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## The Woman War Spy--How She Has Brought Her Charms and Talents Into Play in the Great Struggle

### Thrilling Stories of Women Who Have Been Convicted of Espionage and Faced Firing Squads in Europe--Spying a Dangerous Game and One that Takes Clear Head and Unflinching Nerve.

Behind the reason for the attack of a certain military position, long held to be impregnable, somewhere in the inscrutable background of the tenuous world of diplomacy, with its whispered words, its meaningful glances, its cryptic messages, and its deep seated and far reaching accomplishments, appears the hand of the woman—the hand of a woman spy.

Born actress, but rarely theatrical, always ready to answer the spur of excitement and romance and peculiarly subtle by nature, woman, with her charms and talents, has been evoked in this great war to play the fastidiously subtle game of spying—a game that within the last year has increased its devotees a hundredfold.

Scarcely a day passes but what word comes by cable from warring countries that a woman—perhaps a duchess and perhaps a peasant—is being held for court martial trial by the army authorities of one nation or another.

A dangerous game, this life of spying, but withal a woman's game and one that takes a clear head, unflinching nerve, absolute control of expression to prevent as long as possible the potential, and usually eventual, end—the white handkerchief, the uplifted arm of the lieutenant, the cruel bark of rifles, and then—oblivion.

It is abroad that they flourish most successfully. What do they look like, who are they, where do they come from, what do they do—these women who look death in the face for a nebulous thing called patriotism or love? Of what sort are these women who follow in the footsteps of Belle Boyd, Betty van Lew, Rosie Greenwood, and Emma Edmunds—that beautiful quartette that sold more secrets of the civil war than any man in their dangerous profession.

Well, there was Susanna Raynal—Susanna who sleeps in a disgraceful grave near the French-Swiss frontier, sleeps side by side with the lover who brought her there.

Susanna Raynal was young—only 28—but she was more; she was beautiful with that boyish, vivacious beauty of the French woman, and, to complement her own charms, she was the wife of Louis Raynal, a lieutenant in the French army and as handsome and talented a man as a woman could want. She and Louis were happy. But war brings many changes, and when Louis marched away with his regiment, he left her behind—idle, lonely, eager for anything, since leisure to her was stagnation. Her beautiful home in the heart of Paris, the wealth that was hers, and the social position seemed in no way to modify her discontent.

Then, suddenly, a man came into her life—a man that made her forget all about her loneliness and the husband that was fighting at the front. He was an Austrian, dark, anaemic, plain, he was everything that Louis Raynal was not. Yet Susanna Raynal loved him and, loving, gave everything. So complete was her infatuation for this man she even allowed herself to be drawn into his dangerous plans, for her lover was a German spy.

Somehow, through the circuitous and secretive channels of the fatherland's system, he had come into possession of valuable French documents—valuable to the French, that is, and invaluable to the Germans. He dared not trust them to the mail. But the ubiquitous bureau of secret and stolen facts in Berlin was calling for them. He must dispatch them. But how? How?

Mme Raynal!

Helped Smuggle Papers. At first she demurred. A German spy! The appellation was revolting to her. But the man, with protestations of undying love, finally won her over to his side, and together they formulated their plans; Mme Raynal through some of her influential friends, was to get a personal letter to the French Minister of War, from whom, in turn, she was to get, if possible, a permit to carry "literary manuscripts" out of France and into Switzerland. The manuscripts, of course, were the secret documents obtained by Mme Raynal's Austrian lover.

At length the day came for Mme Raynal to go to the War Office. She was accompanied by the Austrian. Mme Raynal was ushered into a private office and her lover was told to wait in the large reception room. On the rosewood table was a pile of official looking documents. After

showing the Austrian a seat the attendant withdrew, leaving only the Austrian in the room. He saw the papers, took them and thus fell into the government's trap. A moment later Mme Raynal appeared smiling from the Minister's Office with the permit in her hand.

Together they were allowed to go, and the following day they reached Bellegarde, on the frontier, happy in the belief that at last their plot had been consummated successfully and without detection; but the thought had scarcely occurred to them when officers dragged them from the train, searched the Austrian, and brought to light the trick documents that he had stolen from the reception room of the War Office, and later, the real documents, which he was carrying to the Kaiser's bureau in Berlin.

One hour later they were shot.

They took him first. Mme Raynal turned away when she saw the rifles raised, but the only sign she gave when she heard the report that snuffed out her lover's life was a pitiful shrug of the shoulders. Then, lifting her face and walking erect, she marched out unblinded and went to her own death.

Italian Secrets.

Upon a higher and strictly military plane is the case of Maj. Zunini, formerly military critic of the Stampa, a journal owned by the Marquis Frassati and one of the powerful organs of Italy. While there is no positive evidence to the effect, the order of the Italian court martial at Portogruaro sentencing Zunini to two and one-half years imprisonment, dismissal from the army, and to the payment of a 5,000 franc fine, points to the fact that the Italian authorities believed that a German woman spy was the recipient of information alleged to have been sent out by Zunini.

The letters, which were written by him while he was serving as a secretary in the military censor's office, were ostensibly for the Stampa. But it was shown in the trial that Zunini knew that, owing to the critical nature of the articles, which showed up some of the weaknesses of the Italian positions and Italian generalship, they would not be printed in the Stampa. But, more important still, it was shown that Zunini knew that the letters would be handed to a certain member of the staff for first reading. This man's wife was a German woman, ardently pro-German in her sympathies, and had a host of German friends in Berlin, with whom she was constantly in communication. Moreover, she was lovely.

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The patriotic press openly proclaimed the belief that she was one of the army of German secret agents and furthermore declared that she was working hand in glove with Frassati, the owner of the Stampa, who was alleged to have taken money from Prince von Buelow and transmitted to the German authorities the news that Zunini had obtained. Of this, however, no proof was adduced at the trial.

Again the fateful hand of the woman spy is seen in the case of Gen. Boggio, who is awaiting court martial in Verona, Italy, charged with disclosing secrets to the Germans.

On spring day in Verona, while on the way to his command, he stopped spellbound at the sight of a woman leaning from a trellised porch a few feet over his head. A lovely picture she made as she stood there trimming the flowers, her cheeks pink with the fresh air of the morning, her figure rounded and beautiful and alluring in a siren lounging gown. And Gen. Boggio, always an admirer of the beautiful, stopped to look. And then the woman did a coquettish thing—

with white hands she cut a flower and tossed it over the grilles from the balcony to the man below, who caught it and went on, with the ambition of conquest, in his heart.

That they should eventually meet was inevitable; that he should fall desperately in love with her was also inevitable; but that Gen. Boggio, knowing her to be a German should have the courage in the troublous times that were then retreating to take her to live in a beautiful apartment was amazing—inevitable even though it was.

The woman, whose name the Italian censors are keeping secret, was a remarkable as well as a beautiful one. And when she told him that she loved him he gave her his confidence—out wholly and generously, though bit by bit. Over the cups in the breakfast room, by tears and laughter, by the assumption of moods, by making herself indispensable to him, she secured valuable information—a morsel here, a tit-bit there, until her store reached the proportions of completeness.

Record in Jewel Case.

In the secret compartment in the bottom of her jewel case she kept the records of her investigations—maps showing where ammunition was stored, where arsenals were moved, how they might be reached—until she was able to get them out of Italy and into the hands of the Kaiser's master conspirators in Berlin.

Then, at last, all of these secrets which she had extracted so insidiously, so cleverly, were made use of, for military biplanes. Not once did they falter or pause in their course over the city. Unerringly, as if they knew beforehand just the exact spot above which they should hover, they proceeded, and when they were above ammunition storerooms they dropped bombs down, then whirled away.

Now, the other spies who had shadowed the general and the German woman he loved came forth and showed their hands. The military authorities raided Gen. Boggio's residence and took both him and the woman in custody.

It is not known whether she will be shot or sentenced heavily—such things are not mentioned in the strictly censored reports from the war zones—but it is certain, in the opinion of Italian officers that the general will fare badly.

While Miss Edith Cavell, the martyred British nurse who went to her death last October before the German firing squad, was not a spy, she was thus considered by the Teuton court that convicted her, and she paid the spy's penalty. The case is too well known to be gone into fully; suffice it to say that she was charged with assisting Belgian, French and British soldiers to get out of German ruled territory in defiance of a German military order.

Cels, the Belgian, who betrayed his country when he went under the pay of the Kaiser and who was the man who accused Miss Cavell, was mysteriously murdered early in January in a side street of Schaerbeek, near Brussels. It is openly stated that a "jury of revenge," composed of Belgians, met and elected one of its number to put Cels out of the way, which he did effectually.

(Continued on page 5)

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