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The Red Tiger's GIRL SPY!

The execution of Edith Cavell, from a painting by Bellows. Nurse Cavell was not a spy, but was sentenced to death for harboring French and English soldiers. It was the fate that overtook most war-time spies.

Strange Story of Marie Ducret

Paris, Dec. 17, 1917. **Adapted by Louise Bargelt** Monsieur C— lost no time tonight in telling me what he wanted. He is a stern-faced man and spoke to me across our small table in a cold, level voice. "Your name is Marie Ducret. You are attractive, unmarried, French, and 20 years old. You wish to enter our service. Particulars about you are satisfactory. Nevertheless, before you decide, one or two things must be made clear. "First, you are absolutely free?"

I replied that I was, that my life had been no bed of roses since A— left me, and that I had no work of any kind, and no friends. "That is essential. We can take on only persons entirely free of all connections, because we require a blind and complete obedience. We have no place for such as must keep looking over their shoulders, who have to consider other people or affairs. "Next I must warn you of the risks you run. If you are taken it will mean inevitable death. You must depend solely on yourself. You will need every ounce of wit and cunning you can muster. "Moreover, I warn you further that the slightest

disobedience, the faintest suggestion of your betraying our confidence, and you are a marked woman. You will never be able to escape us, to feel in security. Mademoiselle le Docteur inflicts swift punishment on those who prove traitors. "On the other hand, none knows how to reward more handsomely than we do. Work well and you will discover this. Be ready to report to our agents in Zurich for further instructions, and call at my apartment at 4 for money for clothes and train fare." He went on to say that I must dress well to bring out my good points, and that with attractive clothes and furs I should be a *sauce piquante* for any French officer. But I must attract no attention. "That was Mata Hari's fatal blunder. She was too easily noticed for her own preservation. She could have been a great spy if she had not been so bent on dazzling every one she met. You will have to work quietly if you want to get through this (Continued on page four.)

(Tribune Studio photo.) Monsieur C— warned me: "We have no place for such as must keep looking over their shoulders, who have to consider other people or affairs."

