them the tip to pretend to be mad, so that I could send them out of Russia by way of Stockholm with false papers. Suddenly Stutchka, who had always given me a free hand, was ordered to Moscow, and his place was taken by Krestinski, who had been the Soviet representative in Berlin, and also Finance Commissioner.

Before the War he was an advocate for the employers, and was quite brutal against their enemies, the *employés*. When one asked him how that tallied with his Bolshevistic tendencies he always answered, "Only by those means was I able to lash my friends the workers into such a state of anger that they finally broke out." I came in contact with him a great deal, as we had to discuss all questions of malfeasance in banks, etc.

Crouched perpetually behind his enormous writing desk, he reminded me of a bird, but he was very amenable, and always did what I asked him.

"Kindly sign this, Comrade Krestinski," and

scarcely were the words out of my mouth before his signature appeared on the paper.

He gave no thought to what he signed—in fact, only one thing really interested him, his food. Every day he hurried from his car into his office, with an impressive-looking portfolio under his arm and me at his heels. What important documents was the Commissioner of Justice taking with him? But, arrived in his room, he sat down and immediately unpacked the portfolio, extracting an enormous packet, which he opened, revealing quantities of food, ham-sandwiches, cheese-sandwiches, sausage-sandwiches, until the portfolio had shrunk to almost nothing.

He laid out everything carefully around him, a true gourmet, and during the entire discussion he gazed at his breakfast with a passionate interest. Then he started to eat, all this during an important conference.

I myself was often nearly fainting with hunger, and my eyes were nearly closing with fatigue. I could scarcely stand sometimes. You see, I had to save, and so my appetite was never satisfied.

I was quite unable to speak either, and all the time my eyes wandered to the ham, and my thoughts were entirely on food.

The door opened, and a colleague came in. Krestinski's first words to him were, "Come, comrade, sit down and share my meal; it tastes heavenly." But to me he offered nothing. Never; and this pantomime was repeated daily. Even my dreams were obsessed by his appetite and his food.

I soon managed to collect some trustworthy assistants, and we worked feverishly together in secret. It was not difficult to find dissatisfied men, and they reported everything to me that I wanted to know, especially those matters which concerned the Tcheka.

There was Boris Rsheffski, for instance, a well-dressed young gigolo who wore a gold bracelet, had manicured finger-nails, dressed always in the latest fashion, was homosexual, and took cocaine, but was nevertheless reliable. A bit of a journalist, and didn't write too badly, and had been formerly an excellent agent in the service of the last imperial Minister of the Interior. He now worked as a spy for the Tcheka, and brought us all news red-hot.

What did I pay him?

Nothing at all. He was a far-seeing lad, and helped us because he didn't altogether believe in the stability of the Soviet, and thought it better to ingratiate himself with me, in case things turned out differently. He was a great personality in Petrograd, a reliable man, and a great help to me.

Modl was another of my agents. He had been a news-vender in New York, had returned to Petrograd as a fugitive, and had become President of the Tcheka Court of Inquiry. He worked excellently, and never failed to give me the information I required—sometimes more than I had asked for. He had other minor activities, too, such as releasing rich fellow-citizens from the cells, for which he got a substantial tip. He helped the poor, too, and went to the father or the friend after he had been approached in vain by the wretch who wanted his freedom. "What do you

want?" was always his first question, followed instantly by "How much can you pay?" Modl took what he could get without making any bones about it. But what he undertook was promptly carried out.

His friend Herr Weisberg was also an agent of mine. He, too, was a curious character. The first thing he did on meeting anyone was to produce a record showing that he had been Gorki's highly esteemed secretary. Another also probably forged document set forth that he had disbursed considerable sums of money on the poet's behalf. Even the most *naïve* did not believe him, but nothing deterred him. Later on he was detected in some piece of mad imposture and shot.

These three lads brought me daily a pile of documents that they had either stolen from the Tcheka, or else photographed. These were of considerable help to me, and had enabled me to release dozens of innocent victims from prison, who were later smuggled out of the country.

The disappearance of these papers seemed to have aroused suspicions among my colleagues, and as I again had a number of officers of the old army to wrest from the claws of Soviet justice I staged a burglary in my rooms.

I opened all my windows; my papers lay ready upon the table. At eleven o'clock at night three of my assistants sneaked through the window, took all the papers they could lay their hands on, and wrote in chalk upon the table, "Remember the sailor Volodin, you scoundrel."

In order to give a realistic touch to the scene they

broke open my desk. At four o'clock in the morning they carried away all the stolen documents torn up into tiny shreds, and scattered them to the four winds.

Three days before this happened a sailor called Volodin, who had been arrested, escaped from gaol, and in order to put suspicion upon him I arranged that my men should leave that message on the table.

On my arrival at the office the next morning the hall porter rushed up to me in a great state of excitement, and told me that my desk had been broken into and several important documents had been taken. Two police-dogs had already been brought to the scene, but had been unable to pick up the scent. Then quite unexpectedly they found a trail, which led them into the hall porter's room where they precipitated themselves upon his son. It turned out afterward that it was he who had first discovered the burglary, and on leaving the office had left his cigarette case on the table. He hadn't, of course, taken anything. I had a lot of trouble nevertheless in obtaining his freedom, although I knew that he was innocent.

One of my neighbours, the president of another commission, turned this event to his own advantage. He gave out that his office had also been broken into, and four hundred roubles, as well as various papers, had been stolen. Actually he had taken the money himself.

## DZERJINSKI, THE RULER OF THE TCHEKA

APART from my main task of collecting information, I had another job, that of aiding fugitives. As President of the Sixth Criminal Commission I placed instructions and passports in my order-book, signed by myself and my manager—*i. e.*, my wife—that a certain Comrade X was to be sent to a station behind the Soviet border to look out for smugglers. I detailed all loyal anti-Bolshevists to this job, particularly those who were obliged to leave the country.

The customs officials at the frontier always displayed a very friendly spirit toward these men: they searched neither them nor their baggage, and allowed them to pass straight over the frontier.

At first the fugitives took nothing with them that could have compromised either themselves or me, but gradually they became careless, as they had always been treated with such a lack of suspicion, and stuffed spurs, epaulettes, full dress uniforms, and other superfluous things in their baggage.

One day when I was examining a sailor I noticed three men enter the court in military greatcoats. I myself was wearing a trench coat, high boots, and now wore a full beard and metal-rimmed spectacles. During the proceedings I noticed that one of the three never took his eyes from me for a second.

Suddenly the prison usher came up to me and said,

"Kindly close the examination. The President of the Tcheka, Dzerjinski, is here and wishes to speak to you."

That gave me a shock. What could this stranger want with me? The sailor was led away, and the man who had been watching me so closely approached me slowly, keeping his eyes upon me all the time. I went white. Where had I seen that face before?

God! I remember now. It was my prisoner on trial at Warsaw before the War. Of course Dzerjinski was his name. I knew that I had shot my bolt, and the game was up. Dzerjinski!

And as a drowning man sees all his past go before his eyes just before taking his last breath, so in those few seconds I reviewed all the facts that had brought us together in different circumstances.

Dzerjinski was the son of a small landowner near Kovnd. At the age of eighteen he fell so passionately in love with his sister that he shot her after an appalling scene. After that he fled to Moscow. There he worked under a false name as a common labourer, and saved the few kopeks he earned in order to study in the evenings. In 1905 he was already mixed up in the revolutionary movement, and was appointed leader of political opinion in Poland, but remained always in the background, living as an ascetic, and, because of his attractive appearance, fascinating women and enticing them into all kinds of amorous adventures. In 1912 I was given a highly confidential case of sedition to investigate. After searching many houses in Warsaw, I eventually arrived at the dwelling of a schoolmaster called Sventchoffska, as the result of an

anonymous letter which I had received, but I quickly formed the opinion that I had been sent on a wild-goose chase in order to keep me off the right track.

By a mere chance I saw the daughter Christine, and, watching her through a mirror, noticed that she blushed scarlet. Why so nervous, I wondered? I therefore drew her into conversation, investigated her small *ménage*, looked in all the cupboards, and finally discovered a whole pile of diaries and letters under a loose board in the floor.

At this she became hysterical. So I had not been led astray after all! I began reading through the papers, and found that they related to a well-organized conspiracy. Little Christine was the intermediary of the P.P.S. people, between Cracow, Lemberg, and Warsaw, and even with Zakopane, on the other side of the Austrian frontier.

We took her with us—a great catch. At last we had got one of the head female revolutionaries. We ransacked everything in the room again before we left, and transferred great bundles of documents, which we found in secret cupboards and safes, to our offices. Among other things was a list of female helpers, which included quiet-living women, chosen cleverly, because they could accomplish their work without arousing suspicion.

We discovered in addition that her greatest friend, Mlle Halina Misger, the daughter of a district doctor in Sebesh, also acted as an intermediary for secret documents, kept copies, and worked secretly against the Tsar and the State.



This small, lean, dried-up forty-year-old spinster, with her pince-nez perched on a determined and large nose, appears to have been the leader of the Polish revolutionaries. Both women had written several thousand pages in their diaries, and at certain intervals had exchanged them with one another. They both adored two dangerous scoundrels, Thaddäus Dlugotcheffski and Felix Dzerjinski, and looked upon them as gods, describing at length their heroic deeds in the battle for their Communistic ideals. Dlugotcheffski and Felix Dzerjinski were the leaders of the Social Democratic Parties in Poland and Lithuania, and both, if even a fraction of this minute description in the diaries was correct, sent thousands of innocent Russians, of all classes, to their death, and both perpetrated in recent years the most ghastly crimes, and excelled in their deeds the victories of the Polish national hero, Kosciuzko.

Let us look closer at these interesting mass murderers. We ran Dlugotcheffski to earth in a small house near Warsaw in the arms of his mistress, the fifty-six-year-old Pole Leokadia Choiecka. Their room stank so much that we could scarcely enter it. It was almost as though somewhere there were a corpse hidden away, but the only thing we found was an old revolver which never functioned, because it was so rusty. In every corner under mountains of dust were old crusts of bread and chicken-bones, etc. *Ugh!*

We also hunted up Dzerjinski, and for eight long months I interrogated both traitors together and separately, and investigated each assertion made by the two women in their diaries. Both men swore that they

knew neither Halina Misger nor her friend Christine, either directly or indirectly.

And I must confess that after the most exhaustive search I could not find the smallest trace of this alleged passionate friendship between the four of them. Obviously the two women had invented the connexion with their two idols, and had derived what to us was an incomprehensible joy from writing about it. Dzerjinski withheld all information, and Dlugotcheffski denied everything.

During the negotiations the three of us came across things which were to our common interest to discuss. Dzerjinski was a great lover of music, a composer in a small way, and intensely interested in religious subjects, and we often chattered for hours about amusing problems. Dlugotcheffski was a poet and psychologist of some standing, and I must say I liked them both, and when they asked me to do them favours I did them with pleasure, because I liked dealing with educated and cultured men. I saw to it, for instance, that during the lengthy proceedings their food came from the officers' mess of the seige artillery, and was accompanied by cigarettes and newspapers.

The examination was finally terminated at the end of eight months, and even if they had not committed all the crimes attributed to them by their imaginary friends in their diaries, yet they had accomplished a good deal.

"Dzerjinski," I said, as we were saying good-bye, "I have really grown to like you, and I hope that we shall see each other again in more propitious circumstances."

"But with pleasure," answered Dzerjinski, deeply moved. "The only thing I don't understand is why you find my present situation so unpleasant."

"Now listen, my friend. All these facts that I have amassed against you are going to bring you twenty years in Siberia."

Dzerjinski smiled. "My dear Orloff, do you really believe that I shall stay in Siberia twenty years?"

And in actual fact Dzerjinski did get his twenty years' hard labour, but escaped after six months, never to be seen again.

Never to be seen again? No, for there he was before me now, Dzerjinski! Dzerjinski! I saw the gallows in my mind's eye, and gave myself up for lost. All that flashed through my mind in a few seconds.

Should I flee? No, that would be madness, so I remained motionless in front of him.

"Are you Orloff?" the All Powerful of Soviet Russia asked me quietly, without a change of expression.

"Yes, I am Orloff."

Dzerjinski held out his hand to me. "Well, it's nice of you, Orloff, to be on our side now. We need efficient lawyers like yourself; so whenever you need anything please apply to me in Moscow. And now excuse me, as I am in a great hurry. I only wanted to convince myself that I had seen aright. *Au revoir.*"

A month later I had indeed to go to Moscow. I arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon, and as I could not possibly go to relations or friends, because I never knew when I might be watched by the Bolsheviks, I tried to find a room in a hotel. I tried in vain until eleven o'clock, and at last decided as a last resource to

go to Dzerjinski and ask him to find a room in a hotel for me.

My service certificate opened the doors of the Tcheka to me, and Dzerjinski was sitting in his office, drinking tea out of a tin mug. Next to him lay a plate and a tin spoon. He had just finished his evening meal.

I asked him to find lodgings for me for three days, as I was engaged in an examination to do with banking affairs. "I have been hunting for a room for the last six hours," I said.

He drew a key from his waistcoat pocket and handed it over to me, saying, "Here is the key of my room in the National Hotel. You can stay there as long as you like, as I always live here."

And he pointed to a corner, where behind a folding screen stood a camp bed. Leather breeches were hanging on a peg. I thanked him for his help, and went to the hotel.

Dzerjinski had no private life at all. This Red Torquemada had slaughtered his own father and mother for the sake of an idea, and he was not to be bought for gold, ambition, or women. I have met several hundred Communists and Bolsheviks in my time, but men such as he only twice or three times at the outside. The others could all be bought, and the amount of the purchase-price was the only difference between them. During an attack by the Social Revolutionaries of the Left Wing, Dzerjinski was imprisoned for a few hours, but was afterward released. He then ordered the arrest of his best friend and helper, Alexandroffski, with whom he had worked for several

years. Before he was led away to be shot Dzerjinski embraced him. For him the ideal stood above any personal feelings. Ten minutes later Alexandroffski was shot.

In order to avert suspicion I settled down in his room at the hotel as soon as I got to Moscow, but all the same I was uneasy lest this preference should strike the others as strange, and that they might make inquiries about my connexion with Dzerjinski, and that it would come out who I really was. My friend from the citadel of Warsaw had never revealed to a soul that I had once been an imperial examining magistrate.

One evening I was detained by chance by a lengthy examination which I was allowed to hold in the Tcheka apartments. Suddenly I was confronted by an unwieldy giant, the commandant of the Tcheka, a former gunsmith from the Ural. He was not quite sober, swayed a little, and showed me a paper.

"You, comrade, with your eyeglasses, you must surely be a student, what? I am only a plain worker with no eyeglasses. Look and see if I have written this report out properly, what?"

A fleeting glance showed me that the paper was a memorandum concerning a great campaign which was to be carried out on the morrow at an early hour in Moscow against all enemies of the Soviet. I was on pins and needles until I had read to the end. I had to assure the smith that he had done his work well, and at the same time memorize several dozen names and addresses, of which only a few were known to me, in

order to warn those threatened of their pending imprisonment.

These torments lasted half an hour. I read the list through twice, and memorized the names as best I could, after which I immediately left the Tcheka, sought out my brother, and told him to warn one or two members of the organization.

As my brother lived a long way out it was 2 A.M. before I reached him. He gave the alarm to all our friends, but before eight o'clock in the morning the majority of those whose names were on the list had been executed.

## BETRAYED!

ONE morning I was sent two scavengers as assistants, one was called Gorin, the other Filipoff, and they were exactly like two characters out of a Shakespearean comedy. I was not, however, in the mood to be amused. The fellows were rum, but sharp enough to know what I was up to, but they had so much to do for themselves that there was not much time left for them to worry over my doings.

Nevertheless my wife and I were warned. I never kept anything incriminating in my room, neither arms, bombs, papers, photographs, false passports, or cameras. All those were concealed in a secret *câche* under my wife's windowsill, so that she could throw them into the neighbouring courtyard at the first moment of danger. Papers were hung by a thin string in the mouth of the stove. Nearby was a pair of scissors, so that when the alarm was given the string could be cut and the papers would fall into the fire.

I only saw her in office hours, no one suspected that we were married, and I was so severe with her in the presence of strangers that very often she began to cry with great skill.

Once by mistake I used the familiar "thou" to her in front of those two rogues Gorin and Filipoff, but saved the situation by calling them "thou" also.

My secret activities were by no means light. I had

systematically to sift my evidence and send it through agents to General Alexeieff in South Russia. I had 6000 photographs of agitators, politicians, and Communists in my collection, and compounded a simple description of each agent's nationality, trade, foreign residence, relations, party connexions abroad, foreign languages, route, and passes used on the journey.

I began to feel more and more depressed, and prepared for eventual flight, taking the precaution of acquiring Ukrainian nationality for my wife and children, and sending them to Kieff with false passports. The papers and habit of a priest from Posen lay ready in my room for myself. In September, 1918, an officer of the Lifeguards was introduced to me, a highly trustworthy creature. He arrived in my office in mufti when I was alone.

"There are twelve of us," he said. "We wish to flee together to the Murmansk coast. Will you help us?"

"Twelve at once? That's a tall order," I protested. I had learned caution by that time. "That would be too conspicuous. The best thing would be for you to go separately as my comrades and delegates of my Central Commission of Investigation."

"Certainly we will travel separately if you think it best. May I please have twelve passports for the frontier?"

"With pleasure. May I have the names of your comrades?"

"I'm sorry, I can't give you these, because I do not know them, but give me twelve blank vouchers, and I will guarantee that they will not be abused."

And so I handed over a dozen numbered slips with-



out filling in the names. A week later there was a ring at my bell at six o'clock in the morning. A stranger stood outside the door.

"Let me come in," he pleaded, and was, in fact, already in my bedroom.

"Who are you?"

"Never mind about that. The wife of a French captain has sent me. She is in the telegraph-office, and has intercepted this telegram."

He showed me a copy of a telegram addressed to the War Commissar Posern, Petrograd, which ran as follows:

Establish identity of President of Central Investigation Commission of Union of Communists of Northern Circuit Boleslaff Orlinski, who has provided spies with false credentials.

Then followed the numbers of the vouchers I had given to the twelve Hussar officers to present at the frontier, together with their names.

"Yes, and more than that," went on the messenger. "We learned from another telegram that the gentlemen presented themselves at the frontier in their greatcoats, and that underneath they were wearing full uniform, with epaulettes and orders. Naturally they were arrested on the spot, but seven got away, and two of those were shot. I had to warn you, because in an hour's time the telegram will have to be delivered, and then the end will come."

I saw now that it was time to leave this inhospitable Petrograd. I thanked my unknown friend, and hastened to my office. What was wrong there?

I found the President of the Court of Inquiry and my two colleagues searching feverishly among my business papers. Without a doubt they were looking for the numbers of the twelve vouchers. They had, then, already received the telegram.

"Comrade Orlinski, kindly wait a moment in the anteroom. We've a party matter to discuss, and will join you in a moment."

Did I go into the next room? Yes, as fast as I could go, and along the corridor into the courtyard below. Yes, but it was not as simple as all that. The door was still locked at seven o'clock in the morning. Should I call the *concierge* and make him suspicious? No. Should I go back? That, too, was impossible.

Should I wait here until they found me, so that tomorrow they could do away with me? No, thank you.

I broke a pane in the door and crept through the *débris*.

I ran through the empty streets to the centre of the town—to a quay—into a small two-story house. I had prepared everything the day before for an unforeseen flight, and the building was just built for eventualities such as this. No *concierge*, no house-keeper, and only one other lodger besides myself, a friend of mine, a Pole, the business manager, of a rich manufacturer.

Quick as lightning I shaved and disguised myself as the Catholic priest. On reflection I decided that in those clothes I was safe from detection, and could advise my loyal friends of my flight, so that they could carry on my work undisturbed. As soon as it was dark I went down the steps, and as I descended I saw a

figure in the gloom. Above all I must show no fear. Anyway, my external appearance was quite different, without beard or eyeglasses, and in that disguise who could possibly recognize me? Why, even my own mother would not know that I was her trembling son! And yet one could never tell! I crept back again into my room, but before I could lock myself in I heard footsteps on the stairs. People were hurrying up from below, and I quickly dashed up another flight to my friend the Pole. He opened the door, dragged me into the passage, and before I knew where I was pushed me into a room and without a word opened an enormous sideboard and removed a shelf from the back. It was all the work of a few moments. Outside they were pounding at the door.

"Now, off you go before it is too late through there. On the other side you will find a servant. You can trust him. He will lead you to the street. I have been watching everything from up here. That rascal Gorin has been waiting since midday with fifty of the Red Guard armed to the teeth. We'll meet again in pleasanter circumstances, I hope."

And with these words he pushed me through the opening. I found myself standing in a dark room, which I did not know. "Don't be alarmed, Herr Or-linski. I am the servant. Follow me. We are in the next house. Nobody will look for us here." Nevertheless he went carefully down the first flight of stairs, I following him.

From the hall we watched my friend and rescuer being dragged from the house next door. They held

him as a hostage, and I learned afterward only released him after some weeks.

I hurried to the German Consulate. There I found Bartels, that good angel of the Petrograd Intelligence. He was *attaché* there, and had helped hundreds of Russians from most exclusive circles in a purely disinterested spirit by his excellent relations with officials of all Governments.

He had always promised to help me escape from the inferno. He was as good as his word, and brought me an old German field-grey uniform, and quickly transformed the Catholic priest into a deserter.

"Clean-shaven? No, that won't do," said Bartels. "That's too risky. German deserters coming home all have unkempt beards. Now, how on earth are we going to get a beard on the spur of the moment?"

Bartels rummaged about in his cupboard. He possessed everything necessary for flight, as even his own position was none too secure.

The Bolsheviks would have been only too glad to cut off his head, as they knew well enough how many choice morsels he had saved from their hangmen. (I may add that they searched for him in the German Consulate the day following the outbreak of the German Revolution, but he had already flown, leaving all his belongings behind.)

For a time we couldn't find anything, and then by a lucky chance we came across a beard, which I gummed on to my face. That was excellent! Whoever recognized me now would make a Sherlock Holmes. We decided to give it a test. Bartels left me alone in

his room and rang for the valet, who, seeing a stranger, hurried up to me, saying, "Excuse me, sir, but who let you in here? I must ask you to leave the room and this house immediately." And without paying any attention to my joyous protests he pushed me out of the room.

Bartels explained matters to him, and the man swore by all his gods that he hadn't recognized me. I was so pleased with the success of my new disguise that I didn't suspect for a moment that Bartels always made use of this ruse with the valet in order to convince fugitives that they were unrecognizable.

He accompanied me as far as the street, and handed me over to a Finn, a safe driver, and a few yards away there was a waiting car, into which I climbed. We started off, but were held up by frontier guards at Beloostroff.

That seemed the end of all things, but I had reckoned without my friend the Finn. He told a great story to the sentries, and they let us through. Every thousand paces or so a soldier bobbed up; it was most eerie.

"Halt!" roared a sentry, aiming at us.

"We've done all that," answered the Finn, laughing. "Don't get excited, comrade! We are both comrades, too! This young man with me wants to spread the Red gospel among his brothers at home, and you are doing your best to shoot him. You're a fine comrade, you are!"

"Oh, well, if he wants to prepare the revolution in Berlin let him get on with it. The quicker it comes

the sooner I shall be able to drive along the Friedrichstrasse," said the Tchekist, clapping me good-humouredly on the shoulder.

I answered in a few fragments of Polish, German, and Russian. I didn't really look in the least like a German deserter, but it was dark, and the Finn had recited his patter well. When we arrived at the river Sesstra we found the banks dotted thickly with soldiers of the Red Guard, on the watch, like a lot of sleuth-hounds.

As we clattered through the ford a shot rang out from the opposite bank. In spite of the darkness the Reds had discovered us, and were already crying out, sweeping the ground with searchlights, and the air was soon full of the sounds of horses' hoofs and gunfire.

"Into the water with you," whispered the Finn. "Right down as far as you can—up to the mouth if you can bear it. Otherwise they will see you and shoot."

The Finn was already up to his nose in the shallow, dirty, and evil-smelling river. I followed him. It was icy cold, but I scarcely noticed it. On! On! Reckoned from here, we were only a few paces from Finland, and anyone who would call out halt to Fate at this juncture would be mad. I pulled myself together, and stumbled farther and farther in, until my legs stuck in the slime, in which they sank, and we had to fight step by step to escape out of Communist territory. Again there came a hail of bullets, and the Finn groaned. I went to his aid as quickly as I could, and

he clung to my neck so tightly that I could scarcely breathe. What on earth could I do with him? He was such a weight. I dragged him behind me, and asked him what was the matter, but he only implored me to go on. He knew the tactics of those dogs over there on the river-bank only too well. At that moment we got to an infernally exposed place, and the shots drove us on without ceasing.

Then after we had crept forward only a few yards there came a beam of light over our heads from the searchlight, and a hail of bullets began, such as I have only seldom experienced at the front. Thank God they were bad marksmen!

We were saved, as I noticed how steep it was getting in the water. We must be nearly on the other bank—in Finland.

Then, *ping*, a bullet, probably a stray one, hit me in the side. But the friendly shore was near, and I bit back the almost unbearable agony and dragged the Finn with me on to dry land. Land! How banal that little word sounds, and how much it meant to me. It stood for a new life, work, struggle, war against the Bolsheviks! Thank Heaven!

My wound was making itself felt, and I collapsed. The Finn, too, was suffering a good deal from the wound in his arm.

Friendly inhabitants, who came down to this spot on the river-bank every morning to welcome fugitives and to congratulate them on their escape, took us to an old friend of mine, a Finnish landowner, whose first act was to give us a mighty drink of brandy. "First the throat, then the stomach," he main-

tained, forcing us two exhausted creatures to drink down a great jorum of his famous brandy.

What did I do at that delicious moment? Said, "Good Health," and murmured a thanksgiving that I was again among friends.



## ACROSS FINLAND AND POLAND TO ODESSA

"COME along now, my lad, who gave you this Russian newspaper?" Before me stood an unkempt twenty-year-old, but intelligent creature.

The interpreter translated my Russian question into French. The man only shook his head and remained silent.

"Take him away and chain him up; then bring the next one. I'm going to get to the bottom of this."

The next one was a young giant, also a Frenchman, a sailor, and a Communist who worked so secretly that we in Odessa had great trouble in collecting evidence against him.

I did not stay long in Finland, but on the day following my rescue I was obliged, in spite of the pain of my wound, to go down to the bank of the river and change from my field-grey clothes, which I cast into the stream, into a suit befitting the examining magistrate Orlinski. The others would soon be swept by the current across to the opposite bank, into the hands of my enemies.

Also a friendly newspaper brought me the news, accompanied by my photograph, that during my flight from Russia I had been shot in the river and that my body had been recovered.

Soon afterward I saw a notice of my death in a

Russian newspaper, and was overjoyed that at last the Soviet had been pleased with one, at least, of my exploits. They described me as one of the most dangerous enemies of their cause, who found his death appropriately enough in the slime of the river, because a bullet would have been too good for such a traitor, etc. Now I should be left in peace for a bit.

I needed rest only for a few days. My friends gave me a tiny room, the only one free on that thickly populated frontier, and I was thankful to be able to sleep once more without fear. Next to me at dinner sat a sad little old man in rags, who had crossed over from Russia the day before I did.

His face seemed familiar to me, and I tried to start a conversation with him, but he ostentatiously turned away from me. He was probably afraid that I might be a spy, so I said a few reassuring words to him, and told him he had no cause for anxiety.

"You are Orloff," he said, looking at me with his unhappy eyes.

"You know me?"

"Of course I know you. I shall never forget your face."

"Why?"

"Never mind about that!"

"No, come along, tell me! Have I ever done you any harm?"

"Not you personally, but all of you."

"Where, why, and how then? Tell me about it. Yes, I do remember vaguely having seen your face before, years ago, in some case or other. Yes, I recognize you by the curious way your hair grows. Aren't

you? Now, wait a moment. No, I can't get it! Help me!"

"Yes, I'll help you. Weren't you once examining magistrate for special cases in Mogileff?"

"Yes, of course."

"And the floor of your office was covered with documents shoulder-high?"

"Yes, right up to my shoulders, and——"

"You bent down in order to look for some special report, which was at the bottom of a pile, and the papers all collapsed on top of you. I sprang up, and the sentry thought I was trying to escape, whereas all I wanted was to save you from an early grave. Still you don't remember?"

"No, I'm afraid the occurrence has quite escaped my memory. Hold on, though; wait a moment! That did happen to me once. I was nearly killed by the fall of a great pile of documents, and was just saved by a prisoner, who sprang forward quickly and took command of the situation. That was the Russian Minister for War, though, Suchomlinoff."

"That's right. I am Suchomlinoff!"

I nearly choked with horror. He patted me on the back. Still I couldn't grasp it. "You, you, are Such . . . you?"

Gradually I began to recognize him by his voice. Yes, of course, that was his quick, nervous way of speaking, with the words tumbling over one another, then a little meaningless pause, and then on again.

Now he looked like the poorest beggar, and so ill.

I gave him some of my potatoes, and he ate them greedily. His bones were sticking out of his cheeks.

I was so sorry that I gave up my room and my bed and told him that I had found somewhere else to go. Actually I slept in the vestibule for the few days I was there on a not very comfortable bench.

I travelled then to Helsingfors in the overcrowded "Hamburg," to Reval, and from there to Pskoff and Warsaw, where I had the bullet extracted from my stomach. Armed with papers of a prisoner of war of the seige artillery, I marched through German, Polish, Ukrainian, and Bolshevik battle-fronts. I journeyed for weeks through hand-to-hand combats. I went on foot to Brest, and from there, hidden in a goods' train, always on the verge of death either by a bullet, a bayonet, starvation, or illness, to Luninetz, and then again on foot to Bachmatsch, and so at last to Kieff. Over torn-up rails, misplaced sleepers, ruined stretches of country, through marauding robber-bands, firing citizens, and soviets in revolt.

Even as I was walking down the street for the first time in Kieff a stranger shouted out, "Orloff, the dog! Kill him!"

The cry spurred me on. Once again I had to flee. Too many knew me here, because of my many years as examining judge. The discomfort began all over again, and it cost untold labour to go on: trains didn't run, carriages remained on the country roads, people killed each other, and the living plundered the dead. It was almost impossible to sleep, and it was New Year's Eve into the bargain, and icy, icy cold.

I would not give in though. I had to get to the Volunteer Army in Odessa, and in the middle of January I staggered into the town, almost starving,

full of fever, and at the end of my tether. General Grischin was in command of the volunteers, and he appointed me chief of the Intelligence Service.

We had just unearthed a nice little nest of conspirators, and I was present to interrogate the men who were arrested, mostly French sailors.

It was the hardest thing in the world to worm anything out of these obdurate fellows, stirred up as they were by Communism, but it was not long before I had them in my power. One of the youngsters blurted out everything.

"Sonia gave us the Soviet propaganda," he said.

"Who is Sonia?"

"Don't you know her, sir?"

The interpreter warned him not to hold up the interrogation with foolish questions of that description, but he did not seem to be able to get over the fact that I didn't know Sonia. A world without Sonia was to him impossible. "Sonia comes from Paris. She is the leader of the Russian Communists in Odessa."

One must realize that the French as well as the Volunteer Army were occupying Odessa at that time.

"We always knew from Sonia how far away the Communists were from Odessa, and when we could expect them to come and give us our freedom. Sonia hired two sailors to murder the commander. She gave them three thousand roubles for it."

"And you, did you also receive money from Sonia?"

"Yes, all of us. Sonia has money to burn."

"Where did it come from?"

"She got it herself."

"How?"

"From her chief, the man they sent to Odessa from Moscow."

"Who is her chief?"

"The intermediary between Odessa and Moscow is Ivan Lastotchkin."

"Where does he live?"

He gave me the exact address, and the French, who were the more interested party, undertook the rest of the interrogation. It was, of course, their commander whose life was threatened, and it concerned directly those belonging to their own army.

Thirty Frenchmen surrounded the house of the Communist confidant. Slowly they drew in, and the circle became smaller and smaller. Whoever was inside would remain there, and would be thrown into prison without any bones being made about it. Catching meant hanging in those times; everything was a matter of life and death.

Four well-dressed men crossed the street. They had emerged from the house of the enemy, and were talking to one another as though nothing had happened. Quick as lightning the Frenchmen were upon them and threw them to the ground and tied them up, after a short resistance. They were members of the conspiracy—French sailors in mufti. The house was taken possession of during the night, and the eleven ring-leaders put into a "place of safety." The Frenchmen were court-martialed the same night, and no time was wasted over the proceedings. Those who declined to speak were quickly made to, and after midnight all eleven were found guilty and sentenced to death.

Judgment was carried out immediately. A lorry

clattered up, and the eleven, tied up like so many parcels, were put in. They had already done with life, and no one moved.

They were taken to the Jewish cemetery in Odessa, the gates were shut, and they were shot down. One of them refused to die, he already had three bullets in him, and he lay on the ground writhing in agony.

It was ghastly. For God's sake shoot straight! The French fired again, and the wretched man sprang up and raced across the graves into the darkness.

This started a determined chase after the fugitive, but he must have known the neighbourhood exceedingly well, as he was lucky enough to escape through an open gate, in spite of his three bullet-wounds.

We established the fact without any doubt that the man was Jusefovitch, the leader of the Odessa revolutionaries.

The noise of the chase roused the Russian sentries, as the cemetery was near to the principal police-station.

The Frenchmen had to take to their heels themselves now. They hadn't even time to bury their victims, and the next morning the bodies were found. The Russian commandant had no idea who had killed them, but gave instructions that they were to be buried immediately, without any scandal.

But the escaped Jusefovitch had already alarmed his colleagues of the underworld, and the Bolshevist element in Odessa seethed and swore vengeance. They were all convinced that I was the culprit. Broadsheets were distributed, and every one was invited to a mass

demonstration at the interment. The majority turned up, but too late, as the cautious commandant had already arranged for the victims to be buried before the time stated.

We, of the Intelligence Service, did not relax our efforts for a moment, for we knew from reliable sources that we had not succeeded in catching the notorious Lastotchkin, because the man the French caught and thought was Lastotchkin was somebody else.

We searched and searched, and watched and watched. We sent out agents in thousands, but in vain. He could not be found, so cleverly had he hidden himself in this hermetically sealed town.

But one day we discovered by a mere fluke that he made a practice of fetching his hot rolls direct from the bakehouse, as he was so afraid that one of his friends might have been bought by the enemy and would find some means of poisoning them. By taking the freshly baked rolls straight out of the oven he satisfied himself that they were safe. Apart from that he ate nothing but eggs, which he swallowed raw out of the shell.

So at last our agents got on his track. We hunted him through cellars, courtyards, pot-houses, through every sort of nook and cranny, through back premises to an attic with emergency exits to the four winds, and wherever we went we found concealed weapons. Once more he came up before the French for an examination, but they could not get a word out of him.

We cut open the soles of his shoes, and found several reports of a revolutionary committee, and in the lin-



ing of his shirt were exact plans of all hidden stores of machine-guns, rifles, bombs, cartridges, and explosives.

On his scalp, under the hair, was a carefully written list of the leaders of the volunteer corps.

A French cutter in the outer harbour took him out to sea, where a ship was waiting, which took him on board blindfolded. Another boat conveyed him to his ten accomplices, who had in the meantime been arrested. They were all French Communists.

In an hour's time they had all been shot and thrown into the sea, and the ships were on their way home.

The excitement in Odessa knew no bounds. Moscow secretly sent a hundred men from her Tcheka, who fished the corpses out of the water in the dead of night, and took them away to be buried with pomp and ceremony in Kieff.

Now, my wife and children were in Kieff, and as the funeral procession passed their door they saw effigies of myself being carried next to the coffins of the Bolshevists.

These dolls had large placards round their necks, upon which was written, "Kill Orloff."

Actually I had nothing to do with the shooting of the Odessa victims.

## COMRADE DORA

ODESSA looked like a city of the dead. Impenetrable darkness, all windows barred, not a human being to be seen. In the distance the sound of cannon, the first sign of the advancing Soviet troops.

I spent two exhausting days and nights destroying documentary evidence of my struggle against the Bolsheviks, burning papers in the stove with the help of my accomplices. Nothing now could fall into their hands when we arranged with the French to take possession of the old Russian city.

I wanted to have one more look at my office before I boarded the fugitives' steamer for Constantinople, so I slipped cautiously through the eerie darkness of Odessa. It was hard to have to say good-bye to Russia for so long. It all happened so surprisingly and inexplicably quickly. Yesterday even newly arrived Senegalese troops were marching through the streets with bands playing and assuring any uneasy spirits that the French meant to stay here as rulers for some time. True, one was not entirely satisfied with their government; true, only too often had Russian women to flee from tactless and importunate soldiers in the streets, or parties in private houses had to be broken up owing to the offensive rudeness of the French guests, who sent the ladies away in tears; true, a considerable and skilled clique of malicious profiteers under the leader-

ship of the sugar-smuggling brothers H—— preyed upon the hungry people until they were bled white. But all that could not possibly have moved Paris to the extent of removing the troops from Russia within three days. It was a frightful mix-up. There were no transports, because, of course, France had commandeered them all for her own use.

The Government of the French High Command gave the Labour Council power over the town without by your leave or for your leave. No one had time to take his belongings to a place of safety, and the majority fled in the clothes they stood up in from the Soviet troops, who were already at the gates of the town. Such was the present situation in Odessa. In a few hours the last steamer left the harbour. It was full to overflowing, and the harassed captain implored the still-charging crowd to leave the ship, because there was neither place nor food for such a number.

The contra-espionage of the White Army had detailed two trustworthy Tartars to guard me and be my adjutants. These good youngsters had been on board since midday, and had reserved a tiny corner for me in the third stowage room, and they stood on the gangway, as we had arranged to make it possible for me to go on board at the last minute.

And so I crept cautiously through the dark streets of this deserted and uncanny city. I had to see that nothing remained in my office that could fall into the hands of the conquerors on the morrow.

I pushed open the door. Nothing to be seen—even the lights did not function any more. Nothing worked. I had no matches with me either, so I had

to grope my way through the impenetrable darkness.

Was there something rustling over there?

No, it was only my agitated senses. I climbed up the first few stairs. But there *was* something creeping about.

God, was I already a victim of persecution mania? There *was* some one there.

Naturally the stairs creaked.

Or?

Or was it myself?

Devil take it! My office was on the fourth floor. If anyone were to be killed here to-night nothing would ever come out. The old rulers departed in a few minutes, and the new ones did not arrive until the morning. In that time one could dispose of a hundred corpses if one wished to.

What was the matter with me? I was not usually nervous like that. I didn't as a rule know the meaning of the word fear. I'd been through too much during my career for that! I stood still. Suddenly!

Something *was* rustling!

If only I could see?

I would go back.

No, that came to the same thing. To turn back half-way up would indicate . . .

Suddenly a shape sprang at me and grasped me by the throat. I defended myself and shook it off. An electric torch blazed out, and I snatched it out of my opponent's hand and tried to blind him with it.

I recognized him as the sailor Filka, and I knew too that he had had orders from the Tchecha to do away with me.

His hand went to his hip-pocket, but I was too quick for him. I shot him down and rushed away to the boat, with its cargo of 6000 Russians.

Slowly we ploughed our way through the sea. It was the night before Annunciation Day, and Archbishop Plato, who was leaving his beloved country, held an evening service on the foredeck.

It was pouring rain, and the ship ploughed from one trough in the waves to the next.

Every one was praying on his knees, and the noise of the storm drowned the sobs of the fugitives, without home, money, clothes, without any possessions or hope. Just going onward, dazed, despairing. Where? Who knew?

The next day two hundred Bolsheviks marched into Odessa as arranged with the French. They wore tattered jackets, some even wearing women's coats. Five musicians in front, two trumpeters, a flute, and a drum. Red flags and recruiting-posters, and threats that a thousand citizens would die if a single Red be missed, and that if 500,000,000 roubles were not forthcoming the whole town would be blown up. Kalinitchenko was President of the Tchecha. He was the escaped Jusefovitch's assistant. But every one was put in the shade by the executioner.

That was Comrade Dora.

Where did she come from?

Who knows?

What was her real name?

Who knows?

She was a handsome young woman, but vice and

bestial practices had left their mark upon her. Her eyes were dreadful—they had the expression of a cunning beast that was running with blood. Dora lived entirely for the Tcheka, and scarcely ever appeared in the street. Her life was bound up in it, and anything outside held no interest for her. She used to spend the whole day in impatient anticipation of the evening. Limp and tired after a sleepless night, without any intellectual needs, she tossed to and fro upon her bed with only one thought—the wish to forget herself in the intoxication of blood.

It is only in the evening she begins to live. She dresses herself as carefully as though she were going to a ball, and puts on a beautiful toilette, flowers, and scent, and takes a large dose of cocaine. She is transformed into a brilliant and fascinating woman, and with a youthful and happy face, clever, sparkling eyes, she leaves her room in a mood of lively expectation.

A gay company of Tchekists await her. They drink champagne, speak of happy days, joke, and laugh.

Dora drinks a good deal, but never too much. She is merely transported into a kind of increasing ecstasy.

As the evening wears on her eyes begin to shine feverishly in impatient anticipation. Her body trembles, and her lips distort themselves with a nervous twitching.

At last she hears the long-expected clattering of a lorry. Dora's heart beats in time to the sound of the engine. She is so agitated that she can scarcely remain in her place.

And then there appears at the door a Tchekist

armed from top to toe, who announces that all is ready!

Dora springs up as though she has had an electric shock, takes another dose of cocaine, empties her glass, and stretches out her hand for her revolver. The nervous tension reaches its height, and it seems to Dora that the next minute will be too late.

A prisoner is brought in. She looks at him for a few seconds, grasps her revolver, and fires. The moment of highest enjoyment has come. The victim wriggles, and Dora regards him with an expression of satisfied desire.

Then it is all over; the corpse is carried out.

"The next!"

The sight of the new victim brings back the intoxication. Again a shot, the feeling of high tension, and the release, then the final exhaustion, over-satiation, and loathing.

This brutal woman shot down over seven hundred Russians in a few nights. When the volunteers won back Odessa shortly afterward they found the cellars filled with corpses, and everywhere where traces of tortures, fingers torn off, and fragments of human skin.

The people were overjoyed at their release, and drove Dora before them. A court-martial condemned her to death on the scaffold, and she herself calmly placed the noose around her own neck. This was the end she wished for, and she died with a happy smile on her lips.

## THE WORLD ORGANIZATION OF THE SOVIET

**BERLIN!** A place where one can live, but a place where one can work also.

Let me be silent about all my agitating journeys, with their attacks on the railway transport, their battles under Wrangel, peace negotiations, illness, and complicated investigation by the Intelligence Service on the Western frontier of the Soviet Union.

Enough. I am living in Berlin, and am chief of the Intelligence Service of the White Army. The banks of the Spree are an excellent place to watch the activities of the Bolshevists. The order to check the military modifications of the Soviet came to me from the staff of our army in Constantinople. And in addition to that I was to follow closely their work in Russia and in foreign countries.

In Berlin it was easy to get into touch with Petrograd, Moscow, Kieff, Charkoff, and Odessa, and to insinuate Soviet agents in most of the Bolshevist foreign staffs, such as Embassies, commercial agencies, and business companies. It did not require much money, as most of my men did it partly for love of the game, and partly in order to have something at the back of them should rough times arise.

Western Europe, America, Asia, Africa, and Australia continually sent me valuable material. Three



Bolshevist concerns occupied themselves chiefly abroad. These were (I) The Secret Operative Department of the Komintern; (II) The Intelligence Administration of the Military Revolutionary Soviet; and (III) The Foreign Department of the G.P.U.<sup>1</sup> (I.N.O.). The aims of those administrations are the same—the preparation for the subsequent association of other states, with the Soviet Union, and their conversion into a colony for the continuation of Communist experiments, espionage, and the spreading of false reports.

The most interesting is the I.N.O. and its branch, the "Board of Enterprise." Among its tasks is that of preparing a foundation for the future G.P.U. in isolated states which the Soviet Union intends to annex.

The activities of this I.N.O. have been made increasingly difficult in recent times, owing to the unsettled situation in Soviet Russia. At its head are Trilisser and his representative, Lobanoff-Bustrem, former Red Diplomat in Berlin.

This branch of the G.P.U. is supervised by Stalin himself, who does much toward its further improvement.

The budget of the I.N.O. carries 200,000 dollars a month for Central Europe and 50,000 dollars for Southern Europe, and apart from that the G.P.U. receives considerable sums for the I.N.O. out of the funds of the Third Internationale which are set aside for the costs of the foreign section.

The demoralized situation in Soviet Russia gave

<sup>1</sup> The G.P.U. is the united state and political administration.

rise to the necessity of increasing the means of the I.N.O. for the resistance of anti-Bolshevist organizations. That is why the secret branches of the I.N.O. in the political and commercial agencies of the Bolsheviks were provided with greater resources. A short time ago two departments of the G.P.U. which were connected with the General Secretariat of the Communist Party of Russia—*i. e.*, Stalin's personal staff—underwent a process of reorganization. The first bore the sign "Kontra and Deso"—that is, Department for Counter-Agitation and Disorganization.

This department worked skilfully to bring counter-revolution and anti-Bolshevism to light, and caused their plans to miscarry owing to premature action.

It had branches and correspondents abroad, was under the personal supervision of Trilisser, and employed chiefly counter-revolutionaries who at some time or another had been protected by the Tcheka and G.P.U.

Forged documents had true data as their foundation, or else information manufactured by the agents of the G.P.U.

The G.P.U.'s technical designation of this branch was "Kaneva." With the help of *agents provocateurs* the forgeries were given the desired hue; thereupon the alleged illegal documents were circulated at home and abroad.

These forgeries were chiefly disseminated abroad in the local Press, where the intermediaries did not know that they were not authentic, even when the intermediaries themselves were agents of the G.P.U.

Simpler documents, such as open letters signed

"Repentant" and all kinds of warnings from those who had just left the enemies' camp, were manufactured under Trilisser's supervision.

Alleged letters from indignant sons to their fathers was a very favourite form of propaganda, and in 1928 a libellous letter pertaining to be from the son of the Chinese General Tchang-Kai-schek to his father was circulated among the Communist youth.

During this year Tchang-Kai-schek's son was replaced by the son of the Emir of Bokhara, and this letter formed the answer to the call to arms of the former Emir to the population of the Turkestan.

What was false and what was true has never been discovered, but it is quite certain that the forgery owed its success to the auspices of Trilisser.

Very often the G.P.U. published a document in order to answer it by a second, as, for example, a controversy against itself.

Affiliated with the "Kontra and Deso" department is a so-called "Utilization Bureau," to which material is supplied by the emigrant Press and by various emigrant politicians.

They collect everything which has to do with the secret work of the Soviet, such as expressions of opinion as to how the downfall of the Bolshevists could be brought about: newspaper cuttings, reports of agents and commentaries enough to fill a book. From these, material is extracted for reports and memoranda pertaining to emigrants, views as to the possibility of Bolshevists being surprised at their secret activities and their plans defeated.

Agents having special powers—specialists, *agents*

*provocateurs*, and spies—are usually given some harmless post abroad by the I.N.O., such as Secretaries to the Embassy, doorkeepers in large commercial concerns, or even stenographers in various Russo-German companies, as a mask for their criminal activities.

At the beginning of 1924, when the Communists saw that their hopes for a sudden proletarian upheaval in Germany were to be disappointed, the tactics of the news organs which had previously furthered propaganda dealing with revolutionary action underwent a sudden change. The G.P.U. in Berlin reverted to its own special occupations, and only took up the revolutionizing of Germany as a side-line. One part of the agency, which had the interests of the party strongest at heart, remained at the disposition of the German Communist news organs, and concerned itself with the settling of accounts with Communists who were under suspicion of being traitors and in league with the police. It also took part in active combat with political antagonists, fostered small isolated irritations, which were intended later to amalgamate into a general and armed attack, as well as undertaking the military schooling and education of German Communists for the Tcheka.

Thus small groups gradually consolidated themselves into one special department, which was composed exclusively of fanatical Communist activists. At its head stood Golovin, Issakoff, Tchirkoff, Korzeff, Grabkin, Kuprianoff, Jonoff, Korosteleff, Michailoffski, Volosatoff, Semjinoff, Nikanoroff, Peregoroff, Garankin, all naturally with assumed pseudonyms.

The head of the group was Mossovenko, the Soviet Ambassador to Czechoslovakia, who at the same time was the powerful leader of secret activities of the Bolsheviks in Germany on the part of the Komintern.

The work of this group was to render dangerous elements harmless, to supervise the reorganization, and when necessary to have arms and passports ready for use.

To sum up, it was the staff and commissariat for the civil war in Germany, and its headquarters varied according to the situation of the moment.

The work of the I.N.O. resolved itself gradually, under pressure of circumstances, into the execution of smaller tasks, and renounced the fulfilment of its original more ambitious schemes. It limited itself now to the observation of the anti-Bolshevist elements, to split up these, and to bring them into conflict with the police and Government officials, to which end they systematically employed any means that came to hand, and made use of the assistance of a number of neutrals, as well as various Bureaus of Information.

No champions of Communism were employed in this department, as only neutrals were able to sow the seeds of mutual mistrust, hate, and intrigue in the ranks of the anti-Bolsheviks, and only they were in the position to penetrate into their midst and to denounce the police. They had to manufacture false information and destroy anything they thought likely to prove a promising and energetic enterprise.

The labours of Rubenstein, the I.N.O. agent in Berlin, brought the activities there to a very high level. All anti-Bolshevist organizations were system-

atically torn to shreds. Rubenstein understood well enough how to win over various public men connected with foreign police authorities who had an *entrée* into official circles. With the co-ordination of such trustworthy agents, Rubenstein's activities developed on most satisfactory lines.

When the I.N.O. established foreign branches it proved advantageous to the organizers to have at their disposal spies of long experience, who were familiar with the regulations and *personnel* of the police officials, their old enemies of pre-War days.

Menshinski, Trilisser, and Parvus executed the duties of the I.N.O., the Komintern, and the Intelligence Service in Germany.

Parvus managed to make a considerable income from his profession as spy, in spite of the fact that he was only an organizer.

All Bolsheviks who feared banishment at the hands of the German police visited his villa between Potsdam and Berlin—Radek and Manuilski among others. Parvus's right hand in the organization of the Bolshevik Central Bureau was Fürstenberg-Ganecki.

A certain Andreas Blisnitchenko proved of enormous assistance to Parvus. This man was sent for from Moscow to establish branches of the I.N.O. and to form a German Tcheka modelled on Russian lines, and lived for some time in Berlin under his right name, Hellmund-Skobleffski-Osol.

Among the chief organizers of espionage centres in Western Europe can be mentioned Lobanoff-Bustrem, Sidorin-Eschulze, Stepanoff-Sachs, and Tcherniakoff.

All these men worked for some time under false

names in Berlin, and were even included in the diplomatic lists under these names. Their passports were renewed by the technical sub-department of the I.N.O. in Moscow, in agreement with the Foreign Commission.

At the head of the Paris centres were the following: Pirunoff, Secretary to the Embassy, Divilkoffska, and others; in Warsaw, Suboff, Commandant of the Legation, and the official Balachoffa; in Danzig, Vinaffer, official attached to the Soviet administration; in London, Shilinski and Miller, both officials of the Bolshevik organization Arcos; in Esthonia, Svinoff; in Prague, Vice-Consul Chr. Dimoff; in Italy, Dr. Levin; in Northern Africa, Michelson and Grodsetski.

Trilisser and his deputy Lobanoff-Bustrem were at the head of the I.N.O. from the very beginning, and still hold these posts.

Apart from the various operative departments, the I.N.O. had at its disposal abroad "technical departments," which were very often unearthed by foreign police. They were chiefly employed in producing false passports, stamps and seals, etc. Further to that the I.N.O. set up a chemical and bacteriological laboratory at all its branches (I) for the falsification of documents and passports, and (II) for the use in impending revolts and civil wars. There were considerable stocks of phials containing cholera, typhus, and diptheria bacilli, as well as bacteriological bombs, which a certain Maslokowitz in Soviet Russia exported when necessary in the diplomatic bag to foreign countries.

The I.N.O. checked and registered all those who were looked upon in any way as suspicious charac-

ters likely to do harm and noted their addresses, connexions, trades, and characteristics.

Even in March, 1927, the police in Lisbon found two lists of people who, in the event of a Bolshevist victory in Portugal, were to be done away with.

The first list contained the names of all those suspected of being enemies of the Bolshevist cause; these were to be instantly removed. The second contained names of revolutionary politicians who were to be killed during the further development of events.

Only after the murder of all those whose names appeared on the lists were the Portugese Communists to establish the real Red Terror. These lists exist in all countries where there are Soviet representatives or Communist agents.



## SECRET DOSSIERS OF RELIABLE AGENTS

As soon as the police officials undertake a domiciliary search at Bolshevist headquarters, businesses, or offices, the heads of departments immediately destroy all documents which might prove compromising.

During the searching of the Soviet Mission in Harbin in the summer of 1929 two rooms were discovered which served as chemical and photographic laboratories. A wireless station also came to light, with transmitter and receiver, as well as an ingenious device for burning papers.

According to instructions, every responsible official in the employ of the Soviet Consulate is bound to carry on his person a revolver and cartridges, and a bottle of petrol, and to have ready a scuttle of coal and matches, and must carry the keys of his desk in his pocket.

Lists of Communists were found in secret rooms inscribed "Admission is forbidden to all unauthorized persons," with a sign as to their trustworthiness placed beside each name. Lists of diplomatic couriers, of emigration societies and their members, the dependents of police authorities, the officials of local *bureaux*, with the mark of their reliability, and lists of those belonging to anti-Bolshevist organizations were also found.

In one of the rooms that was searched only the ashes of obviously most interesting documents were found.

The I.N.O. knows perfectly well that in some countries it will have no success at all, but for a short time it introduces a chaos that can be used to put unwanted people out of the way. The black lists are made up by the leaders of the local branch of the I.N.O., with the assistance of the Communist party, the Red Youth, and even the Pioneers, including the chief of the I.N.O. Trilisser, for the use of the main register.

The German police authorities have found several of these lists.

On October 17, 1921, the G.P.U. sent an order to their foreign representatives that a secret sign was to be placed against the names of all banks, treasuries, dwellings of certain officials, members of volunteer public-utility societies as well as buildings which provided the town with water and gas.

These signs were to be made with either chalk or pencil, so that the marks on the walls and fences would look like children's scribbling.

The following signs and their meanings were used in Oslo and the vicinity:

- „J” in white chalk meant “dangerous enemy.”
- ∞ in red chalk “Officer of the Reserve, anti-Bolshevist spy.”
- ⌘ “*Dépôt* for electric appliances.”
- ☉ in white chalk “Ammunition dump.”
- \*\* in blue chalk “house of a police officer of unquestionable loyalty.”

- ⊙ on the building of the Ministry of Justice and on rooms containing important documents.

These instructions were sent to all Communist "Germ Cells" by post, to the Army, the Press, sporting clubs, and associations of young people.

The I.N.O. also had to provide the Foreign Commissariat with the passport formulæ, both genuine and false, to the police authorities and Consulate of the different countries abroad.

The passport connexions of the I.N.O. were very extensive, and the tariff for procuring one of these was on a fixed scale. Every branch of the I.N.O. possessed a list with the price, object, and date of delivery.

The following tariff was in use in Berlin, Antwerp, Danzig, Vienna, and Constantinople in 1929.

Genuine Polish passport issued by a Consulate, three weeks' notice, made out in any name, with photographs, 300 dollars.

Roumanian Consulate passport, three weeks' notice, 400 dollars.

Passport of the Nicaraguan Republic, two months' notice, 1000 dollars. (The bankers Levin and Rappoport fled from Berlin to Brazil with these passports.)

Swiss passport, one month's notice, 800 dollars.

All these passports were genuine, and were *viséd*, by other countries without any delay. The fact that the I.N.O., the Intelligence Service and the Komin-tern command a certain number of agents abroad of which only half come from Western Europe, and only

one-tenth return to Russia, proves how successfully the I.N.O. works.

The disappearance of Bolshevist agents in Europe is explained by the exchange of their Soviet passports for others. This work is undertaken by the I.N.O. with skill and success.

Were it not for the technical department of the I.N.O. abroad and the Soviet Union the Red diplomat Lobanoff would never have become Bustrem, nor would Eschulze have become Sidorin.

Neither would Benario, Braun, Bozenhar, Andreas Blisnitchenko, and a hundred others have escaped from German justice.

## MYSTERIOUS BUSINESSES, BANKING ACCOUNTS, AND SUICIDES

ONE of the most important sub-departments of the I.N.O., of extraordinary significance to the G.P.U. and to the work of political agitation carried on by the Bolshevists abroad, is the "Experimental Board." It was founded at the time when, owing to political and police regulations, it was impossible to assign money directly to spies and agents, particularly in countries where the Bolshevists were not recognized and enjoyed no diplomatic privileges. So it was necessary to employ other means.

Factories, houses, or businesses were bought in fictitious names and banking accounts were opened and money invested on a similar plan. The money deposited thus was used for espionage, propaganda, and political agitation in the country concerned.

For example, the sale of matches in Germany and the notorious auction of stolen pictures and furniture, among other things, were all engineered by the I.N.O.

The discovery by the French police of the banking account of A. Hari, a former bank director in Odessa (and temporary Danish, then French, Consul in Odessa, and who lived later in Paris, Berlin, and Constantinople), proved that Moscow made use of these sums through the I.N.O.

The publication of the account forced Hari to

commit suicide. The same thing happened in the case of Grigori Lessin, Plenipotentiary in Moscow, and former Petrograd stockbroker. Large sums were paid into his account by the I.N.O., and when the money was taken away from him he cut his throat with a razor in Paris.

Shortly before the French Parliamentary election in 1928 the authorities occupied themselves in spying out accounts of this description. The results exceeded the wildest expectations.

One account at the American Bank was found to show a monthly turnover of from twenty-five to thirty million francs. After the discovery, of course, it was of no use to the I.N.O., and the account was closed.

Naturally new accounts in other names were started as soon as the authorities found out about those already established.

As the Bolshevists wished to insure themselves against all surprises, such as law-suits, distrains, etc., they invested a portion of the funds for use abroad, even for legitimate purposes, in fictitious accounts, which could be corroborated by appropriate title-deeds.

There were always loyal persons to be found who could be used as cloaks.

In the spring of 1928 Sir William Joynson-Hicks (now Lord Brentford) gave a detailed explanation regarding the Moscow letters of credit, quoting statistics.

In the Russian Commercial Bank, as well as the Moscow Peoples' Bank, were to be found not only ac-

counts in the name of mythical persons with a working capital that in no way corresponded to the personal means of the "depositor," but also established accounts of English Communists. The money was delivered in the form of assignments and cheques from Berlin, and was always paid to the recipient in small notes or silver.

Technically the *modus operandi* was as follows: the Soviet bank paid the money to its "clients," and these in turn passed it over to the Bolshevist agents and spies.

The British Home Office decided to use drastic methods to control the circulation of individual letters of credit, and it was discovered that an Englishman, Bencan, gambled on the Exchange, sold considerable sums in dollars, and, in order to cover up the deal, paid the money into his account in pounds, shillings, and pence. He then withdrew it by cheque and distributed it among the Moscow agents. The Bolshevist Commercial Attaché in London, Anin, was also concerned in this business. Bencan was typical of the "false-bottom" principle practised by the entire Communist *régime*. Officially a junior bank clerk, he was in reality an agent of the I.N.O.

A former Soviet diplomat, who fled from the Legation, explained that at one time in Yugoslavia, where it was particularly difficult to transmit money for spies and agents, the I.N.O. bought the "Chrome-Bergwerke" (chromium mines). When larger pecuniary resources were required, the services of a respectable merchant were commandeered, and he acquired the undertaking from the former and

equally mythical owner. The purchase-price was immediately paid into the I.N.O.

In February, 1923, Sergius W. Sibin, former Secretary of the Ministry of the Interior, Lopuchin, arrived in Berlin. He had been ordered to report to the I.N.O., and was given the task of acquiring real estate. The income therefrom would, of course, go to swell the funds of the I.N.O., which would make them independent of the dangers of a direct assignment of cash. Sibin was a genuine Russian, and therefore it did not occur to anyone that he had not undertaken this business on his own initiative; but he seemed at first to be a failure, and had to return to Moscow. Later on he appeared in Western Europe in company with a female agent of the I.N.O., a woman called Samson, who was travelling under cover of a Spanish passport in the name of Carman Sliagelcé. Accompanied by his instructress, he bought the required businesses, partly in his own and partly in fictitious names.

Samson also accompanied an American who bought houses for the I.N.O.

The match industry came in for particular interest. The Bolshevists threw an enormous stock of matches on the market at prices which could not possibly ever cover the cost of the material production. The business could not fail to bring anything but loss to the Soviet, and rumours were circulated that the Moscow Government wished to compete with the Swedish Match Syndicate.

Actually the only concern they damaged was the German match industry, because they forced them to



reduce their production, and increased thereby unemployment in that country. The principal thing was that they stood in urgent need of foreign standards of exchange.

Drushiloffski, Sidorin, and other officials, who to-day are taking an active part in Bolshevist concerns in Moscow and abroad, said repeatedly that three-quarters of the sum total of the reward or pay that Bolshevist informers received for the sale of forged documents from the I.N.O. found its way to the "Experimental Bureau," while the remaining quarter was distributed between agents, intermediaries, journalists, or News Service Bureau.

The purchase-price of such documents was settled by the I.N.O. Naturally the intermediaries did not deserve any very great confidence, and so it is scarcely to be expected that they conscientiously paid the entire funds into the account. The I.N.O. know full well that the intermediaries invariably account for smaller amounts than they have in fact received.

Sometimes the I.N.O. trust their agents with genuine documents for sale in order to strengthen the confidence of foreign authorities and the Press in those agents, the genuine documents serving to interest the information organs at the source and prove through their genuineness the information from other sources.

In such cases the I.N.O.'s chief concern is not to disclose their actual strength in the genuine facts and statements.

## RADEK MUST RESCUE INCAPABLE GERMANY!

IN the opinion of Moscow the K.P.D.<sup>1</sup> has no leaders. The German proletariat is an object of contempt since the unsuccessful Spartakus revolt, and is looked upon merely as cannon-fodder for the next revolution.

The political leadership of the revolt was therefore transferred to Comrade Radek, who worked zealously at his plans with Parvus in Berlin, agitated, intrigued, and stuck out his feelers to the Government authorities, the police, and the imperial defence forces, even as far as the Conservative associations. Radek's optimism caused the Komintern and the High Command of the Red Army to take swift measures to found a military organization in Berlin which should play a considerable part in approaching important events.

The entire organizing staff had therefore to be exported from the lap of the Kremlin on some harmless pretext or other and find refuge in the Berlin Legation or in the Chamber of Commerce.

The famous Wazetis also went to Berlin. He was senior commander of the Red Army, and a well-known expert on civil war.

Túchatchevski arrived, too, under the name of Comrade Polianin, a ponderous young man with an impenetrable manner and a hook nose which en-

<sup>1</sup> Kommunistische Partei Deutschlands.—TRANSLATOR.

chanted the whole of the Friedrichstrasse by the generosity of its size. There came also the hero of the Bulgarian Revolution, Koreschkoff, dirty, cowardly, and narrow-minded. Wherever he turned up he brought discredit on the Communists, but was regarded nevertheless as the master of the conspiracy. Meshinski, Jagoda, and Trilisser appeared as well under several names and with innumerable passports in their pockets.

At last the military and terrorist apparatus was ready and was safely harboured in the Legation and in the Trade Department.

Comrade Arthur took command for a time. According to his passport his name was Stepanoff, but actually it was Finkelstein. He was the eye and the right hand of the Komintern in Germany. As he was included in the register of the Revolutionary Council, even the Ambassador Krestinski was dependent on him, neither was he allowed to make any decision without consulting him. His staff was quartered in the Embassy where, too, Lubanoff-Bustrem, the head of the G.P.U., took shelter and where Trilisser slept during his periodical visits.

The staff was equipped according to the most modern revolutionary ideas. It consisted of a photographic and chemical laboratory for code-writing, and a printing works. It had a treasury quite independent of the Embassy, which always contained large reserves on various Exchanges. Stepanoff had two assistants, Petroff and Petroffski, the latter *alias* Comrade Bronck and Stepanoff's right hand. His real name was unknown, but he had formerly been a Pol-

ish labourer. This man, always gloomy, with a paralysed right hand and a stiff neck, filled every one with alarm. He was the most bloodthirsty and merciless Tchekist of them all. He hated every one from the bottom of his heart who did not wear a Communist badge. His face, inscrutable as a mask, never wore a smile, and his expression remained unmoved and soulless.

The other assistant, Petroff, was a Frenchman, whose real name was Garnier. He was a mechanic in the French Navy, and spoke appalling Russian, but as he had the technique of the armoury at his fingertips he was put in charge of the purchase of all weapons, and was responsible for the establishment of ammunition dumps in Berlin. One of his assistants got so drunk while he was in charge of a transport going through the streets of the German capital that he picked up a girl and blurted out all he knew of the Communist equipment.

In the Soviet Legation, as well as in the Chamber of Commerce, were innumerable Letts and German Communists who spoke Russian well and who were destined to play certain parts later on. Each one knew what he had to do as soon as the signal was given from the Embassy or from the Chamber of Commerce.

In July, 1923, a sinister figure appeared on the political horizon in Berlin, a thick-set, powerfully built man, with puffy hands and not very intelligent features. Altogether, he looked rather like a dock labourer or a sailor. As soon as he arrived at the station he went directly to the Soviet Embassy, where he was given a warm welcome—even Stepanoff laid himself out to

be pleasant. Like all important guests, he was given a room in a wing of the Embassy, and could there enjoy complete inviolability, thanks to his pass and to the extra-territorial rights of the Embassy.

A few months later the mysterious stranger was arrested by the Berlin police on the underground. On his arrest he gave the name of Skobleffski, but on his diplomatic pass he was called Goreff. He attended the Moscow War Office in both names. He was a Lett by birth, and was one of the most important members of the Tcheka and of the G.P.U. in Soviet Russia. He took a personal part in the executions of those condemned to death, and had the reputation of being extremely economical with ammunition, as he always dispatched his victims with a single shot. His greatest friend, Trilisser, said of him, "He is a highly qualified expert in the art of separating body and soul."

The German police thought that he was only the organizer of the German Tcheka, but actually his duties were far more extensive. He was Commanding Officer of the German Red Army. Skobleffski's brutality and heartlessness shocked even the Communists. He was by no means particular as to the methods he employed. This man was a perfect machine, and never gave the slightest evidence of any human weakness. He was devoid of sympathy, qualms of conscience, or nerves. The end to him justified all means. Goreff-Skobleffski visited Hamburg, Saxony, Brunswick, and the Rhine. But above everything he organized the Tcheka, as he was convinced that the K.P.D. could not be consolidated without terror. According to his instructions, an armed attack of Ger-

man labourers against French troops was arranged, in order to bring about a new war between France and Germany. In any case it would have created great international difficulties for the German Government. But the Moscow's scheme was shattered by the resistance of the German workers. Stepanoff and Goreff-Skobleffski then planned a rising of the proletariat in the manufacturing centres of Germany, in which the central administrative bodies and the Army were to join.

Thanks to the disagreement with Radek, the German Government heard of this really serious position of affairs, and Skobleffski was obliged to make the return-journey to Moscow under police supervision.

## SPIES WHO WORK FOR NOTHING

THE budget allowed by the Embassy and the Trade Department for the espionage section has increased with each successive year. In 1920-21 it cost Germany only £18,000 sterling; in 1921-22 the budget for the Embassy espionage section (not including the military) reached the total of £230,000 sterling. The secret funds of the Trade Department, were not entered up in the accounts. In 1923 Moscow allowed half a million pounds sterling for the Intelligence Department in Germany, the greater part of this sum going to the foreign agents of the Russian Communist party, to further the organization of a revolt in Saxony and other parts of Germany.

The Military Intelligence ran the revolutionary war council of the republic in Moscow, and all Ministers in other countries were connected with this centre. This council also instituted special courses of espionage on approved lines. At the head of the foreign section were men who were under the protection of the heads of the operative section.

Comrade Severny and his colleagues Vilenski, Elski (Jablonski), and Peltzer formed the board at the commencement of the organization. Their work was to win over members of the High Command of foreign armies, to bribe editors and journalists, and to maintain connexions with converted adjutants of military

chiefs abroad. This administration was originally supplied with an enormous capital, chiefly in English coinage. At the last congress of Ministers of all espionage organizations the following numbers of agents stationed in foreign countries were given: 2000 men in France, 600 in Austria, 300 each in Italy, Poland, and Yugoslavia, 220 in America, 200 in Turkey, 150 in Roumania, 120 each in Czechoslovakia and England, 110 in Germany, and 50 in Serbia. Men who had been sent abroad attached to various official soviet administrations or businesses were not included in these figures.

As time went on the Intelligence Department of the G.P.U. and the Commissariat for foreign affairs limited their credits, as the Executive Committee of the Communist Internationale was able to carry out all espionage work alone, simply by using local Communists, especially associations of young people, who drew lots for the honour of co-operating with them. This method proved itself to be much cheaper and more serviceable than paid agents.

The duties of foreign organizations include the watching of all foreigners who visit the Soviet Union. Agents of this kind are to be found on all ships. The same supervision is applied to every Russian who lives abroad or on the frontier.

Foreign departments have great influence over the diplomatists of the Union, for on them depends the nomination to the post of Secretary to the Embassy.

Should a representative of the Soviet commit the smallest crime against a minister he immediately disappears without any trace. The smaller officials were



quite simply done away with; the more important ones were recalled to Moscow under some pretext or another, where they were arrested and put to death by the G.P.U.

The fact that the imperial defences, as well as other forces, would be put at the disposal of the anti-Soviet faction forced the Bolshevik spies in Germany to agitate in the Army. From time to time Soviet diplomats, such as Finkelstein, Karachan, and Fürstenberg, held inspections of the European agencies.

In recent years the agencies attached to German industrial concerns (especially the technical ones) have been watched more closely. The interests at heart were so great that in some states a complicated organization was formed as a defence against economic espionage.

Gentlemen of fortune were always finding their way to the Embassy in Unter den Linden, or to corresponding authorities in other European countries, in order to pick up a precarious livelihood. They were, of course, promptly shown the door, as Embassies do not like committing themselves. But somewhere, or other there is always some inconspicuous little *employé* who can give an address to these visitors where agents meet at certain times.

Sometimes highly respectable diplomats take part in these meetings, but they are very seldom recalled, even if it becomes known. Those recalled are ordered abroad, after a time, with fresh passports.

## FROM MY SOVIET PICTURE-GALLERY

IN the course of my career in Leningrad and Moscow I had the opportunity of observing closely nearly all the leading lights. One or two impressed me especially. Here are their portraits as I see them.

### KARL BEGGE

A Lett whose real name is Karl Lil-Wrede, belonged to the Social-Revolutionary party, banished to Archangel in 1907, was pardoned in 1911, and sent to Kerens. Joined the first board of the Tchecha in 1918, and later the small council of the People's Commissary. Went as a commercial representative to Berlin, filled the Trade Department with G.P.U. agents, at the same time retaining his position as a member of the Presidency of the Central Control Committee, and of the board of the G.P.U., etc.

### BOKI

Uritzski's successor. A young student at the School of Mines. Proved himself incompetent, and was dismissed, as was his successor. The vacancy was filled by the newly fledged Communist Messing, thanks entirely to his bestial brutality.

### BUCHARIN

Son of a military councillor, visited Moscow University, came under the police supervision owing to

revolutionary propaganda, was banished to Archangel and fled to Bolshevist headquarters abroad.

#### BUDIENNY

Son of a Ukrainian bishop, ran away from the religious school in Kieff because he nailed his Latin teacher's goloshes to the floor, was sent to a stud farm, joined the Isjumer Hussar regiment, and was promoted after three months to the rank of deputy to the Sergeant-Major. Visited the Officers Training School, accompanied the Nishni-Novgorod Dragoon Regiment to Tiflis, went to the Front, deserted after the Revolution, was called up to form the Red Cavalry, impressed Trotski favourably at the end of six months, and was given command of a regiment. Broke through the ranks of the Volunteer Army at Orjol, and was already in command of an army corps at the time of the Polish advance.

Was a strict disciplinarian, and surrounded himself with officers of the imperial cavalry. His wife, a bold horsewoman, was wounded several times at the head of her brave troops. She subsequently became a hospital nurse, and finally committed suicide in 1925, at the age of thirty-two.

#### KAMENEFF

Born in 1883, his father being Boris Rosenfeld, a freeman, grew up in very comfortable circumstances, came into conflict with the police at an early age, but was set free owing to contradictory evidence. In 1908 he was deprived of the citizenship of Petrograd,

and went to visit Lenin abroad. He married Trotzki's sister.

#### KIRDETZOFF-DVORETZKI

Was born in Bialistok, his real name being Hirsch-Dvoretzki. Dodged his military service by escaping abroad, wandered over the greater part of Europe as a merchant, took part in the Russo-Japanese War as a special news reporter of an Italian newspaper, calling himself Harry Fitz-Patrick, of English nationality. As the Ochrana knew him to be a deserter, although he was still at large, he was looked upon as a police spy. The revolutionary Lebedinzeff, who lived with him, was one day given away by some traitor on the eve of a mutually determined assassination and arrested by the police. As he was the only man who knew anything about the plot he was obliged to "disappear" from Petrograd. He was boycotted by Gorki's *entourage* in Capri, and in 1910 he returned to Petrograd as Fitz-Patrick and became a financial journalist. Moved to other quarters, and called himself Hirsch-Dvoretzki once again. After the Revolution he fought the Bolshevik cause, fled to Kieff, entered into negotiation with the Soviet after the taking of the Ukraine, tried to establish connexion with the English in Stockholm, worked in Berlin as director and editor of the publishing firm of Nakanune, and was one of the props of Soviet journalism.

#### KRASSIN

Born in 1870 in Kurgansk, in the government of Tobolsk, the son of a police commissar, was friends

with Lenin in his youth, and worked as an engineer in the German firm of Siemens and Halske, and in this way established excellent connexions in financial and industrial circles in the Petrograd of pre-War days. Was Director of Finance of the Bolshevist Zentrum, was in Moscow during 1908, and was arrested in Finland the following year, but always managed to extricate himself from his difficulties. Helped Lenin to organize a system of highway robbery which filled the coffers of the party funds.

According to the information of a Mme Serebriakoffa, Krassin was a secret worker of the Ochrana from 1894-1902, and was unmasked through her. As evidence was forthcoming from previous police *dossiers* a case was started—oh, no, not against Krassin, but against Mme Serebriakoffa, and this wretched woman was subsequently executed!

He was the only Bolshevik who understood anything of business affairs, as he had so many connexions with the financial world abroad. He deposited £3,000,000 sterling in foreign banks. A prince of double-dealers, he promised the Bolsheviks in Moscow untold rewards from his foreign enterprises. Outside Russia he lived like a prince. His wife possessed diamonds, pearls, and a luxurious car, but in Moscow he wore a shabby suit and went about in a worn-out car of unknown make. His greatest enemy was Dzerjinski—in fact, it was rumoured that Krassin's death did not come to that gentleman as a great surprise.

Only his secretary, a one-eyed Lett called Julius Figatner, a former manager of a restaurant in Pjati-gorsk, protected Krassin during his lifetime from the

fury of Dzerjinski. Figatner and his wife, a famous sadist, murdered hundreds of Caucasian citizens, officers, and princes.

#### LITVINOFF

Born in 1876, the son of a humble citizen in Bialistok. His real name is Finkelstein. At Lenin's request he bought arms and ammunition in Petrograd in 1896, tried to change a five-hundred rouble note in Paris in 1908, and was arrested on suspicion of having taken part in gold raids in Tiflis. Was banished from France, and was unable to find employment up to the time of the Revolution, because it came out that he had been using stolen money to give gay parties in Paris for political purposes, as well as for his own private use.

He and his brother, who was "wanted" in Berlin on various charges of swindling, were, according to English documents, repeatedly convicted of theft in England, which is presumably the reason why the English refused to recognize him as Ambassador in London. Litvinoff himself would have given anything to get the appointment.

#### LUNATCHARSKI

Came from a very rich family, and was the son of an acting privy councillor. Left Russia voluntarily in 1907, and took part in the preparations for the Revolution. As his interests were chiefly confined to women he did not play a very important part.

## MENSHINSKI

Came of a very religious family. His father was a well-to-do acting privy councillor, and his brother a respected banker in Petrograd. He became a lawyer, and soon afterward a novelist, achieving fame by giving a candid description of the story of his divorce in one of his writings. Became a Social Democrat, got mixed up in a libel action, and was obliged to leave the country. Wandered about from *café* to *café*, spending his brother's money. Learned Japanese, changed his profession, and became an artist, and finally an official in a private bank. Was looked upon as rather a dandy, was extraordinarily well-groomed, and always had his finger- and toe-nails manicured with henna.

In December, 1917, he was in Petrograd, and because of his banking experience was appointed Chief Finance Kommissar. He plundered safes, and appropriated documents, etc. Accused Lenin of spending money which was not his own. He despised the working classes, calling them swine, and said that the proletarian culture was merely "a stupidity discovered by the *intelligentsia*." In 1920 he went to Berlin as General Consul, where he reconciled remorseless enemies, and became leader of the economic section of the Tcheka, and took over the political section. Shot down Russia's students, who during the War had been officers and was responsible for the shooting of the poet Gumileff and of Lasroffeski, the pro-rector of the Petrograd University. Climbed up gradually, until he became Dzerjinski's deputy, and was appointed Ad-

ministrator of the G.P.U. Suffered already, according to Moscow professors, from persecution mania. His sister was in charge of the theatrical section of the Ministry of Public Worship and Education, and squandered away enormous sums of money. His brother, a G.P.U. representative in Paris, spied on the counter-revolutionaries, and paved the way for the inclusion of France into the Soviet Union.

## STALIN

A native of Georgia, his real name being Joseph Dshungachvili. Son of a deacon, outwardly religious, he visited the church seminary, became soloist in an episcopal choir, and was expelled because he seduced the priest's cook in the house where he lived. Embittered by this, he became a Social Democrat, joined Lenin's group, and was arrested six times between 1903 and 1913. Led plundering expeditions on a large and sanguinary scale to swell the party funds, but was never punished for a large crime, only for trivial misdeeds, such as taking part in May Day celebrations, or directing a wages' strike, etc.

His greatest achievement was his "expropriation" in Tiflis, the proceeds from which made it possible to give work to the Bolsheviks for several years.

On July 18, 1917, two strangers were sitting at the window of a small restaurant in Tiflis, sharing a bottle of wine, and staring out into the empty street. The waiter, who had received a good tip, let them remain there undisturbed. They sat there silently, and anyone watching them carefully would have recognized



that in spite of their outward calm they were intensely nervous. A woman came down the street with long, quick strides, a second followed her, and both gave signs to the two men, who got up from their seats hurriedly and left the restaurant, going in the direction of Erivanskaia Plochtchad.

Suddenly they both disappeared. One of them slunk into the house of Prince Sumbatoff. A closed mail wagon approached the Skver, followed by another cart, surrounded by armed guards and a detachment of mounted Cossacks. In the cart was the sum of 341,000 roubles in 500-rouble notes, which the cashier and bookkeeper of the Tiflis branch of the Imperial Bank had fetched from the post-office and were transporting to their bank.

The foremost riders had just turned out of Erivanskaia Plochtchad into Sololakskaia, when a great bomb thrown from the roof of the house crashed into the midst of the Cossacks, and at the same time small bombs flew from every nook and cranny. There was a crackling of musketry, the transport horses shied, men were falling dead all round, and the cashier and the bookkeeper were dragged out of the mail wagon into the street.

A panic ensued. There was more firing, windows were broken, women fainted, the wounded groaned. Every one fled, and the car containing the money raced across the Skver driverless. A giant separated himself from the group of bystanders, flung himself on the cart, and hurled a bomb between the horses' legs. Once again everything went up in the air, and while the cart was hidden by thick clouds of dust and

smoke an officer ran across the Skver, seized the money, and vanished. It was Ter-Petrossian, Stalin's pupil, who had donned the uniform, according to plan, for the sake of protection.

It was all over in a few seconds, doctors were called, the military and police forces and civil authorities rushed to the spot. Witnesses were interrogated, wounded taken to hospitals, and the dead buried.

More than fifty lives were lost during this attack which Stalin had engineered for his party. The men in the restaurant had followed the transport from Petrograd. The women saw the money handed over to the bank officials of the Imperial Bank at the post-office, and notified their accomplices that the cart had driven off. The crime was never cleared up, as they could never find proof of the guilty parties. Only in more recent years has it been possible to piece together an account of that thrilling incident from the confessions of the men who to-day stand at the head of affairs.

Stalin is also notorious for his inhuman habit of shooting even his best friend if he deemed it necessary. He was violently anti-Jewish, and Lenin described him in his letters, found after his death, as the greatest and most dangerous idiot the Communist party possessed, and warned them never to put him in any position of authority.

#### TARATUTA

Was at the head of the Soviet Bank for Foreign Commerce, and is one of the oldest Communists.

Made the besotted widow of a rich Moscow furniture-manufacturer present her entire fortune to the party, was appointed Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Wool Trust after the Revolution, and when the industry came to an end became head of the Bank for Foreign Commerce and promoted the extension of trade reciprocity with Europe.

#### TCHITCHERIN

An aristocrat and Foreign Office official, he played a considerable *rôle* as a member of the Radical party in Berlin before the War; he was arrested in Charlottenburg in 1908 and banished from Prussia. He was dismissed from the service and deprived of his title. Was a confirmed revolutionary, even when still in imperial service. Before the War he was left a legacy.

He called a family council, and declared that his political views would not allow him to use the money for himself and that he intended distributing it among the peasants. If, however, the other members of his family laid any store by the money and wished to divide it up among themselves he was powerless to prevent them if he wished to avoid a family scandal.

Once in Moscow, the German Ambassador Brockdorff-Runtzau introduced himself to him, the all-powerful of the Soviet. Tchitcherin said coldly to the German, "You know, you as an upholder of feudal views don't fit into our *milieu* here at all!" "Well," answered Brockdorff-Runtzau, "you say that, you who, I am informed, are descended in a direct line from the Ruriks who were princes eight hundred years before

the Romanoffs existed! Tell me, who is the more feudal, you or I?" After which the two diplomats became firm friends.

#### TROTZKI

During my career in the Ministry of Justice I met him twice. His credentials at that time stood very high, and his name was in everybody's mouth. His ruthless, spontaneous speeches breathed an atmosphere of blood-lust, and after Lenin he was the greatest criminal in Russia.

His compact and slightly stooping figure was nearly always clothed in a thick grey trench-coat, with breeches to match. On his head he usually wore a cap with a large peak.

Leo Bronstein, *alias* Trotzki, Ivoff, Janorski, Comrade Nikolai, was born in 1877 on his father's estate, and was the son of a rich land proprietor in the district of Chersson. He attended the grammar school in Nikolaieff, and was looked upon by the young people of his acquaintance as a friend of the people, and was conspicuous for his attacks on the followers of Karl Marx. Efficient and wily, he showed signs even in those days of great ambition, energy, and self-assertion. He made friends only with those who were likely to be of use to him; those he could not use he threw aside as useless ballast. He was of a nervous disposition, and subject to epileptic fits. Moscow doctors were of the opinion that he had a growth on the brain.

In January, 1898, Bronstein was arrested, with other members of the "South Russian Workers Union," and

deported to Siberia for four years. On the way he married a Mlle Alexandra Sokoloffski. In Siberia he became attached to the *Irkutsker Zeitung*, and soon drew attention to himself, and was invited to work for the foreign newspaper *Iskra*. That provided him with the necessary impetus for flight, and, abandoning wife and children, he left the country and joined the Russian Social Democratic party under the name of Trotzki.

Up to the time of the Bolshevist Revolution, Trotzki stood as an isolated character in the party, taking sides neither with the Bolshevist nor the Menshevist factions. His nature demanded an independent position of power.

Lack of consideration in the choice of means was characteristic of Trotzki. This trait, developed in Lenin almost to the point of cynicism, was, however, always dictated by the interest in the Ideal and in the party, but in Trotzki it was entirely the personal, egotistical interest which was present, and had nothing to do with the common weal, the party, or the good of the State.

One of the first cases of high treason during the Revolution was that against Schtschassny, a captain in the navy, which was heard by the Revolutionary Tribunal in the Kremlin. The prisoner was accused of attempting to weaken the fighting powers of the navy in order to facilitate the taking of Petrograd by the enemy. No one thought there would be a sanguinary end to the case. The Communists behaved in a restrained manner.

The prosecution was represented by Krilenko, and

the lawyer Shdanoff undertook the defence. A good deal was talked about the achievement in October, the important victories of the proletariat, and the machinations of numerous revolutionaries, but circumstantial evidence was not forthcoming.

Krilenko flung catch-words into the court, paid no attention to the witnesses for the defence, and now and again asked what he thought to be a very cunning, insidious question, after which he sat down again and picked at the pimples on his pock-marked face.

He seemed to be waiting for something which would give the case a decided turn. Suddenly Trotzki appeared before the barrier of the court.

As usual he was accompanied by a tall young man of the Red Guard, armed to the teeth, who attentively watched all those present during Trotzki's evidence.

Trotzki began to speak in a loud voice. His speech breathed such hatred against the accused that the counsel for the defence protested, but Krilenko sprang furiously to his feet and declined to allow pettifogging lawyers to annoy the tribunal with empty formalities.

Trotzki's eloquence knew no end. One unfounded accusation after another fell from his lips. In vain the prisoner contradicted, in vain counsel for the defence protested. It had long ceased to be the testimony of a witness. Trotzki pointed out the numerous opponents of the Bolshevist party, and demanded their merciless extermination. They were advancing from all sides in an attempt to strangle the proletariat; an example must be made; one must show that it was no laughing matter.

Trotzki's time was short. A telegram had that moment arrived from the Czech front. His face was beginning to show signs of fatigue, but he forcefully demanded the head of the accused.

The defence pleaded in vain, but, after all, of what use is logic, reason, and conscience against a mass of fictitious accusations?

The prisoner was sentenced to be shot, and two days later the sentence was carried out on the parade ground of the Alexander Military Academy, and the defending counsel was arrested.

#### UNSCHLICHT

Born in Lodz, at the age of fourteen he was already one of the radical terrorists. Called himself a dentist, was commander of the Red Military Police, and in command of some of the G.P.U. troops. Assisted Lenin to take possession of the defenceless town of Vilna in 1919, and commandeered an entire house for himself, throwing the owners out into the street.

He finished the dinner they had already begun, arrested all well-dressed people in the streets, and sent them as hostage to Russia or else shot them on the spot. Imprisoned all clients of the more important businesses, and subsequently had them killed. Had brought to him all the clients of a certain luxury tailor on the ground that he had been guilty of trickery and shot them down. Was obliged finally to flee from the vengeance of the Poles, and became executioner to the Tcheka in Moscow, and arrested all N.E.P. men <sup>1</sup> in

<sup>1</sup> N.E.P. Stands for New Economic Police.—TRANSLATOR.

the streets and sent them to salt-mines of Turkestan, to the Antarctic Ocean, to the northernmost part of Russia, and to Eastern Siberia. He put all political prisoners and citizens in charge of criminals, and managed in spite of all his revolutionary deeds to remain in the background.

## URITSKI

Apparently born in Tcherkassy, in the government of Kieff, in 1875, was banished to Vologda owing to the distribution of revolutionary propaganda. Decamped abroad, joined the Menshevists, but became a Bolshevik after the Revolution, and proved himself to be a merciless butcher as head of the Tcheka in Petrograd. Was murdered by Kannegieser, was given a magnificent funeral, but was not remembered with any affection by his comrades.

## ZINOVIEV

Otherwise Orsei, Apfelbaum, Radomystovski. Born in 1883 in Novomirgorod, he was banished from Petrograd in 1908, because of his revolutionary activities; disappeared abroad, and only returned to Russia after the Revolution.

In the twelfth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is the following entry:

Zinoviev, Grigori (Orsei Gershon Aronor) . . . His original name was Aronor, but he was known in early life under the names of Apfelbaum . . . Radomystovski, . . . Shatski, Grigoriev, Grigori, and Zinoviev. In the summer of 1917, the paper *Den* published revelations



showing that he had been formerly employed by the department of police, and this statement was not refuted. . . . He became a prominent member of the Petrograd Soviet, of which he became president.

In the thirteenth edition, published when England was more friendly to the Soviet, we read:

Zinoviev, Grigory Evseevich (1883— ), Russian politician, was born in September 1883, at Elisavetgrad (Zinovievsk). He studied chemistry and later law at Berne University, Switzerland. He was active as a revolutionary . . . before he was 20, and in 1903 met Lenin. . . . He started Bolshevik propaganda in South Russia . . . came into prominence . . . by his organization of the attempted Kronstadt rising after the dispersal of the first Duma and his editorship of the Bolshevist paper *Vpered* (Forward) and of *The Social Democrat*. . . . He became one of the leading figures in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics . . . and was one of the most zealous upholders of pure "Leninism." A prolific writer, he published many volumes of collected essays and speeches, which form a comprehensive guide to the problems of the revolution and of the reconstruction of Soviet Russia.

Yes, one can still learn, even in England. Zinoviev appointed all his relatives to lucrative positions, but took a share of his father's, brother's, and brother-in-law's savings.

## EACH MAN HIS OWN MINT

AN ancient official of the Government Central Pay Office sat behind his counter changing the banknotes which from time to time were laid before him.

Outside stood a man, pushing more and more sheets of rouble notes through the little window: four sheets, ten sheets, 80,000 roubles in all.

"That's odd," thought the old cashier; "these notes look much smaller than the others."

"Hold on a bit," he said, suddenly disappearing into the testing laboratory, where he saw at once that the paper had no watermark, and that every sheet had been printed with sixteen rows of notes, instead of only twelve. It was a glaring and clumsy forgery.

He returned to the counter and asked for more notes to change. These he was given, and in the meantime officials appeared, who took the man outside into custody. He confessed everything at once, and gave away the whole gang. They were arrested without delay, and their plant was commandeered. They had already put three and a half million notes into circulation; the remainder were confiscated. The scoundrels had used genuine paper from the Government Stationery Office at first, and the forgeries were indistinguishable from the genuine notes. But one day when they had had too much to drink after the celebration of a victory, and had forgotten their formula,

they threw discretion to the winds and used any paper that would fit the printing-press. The forgers were given a year's hard labour, and the seven million false notes were confiscated, put through the Government Pay Office, and circulated as genuine.

Another time a fat profiteer fell into the hands of the Tcheka. In order to ascertain the extent of his operations they offered to release him on payment of a million roubles. He paid up without winking an eyelash.

For a week he was allowed to enjoy complete freedom. He was then caught again, and the same manœuvre was repeated.

But this time he had to disgorge two million. Again the profiteer discharged his debt in the same light-hearted manner. "Aha," thought the Tchekists, "this is indeed a plump goose."

And when they arrested him for the third time they demanded five million roubles. The speculator became pensive, hesitated, and pleaded for two days' grace. This was granted, and punctually to the minute the money was laid on the table.

This created a great sensation. "This fellow's an artful rogue! What on earth can he speculate in that he can produce such enormous sums at such short notice?" After a fresh breathing-space they demanded another sacrifice from the victim.

"How much this time?"

"Ten million roubles!"

"No, that's impossible; it's beyond my means."

"Very well, then, it's either that or the wall for you."

"Will you give me time to get the money?"

"Yes, five days!"

"What can you be thinking of? I need at least a fortnight!"

"Very well, a week!"

"One week and that's the limit, or up against the wall you go!"

The week went by, and at the end of that the profiteer arrived at the Tcheka. Under his arm he carried an enormous packet, behind him two lads were dragging a heavy burden. The speculator stood leaning in front of the astonished Tchekists, and breathlessly asked their pardon.

"I have brought seven million," he said. "I have not had time to make any more. You can finish printing the rest yourselves. I have brought the press with me."

## THE SOVIET SPECULATES ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE

FROM 1917-21 the impression took root among the population that all notes that were not Tsarist roubles were forgeries, no matter who had printed them.

For a time the notes were printed only on one side, and looked like labels that one stuck on bottles, and every housewife who possessed such a note for 500 to 1000 roubles was interested in it only from the point of view of exchanging it for a pound of horse-flesh; therefore she did not worry over its origin.

That was all right so far as the Russians themselves were concerned, but foreigners would only deal in dollars and pounds sterling. That was more difficult.

But even this problem had a solution. In 1922 some false English money was discovered in Vienna that was scarcely distinguishable from the genuine. Only a letter *n* was printed upside-down.

Investigation proved that the money, chiefly £1 and £5 notes, emanated from Constantinople, and in spite of continuous export the number continued to increase, instead of decreasing, and it was subsequently discovered that the workshop was situated in the Soviet Union, and the merchant Delafare, who received the forged English notes from the Soviet Government, and exchanged them into French francs, was arrested in Odessa and dealt with by the law.

The French Colonial Office officially announced that the Soviet steamship *Erivan* anchored in a French harbour in 1926 and bought coal. After the ship's departure it was found that the captain had paid for the coal with spurious money.

The T'chekist Sumarokoff, who fled from the Soviet Embassy in 1924, informed the German authorities that he had received false Roumanian leis from the foreign department of the T'cheka treasury for distribution abroad. The Bolshevists did not confine themselves to the manufacture of spurious coinage, but dabbled also in faked shares.

The Paris scandal, in which a considerable number of forged shares in Lena Goldfields, Ltd., found their way on to the market, is well known. It was established even at the preliminary investigation that they had their origin in Moscow. The forgery was so well done that it was difficult to tell the difference between the false and the genuine shares. With the exception of the English seal and the signature of the English director of the company, the forgery was almost perfect, and must have been manufactured in an official plant.

It would seem from statements, testimonies of witnesses, etc., that some person other than those arrested by the Paris police was also mixed up in the affair and far more seriously "compromised."

This man deposited over two million francs' worth of Lena shares in the bank, and sent whole mailbags full of shares to France without being caught.

He remained safe and sound in his hiding-place, the Soviet Embassy. He was the Peoples' Commissar. The Government authorities knew him perfectly well, but

they did not touch his stolen money. It lay safely in a Paris bank, and interested them so little that they allowed him to remove it to Berlin.

This man was Rakoffski's assistant, and as long as the Franco-Soviet Russian Conference lasted no one, of course, could lay a finger on Rakoffski.

The French Press was convinced that the manufacture of the forged Lena shares in Moscow represented a part of the Bolshevist plot against foreign holders of Russian securities.

A scheme was worked out during two sittings of the February term of the People's Council. The first thing was that the holders of Russian script should believe that a peaceful agreement would be reached as regard to the debt question. This would cause the shares to go up, so that the market would then be flooded with false shares, the swindle would be discovered, and small shareholders would be victimized and promises would be retracted.

In October, 1925, the first packet of faked shares was sent from Moscow to Paris through the Rickholz Bank, and handed over for safe-keeping to the Soviet Bank.

Exchanges, bank waiting-rooms, and business people were besieged by brokers inflating the Lena shares. The order came from the Peoples' Commissar. The first selling out occurred on October 19, and instead of causing the stock to depreciate it sent it up, and in December the value had improved from 25 to 140 francs.

The forged shares were literally torn out of people's hands.

Sokolnikoff triumphed. Already eight million francs' worth of shares were ready to be thrown on to the market according to plan, when the carelessness of one of those concerned gave the show away too soon, and the swindle was discovered.

At this point the Bolsheviks endeavoured to put Hungarian bonds into circulation, but the shrewd Paris police caught the dealers.

The brothers Semion and Boris Toffbin, already well known in Odessa as forgers, entered the Bolshevik service in Paris, after having been expelled from Germany with a long list of crimes against them. Semion had an Italian passport, and Boris a Roumanian. They were the same scoundrels who disposed of the Windischgrätz banknotes (made in Hungary) in Paris. Their first success was the selling of Chinese Government bonds, of the year 1895.

Soon afterward one of the brothers was employed in the Soviet Embassy in Paris, and became one of their most important financial advisers. Foreign stock was sent from Moscow, which the Toffbins carefully disposed of in small quantities of a few hundred. But there was trouble over the commission. As the brothers believed they had been cheated they demanded a considerable sum of money from the Embassy in exchange for the Chinese and other foreign bonds, and if they did not get it they threatened to show the world what sort of things went on in the Embassy.

So Paris was bled to provide these bandits with hush-money, and in return the Embassy received a certificate saying that the Toffbins had no further claim on the Soviet.



## NAPHTHA SHARES FROM THE KREMLIN

"Excuse me," said the new client, "here are my papers. I am a Frenchman. My name is Henri Blum."

The Paris broker looked at the certificate, and saw that it was in order.

"Here," continued Henri Blum, "are two hundred Naphtha shares. Will you kindly sell them for me? They stand to-day at eight hundred francs. I shall be quite satisfied if you give me an advance of fifty thousand francs."

The broker still saw nothing suspicious in this perfectly normal offer, closed the deal, took the 200 shares, and handed over the sum requested. So far so good.

The broker was still inspecting the shares, when suddenly the police came into the office and arrested him. The broker resisted, and had to be bound.

"But why? What have I done?"

"You'd better come along without any trouble. You'll soon hear, if by any chance you don't know already."

He was led away to the court of inquiry and examined.

"You have been trafficking in forged Naphtha shares."

"That may be, but I didn't know they were forgeries."

"Where did you get them from?"

"From Henri Blum."

"Hallo, who's Henri Blum?"

"A Frenchman."

"Where is he?"

He was found, arrested, and dragged to the court.

"Where did you get them from?"

Henri Blum babbled about mysterious middlemen, but finally had to admit, "The shares were sent to me from Moscow."

And all official evidence bore out his statement.

## LENIN'S CORPSE

"PROFESSOR S., will you kindly read out this notice in the *Iswestija*," said a student of S., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Charkoff.

Professor S., who after a lengthy career as a lecturer had had to flee from the Bolshevists to Bulgaria, had become very careful, although the Ukrainian Government had given him a personal guarantee of inviolability, and granted his plea that he should return to his old professorship. He read the notice. "Lenin's Corpse, which has been examined by Professor Abrikossoff, has already begun to show signs of decomposition."

"What do you think of that, Professor?" asked the student.

"Well, it seems to me that they have done it extremely badly and carelessly," answered the Professor.

This sentence was to prove a fateful one. An hour later the Professor was sent for by telephone to the Health Commission of the Ukrainian Republic. He went quite unsuspectingly.

The Commissar surprised him with the question, "You announced, did you not, that the embalming of Lenin's body had been badly done? On what do you base your assumption?"

"On nothing at all," answered the dismayed Professor.

"But you said, I think, that Abrikossoff didn't understand his work?"

"I was tired after the lecture, and cannot now remember the student's exact question."

The Professor was given leave to retire. Two days later he was summoned to Moscow by telegram.

He was given a private compartment, with all expenses paid, and twenty-four hours later arrived in Moscow.

He was met at the station by Dzerjinski, Semachko, and Kalinin, and taken to the G.P.U., where he was given breakfast. Dzerjinski's first question was: "Did Professor Abrikossoff carry out the embalming in a proper manner, or is there something behind it, that the body has so rapidly decomposed and looks so terrible?"

Professor S. grasped at once how much depended on his answer.

"Abrikossoff is the only expert of this kind in Russia, and I am sure used all the most modern methods of embalming."

"Professor, consider a moment, are there not other processes which could preserve the body at least for two or three years?" asked Dzerjinski. "Think well, Professor, or you may reproach yourself later. Don't worry what they will say about it abroad. You will remain in Moscow."

A few days later the Professor went to the museum.

Were his nerves especially on edge?

Did the unaccustomed surroundings depress him?

He crossed the room in terror.

He, who had spent half his life in dissecting-rooms

and was used to the stench of corpses, was horrified, when he saw Lenin's pallid and decayed body in its glass case.

Puffed out and bloated, the skin cracked and discoloured, it was a ghastly picture of decomposition.

"I must have absolute quiet!" declared the Professor. "Please leave me entirely alone." They all went away, leaving a number of sentries posted outside the door.

For six days he examined the corpse, during which time he ate nothing at all, and drank only a little from a flask of brandy he had brought with him. Only when he felt so ill that he could not continue his work did he go to Dzerjinski.

"If I am to accomplish what I must do it is necessary for me to have my colleague Professor S. from Charkoff!"

"No, he is an enemy of our Government. We have already dismissed him for untrustworthiness."

"I need him, though. I can't do it without him."

"Apart from that, he dabbles in the occult. We can't stand for that," said Dzerjinski, persisting in his refusal.

"Yes, but all that doesn't matter. He's got to come."

Dzerjinski at last agreed to give his consent. But Professor S. had not yet finished. "I shall also require the attendant from the Museum of Anatomy. He has been an assistant official for years."

"Agreed, agreed. I agree with everything; only accomplish what you have to do, otherwise——"

Both men arrived. The body of some other person, an unknown, ostensibly the body of a recently deceased

soldier of the Red Army was taken, and those parts of Lenin's body which had decayed were replaced by the still fresh ones of the new corpse, the result being an excellently restored mummy.

The body looked magnificent, and every one was delighted with it.

Professor S. received the Order of the Red Flag, a letter of safe-conduct for the rest of his life, and a considerable sum of money for his scientific work.

## SOVIET "VISITS" TO FOREIGN EMBASSIES

STATE protection, declare the Communists, is a middle-class notion that the creators of a new culture will disregard—which is the reason why people trespass light-heartedly into foreign Embassies, plunder, arrest officials and, if necessary, the Ambassadors themselves, shut up everything, and kill when it serves their purpose. It is therefore small wonder when others fail to worry over the hitherto punctilious ideas of conduct in official positions abroad. Berlin and London, it is true, only interfere when they have a well-founded suspicion that the law is being broken. China no longer recognizes these limitations, and investigates and makes daily arrests in what should be the sphere of the Soviet Embassy.

The Soviet naturally employ protectional measures in order that their criminal dealings should not be discovered. The foreign officials of the Soviet always form confidential connexions with the police of the country in which they live, and it is favourably regarded by the Soviet when a loyal servant of the Embassy naturalizes himself, so that he may move about the country in greater safety and pursue his evil ways in peace.

Here are a few examples of sudden visits to various Soviet buildings out of Russia. Harbin in China. The end of May, 1929. The police were prowling round

the Soviet Consulate because numerous eyewitnesses had reported what the initiated world had known for years, namely, that Chinese, Japanese, and American bonds and banknotes were being forged there, and lists of officials, *emigrés*, and soldiers who were loyal or disloyal to the Bolshevist cause were hidden there.

Suddenly ten men were seen to rush through the gates into the house. Burglar-alarms ready for all such sudden attacks rang all over the building, officials carried out a drill which had been practised hundreds of times. They rushed to the cupboards containing important papers, carried them to the ever-burning stoves, and cast into the flames everything upon which they could lay their hands in those few minutes.

In the doorway the Chinese met a group of obviously very agitated Consular officials.

"What are you doing here? This is Russian territory. You are infringing on our rights, we warn you."

The police-officers started a discussion, during which time the men in their rooms had ample time to complete their work of destruction.

Finally, pushing every one aside, the police rushed into the rooms. Ashes—nothing more!

Consul Melnikoff still stood by the stove scattering what he could with a poker. The only things that the Chinese could find were forged envelopes, official Japanese, Chinese, and American forms, and, by a bit of good luck, a list of friends and enemies of the Soviet in the Chinese Army, among the railway *employés*, in emigration circles, and among the police. What did the Communists say to this plunder? Just what they always do when they are unable to dispute the facts—



they protested that the envelopes and lists were fakes placed there by *agents provocateurs* who wished to sow seeds of dissension between the two states in order that the Soviet should stamp out one of them.

And what took place in Berlin? Exactly the same thing. The present President of the Berlin Police, Dr Weiss, who was at that time director of the political police, found that the headquarters of the Russian Trade Department in the Lindenstrasse was the centre point of a widely branching espionage system of the Soviet, etc. It was decided to search the house, with the result that packets were found containing Communist inflammatory literature and appeals to the police and the imperial defence.

At a given moment the Bolshevists rose up with cries of "violation of territorial rights," "scandalous behaviour of the Berlin police." "Slanderers! it's all lies! We are men of honour. We won't stand this treatment." The officials were reviled and cursed.

The German Foreign Office had to interfere, and Dr Weiss, the official responsible at the time, was dismissed. And what was the Trade Department doing?

It decided to make a statement.

It has come to our knowledge that the official Johann Bozenhart of the department for technical imports has been dismissed from the service for disloyal behaviour during his arrest by the police, in a matter which had nothing at all to do with the Trade Department, according to the information of Comrade W. W. Starkov, Deputy Representative.

All at once it was discovered that the scapegoat was not a Communist at all, but just an ordinary *bourgeois*. Moreover, Herr Bozenhart, the chosen victim, was, as every one knows full well, not only a member of a Communist "germ cell," but also was the responsible director of the "Terror" group of the German Tcheka.

Since then the Communist brethren have trembled in their shoes. Litvinoff and Tchitcherin both availed themselves of police protection while they were living in the Esplanade Hotel in Berlin. In the street, too, they were always shadowed by two Soviet agents.

They excused their fear by the explanation that former officers of the old *régime* had planned their murder in Berlin. Even Joffe had police protection in the Kaiserhof Hotel. Two Berlin plain-clothes men followed at his heels wherever he went.

A police-officer in plain clothes always sat next to the chauffeur, and a second awaited him at his destination and had a good look round at everything in the vicinity before his arrival. Which reminds me of a coincidence that happened in Riga.

Joffe returned one night to his hotel after a strenuous evening of peace negotiations, climbed the dark stairs, and stumbled over a pair of shoes. It gave him the shock of his life, and he cursed a good Russian curse.

The door opened, a figure glided swiftly across the corridor, threw itself upon Joffe, and cried out,—  
"Now I've got you at last!"

Joffe succeeded in escaping. He screamed for help, and raised the alarm. Attempted assassination of Joffe! Luckily no harm was done. The attempt had failed.

But in spite of that the terrified man remained on his sofa for three days with acute palpitations. The matter was investigated, and the assassin was discovered.

It was a female assassin, the wife of one of the other Soviet officials, who in the darkness mistook the returning Joffe for her long-expected husband, and received him with a welcome in use even in a non-Soviet world. It was a difficult matter to explain the attempted assassination to Joffe.

One can imagine how every Soviet Embassy was secretly watched. In Berlin the observation post was in the treasury of the Intelligence Department, in the back regions of the Embassy. It was defended by three American machine-guns, eight quick-firing rifles, eight flintlocks, seventeen revolvers on the same system as Browning and Mauser, bombs, and a large quantity of cartridges.

The local guard was made up of Communists enrolled from the neighbourhood. They were housed in the basements and *concierges'* rooms, and were placed at the outer door of the building to guard the Consulates and Trade Departments. Their armament consisted of Mauser revolvers of heavy calibre and bombs.

The exterior guard duty in Berlin was carried out by armed agents of the G.P.U. in the regions of the Brandenburger Tor, Unter den Linden, the Friedrichstrasse railway station, and in the square where the Consulate was situated. Those on duty with the interior guard had orders to open fire immediately they observed police or other suspicious persons endeavour-

ing to effect an entrance either from the street or from the roofs of neighbouring houses. The outdoor guards were to notify those inside immediately they saw any signs of pedestrians or police collecting together, or any suspicious conversations being held.

The Consulates and Trade Departments forbade their *employés* to be out later than eight o'clock at night, and they had orders to rush to the Consulate-General immediately an alarm was raised. Their telephone numbers had to be left with a courier and, after eight o'clock at night, at their houses, should they have gone out, as well as the address at which they could be found.

On May 24, 1927, the British Premier, Mr Baldwin, published the results of investigations into Bolshevist activities in England. The secret agents of the Soviet Government received their instructions from members of the commercial delegation, and secret documents stolen from the English were copied at Arcos House in London, and sent to Moscow. One Englishman succeeded in stealing two secret plans dealing with national defence, which he handed over to the Soviet—*i.e.*, Arcos House. The London police at once searched the house. In the cellars they found a photographic laboratory under the direction of the Communist Kaulin.

Kaulin, it was discovered from confiscated papers, directed the Soviet espionage between the European and American Communists on the one side and the Soviet officials on the other. The Secretary was Shilinski, head of the Secret Intelligence and propaganda

organizations in Europe. One of the documents found gave details of how the English fleet was being ripened for Communism.

Miller, the treasurer, was actually surprised in his room as he was burning incriminating papers, and all that was left was a small handful, which the officials snatched from him.

England accumulated a useful list of addresses of secret Communist intermediaries in the United States, Mexico, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

It was thus established without any doubt that Arcos House was conducting a campaign of military espionage and revolution propaganda with the full knowledge and agreement of the Consulate-General. Since then agents in London have been very cautious, and anything at all incriminating has been done in Berlin. Everybody meets in Berlin who has anything to do with the disseminating of Communism.

Sumarokoff, the Red diplomat, fled from the Berlin Soviet Embassy in Unter den Linden. In Paris he met another ex-diplomat, and in the course of conversation, as though it was quite a natural thing to happen in these days, he said, "I bought a revolver in Berlin and asked my colleague 'U.' in the Berlin Embassy,— 'Tell me, comrade, is there anywhere in the neighbourhood where one can practice shooting?'

" 'Well, you can go out to Wannsee, in the Grünewald, but from our point of view it's labour in vain. Come with us, comrade,' and he led me into the Embassy cellar. Underneath that was another cellar.

" 'You can shoot here as hard and make as much

noise as you like. Above you are nothing but comrades.'

"What is that little mound in the recess?' I asked, as I looked round this curious shooting-range.

"The mound we have covered over with planks?"

"Yes.

"Oh, that's a grave. Three Communists lie there who were condemned and shot.'"

This conversation was published by the diplomat, who vouched for its authenticity.

England was particularly interested in the story, as an assistant secretary of the Soviet had mysteriously disappeared. Investigations were made, but nothing turned up. It was only established that he had a nervous breakdown and had been taken on board a Soviet steamship for his health. Only after some time had elapsed was it definitely established that the unfortunate young man had by chance learned too much of the internal workings of the London organization and was therefore looked upon as dangerous. Hence the circulation of the lie regarding his "nervous breakdown." He was lured on to a boat, and at the first opportunity was pushed overboard.

This is a favourite method of disposing of too well-informed friends. They are called to Moscow on one pretext or another, and they answer the call in all innocence, hoping that it means promotion. Comrade Levenbuch was recalled in this manner. He was especially enthusiastic, and hired an aeroplane, but was arrested immediately after his landing in Moscow by the G.P.U.

The London Consular official H. was recalled to

Moscow in 1928 as a Christmas present. He declined, knowing what was in store for him, but a Tchekist went to London to fetch him, and took him in a motor-bus to the station. During the ride H. had a heart attack, and a few months later another secretary, Fischer, died from the same cause in the same circumstances. The London police investigated the case minutely, as they were convinced that Fischer did not die from a heart attack, but from a blow. However, they had to abandon the investigation for lack of further evidence. One can understand that it is to the advantage of any witnesses that may be called in connexion with such cases to be silent.

Traikovitch, a twenty-two year old Pole living in Warsaw, received a letter telling him to go to the Soviet Embassy in the Posenerstrasse. Without any suspicion he accepted the invitation on September 2, 1927. Scarcely had he entered the building when he was set upon by the *concierge*, Schletzer, and thrown on to the ground. Schletzer then drew a revolver, and Traikovitch tried to run, but the Communist Gussew, the notorious I.N.O. courier, etc., stood in his way. Shots rang out. People hurried to the spot. Traikovitch lay pouring with blood on the ground, moaning. Schletzer seized a newspaper, swiftly broke the glass of a portrait of Lenin which was hanging there, and cut an artery with one of the splinters.

One of the witnesses wanted to call a doctor, but he was prevented, and two Soviet *employés* carried the still-breathing *concierge* out into the courtyard, where he lay dying until Gussew mercifully put him out of his misery by a bullet.

Brand, a postman, had been an unwilling witness to all this, and he was surrounded, offered money, land in Russia, anything he wanted, so long as he held his tongue. Two hours afterward the Soviet reported the affair to the police, describing it as a regrettable accident that had happened to a Foreign Office messenger. Traikovitch had attacked the *concierge*. There was the proof, that dreadful wound on his arm. The man, a German, moreover, naturally had to reprove the Pole, and in the scuffle that followed the invader, who persistently attacked him, was unfortunately done in.

The truth came out at the trial. Warsaw established the fact with horror that several hundred Chinese lived within its walls and were in direct communication with the Bolsheviks, and that over five hundred Tchekists had already acquired citizenship. They soon began to practise their sinister trades, and from there they went out as tried masters of their profession to all parts of Europe and in all hidden-away Communist towns.

Kirdanoffski was a young Warsaw journalist working for foreign newspapers. He was especially interested in the Moscow Press, and read it in the waiting-room of the Soviet Embassy in the Hôtel de Rome. One day when he had finished reading and was about to leave the reading-room two couriers called out, "Kindly remain where you are."

Kirdanoffski remained.

"Follow us."

"Why should I?"

Instead of answering him they shoved two revolvers under his nose, and so, of course, he followed. He was



taken into another room, where sat a Soviet official.

"Kindly take a seat," he invited the journalist.

Kirdanoffski demanded an explanation as to why he had been treated in this manner without any reason.

"Without reason? Now, my dear friend, you know the reason as well as I do. You say that you are working for foreign newspapers. So you are. But your chief occupation, if you will excuse my speaking so plainly, is that of a spy for the second section of the Polish General Staff."

"It must be a case of mistaken identity. I am not, never have been, and never shall be a spy."

"That might make an impression with a layman, but it carries no weight with me, because our Intelligence Service has given me convincing proofs of your activities."

"I assure you, sir, once more that you have made a mistake, and as I have nothing further to discuss with you I bid you adieu."

"Ah, my dear sir, we do not appear to have made it clear to you that you are in our custody, and we have made up our minds to make use of you as a spy. You will, of course, be arrested and handed over to our jurisdiction. But, listen, you have not yet been informed of the gravity of the situation. We have it in our power to condemn you to death. We will, however, not exercise that prerogative if you——"

"If I?"

"—if you will come over to our side."

"But I am not a spy."

"Very well, you soon will be, and a good one at that. We are, as you know, not stingy. You can earn a lot

with us. So much that it would soon be possible for you to retire abroad and do whatever you liked."

"I am no spy."

"Stop all these stupid protestations; they won't be believed however much you lie. If you will not voluntarily come and work for us we will find the means."

"You will find no means, gentlemen. You will release me at once. I am a free Polish subject in Warsaw under the law of my country, and never under yours."

The official rang the bell, and the two couriers appeared, fell upon Kirdanoffski, and belaboured him with life-preservers until he fell to the ground. Then they threw him out into the street. A doctor arrived and ordered him to be removed to the hospital. The whole affair came to light, and Kirdanoffski died the same night as a result of his injuries.

## THE LURE OF MOSCOW

THE Soviet spends money freely and spares neither labour nor time in order to lure those they wish into their net. And they made up their minds to get the anti-Bolshevist Ataman Tiutiunnik away from the country where he worked and to bring him to Moscow. They therefore arrested Grigori Pavloffski, his representative in Kieff, shut him up in their notorious cellars until he was ready to give his defence, and to betray his friend into the service of the Bolshevists. Pavloffski, therefore, on instructions from the I.N.O., sent a message to the unsuspecting Tiutiunnik saying that a powerful anti-Soviet league had been formed in the Ukraine. Tiutiunnik swallowed the bait, and asked to be allowed to back this organization. Couriers were dispatched to him with alleged plans, the movements of troops, and schedules of expenses, etc; and Tiutiunnik, fully convinced of the existence of the league, sent a capable assistant to his deputy in Kieff.

Pavloffski met this man at night at the frontier, and they journeyed unhindered to Kieff, where Pavloffski enticed him into an alleged house of conspirators and had him arrested. Actually, of course, the conspirators were members of the Tcheka, and Pavloffski had been working on their side for some time.

The unfortunate assistant was shut up and tortured. He was made to listen to other men being condemned

to death and enjoined to give up his friend. At last he submitted, and promised the Bolsheviks to work against Tiutiunnik. At last! Now everything was ready for the chief victim. There followed an exchange of letters.

Both traitors entreated him at all costs to come to Russia, "Don't be so cowardly," they wrote.

We can review our situation to much better advantage here, and when we, as your old and tried friends, swear that no one will recognize you surely you can abandon your misunderstandable opposition. How can we believe in your great courage? Here in Russia it must be deeds not words for our great cause, which grows in power and expansion day by day and night by night.

Tiutiunnik slunk as far as the Roumanian border, but they could not get him over into the Ukraine. For a whole year his former friends wrote to him, and at last he agreed to follow his advisors, and declared his intention of coming to free the Ukraine.

Pavloffski and his assistant could scarcely restrain their joy at this answer.

In order to show you how deeply we feel about your decision we will both await you at the head of the insurgent troops on the bank of the Dniester. Only come, leader! Come! Come! Your beloved Russia awaits you!

And he came. Pavloffski and the other turncoats camped on the Russian side of the river with eighteen insurgents, who were, of course, in reality T'chekists.

The Roumanians camped on the other side. They knew, of course, that Tiutiunnik was to be met by the

rebels, but when they learned that they were Tchekists they determined to avenge their friend and opened fire on the Bolsheviks with machine-guns. Pavloffski rowed across to the other side in a small boat with one of the disguised Tchekists. Tiutiunnik greeted his old friend, and then suddenly gave a spasmodic start. Did he suspect a plot?

At the last moment it seemed as though he were going to refuse to cross the frontier. No, it was only that he wanted his other friend to fetch him. He wanted to convince himself that he really was on the other side. Tiutiunnik knew his men. The waiting Tchekists began to get uneasy; Pavloffski's boat appeared. At last!

What was the meaning of that? Where was the scoundrel? Why did he keep them waiting so shortly before his end? The mousetrap was already shut! He couldn't escape now!

Pavloffski landed and explained the delay. Very well, then, the other friend shall go over. Three armed Tchekists were sent with him with orders to shoot the moment Tiutiunnik attempted to make any difficulties. The boat returned. Tiutiunnik was standing holding two revolvers held at the ready. Beside him were two unfriendly-looking bombs, which were to be used as a signal to the lookout men on the Roumanian side should trouble arise.

The Tchekists assisted their general up the high bank; they were mightily afraid of the bombs and of the Roumanian machine-guns. Suddenly the notorious executioner Karl Mucke sprang at the general and cracked him on the skull with the butt end of his

revolver. The wretched man fell to the ground streaming with blood. Was he unconscious? Dead?

Every one was horrified. The orders had been to deliver him in Moscow alive.

They treated him as best they could, a carriage was fetched, and the unconscious man was conveyed to the next village, where he was looked after and brought back to life.

The leader was triumphant with the success of his "haul," and cabled at once to Moscow: "Tobacco sold."

Tiutiunnik was cast like others before him into the Cellar of Horror, and was made to witness morning, noon, and night the ghastly spectacle of the executions. It had its effect.

The Ataman forgot his plans for the freedom of the Ukraine, enrolled in the Red Army, and became one of the directors of the Intelligence Service in Charkoff.

## A BEGGAR

A TRAMP was wandering about the country, his beard matted and unkempt, and his clothes in rags. He crept begging from door to door, roaming over the whole of Russia until somewhere or other he was seized by the collar, and it was discovered that he was a Polish tramp, and he was quickly deposited on his own side of the frontier. The Soviet has enough tramps of its own.

Scarcely had the beggar arrived in Warsaw when he shaved off his beard, fetched the clothes which had been looked after for him in his absence by friends, and burst from his chrysalis as Prince Dolgoruki, took the train for Berlin, and wrote his experiences as a tramp in the land of the Bolsheviks for the *Rul*.<sup>1</sup> Moscow seethed with rage. How was it possible that they could have allowed such a choice morsel to escape a Soviet bullet, and even more than that give him the opportunity of making fun of them? Well, there's got to be no more of that sort of thing. Did one keep up an expensive Intelligence Service in order that at the first escapade of a Prince everything went wrong? Where were the idiots who had arrested him and then let him go again before making proper inquiries? The best way of dealing with that kind of stupidity and inefficiency

<sup>1</sup> The *Rul* (*The Wheel*) is a newspaper published in Moscow.—TRANSLATOR.

was to stand them up against the wall as a temporary substitute for the real victim who had slipped from their clutches.

Trilisser had all those responsible up in front of him, and sent them all to the devil, and a special commission was formed for the capture of this audacious young man. He must be followed to Berlin and Paris, shadowed with the greatest care, and never for one moment must Trilisser's sleuths let him out of their sight. At last one day they noticed that he had not shaved for a day or two. Therefore Prince Dolgoruki was growing a beard. Therefore Prince Dolgoruki wished to return to Russia.

Reinforcements were rushed to the scene. It was impossible for the Prince to move a finger without a representative of the Tcheka seeing it. At last when the beard was grown he took the train for Warsaw, followed closely by the eyes of Soviet. In Warsaw he obtained false passports. The Bolsheviks know everything, and it is, indeed, to be feared that they even had them ready for him. He went to Roumania. Opposite to him in the train sat a genial German, also a Tchekist. A likewise-disguised Tchekist accompanied him to Russian territory, where they reached the frontier.

Dolgoruki was, to all intents and purposes, a harmless wanderer who wished to visit his brother's estate in the district of Kursk. It was a long way away, and the Moscovites let him wander, believing that on the way he would meet the rest of his colleagues. They were mistaken, however, as he had no colleagues. So when he reached Rilsk they engineered some small accident, took him prisoner, and brought him to the



waiting Trilisser, who produced twenty alleged English and American spies from somewhere or other, declared that Dolgoruki was their leader, and without any further preliminaries had them all shot.

"ALL THOSE WHO ENTER SOVIET RUSSIAN  
TERRITORY . . ."

A MONTH before Elvengreen, a Finn, had been shot after an agonizing imprisonment, during which he had suffered the tortures of the Inquisition. By making him watch executions through the window of his cell he had been forced to sign everything they lay before him. He was supposed to have plotted against Radek and Litvinoff, with me and with Savinkoff. (Yes, the Soviet did not hesitate to send a copy of their charge against me in March, 1929, to the President of the Berlin police, so compelling Germany to try me for this disgraceful slander!) Former friends of Elvengreen, who were in reality in the service of the G.P.U., lured him over the frontier, and when the Finnish Government demanded an explanation of his death from Moscow the Soviet forbade any interference in their administration of justice. "All those who enter Soviet Russian territory must know that they can no longer enjoy the protection of the laws of their own country. The penal code of the Soviet provides that the death-penalty may be carried out without the sentence of the court on the ground of police evidence."

I mentioned Savinkoff.

Let me tell you about my Warsaw school friend. He was the son of a judge and a very convivial and enlightened mother. He was attracted to Petrograd at

an early age by our mutual school friend Kaliaieff, the murderer of the Governor-General of Moscow, and of the Grand Duke Serge, but his studies were interrupted owing to his being obliged to leave the country on account of his revolutionary activities.

I met him again in Warsaw in 1905. He was there to prepare the plans for the murder of the traitor Tataroff, the son of a churchwarden, and he shot him dead in front of my eyes and escaped.

He took part in twenty-seven other acts of violence.

In 1920 I ran up against him again in Warsaw. He had suddenly become the leader of the anti-Bolshevist movement, and had changed enormously. He had become extraordinarily religious, and said, "Fate has dealt me a bitter blow. I am not a civilian! I am not a politician! I was born to be a fighter, and am more fitted to be a Commanding Officer!"

He was always bubbling over with energy, and during his life there was never a moment when he was not forging new and revolutionary schemes.

In his later years they were aimed at the Bolsheviks. In 1918 he became friends with Sidney Reilly who found new sources of revenue for him in their mutual labours against Moscow. But Savinkoff had to leave Poland, and settled in Paris. He was not happy there, however, and finally returned to his native land to fight the Soviet.

Trilisser also made him the object of his plans, and sent him so-called partisans from time to time to assure him that were he only to cross over into Russia there was ample work to perform for the enemies of the Soviet. We know these tactics! Sidney Reilly knew

them, too, and implored his friend not to be induced to fall into the trap.

"I cannot remain behind. Our friends in Russia need me to lead them! The moment to strike has come! Now! It would be treason for me to hesitate!"

In vain Reilly remonstrated with him, even in Prague, where he had gone in his despair. But two of his best friends, who had secretly been in the service of the G.P.U. for years, bullied him, until at last they got him across the border.

What happened to him then is common knowledge to every child who knows the fate of those who have gone before him!

He was arrested in Minsk.

The friend who had continually sent him letters from Moscow describing minutely the counter-organization had been shot a year ago, and the letters were clever forgeries executed by the great Trilisser.

Three days after his arrest came the act of indictment: he was accused of numerous attacks against the Soviet Union. Two days later the trial took place, with the inevitable death-sentence. The sentence was commuted to ten years' imprisonment, ostensibly by order of the Central Committee.

Suddenly Savinkoff started a prolific correspondence with his friend Reilly.

New men have arisen in Russia, enemies of the Soviet Union, but never have I fought for the interests and dubious welfare of Europe, but always for Russia and for the Russian people. Our hopes are bursting like soap-bubbles, and we are deceiving ourselves like children. Yesterday our hopes were pinned to Denikin; to-day we

look to an economic and financial crisis to save us. How many illusions and fairy-tales have I buried here in the Lubianka! I have met men in the G.P.U. whom I have known and trusted from my youth up, and who are nearer to me than the chatterboxes of the "National Zentrum" or the foreign delegation of the Social Revolutionaries. I have met confirmed Revolutionaries. Would I shoot *them*? Certainly! Take the case of Gniloriboff, which I have studied from beginning to end. He was only shot after he had informed against a number of innocent men, had shattered the skull of the examining judge with a bottle, and had made an attempted escape after tying up a warder. And the martyrs of the Social Revolutionaries? As punishment for the preparation of the Terror they got only five years and weren't even imprisoned, but established instead a political economy colony in a village. What does prison mean here? No one is kept longer than three years, and is given leave to visit the town during this time. Industry is developed, and tchervovetz stands higher than the English pound sterling. When I read that a Samoyed has returned home with a book on aviation . . . I cannot deny that Russia is reborn.

But Reilly was convinced that even this letter was a forgery, and had not the slightest intention of going to Moscow.

In the meantime Savinkoff awaited his fate in the G.P.U. and wrote a letter to Dzerjinski:

CITIZEN DZERJINSKI,

I realize how busy you are, but may I ask your attention for a few moments? When I was arrested I saw two ways in front of me: (1) the almost certain one, that I

should be stood up against the wall, and (2) that I should be believed and given work to do. The third alternative—imprisonment—I thought was out of the question. I was told that I had been believed and should soon be released and given something to do. I have waited for this pardon during November, January, February, and April. I remember our conversation. A long time has elapsed since then, and I have thought over many things during my imprisonment, and have—I am not ashamed to admit it—learned a lot.

I appeal to you, Citizen Dzerjinski. If you believe me release me and give me work to do, anything. Perhaps I can still be of use for something. Was I not once a secret combatant for the Revolution? If you do not believe me please say so frankly, so that I know where I am.

With respectful greetings,  
BORIS SAVINKOFF

It was stated that the warder who was given this letter to dispatch said grumblingly, "It won't be of any use! He won't answer!"

Savinkoff was poisoned the same day, and his body was thrown out of the window of the prison treasury. Six days later his death was published, the governor giving out that he had committed suicide by jumping out of the window. Why?

No one can conceive any reason why he should have done away with himself. For who would believe that Savinkoff, after having written a letter as a last resource, and not having received an answer, would suddenly get tired of the whole business and put an end to himself? Who?

Other serious arguments against the official explanation of the Soviet came to light, and Savinkoff's younger sister, Mme Turtchinovitch, maintained that all the papers pertaining to her brother's case were forgeries from beginning to end.

## THE END OF A GREAT MAN

SIDNEY REILLY was not happy away from Russia after his friend Savinkoff's death. We met in Berlin, and he told me that he and his wife were going to Finland, and that he would continue the journey alone, as Nikolai Steinburg, to Moscow to continue the battle against Bolshevism on the spot.

Sidney Reilly crossed the frontier, and arrived unhindered in Moscow, sheltered in a villa in a suburb, and was suddenly arrested. He, too, was made to watch executions, listen to the whimperings of those condemned to death and to the curses of the marksmen.

Trilisser and Stalin occupied themselves personally with his fate. They feared that England would put in a plea for their subject, and therefore hustled matters up. They gave him permission to go for a walk in the hills near Moscow, where the unsuspecting man was shot down by Comrade Ibrahim, the best shot of the G.P.U.

In order to silence England a scene was staged on the Finnish border. A detachment of Tchekists disguised themselves as Reilly and his attendants, and another detachment impersonated the Russian frontier guard, who carefully shot the alleged Reilly and his companions.

There were apparently both dead and wounded, and among the latter was Reilly. This group was



photographed and the picture published in order to establish the innocence of Moscow. Reilly had ostensibly crossed the border against the law, had been seen by the frontier guard, and wounded. Unfortunately the poor man died from his wounds!

Let me tell you one or two anecdotes about my friend Reilly, a splendid fellow. He kept the Bolsheviks busy all the time. One day he was engaged in the pleasurable pastime of making love to a Moscow actress. He was an attractive and charming lad, and was a great success with the fair sex, and to this he owed many a tit-bit of useful information. The Communists learned his whereabouts from a less favoured and jealous rival, and accordingly surrounded the building by an armed cordon. Others broke into the house. They found the actress, they found his blue suit, but Reilly himself was nowhere to be seen!

They ransacked the place and turned it upside-down from attic to cellar! In vain! It was impossible for him to have got away, the chain round the house was too close.

The actress was cross-questioned, threatened with death, but she had no idea. He just went suddenly through the door—naked! But where?

No one ever knew. He did not even divulge it to the actress, and shortly after the disappointed seekers had marched away he appeared again as a harmless caller from the street.

"I've no intention of allowing myself to be disturbed by these scoundrels in the middle of such a charming occupation," he said calmly, and remained

until the terrified actress implored him not to place her in such an embarrassing situation.

On another occasion the Government heard that Reilly was in a train from Petrograd, proceeding in the direction of Moscow. They immediately informed the next station, and the train was held up. All corridors were occupied and the windows shut while sailors searched each compartment. There was no trace of Reilly. Again and again they sought him, but he was nowhere to be found, as he had changed into the uniform of a sailor, whom he pushed out of the train, and was one of the most enthusiastic searchers!

## BEER IN MAYENCE

IN the summer of 1925, Iuroslaffski, Red diplomat and former officer of the Tsar, fled from the Soviet Embassy in Vienna. He arrived in Berlin with a false passport, and went to the French Consul, to whom he offered to sell some information. The Consul sent him to the Army of Occupation in Mayence.

As Iuroslaffski was afraid of being persecuted by the Bolsheviks he asked if he might hide himself in the barracks. The French granted his request, and kept him with them for three weeks. As a return for his information Iuroslaffski asked for a false passport and a *laissez-passer* for France, and in case of dire need his enrolment in the Foreign Legion, in order that the Bolsheviks could not trace him.

Iuroslaffski went across to an inn opposite the barracks, where he met Comrade Max, whom he had known in Moscow. Max told him that he, too, had fled the country.

Iuroslaffski went to the lavatory, and during his absence Max poisoned his beer.

Iuroslaffski returned and emptied his glass, was seized with a terrible pain, and staggered across to the barracks, where he collapsed in a dying condition.

Comrade Max returned to Moscow, and since then has worn a decoration on his hero's breast!

## IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE G.P.U.

THIS is the fate of General Slachtcheff. In the event of a fresh attack on the Soviet troops the National Committee of the Ukraine wished him to have command of one of their army corps. He was somewhere in Asia Minor, where he had a poultry farm. One day Feodor Batkin, a sailor, was announced.

"I come from the Government," explained the visitor. "We are collecting together the old Russia of 1914. The White mercenaries in foreign pay only want to make Russia economically dependent on the *entente!*"

Slachtcheff fell into the trap, and called a conference in Constantinople, which was attended by a representative of the Soviet Government. He was to take command of an army corps on the Roumanian frontier.

Every one agreed, and as Alexandroff he went over to the Soviet.

Slachtcheff was lodged in Moscow in the Sadóffaia, in the house of one Schustoff. The entrance and all windows faced on to the courtyard. The apartment had two communicating rooms and a kitchen. A Tchekist lived in a third room, and the upper story was given over to the older officials of the special section of the G.P.U.

Slachtcheff had a telephone. It was more con-

venient to keep that under observation than his correspondence. A Lettish cook was assigned to him, who supervised all his letters and visitors, while a dependable Tchekist watched over him day and night, a source of continual humiliation. Slachtcheff was no longer a general. On his identity card was written in a clean, clerical handwriting,

Slachtcheff, Jacob Alexandrovitch, erstwhile hired assassin of the White Army. Commander of the Second Corps in the Crimea. Nickname: "Hangman Slachtcheff of the Crimea."

Slachtcheff was a great lover of animals, and spent whole days in Moscow with a nightingale which had lost a foot, a hen, and a sparrow. In the school of musketry when he gave lectures on strategy he was greeted with catcalls. One section of his listeners from the Academy of the General Staff called him "Hangman," and even at home he had no peace. Homeless and neglected gutter children continually tormented him. At one moment a stone came hurtling through the window, at another he was reviled by a chorus of obscene shouts and jeering songs.

Sometimes the samovar was upset, or chalk was mixed with the groats.

One day Slachtcheff rushed out of the house with a chopper in his hand and disappeared round the corner. A few minutes later he reappeared in the room, his hands covered with blood, and an expression of horror in his eyes.

"Those brutes," he stammered, "let a cat into the room. It has eaten my nightingale and bitten the spar-

row to death. Just to annoy me! It's always like that here! They are persecuting me to death! Curse this hellish place!"

The G.P.U. were satisfied at last, and could no longer be bothered with the worn-out and dishonoured Slachtcheff, so the Tchekist Vohlenberg crept up behind him and sent a bullet through the back of his head.

## SECRET WEALTH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FRONTIER

LENIN had already thought out the possibility that sooner or later the Bolshevists would have to flee from the Kremlin and take refuge in other countries. So a secret fund was started as a precautionary measure which would provide for further Bolshevik activities. At the moment 200,000,000 gold roubles had been set aside for that purpose in different countries.

At the beginning of 1921 the first 10,000,000 gold roubles in imperial coinage were conveyed to Geneva *via* Stockholm; 2,000,000 gold roubles were taken to Paris; 8,000,000 were melted down to disguise their origin and to guard against an eventual audit by the banks.

This operation was undertaken by Leo Schermann in Geneva. His father, a sixty-year-old Russian *émigré*, lived with his family in Berne. The eldest son, Leo, was forty years old at the time. They had all become naturalized Swiss subjects, and owned property in Berne. Leo was head of a commercial house which dealt in cheap wholesale and retail boots and shoes.

The commercial turnover of the Schermann family paid into their private account (a special system of bookkeeping was employed to evade high taxes) amounted annually to several million Swiss francs. The business prospered especially after the Soviet mis-

sion had been obliged to leave Switzerland. By Lenin's orders the Bolsheviks divided up their Swiss funds between various trustworthy persons. Schermann was entrusted with over 20,000,000 francs, and an agreement was made with him and his son concerning the expenditure of certain sums in accordance with Moscow's orders, and also concerning the founding of commercial undertakings, the revenues of which were to swell the coffers of the I.N.O.

The Schermanns established connecting-links with the Communist centres through an agency in Constantinople which had branches in Batum, Tiflis, and Baku. The firm was called Schermann, Meisel, and Co. The Caucasian branches concealed the propaganda *dépôts* of the Komintern. The Schermanns were commissioned by the Bolsheviks to provide military stores and drugs.

Their branches were also commissariat *dépôts* for future Red armies.

David Schermann was not a Bolshevik; he only worked for the Soviet when it was any advantage to his business or when it was in the interests of his son, a confirmed Bolshevik. He acted as intermediary between Platten, the Komintern representative in Switzerland, and Dr Bogotski, the representative of the Soviet Red Cross in Berne. Special commissions of a financial nature of the same kind as those carried out by Schermann were handed over by Moscow to Dr Esch, who also enjoyed the confidence of the Bolsheviks.

Karachan's wife and Zuriupa's daughter frequently brought various stocks from Moscow to hand over to



these two loyal servants for safe-keeping. Such "emergency" sums were also kept by Krassin. But the disclosures made by Kviatkoffski, the President of the Bolshevik trading company Arcos in London, caused the Bolsheviks to distrust Krassin, and he was ordered to give back the money with which he had been entrusted.

When the Soviet learned of Kviatkoffski's abuses he was recalled to Moscow. Two Tchekists arrived in London, who were disposed to be quite friendly with him at first, and did their best to make him go back to Moscow, where, they said, promotion awaited him, but when he declined they threatened to kill him, and forced him into obedience that way.

As soon as he had crossed the frontier Kviatkoffski was arrested and brought before the G.P.U., where, on evidence supplied by the G.P.U. in London, he was charged with having accepted bribes, whereupon Kviatkoffski told Lomachidse, the examining judge, that he had taken the money with Krassin's full knowledge and agreement. As, for example, the sum of approximately £100,000 from a New York business man. This was not entered in the books, but was divided up between the principal representatives of Arcos, one portion being paid into Krassin's private account, who maintained that the money was for the benefit of the I.N.O.

As the London branch of the I.N.O. had not received the money, Krassin was summoned to a special examination, not by the Tchekists, but by the leaders of the party.

The interrogation took place in the Kremlin.

Krassin was afterward conveyed to his home in a semi-conscious condition, and was subject to daily fits for some time.

The Bolsheviks found themselves faced with a dilemma. Stalin and other leaders, such as Dzerjinski and Trilisser, trembled with rage over the statements of Krassin and Kviatkoffski, but more than anything they feared the publication of the truth, and wished, therefore, to keep the matter secret at all costs, more especially as Krassin had already been appointed Soviet representative in London, and Kviatkoffski's disclosures would unfavourably influence the prestige of the Soviet Government in foreign countries.

Had the sums in question which Krassin had received into his keeping not amounted to several million pounds sterling, as well as being the capital for "special purposes" of the I.N.O. in Paris and London, it would have been easy to let Krassin die, "as a result of an illness," and even lay him to rest next to Lenin. But then the entire sum would have been lost! So it was necessary that the money should be surrendered and given to other responsible persons before Krassin's death could take place. But in spite of his illness and the threatening attitude of the political *bureaux*, Krassin preserved a stubborn front, and showed no inclination toward fulfilling Stalin's commands.

At last, however, he had to bow to superior power; he was forced to surrender the cheque-books and to sign a power of attorney, handing over the various sums of money and shares of the enterprises, which ostensibly belonged to him, but were in reality the property of the I.N.O.

A sum of £25,000 sterling was left him in consideration of past services for his personal necessities. After the surrender of the cheque-books and the keys of the safe and the signing of the power of attorney had taken place Krassin's condition grew noticeably worse. The left side of his head was paralysed, and his sight was failing.

Dzerjinski knew that the sudden death of Krassin, who until that moment had been in perfect health, together with the recent Arcos scandal, would throw a bad light on the Kremlin, so he immediately caused the circulation of a report through a News Service Bureau that Krassin was suffering from an incurable malady.

And while the civilian Press were reporting this statement the Soviet correspondents were publishing the announcement that Krassin was preparing himself enthusiastically for his new post in London.

The dying Consul was taken to Paris by a doctor and several Tchekists and handed over to Rakoffski.

After the G.P.U. had recovered their money Krassin "died."

## “YOU TO-DAY—ME TO-MORROW”

WHEN it is not possible for some reason or another to keep check on the movements of any member of the Trade Department or of a Soviet Ambassador it is a common trick to break in upon their officials.

So during Krassin's absence in Paris, in March, 1926, his secretary Volin was subjected to one of these “burglaries,” and a quantity of incriminating evidence was stolen which had most unpleasant consequences for Krassin.

Soon afterward rumours went round that Krassin was being done away with by a slow-working poison. There was not an official in Moscow who could deny that Krassin's health had obviously become worse. Stalin's frank words were remembered when he declared that he was against the shedding of blood, because when one started that sort of thing it would soon be a case of “You to-day—me to-morrow!”

But that speech only dealt with bloodshed, not with the less conspicuous methods of doing away with unwanted persons. So friend distrusted friend in Moscow, and even abroad men feared for their lives.

All this produced an intolerable atmosphere. It seemed that a mystery even surrounded the suicide of Zinoviev's secretary. The interference of the G.P.U. agents in the normal activities of the Trade Departments had reached such a pitch that many specialists in that branch were eliminated through them.

Comrade Frumkin, the representative of the Commissar for Foreign Trade, arrived in Berlin in September, 1926, to quiet the specialists, and generally to restore order. But in spite of this, Begge complained that there were spies everywhere who informed the foreign Press of his every movement, and deplored the fact that it was not in his power to shut up all *employés* in the building of the Trade Department.

## “ON BOARD” MEANS “OVERBOARD”

THE disappearance of some code documents from the Soviet Embassy in Shanghai set all the Tchekists agog. Several Russian societies were attacked, and private houses were searched. In one of them they took possession of a letter which was alleged to have been written by Comrade Tchistiakoff, Secretary of the Consulate, and director of Bolshevik propaganda in the Far East, in which there were grounds for suspicion that he was in communication with the Whites.

He was half Korean, had completed a course in the Far East Institute for Oriental Languages, and had worked for some time in a private commercial school in Vladivostok.

Tchistiakoff had orders to deliver a secret package to the steamship *Indigirka*. The usual Tchekist methods held good in this instance, and no one knew anything about the proposed time of departure of the boat. Part of the crew was, indeed, on furlough in the town. They were busy selling skins and arranging drinking-bouts, because there was a rumour that although there would be no leave the following day the ship was not leaving as soon as it was thought.

When Tchistiakoff appeared on the scene he was ordered to go at once to Vladivostok, but he refused on the grounds that he would have to notify his family, and could not decide the question in such a hurry.

They did not argue with him, but invited him into the State room, where they were to give him documents for the Consulate. As he slipped into the cabin he was handed an alleged wireless message containing the order for his immediate arrest and transport to Vladivostok.

Mme Tchistiakoff, receiving no news of her vanished husband, made inquiries at the Consulate. The Tchekists advised her to catch the steamer *Oleg*, so the anxious woman took her children and unsuspectingly followed the advice, with the result that none of their friends or relations ever saw them again.

Tchistiakoff, together with three Russians and a Chinese, who had also been enticed on board the ship, were thrown overboard into the sea. That happened at the end of February, 1925.

## THE MURDER IN THE BERLIN EMBASSY

A CERTAIN Karpoff-Jakchin, a special representative of the Foreign section of the G.P.U., fled from the Berlin Soviet Embassy with a false passport in the name of Michael Sumarokoff on August 24, 1924, appeared in Harold Siewert's News Service Bureau, and made the following statement:

"On August 18, 1924, an unknown German subject (evidently a member of the German Communist party) was summoned to the Soviet Embassy in Berlin (to the rooms in the annex taken over by the Intelligence section) and submitted to an all-night interrogation, detained, and was not seen again, and the room was then shut up. Sumarokoff, who was at that time attached to the Embassy, received detailed information that the German had been murdered in his room, and he himself saw a large basket brought out of the room and conveyed to a cellar on the following night, August 19. Baskets were not as a rule brought out of the room where the German was killed, as it was kept chiefly as a store-room for arms and papers. The trial of the German was under the direction of the Red diplomat Lubanoff, who had a false passport in the name of Bustrem, the head of the Berlin section of the I.N.O. and G.P.U., and the representative of the Komintern, who served the Berlin Embassy under the *alias* of Miroff. As soon as the pro-



ceedings had come to an end Bantek, cashier of the Intelligence Department and Embassy official, and Comrade Semion, the plenipotentiary of the G.P.U., whose surname was unknown, came into the room where the inquiry had been held. It was evident that these two had killed the aforementioned German.

## WITH DIETRICH AND CHLOROFORM

THE I.N.O. has a group of experts which deals exclusively with burglaries and robberies in foreign Embassies. It is equipped with all the necessary tools, drugs, etc., and does its work cleanly. Important papers are always extracted singly from the diplomatic bag when possible, and only when the seeker is unsuccessful is the whole bag taken, searched with the help of criminal authorities, and solemnly returned to its owner.

One day Moscow ordered the G.P.U. in Charkoff to rob the Polish Ambassador in the Ukraine, who was travelling with his secretary from Charkoff to Moscow. A Tchekist was posted in every compartment occupied by Soviet officials and foreign diplomats, and the train in which the Polish Ambassador was travelling was to be held up between the stations of Chepetoffka and Slavuta. At the last minute the Soviet officials received instructions to hand over some object to the "robbers" which would afterward be returned officially by the Commissar for Foreign Affairs.

As the train was proceeding on its way the Tchekists, disguised as bandits, held it up, broke into the compartment where the Ambassador and three other Poles were sleeping, and plundered everything, in or-

der to avert suspicion from the real object—*i. e.*, the diplomatic bag.

The theft accomplished, the train was allowed to proceed, and the departing bandits were soon racing to Charkoff in two cars belonging to the G.P.U.

## ANTI-COMMUNIST POLICE DOGS

THE well-known American organization A.R.A.<sup>1</sup> had its Charkoff offices at No. 42 Pouchkinskaia Oulitza, and the Bolshevists were exceedingly interested in its correspondence.

The Tchekist Vorochiloff was appointed commandant of the building, and one of the secretariat's *employés* was also a member of the G.P.U.

The A.R.A. offices were on the ground floor, and the Americans lived on the first floor. Vorochiloff had to discover where the post was kept, and the other agent was to steal the official stamp of the A.R.A., which was to be put back on the following day.

After all the details had been worked out Vorochiloff had orders to leave open a window looking on to the garden. At two o'clock in the morning Tchekists disguised as burglars crept through the window and stole the mail-bag while the Americans were sleeping peacefully overhead.

The stolen mail-bag was taken to a place of safety, opened, and the contents carefully scrutinized. The necessary extracts having been made from the letters, the bag was sealed up again and returned to its place at five o'clock in the morning. For a long time all went smoothly. Then one day the Tchekists took possession of some very bulky packets while they were looking

<sup>1</sup> American Relief Administration.—TRANSLATOR.

through the post. Among these was a detailed account of the economic situation in the Ukraine, which was not put back again into the bag, as it was of too great an interest to the Tcheka.

Banknotes to the amount of thirty-five milliard roubles were also found in the packets. This, for those days, was a very considerable sum. Apart from that, one packet contained a valuable necklace and other articles of jewellery.

It was impossible to put back the money, and so the Tchekists kept it. In the morning the Americans raised the alarm. They had been attacked and robbed. The police knew nothing of the *personnel* of the G.P.U., and stirred up the flying squad. Police dogs were brought to the scene, picked up the scent at once, and stopped outside the doors of the G.P.U.

Comrade Galitski, head of the Central Espionage section of the G.P.U., saw the dogs through the window, telephoned at once to the flying squad, and ordered them to call off their curs.

But things weren't as simple as all that. One of the men concerned in the robbery went to give evidence at the A.R.A. in a fur coat he had worn the night before, and scarcely had he set foot inside the door when the dogs, which were held on a leash by one of the agents, leapt at him, barking furiously.

As the Americans had by this time discovered the theft of the economic report they did not persist in the pursuit of the men who had taken the money.

## BECAUSE NO ONE SPEAKS PERSIAN

ANOTHER time Trilisser ordered his agents to steal the code key used by the Persian Consulate in Charkoff.

This was a herculean task, as there was no Tchekist in Charkoff who spoke the language. They therefore decided to take all papers written in Persian. The first Tchekist got into the Consulate disguised as an electrician. The Consul was away, and only his wife was at home. The agent accordingly noted the position of the room and the place where the desk stood and departed.

The attack was to take place that night. The preparations for these affairs were always kept so secret that Tchekists who were not taking part in them knew nothing about them. In the flat below that of the Consul lived a high official of the G.P.U. He had not been informed of the proposed *coup*, and when the agents battered on the Consul's door that night the women in the apartment were so frightened that they knocked on the floor as a signal that they wanted help from the official below. Answering the signal, the good man rushed upstairs and attacked the *soi-disant* burglars, whom he failed to recognize as his own comrades. So well did he defend the Consulate that after one or two shots the "burglars" were forced to flee. Their chief, the Tchekist Birko, was waiting below, and when he heard what had happened he tore the false beard off

his face and let loose a fine flow of curses on the head of the Consulate's unwelcome defender.

The next day it was reported in the Press that there had been "an abortive attack on the Persian Consulate," and that all those concerned in it had been arrested.

## ALL VISITORS ARE UNDER STRICT OBSERVATION

TCHEKISTS knowing foreign languages are usually attached to foreigners visiting Russia as interpreters, and at a favourable moment they go through their correspondence and allow interesting information to "disappear."

The English, German, American, Norwegian, and other foreign delegations are always under observation, and the "interpreters" take care when they show them round that they see only what the Bolsheviks wish them to see, and are not allowed to pry too closely into domestic affairs. Before a journey is sanctioned they find out whether the member of the delegation in question knows any Russian. If he does the greatest difficulties are put in his way.

All foreign delegates must stay in certain hotels, the staff of which, of course, are all Tchekists, and the manager, a special representative of the G.P.U. has a second key of every room. The guests are taken for walks while other agents go through their luggage and correspondence.

A questionnaire was found among the belongings of one of the German delegates, which he was to fill in at the instigation of the Social Democratic party, so he was instantly put off on some harmless pretext or other.



The French journalist Henri Boreau (*sic*), in writing the reminiscences of his Russian journey, said that he could never rid himself of the feeling that some one had been in his room in his absence.

Two Czech journalists experienced the same thing. They were shown everything possible in the town and surrounding country, and were charmed with their visit, but during a farewell banquet given in their honour Trilisser had all their papers searched and photographed.

## BURGLARIES INSTEAD OF HOUSE SEARCHINGS

"BURGLARIES" in other countries are organized on the same principal as in the Soviet Union, and in December, 1926, the I.N.O. paid visits to the Japanese Embassy opposite the Reichstag in Berlin. It was first necessary to locate the situation of the rooms and of the burglar-alarm in the lower part of the building. The bells were put out of action, and the agents went unmolested into Baron Nagaoka's bedroom, who was late coming home, and always read in bed until three o'clock in the morning. The robbers waited until he was asleep, and then searched the rooms. In order to give the appearance of an ordinary burglary they stole a gold cigarette-case, which was on the table by his bed, and a wallet containing his diplomatic pass and 1600 marks.

On June 11, 1926, a stranger arrived at the house of Professor Apatoff, an official of the Trade Department, during his absence. He told the servant who opened the door that he was a relation of the Professor's, and had brought him an important letter from Moscow. . . .

When he was told that the Professor was on duty he expressed a desire to telephone to him. He was taken into the telephone-box, called up Apatoff, and ar-

ranged a meeting with him in a *café* in Unter den Linden.

In the meantime a second man appeared, who left a heavy package for the Professor. The two strangers went away together. The Professor, after waiting some time in the *café* for his "relation," returned home and discovered the package. Paving-stones!

While the maidservant had been speaking to the second visitor the first had taken advantage of the digression and had stolen the Professor's business papers, entire correspondence, and also some diamonds, so that it would look like an ordinary theft.

The two conspirators were soon discovered, and confessed to having carried out the robbery together. What remained unsolved was how they both knew the Professor, gaming-club *habitués* as they both were, and not only that, but were so well posted as to his circumstances and the place where he kept his papers and jewels, etc.

Later on it came out that Apatoff, although he paid little attention to anything outside his work, had come under suspicion of the I.N.O. But Berlin is not Moscow, and one can't just send Tchekists into any house one feels inclined, and so Trilisser had thought out another scheme by which he could attain his aims.

In February, 1922, the Berlin courts were occupied with the petition against a teacher Braun, an accomplice of Eichler and Co., who had carried out a robbery at the residences of General Freiberg, Ataman Semionoff's representative in Germany.

Braun had approached the committee of the Com-

unist party with the plea that he might organize an attack on Freiberg, in order to expose his activities. He was given the requisite accomplices, among them two Russians who did not take part in the attack at all. The gang arrived when Freiberg was away, and his wife refused to let them in. They produced, however, an order from the criminal police, and Captain Buligin, who was there at the time, was forced at the point of a revolver to go into the next room while the "burglars" packed up all papers and records belonging to Freiberg. Frau Freiberg wanted to get hold of her husband on the telephone, but she was forbidden to do so, which confirmed the impression that her visitors were indeed members of the criminal police.

The police subsequently found stamps and stereotype-plates for the manufacture of identity certificates which had been stolen a year previously from the "Commission for the Protection of Public Safety."

The accused Braun denied the further charge, and made the following statement. "A person of national importance who is absolutely to be relied upon, and who was well known in former German Government circles, attracted my attention to General Freiberg, informed me that he was an enemy of Germany and of Polish agents, and ordered me to procure all his papers and letters."

The other Communists, who were accused at the same time, became involved in arguments. They denied having been armed, and said, further, that they had not been informed of Braun's plans. The Public Prosecutor in his summing up said that Braun, although he thought he had acted in the interests of

Germany, had delivered all stolen documents to unknown Russians.

The accused were sentenced. The stolen documents were handed over to the G.P.U., who declared that they received them from a News Service Bureau, the head of which was a former Russian officer who had acquired German nationality.

## MOSCOW CONTROLS EUROPE'S POST

IN recent times the European and American Press have frequently discussed mysterious journeys which have held up certain letters. The Russian author Alexander Amfiteatroff officially stated that his Finnish, Polish, and Czechish correspondents have frequently complained of these curious delays in their correspondence. One day a letter arrived a week late, another showed signs of having been tampered with, and yet another disappeared altogether. An important registered letter recently went astray which was posted in Italy on June 6, and was addressed to Warsaw. The postal authorities of both countries proclaimed their innocence, the Italian post-office had forwarded the letter in the ordinary way, the Polish postal authorities had not received it. It therefore followed that it must have disappeared *en route*.

The remarkable thing was that letters and post-cards of a harmless nature were delivered punctually, the only letters which disappeared or were delayed were those containing information of a political nature, especially when Russian politicians wrote anything about Bolshevism, Fascism, or Communist activities. Occasionally the delay was as long as two months.

On August 17, 1927, the newspaper *Rul* reproduced the envelope of a letter sent from Nice to Ber-

lin, which in some inexplicable manner had been to Moscow on its way. On the back was stamped "Moscow, 1, Forwarding Section No. 4," and the imprint, "Received in Moscow in a damaged condition from abroad."

Amfiteatroff received the envelope of his own letter from a professor in Helsingfors, which proved that the letter had taken a fortnight to get from Levanto, in Italy, to Helsingfors, and had in the meantime, according to the postmarks, been in Terrioki, Moscow, and Leningrad. The Leningrad postmark bore the dates July 9 and 10. Which all went to prove that the letter had been in No. 1 Forwarding Section—*i. e.*, that department of the G.P.U. which dealt with the censoring of dangerous correspondence.

It is clear that such letters which fall into the hands of the G.P.U. lie there for days, weeks, and months, are carefully read, copied, and stored in the archives. But how can a letter which has been sent from one European state to another, both of which are independent of the Soviet, get into the Russian "Black Cabinet"?

There are mysterious powers in Central Europe which direct letters legibly addressed to a clearly defined destination and send them in another direction, so that they somehow arrive in Leningrad and Moscow. Where, then, I ask you, are these secret agents of the I.N.O. who pull these strings?

As Solz, one of the organizers of the Soviet Court of Justice, said, it was looked upon in Moscow as a "*bourgeois* prejudice" not to read other people's correspondence. With equal frankness the Bolshevik

Telegraph Bureau stated that no secrecy regarding letters existed in Moscow, and in January, 1928, they published the contents of letters posted by Herr Grevenitz in Helsingfors to M. Giers in Paris.

Up till then the police of Western Europe had not displayed much interest in these mysterious events, and had not, therefore, discovered the solution of this riddle.



## MY PERSECUTION BY THE SOVIET

MY observation of the Bolshevists since 1917 forced them naturally to take measures against me. They followed me zealously in Berlin, where I settled in accordance with General Wrangel's orders, and they attempted to draw the teeth not only of my numerous agents among the Soviet authorities, but also of myself. I stood alone against this powerful organization of the G.P.U., with its money and innumerable accomplices, both paid and voluntary. They wanted to ruin me morally, physically, and materially, and made no bones about admitting it. Their methods were as follows:

1. To compromise me with German Government authorities by spreading false information about me in the Russian and foreign Communist Press. (For example, they maintained that I had taken part in Rathenau's murder—*The Red Flag*, No. 307a, of July 10, 1922.) By the publication of various books and pamphlets. (For example, the book *Spitzel* [*Secret Agent*], in which it was stated that I was working for Wrangel against the Communists and Germany.) By denouncing me to the police and the courts. For instance, Michael Holzman, when he was conducting his case against me, made assertions in the Public Prosecutor's office in Berlin about my criminal career, and called various witnesses who had been accused of high treason in Russia (H— among others).

2. Threatening letters requesting me to leave Germany "if you value your life."
3. Exposure in Russian *émigré* circles, with the help of *agents provocateurs*, when not only official agents of the G.P.U. were employed, but also unsuspecting enemies of the Bolshevists.
4. Attempts to sell me information which would compromise me later.
5. Spying out my sources of information and my *modus operandi* by *agents provocateurs*.
6. The organization of burglaries and thefts.

The *bourgeois* Press helped these manœuvres considerably by making use of information originating from a hostile source about persons who wished to settle accounts with me. Especially one Vladimir Gorvitz successfully published a good deal of this kind of information collected from Soviet sources, until it was discovered that he had himself manufactured it.

During the first hearing of the Knickerbocker affair I was asked if I had really been a monk in America, and had flown from that country to take service in the Foreign Legion.

Even earlier rumours were circulated to the effect that my real name was Jankel, that I was a baron, that I had never been an examining judge, and much other nonsense of a like nature. Even officials who had known me and my career for years were taken in by these reports.

One frequently met curious points of view, even in Government circles, in Germany, from which one was meant to infer that the Bolshevists always spoke the

truth, whereas the *émigrés* merely "slandered them in hatred and revenge."

A high German dignitary called all assertions that prevailed in the Soviet Union of the Red Terror "*émigrés*' fantasies," and wondered why the fugitives did not go home, as everything had quieted down and there was no more suffering. Another Government official who had had a lot to do with the Bolshevists could not believe that the judges and Public Prosecutors who were *émigrés* to-day did not receive a pension from the Soviet Union.

Tchitcherin laboured in vain to "wangle" my expulsion from Germany, but the Foreign Office knew that I was working only against Bolshevism, and not against Germany.

After the Bolshevik Revolution all Russians, irrespective of party, divided themselves into two groups, for or against Bolshevism. As a former judge I was obliged to throw in my lot with those against, apart from political and moral points of views.

No other class was so ruthlessly exterminated as the *employés* of the legal authorities. The first victim of the Revolution was the Petrograd examining judge. 87 per cent. of the legal officials either died in prison or starved.

All the judges and Public Prosecutors in Ekaterinburg had their tongues and ears cut off, after which the wretches were dragged through the town for several hours and finally killed.

While one portion of the anti-Bolshevists, irritated by the fact that foreign Powers allowed the Soviet to go its own sweet way, decided to give nothing away,

so that Western Europe might experience the blessings of Bolshevism for itself, others thought it their duty to warn Europe of its great danger. I belonged to the latter school of thought. It was highly necessary to open the eyes of all those who did not know the workings of the Bolshevists, their system, their ramifications abroad, their technique and methods of misleading people, and their "provocation."

Even when I was with the Volunteer Army I realized that Germany alone could help Russia, and I laboured day and night to bring German and Russian anti-Bolshevist circles together so that they might find a common language and unite their forces to that end.

Scheibner-Richter, who was killed in the Hitler *Putsch* in Munich, undertook a journey through Russia, and his dealings with Russian anti-Bolshevists at my instigation clearly reflected my own tendencies. Those people who had been confined in South Russia owing to their pro-German feelings, and who were released by me, furnished me with the necessary connecting-links with Germany, and my conscience would not let me rest until I had continued the struggle against Bolshevism with all my power.

Thousands of photographs, character-sketches, and biographies of important Bolshevist leaders are in my possession. Luckily I don't keep my records in Germany, so all attempts to steal them have so far proved abortive.

Numerous News Service *Bureaux* sprang into existence, some of them started by the Bolshevists, others either inspired by them or used by them as tools.

As an example of the system by which false reports were calculated Harold Sievert's Bureau is as good as any. It was already in existence when I went to Berlin, and supplied not only German newspapers and organizations with information, but also the Russian and foreign Press.

I got to know Sievert, and sometimes exchanged information with him. Sievert, a Lett who arrived in Berlin without a penny, soon made money and built up a successful business. Even as far back as seven years ago the police tried to forbid him to pursue his trade, as they had proof that forgeries were circulated from his *bureau*. As Sievert had become a naturalized German subject in the meantime they were not able to carry out their plans.

He was a former student of chemistry, and was incredibly energetic and sly. But although he was able to make chemical analyses he was not much of a student of human nature, and was ready to believe anyone who was a little bit cleverer than he was himself, and that trait in his character, known as it was to the G.P.U., was of great use to them. About three years previously Sievert was mixed up in rather an unpleasant affair in which Russian *émigrés* were heavily compromised by certain documents which three of his agents had manufactured. Sievert was no luckier in his documents than in his people, and gave the information to the Press. When it was discovered that the papers were forgeries Sievert found himself in the difficult position of having to prove that he knew nothing of the forgery. But Sievert's letters to his agents unfortunately established the opposite, and

only very ingenuous folk failed to realize why Sievert's agents should wish to show up Russian *émigrés*. Later on it became clear that they were carrying out orders from the G.P.U. Sievert, however, failed to grasp this.

After this he was joined by Sergius Drushiloffski, whose disclosures were of great importance. Sievert showed them in such a light that for some reason or other they appeared favourable for him, although the actual facts did not correspond. At that time the G.P.U. worked out a system by which they rendered anti-Bolshevist organization innocuous by living "decoys." Drushiloffski, at the instigation of the Kominintern and of the G.P.U., started a similar *bureau* to that of Sievert's in the Passauerstrasse in Berlin. He advertised in the paper for information, and many fell into the trap. The Bolshevists found out by this means not only who were their enemies, but also the traitors serving in their own ranks. Drushiloffski, however, was soon found out, and had to close down.

The same system was used to compromise Sievert. There were already *agents provocateurs* of the G.P.U. on his staff, and in August, 1914, Drushiloffski was the first to inform Sievert of Sumarokoff's flight from the Embassy. On August 24, Sumarokoff himself appeared, produced his diplomatic papers, and offered his services.

After a short discussion Sievert took him on at a salary. Of the mass of information that Sumarokoff brought with him he gave only a small part to Sievert, the rest he kept to himself. Sumarokoff declared that he worked from 1917 onward for the Tcheka and the G.P.U. under the name of Jakchin, during which time

he went to Petrograd, worked in Charkoff during the Revolution, and then went to Sevastopol with Bela Khun to assist in breaking up the remains of Wrangel's army. (The death-roll here was 30,000.) Finally the G.P.U. sent him to Warsaw as their plenipotentiary, and later on to Berlin.

Sumarokoff's identity and papers were examined by the police and found to be in order. As Sievert had only a small experience in reading and deciphering Bolshevist correspondence, he asked me to help him, and introduced me to Sumarokoff.

My assistants made copies of the documents in Sievert's house and in my office, and Sumarokoff dictated from memory everything that he knew about Bolshevist activities. That lasted for some months. Sumarokoff maintained that he was still in communication with several of his old colleagues, and received information from them, and his reports over the forged banknotes corresponded with the data we had.

I believed in Sumarokoff and his flight for nearly a year, but Sievert had implicit faith in him and the authenticity of his papers until the end.

I began to distrust him in 1926, for the following reasons. At the same time as Sumarokoff, Jaroslaffski the Red diplomat, fled from the Embassy in Vienna. A few days after his flight he was poisoned by the Bolsheviks in Mayence. Sumarokoff, however, was not interfered with at all, in spite of the fact that he maintained that the Bolsheviks had promised their agents 3000 marks if they discovered his whereabouts.

The comparison with the Matinjan case in Paris is also interesting. Both had been brought by Rakoffski,

one to Berlin as Red diplomat, the other as a Communist to Paris. Both possessed false passports issued by the Moscow authorities, and both fled in the autumn of 1924, ostensibly to avenge themselves on the Bolsheviks, Sumarokoff from the Embassy in Berlin, Matinjan from the Communist party in Paris. Sumarokoff, whose real name was Karpoff, was in possession of a passport made out in the name of one of the most noble families in Russia, and Matinjan's was in the name of Prince Argutinski, also of the nobility. Sumarokoff sold whole basketfuls of documents, Matinjan whole trunkfuls. Both betrayed the Bolsheviks under their very noses, at the same time keeping up relations with them, and yet neither was put to death.

The one was supposed to expose the Whites in Berlin, the other in Paris. Neither Sumarokoff nor his alleged colleague seemed in the least shaken by the news of Jaroslaffski's fate. They were wholly occupied in making money, and delivered masses of information to prove their loyalty in the eyes of Sievert.

The aim and object of the Bolsheviks was clear enough. Drushiloffski was worn out, and they needed a fresh decoy, so they allowed Sumarokoff openly to simulate flight, gave him out-of-date and useless information, and continued to supply him with more. What he betrayed had no further significance, and it was much more important to lure the anti-Bolsheviks into the open, to provoke them, and thereby attain their expulsion. Sumarokoff fitted into this *rôle* to perfection. He was reserved, knew how to win people's confidence, and numbers of Russians who could



recognize most Bolshevik "provocation" a mile away took him for an honourable man and discussed the most intimate things with him.

Sievert was very useful to Sumarokoff, as he had the *entrée* to circles and newspapers which were not accessible to Russians, and possessed into the bargain a confiding nature.

Sumarokoff proved himself to be an accommodating tool, and was a puppet in the hands of the G.P.U. In conformity with his orders, and thanks also to his own character, he adapted himself admirably to Sievert, and won his confidence by giving him information about persons whom Sievert looked upon as enemies. I did not know Sumarokoff in those days, and only saw the reports several weeks afterward. They were written in a style of which Sumarokoff was quite incapable, and were forgeries from beginning to end. As they were kept hidden from me I saw them only by chance. They did not deal with the Bolsheviks at all, but with their adversaries. All names of conspirators were struck through in ink, and I could only tell from the context about whom they were writing.

Another occurrence strengthened my suspicions against Sumarokoff. All his *employés* were stationed at Petrograd, therefore he must have found out that these hostages would have to atone for his crimes, because had he confessed the terrible truth it would not only have cost him his head, but those of his entire family also.

Sumarokoff soon became conscious of my suspicions, and tried to make mischief between me and Sievert. After I had made full use of his information

I retired, and saw him only on rare occasions. From time to time he spoke of writing his memoirs, and said that if he published the truth the whole world would shudder with horror. His information was not as a rule of much interest, and was chiefly composed of everyday correspondence between Tchekists. I could not buy much, because he asked such high prices for his information owing to the shameless demands of intermediaries. Among the few things I did buy from him were two letters written by Trilisser.

Under the influence of Sumarokoff, Sievert unconsciously became a tool of the G.P.U. Sometimes Sumarokoff's duplicity was brought home to him, and on those occasions he announced his intention of calling in the police or an attorney. The Bolsheviks spread the report that Sumarokoff was merely an ordinary Tchekist, and therefore was of no further interest to them. But important papers that he so often had in his possession contradicted this assertion, and proved that he was a Red diplomat.

During the five years that he was in Sievert's service he did not make it possible on a single occasion to bring a case against the Bolsheviks, and it is also remarkable that he, while holding the important posts he did, scarcely ever betrayed anything *à propos* of his colleagues, the *personnel*, or the organization of the Tchekist-Diplomatic Service. He supplied Sievert only with data which came to him from outside sources.

Two years ago envoys arrived from the G.P.U. in Charkoff, inviting him once more to enter the service of the G.P.U. They were said to have attached two

conditions to their offer. (i) To bring back all purloined documents, and (ii) To hand over all copies that he had delivered up to Sievert. Sumarokoff told me this story. This proposal could only have been a trap, and the result of the negotiations was never known.

I should now say a few things about my own case and the direct causes which gave rise to it. But the legal documents concerning it are not yet completed, so I cannot yet take up any definite attitude toward it, but must reserve that for some later time.

The necessity for establishing a systematic method of fighting the Soviet and its ramifications abroad, a standpoint I have always adopted, has been made even clearer by the events in the last few years. The proceedings at the Paris Soviet Embassy, the mysterious burglary at the French Embassy, and the equally mysterious disappearance of the code-key from the Italian Embassy in Berlin prove that the Bolsheviks are sticking to their well-trying system of not allowing themselves to be misled by any promiscuous disclosures. They will attain their aim, the undermining and disintegration of all civil states which give them hospitality, if the cultured world does not recognize its danger and take immediate steps to counteract it.

## EPILOGUE

WHEN I cast my mind back to-day over twenty-five years and think of the numerous crimes and their solutions in which I have played a part I come to the conclusion that the Bolshevists who are speculating for the government of the world have taught us nothing new in the way of "provocation," conspiracy, and treachery, of the twisting of facts, or of murder. These things were all practised earlier by individuals; to-day they have become incorporated in an administrative system in use in a territory which comprises a sixth part of the entire earth's surface.

Thanks to the fact that my career took me into the very centre of the struggle against the subterranean and secret powers which were working for the destruction of Russia, I was able to engrave many experiences on my memory. But to reconstruct all these events and facts which have taken place in Russia and other countries during the last thirty years and which legal examinations have now brought to light is a difficult but extraordinarily interesting task. My training as a lawyer who knows and understands the importance of the numerous papers, data, and evidence which pass through his hands, and without which one can understand little of events to-day, forced me to trust to my memory to a great extent, and to seek much in the memories and writings of

others who took part in these events. These eyewitnesses' reminiscences made it possible for me to recall isolated episodes which helped me to weld together the links of the chain.

The demolition of the law-courts, the police and *gendarmerie* headquarters at the beginning of the Revolution was only accomplished with the object of destroying the card-indices and *dossiers* concerning *agents provocateurs*, murderers, and criminals who wished to step into important posts in the subsequent revolution, which explained why a great many documents were not subsequently to be found either among the peace or war records.

In my book, as in life, there will be found a mixture of the important and the trivial, the significance of which will not always be fully appreciated by those who regard it from a biased, and not from a sufficiently independent point of view. The experiences I have described do not, of course, comprise all questions I have dealt with, and many instances must necessarily be omitted, as certain conditions of place and time do not permit me to throw light on all events which have flashed past my eyes during the last twenty-five years. I have been compelled to abridge my experiences as an *émigré*, as I was at that time a guest in a strange country whose politics did not always reflect the feelings and sense of duty of the average Russian.

As, apart from all this, I am publishing my book in foreign languages, I must in some cases mention instances that are familiar to every Russian, but are, perhaps, unknown or incomprehensible to foreigners.

And although I have tried to be as impartial as possible, I have not at times been able to avoid reflecting my own point of view to a certain extent, as these memoirs are the reproduction of the deeds, thoughts, and events which have taken place in the experience of a living person. But my legal career in Russia, which has extended over many years in a court of justice which before the Revolution was unequalled in either Western Europe or America, put me in the position of being to a certain extent impartial, and made me able to avoid a prejudiced outlook.

Every Russian is acquainted with the modern Aseff type. With one hand he leads innumerable Russians into his cellar of death, and with the other he deals out lies and hypocrisy to foreigners in an endeavour to ingratiate himself with the capitalists. This modern Cain can play either *rôle* with equal facility, his aim being to ruin all peoples both politically and morally by bloodshed and the goad of hatred and anti-patriotism.

Before the Revolution, Aseff was active in secret societies, and made use of every opportunity to give the *coup de grâce* to the Russian constitution. To-day he continues this work on a larger scale, and quite openly. But even in ten years this usurper has not been able to break down the opposition of the Russian people, which defends itself doggedly against the dictatorship of a minority, and protests fiercely against organized terror.

Many events have occurred during the last century which the leading Russian *intelligentsia* not only welcomed, but sponsored, but these, too, in the end have

had no practical result. The masses have merely been goaded into licentiousness, and have had to reconstruct their ethical conceptions and general welfare without any outside assistance.

But it will be a long time before the Russian people will be able to stamp out the heartless and treacherous juggling with words practised by unscrupulous rascals at the helm. The consciousness of the people is awakening, and not only the lies but those who utter them must be exterminated. If one probes deeply enough into precedent one must indeed despair, for while these monstrous crimes, which are an outrage against humanity and the cultured world, are being committed by some, others are standing by without raising a finger.

The reader will perhaps realize the depression which hangs like a black cloud over one who has been hounded out of his country, who enjoys no diplomatic protection, and who knows whom he has to thank for his exile. I will, however, restrain myself in my descriptions of character, and be cautious in my judgments, although all persons who feel themselves arraigned must know that I have meant nothing personal in my book. I expect the most vehement attack from the priests of the Communist party and their disciples, but surely this party has already compromised itself enough in all parts of the world by the events of the last twelve years.

The ruthless destruction of truth must be stopped; slander shall not frighten me, and lies shall not triumph.