

game of cards to see which of their collaborators they should deliver—be it to Germany, be it to France.

And so, as I say, these professional spies, who handle the espionage of Europe—who have formed and perfected a clearing-house of treason in the fair city of Brussels—are the blackest and basest criminals on this continent or on any other. Some of them I have named; and I shall name others.

The Lady of Ostend

ALWAYS in that perturbed month of January; George Charles Parrott, a warrant officer in the Royal Navy was convicted at the Old Bailey in London of selling naval secrets to an "unknown man" at Ostend. He was sentenced to four years hard labor. There was a touch of romance in his story. At a music-hall in London one evening he had sat next to a pretty woman. She admired the representation of a scene on the deck of a battleship, but the warrant officer assured her it was not correct. So they fell into talk; and they supped together. She told him she was going to Ostend and asked if he could not run over there for a week-end with her. Parrott said his holiday was almost due and he would go. That was the beginning. In Ostend he was brought into touch with a man who gave the name of "Richard." And the poor fool of a warrant officer, with twenty years of honorable service to his credit, was persuaded to betray his country; and he did it, of course, for money—for the Lady of Ostend does not lead the simple life and her tastes are expensive. Who this man was, Parrott did not know. All he could tell the court was that his address was Monsieur Richard, Padre Herbert Carré, Weikstrade Belgium. And of the Lady of Ostend he knew only that her name was Rose. What he did not know, you may—if you will—read here.

In the blithest and most fashionable restaurant in Brussels, where a gypsy band plays waltzes and ragtime, and girls—chiefly undesirables—dance between the tables, I sat with the Lady of Ostend and ate little, coppery oysters that had also come from Ostend. It was over three years since I had seen her. At that time she was under a cloud. Indeed, she had been in prison at Rheims, charged with attempted treason. Her name at that time was Rose Hennequin.

"My name has always been Rose," she says smiling. When Rose smiles, one understands, in part, her power over men.

She is thirty now, or very near it; tall, slim, with a pretty feverish air of fascination about her; brown-eyed with abundant hair of a lighter dye; with nice lips and teeth and animated, gesticulating hands. Today she is the most attractive of the great international spies—*de haute parage*—and with the one exception to be noted, she is the cleverest. First of all she is a lady by birth and education. She was born (according to the police records in Paris) in 1884, near Orange. There is no need of printing here her father's name. She was married very young to a man in the French diplomatic service. She was a wild, extravagant girl. What she wanted was money and she

found it. It was brought to her by that man who figured so conspicuously in the Dreyfus case, the man who called himself the Napoleon of Spies and who was the German agent in Brussels—Richard de Cuers. She became one of his collaborators; and she was one of the most successful. She worked in France in conjunction with a man named Hennequin, whose name she has since been known by. Richard de Cuers became dissatisfied with Hennequin and sold him to the French police at Arras, where he was imprisoned for three years. Rose meanwhile rose to high grades in the spy-service of Germany. She was entrusted with the correspondence which passed between the German authorities and their agents in France. Her zeal, her activity and her *finesse* attracted the attention of the great chiefs of German espionage and they entrusted her with an important mission. There for the first, and, I think, the only time, she failed.

This is the way it happened: Rose was summoned to Brussels by the Napoleon of Spies and taken thence to Metz, where she was presented to the chief of the German spy-service, Major von Rock, of the Eighth Bavarian, who is known to the spies as Paul Leopoldus. It was under this name that all reports were sent to him, the address being simply "Metz." Von Rock is a stout, high-colored man, over fifty, with thick red mustaches. He is a free-handed, jolly-appearing man and the spies all speak highly of his generosity. His *aide-de-trahison* is Schultz, a captain in the engineers, who lives at No. 8 rue Ste. Helene in Treves, and to whom letters are sent addressed Fraulein Milon—his wife's maiden name. In addition to these, Rose met Louis Koch and a French renegade, Schwartz—who had once been a commissary of police—near Paris. What they wanted was a lot of important documents in the French military bureau of Longwy-Haut. They knew that a French soldier of the name of Barbier had acquaintance of them. He was, at that moment, in the 132nd Infantry stationed at Rheims. To him they sent the siren

Rose. Barbier fell in love with her, as many men have fallen; but he was honest and when she tried to persuade him to betray his country he notified his colonel. And Rose, for a little while, knew the dark side of the prison-house of Rheims.

She believed that Richard de Cuers—for no one spy trusts another—had sold her to the French authorities. So she entered into a little conspiracy against that Napoleon of Spies, aided by the French "service of information." Richard de Cuers was keen on getting some of the cartridges of the Lebel rifle. Rose had them sent to him, but the cartridges had been "dosed" by French engineers and the parts of the Lebel rifles sent him were equally "fake." Then she denounced de Cuers to the Berlin authorities and that Napoleon of Spies was sent elsewhere. (His successor was Pierre Thiessen, of whom there is much to be said.) "And the Englishman?" I asked.

Rose laughed softly.

"*Nous avons fait le coup de Richard,*" she said.

After all, Richard de Cuers is the Napoleon of Spies and it was his historic method that brought the English warrant officer to Ostend—and to dishonor. It was the same plan he used with Thiessen who was to succeed him as chief of the German spy system, with headquarters in Brussels. Thiessen was a non-commissioned

officer in the Belgian army. He was stationed at Verriers. Handsome, vain, a spendthrift, he borrowed money from de Cuers, who urged him to go to Paris,

"YOU will send me," Cuers said, "newspaper correspondence and clippings from the daily papers—I am establishing a press bureau here."

Soon the newspaper correspondence was transformed into plans of fortresses and photographs of strategic railway lines; and Thiessen was arrested and imprisoned for five years in France. He returned to Belgium to take, finally, the place of Cuers. He is known as Muller and as Jean Lacoste, but now and then—for the sake of *auld lang syne*—he assumes the name of his former chief. And it was as Richard that he met the English warrant officer, engaged him as a "newspaper correspondent" entangled him in treason and, in the end, sold him with cynical unconcern to the British government. That is Richard's historic coup.

When a spy has risen to the high rank attained by Rose Hennequin, she receives her money and her instructions direct from the army head of the spy system.

Thus, at present she is "working" for Major von Rock. She sends him no letters from France, for instance. That would be too dangerous, for every European postoffice department has its "dark chamber" where suspicious letters are examined. In case she has something of importance to communicate by post the letter is sent across the frontier and put in a German letter box. There is only one exception. When Rose, or any other spy in good standing, needs money word is sent by post-card. For example some morning Paul Leopoldus receives a picture post-card, representing the cathedral of Rouen. On the card there is not a word, not a signature, not an initial, not a mark; nothing. But Leopoldus understands. He steams the card for a moment and takes off the postage stamp. Underneath is written in lead-pencil:

R. H. 53
500

It is as clear as day, Rose Hennequin, whose number in the spy register is 53, requests that five hundred francs be sent her at Rouen; and the next day she receives a five-hundred-franc note in a plain envelope.

Rose is "working"—to use her own euphemistic phrase—for Germany at the present time. And she works indifferently in England or France. It is her business to get in touch with men so placed that they can betray naval or military secrets.

"I have never worked except in France and England," she said. "They wanted me to go to Russia, but that did n't appeal to me. If anything had happened! The Russians are not chivalrous—no, I won't work in Russia." (Continued on Page 12)



Pierre Thiessen, first of contemporary spies.



At dessert she announced gaily that she had a surprise for them all