

The Red Tiger's Girl Spy!

Revealing Strange Story of Marie Ducret



(Tribune Studio photo.)

"Lieutenant S— believes in me absolutely. He wants to marry me."

(Continued from page one.)
war alive. And remember—once you enlist for training under Mademoiselle le Docteur, there will be no turning back!

Monsieur C—, to whom Marie refers, was one of Mademoiselle le Docteur's resident agents in Paris. A number of these men worked directly under this woman, whose headquarters were in Antwerp. Mademoiselle le Docteur was one of the most celebrated spymasters of the German secret service, and the first woman to be given command of training schools for spies.

Her real name was Fräulein Doktor Elsbeth Schragmueller. She came of an old Westphalian family and was awarded her degree of doctor of philosophy by the University of Freiburg in 1913.

She was often called the "Red Tiger" because of the calculated ferocity with which she disciplined and controlled those who worked under her.

For a number of months prior to 1918 she had been urging her Paris agents to contact a few girls with wit, beauty, and cunning, whose greed for money would make them take any risk. They must, moreover, be daring and intelligent and absolutely conscienceless. If a girl met these rather numerous requirements the Red Tiger would see that she was sent to one of her training schools in Holland or Switzerland. There she would be given a rigorous and intensive training for a secret agent.

Monsieur C— spoke the truth when he warned Marie that once her decision was made there would be no turning back.

The Red Tiger was a woman with a burning patriotism and an equally fiery zeal for discipline. She kept an unwavering watch upon all her agents, no matter in what far part of Europe they might be working. And she never failed, at the slightest suspicion of disloyalty, or even stupidity, to deal out swift punishment with the neat precision of the guillotine.

She had drastic methods of disposing of spies whose "accidental capture" by the French or English could work for the greater efficiency of the fatherland. Marie was to learn of these methods shortly!

In the opinion of Colonel Nicholai, head of German espionage, she was the one woman connected with his organization during the World War whose value to her government "surpassed that of a whole division of fighting men."

to have an impassive countenance and leisurely manner," said my instructor. "Collect every available bit of information, but without showing any interest in it. . . . Never burn a letter or other paper and think the fragments are unreadable, for microscopic examination can do a great deal with paper ash. . . . Confide in no one, but learn to inspire confidence easily and pretend to any affection or infatuation necessary. . . . Never forget that a spy on active duty in the enemy zone is working against enormous odds and that not only major blunders but the barely perceptible errors of judgment or tact can betray you."

They are certainly all of them sound common sense. My instructor told me that every week some spy is punished for violating one of the Red Tiger's simple canons.

He told me about an agent named Van Kaarbeck who was a wealthy Hollander and personally trained by the Red Tiger. He had a weakness for drink, which loosened his tongue, and one night he took a fancy to a cabaret girl in Montmartre and confided to her that he was a German spy! He asked her to work for him, but it happened she was allied to the French secret service and promptly reported him. But before the French felt they had enough facts to make the arrest the news of his folly had leaked out to the German undercover agents. A few hours later and Van Kaarbeck was found dead in an unfrequented street in the old part of Montmartre, stabbed through the back a dozen times. His assassins had left the dagger in him—it was of German make. A nice warning to others who might be tempted to drink and tell!

If necessary the Red Tiger handles the punishment herself, said my instructor. There was the clever Belgian, C—, who had been one of the Red Tiger's most trusted assistants and worked with her at her Antwerp offices. Mademoiselle le Docteur began to doubt his absolute loyalty, and one night when the two of them were eating supper in her rooms she took a revolver from her desk drawer and shot him dead.

Some spies are even advised and ordered to shoot themselves in case of a foolish blunder or faux pas. Count T—, a lieutenant colonel in the German army, met that fate! He was ordered to investigate rumors that the British were building a new machine of war called a tank. For some reason he reported that those particular machines were not practical. Later, when the Red Tiger learned that those same tanks had pushed through the German lines at Cambrai, with disastrous results, she sent Count T— the news of the British victory—and a revolver. A hint as to what he should do as punishment for his stupidity. Suicide. He took the hint and killed himself.

My first tests start tomorrow. I am going to be examined on memory, imagination, presence of mind, and general mental capacity. If I pass those first tests, experts will begin cramming me with codes and ciphers and the use of secret inks and all those precepts of spy conduct which can keep you from getting caught in counterespionage nets!

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There was the dashing Monsieur Pissard who was her secret service agent in Paris at the outbreak of the great war. He was head over heels in love with her, but the demands she made broke his nerves and he sent a bullet through his head.

She put the handsome Greek, Constantine Coudoyannis, in his place. Coudoyannis was an importer and was above suspicion in the eyes of the Parisians, but he lost no time in falling victim to the Tiger's wiles.

Shortly after war broke out the Red Tiger made a daring trip to Paris and indulged in a lively affair with a French officer who was attached to the counterespionage department of the general staff. She managed to get a great deal of valuable information from this man, while he spent all his time trying to persuade her to marry him. One night she would let him entertain her, and the next evening she would spend with Coudoyannis, and neither man

ever suspected the existence of the other.

Then came a day when the officer confided in excitement: "What do you think! The Red Tiger herself is in Paris. Our counterespionage has just learned it and has offered a reward of a half million francs for her capture! If I'm lucky enough to be the one to catch her—"

"We can be married at once," smiled the Red Tiger. But she dropped the subject of spies.

Next day his information was even more startling.

"We're getting hard on her trail. There's a Greek by the name of Coudoyannis who is going to deliver the Red Tiger to our firing squad. He wants an advance of 150,000 francs. We will have the money for him by tomorrow noon."

The Red Tiger smiled as calmly as ever, but proceeded to act at once. Her chief agent was betraying her!

That night she sent a note to Coudoyannis praising him for his good work. She said that a German agent would meet him at 7 the next morning in a small tavern outside Paris and give him 50,000 francs—a bonus for his loyalty and zeal! She inclosed an envelope, sealed, which he was to deliver to the "agent."

Around midnight the French counterespionage received a startling bit of information. Constantine Coudoyannis was a

and receive orders for my first assignment. . . .

Paris, Feb. 27, 1918.

I have my final orders. I saw Monsieur C— today. I am to pose as a French newspaper correspondent and back-of-the-lines artist. I am to arrive in Montdidier, France, March 1. I have a newspaper correspondent's *laissez-passer* in my bag. These are very hard to obtain. It must have taken clever work and thousands of francs. Monsieur C— did not tell me how he got it. . . .

Montdidier, France, March 1, 1918.

I reached here from Paris today and went at once to police headquarters to have my newspaper correspondent's *laissez-passer* stamped. Apparently it was quite above suspicion.

I am going to drive over to the Tenth army headquarters at Moreuil tomorrow in my little car which I already have hired by the month. As a journalist in search of material there is no reason why I cannot chat with *poilus* and their officers. . . .

Montdidier, France, March 10, 1918.

I had my first stroke of real luck today. I managed at last to meet Lieutenant S—, who



"I'm on my own! I've only my wits between me and a French firing squad."

German spy! If the French did not believe this, let some officers go to a certain tavern outside Paris at 7 in the morning. There they would find Coudoyannis with a letter from a German secret service agent!

The French followed up this lead and arrested the Greek with the letter in his pocket which the Red Tiger had given him. He was sentenced to death in a few days, but up to the end refused to make any admissions or to betray the Red Tiger.

He did say, however, a few moments before his execution: "A woman has brought me to the firing squad. . . . She is marvelously beautiful. . . . She possesses rare intelligence. . . . She exerts upon all who come in contact with her an irresistible charm. . . . Her influence over me was such that I could not resist her. . . . I hope that none of you will ever meet such a woman. . . ."

The Red Tiger left Paris for Berlin the hour Coudoyannis was arrested. She had outwitted the Greek, as she has always outwitted every one. My instructor says it is always that way. I would like to see her. . . . Later same day. Word has just come that I leave for Paris tomorrow. I am to stop there for a few clothes

is with General Micheler's Tenth army headquarters at Moreuil.

Of course, the lieutenant thinks the meeting was accidental. He doesn't know how hard I worked to "stall" my muddy car on the pave between here and Moreuil just five minutes before he was due to drive past in his officer's touring car. When he saw my plight he stopped immediately and insisted on helping me.

I have already written to Monsieur C— and told him the good news. It couldn't be better.

The lieutenant is more than half captured already. I am sure of this. If I can have just a few more days. I am afraid to work too fast for fear of spoiling everything. He is different from any other man I have ever known, more English in temperament than French. Rather shut in, I'd say, and reserved.

He followed me back here to Montdidier, and we visited together for nearly an hour over coffee and cakes at a little café near my hotel.

He is not with any fighting unit now, as he was badly wounded in a counterattacking party last November, but he is one of a staff of six officers who

forward confidential information from Tenth army headquarters at Moreuil to the war ministry in Paris.

He is coming again tomorrow and drive me to Amiens.

He made me promise just before he drove away that I would spend all day tomorrow with him. He is very good looking—medium tall, broad-chested. His cheeks are hollow from his recent illness, but his eyes are much alive. . . .

Outside Moreuil, March 17, 1918.

My good luck is incredible! Things have happened so fast this last week that I have had no time to write in my journal and hardly know where to start. I have left the hotel in Montdidier and am living in a small cottage about ten miles south of Moreuil. Lieutenant S— brought me here.

No one is supposed to know that I am with him. He managed to smuggle in a few pieces of furniture, a stove, and some pans and dishes, so we have all we really need to be comfortable.

For three nights now, after he has fallen asleep, I have been able to sit at my kitchen table and copy reports from his private papers.

He asked headquarters to let him take this little cottage on the plea that he was nervous and needed more solitude and rest!

Each night a car drives up to collect the day's reports and carry them to the war ministry in Paris. It is only natural I should send "letters home" in the same car which takes the summaries. I have explained to the lieutenant that my "mother and father" are anxious for word from me every day, so he has ordered the French car to carry my mail!

The lieutenant believes in me absolutely. He was determined that I come here, for he found it hard seeing me at Montdidier. He says he loves me and wants me with him all the time. He wants to marry me. Well, A— said the same thing. I don't know—if I had known him before I knew A—but why go back? Those bridges are burned. . . .

Outside Moreuil, March 18, 1918.

Lieutenant S— talks of nothing but the German offensive. No one knows just when it will start, or where, but it will be terrific.

He tells me many things I send on to Monsieur C—. The French and British are getting ready for intensive fighting. They are bringing up replacements of troops. . . . The road to Paris must be kept covered, but if the British Fifth army, which is covering the Oise route, collapses before French supports arrive the road to Paris will be open. The French are in terror of that.

Any hour almost and the crisis will come. The daily summaries are very confidential, but Lieutenant S— has his share of them. His reports are specially concerned with the activity of the Allied troops and reinforcements.

Monsieur C— warns me to be careful. I am beginning to "cover" the situation here and am of value to them. Every possible measure is being taken for my protection, but, after all, I'm on my own. I'm a lone wolf. How well I know it! I've only my wits between me and a French firing squad! (Next Sunday—Trapped!)

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BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

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(Continued from page three.)

that he is no longer absolute master on his own soil.

The hausfrau cannot dispose as freely as she used to in the old days. Households are being "directed" like everything else in Germany, and the hausfrau must adapt her menus to the "national economic situation."

Women who tried to sidestep the official regulations filled their pantries with hoarded reserves; in quite a number of cases they received the visits of officials who pointed out to them that hoarding was detrimental to the nation and they had to relinquish part of their stock for welfare purposes. In other cases the hoarders were tried and punished.

GERMANY

A hausfrau is punishable by law if she pays more than the regulation price for eggs or any of the foodstuffs or materials of which there is a shortage in Germany. The old law of supply and demand has been discarded in Germany.

Tremendous campaigns are being waged by all Nazi bodies to perfect the "education of the German nation according to Nazi ideas." Once this is achieved, Nazis declare it may be possible to relax supervision; until then strict control by state bodies appointed on the leadership principle will remain the order of the day in Germany.

The *verboten* signs on the streets of Germany are less numerous than they were in the days of the kaiser. Nevertheless, the German today must step more warily to escape the law than he ever had to. "Strict rules and regulations are necessary in a country where 135 inhabitants live on a square kilometer." Nazis will tell you, clinging to the firm belief that stringent regimentation is their country's best safeguard "against Red disorder" and the means of assuring the "eternal duration of the Nazi idea," for which all good Nazis must strive from the day they join the Hitler Youth to the day they are carried to their grave. (THE END.)