

walls and tables being gazed at by silent, stern men, some I knew, others strange to me. What was to be their task? There was none to say, each man a different journey, many to their death, and what a bleak death!

I found a desk and maps and memorised my instructions; so far nothing much had been allotted me; I was to get in touch with Captain Clementi Smith, R.E., and Captain Lefroy, a wireless expert, proceed with them via Southampton to Le Havre the following night. Smith came in about ten minutes after and came straight to me—a very cheerful chap—his father was chaplain to the Lord Mayor of London. We exchanged greetings, and he then made an appointment for the next day. We were to travel by car to Southampton.

The day of the great adventure was glorious—the 4th of August—and as the car glided through England's beautiful country, I whispered a prayer that war should never come here to mar this peacefulness.

Here's Southampton—excitement is everywhere—people are rushing the stores to stock their larders, against what? Others are going about with a dazed look, and yet others are marching in mufti to barracks or recruiting depots—a band is playing somewhere.

The trip across the Channel was a cocktail in comparison with the drive and bustle down. We arrived at Le Havre about 1 a.m. on August 5, and disembarked. We were greeted by a cheering mob of French interpreters who were billeted in very large glass waiting-rooms on the pier. These chaps were to be allocated later to the British Army. Unfortunately we had made a faux pas and changed into uniform on the trip over, with the result that the mob besieged us as we passed through the town on our way to the main post office.

It took us hours to arrive at our destination, and even there they surrounded the building, cheering and singing. We showed ourselves on the balcony, more cheers mingled with the "Marseillaise," and "God Save the King." What a morning. Here Smith had to take over the wires from the French. I didn't envy him his job.

Lefroy and self are to proceed via Paris to Maubeuge. I am to await G.H.Q. at Le Cateau, my job in the interim is to check up the local population and the migrating refugees for possible spies. My direct superior is Lient-Colonel Zopp, of the French Secret Service, and a very hard taskmaster I found him. The area was teeming with spies, using the cloak of fleeing refugees and so passed freely to and fro.

Much of my work in this direction was hindered by the G.V.C.'s—the gentlemen of the Armees—old French Territorials. They would stop all and sundry causing much confusion. I am sure that many could not read the passes or permits that were submitted.

Their examination consisted of turning it round and round looking about as intelligent as a Newfoundland puppy; but it seemed to satisfy them if they saw some kind of official stamp. Later on their duties were taken over by the gendarmes.

ON arrival of the British G.H.Q. at Le Cateau I caught my first spy or spies. A cafe across the square from the school-house in which the staff had their headquarters displayed a notice in English that "Afternoon tea and other English meals could be had." The

Madame and her Daughter

(Continued from page 6.)

cafe was run by a Flemish woman of the name of Donan and her daughter, who spoke fluent English. The girl had been a music teacher in London.

The cafe was hailed with delight by the staff and young bloods, most of their spare time was spent there singing, eating and drinking, the girl mingling at the tables, chaffing and making friends all round. I used to sit at a table near the door so that I could have the room under view.

I made friends with the mother through acting as M.C. for the sing-songs. It was a gay place, talk and laughter ruled—too much talk I am afraid—officers seemed to take a delight in discussing the details of their job.

MY attention was drawn to Mademoiselle in this direction. She could generally be found sitting at



Thomas Kennedy,

who has a delightful baritone voice, will sing "Ave Maria" and "Serenade" on Wednesday, October 12, from 4YA.

the table with these officers, listening to their yarns. I noticed her concentration and questioning, so kept the girl and mother under close observation.

ONE afternoon, a slack one in the cafe, I was having tea, and they came and sat down at my table and started to yarn about the terrible business of war, and their poor country, all mingled with questions: Did I think that the English would get up in time to help the French? It was so nice to see them in their smart uniforms. Did I think that England could send many soldiers? What were the names of those smart officers and generals? What regiments were now in France, and to what part of France were they being sent? Did I think that they would have the joy of seeing them? And a hundred and one leading questions to which I gave elaborate and imaginary answers.

The cafe now became busy, so I was left to my thoughts. I noticed a Captain X, whom the girl seemed keen on, so after he had tea I followed him out and asked him to come along with me to my chief, where I disclosed my suspicions.

Captain X. was ordered to make himself popular with the couple, and a story was concocted for him to tell. That very night we were in luck: he was invited to supper after the cafe had closed.

Next morning I was keen to hear his news. He informed me that they had given him a royal feast, and, after the mother had begged to be excused, the daughter started shyly to make love to him. He said that he had a very uncomfortable time of it, but played his part. After some fooling round, when the girl quite thought he was in love with her, she started asking questions mingled with kisses. X. gave her the details that we had arranged, making a great show with pencil and paper. These he conveniently left behind.

NOW came my task to find out to what use all the information that they had gleaned had been put. I thought over many schemes till I had a headache, and went to bed with it. Next morning I had a brain-wave, so seeking out several bright sparks I suggested to them that they arrange a grand sing-song at the cafe that night, so off they went to inform madam. In the interim I made a survey of the outside of the building, which was a two-story one.

As soon as the concert was well under way, and madam was busy with her cups, and mademoiselle luckily at the piano, I made my way to the back of the house, then taking off my boots I started to climb up a pipe that led under a window. This was no easy task, and my poor toes were sore for weeks after. Hanging on to a ledge I tried the window. Luck again, it opened, and in I climbed.

I found that I was in a storeroom of sorts. I was determined to search the place thoroughly, and if I found nothing, to investigate the cafe and ground floor after they had gone to bed.

THE first room I came to I drew a blank, as well as the next. Then I came to what turned out to be madam's room.

Here I put my hands on to what I was looking for. She had hidden them in the pillow-slip on the bed. I made a thorough search through the papers, and what do you think I found? Well, the pencil sketches, notes of Captain X., a mass of other information in condensed form on special paper—also rings for carrier pigeons and instructions from secret agents in Belgium as to information wanted. It seemed that madam was getting ready to dispatch her information.

I collared the lot and made my way down the pipe. In the yard I discovered the pigeons in a shed. I then went back to my chief, and after a hurried consultation—as time was drawing near for the cafe to close—I arranged to have a guard thrown round the house. My chief and self joined

at once the rest of the crowd. We remained until closing time, then waited behind till we were left to ourselves. My chief walked up to madam and her daughter, saying, "I am very sorry, I must place you both under arrest. Will you please come with me?"

They looked very dazed, then madam, who was made of sterner stuff, started to go for me. The chief blew his whistle, and the guard came in. They were then marched away. I only saw them for a moment after that. We handed them over to the French, with all documentary evidence. The French have a very short way with spies, and next day they faced a firing party. I was told afterward that they met their death with bravery. I am glad it was not our fellows who had to carry out this task. The British do not like shooting women, and from record you will not find a single case.

There were only three women spies who were sentenced in England—one to ten years, she dying in an asylum—one to life, she later to an asylum, and I am not sure what the other got.

Tannhauser

(Continued from page 1.)

hand in marriage as the prize.

The Elizabeth in the present opera seems to be a Wagnerian adaptation of the original St. Elizabeth, of Austria, estimable lady who is also the heroine of Liszt's oratoria of the same name, which was unsuccessfully presented as an opera a few years ago. The contest of song in which participated most of the knightly minstrels mentioned in the above cast, also is historical, and one Heinrich von Ofterdinger (whom some writers identify with Tannhauser) was saved from a violent death by the Landgravine Sophia, who threw her cloak over him. This provides Wagner with the chief incident in his second act.

Many popular ballads recount the story of Tannhauser and the Venus of the Wartburg, also that of the Pope's refusal to give absolution to the penitent sinner and the subsequent flowering of the papal staff, as a mark of divine pardon.

World Radio News

THE cheapest wireless set shown at the Radio Exhibition in London in August was a two-valve set in a bicycle cabinet, priced at 37/6. The most expensive was a radio-gramophone valued at £262/10/-.

IT is expected that the first broadcast from the new Empire shortwave station being constructed at Daventry by the British Broadcasting Corporation will take place on Christmas Day, when an effort will be made to transmit a part of the programme round the world. The station will begin its tests in a few weeks, but a complete service will not be established until next year.

The decision to construct a wireless station for broadcasting throughout the Empire was made known ten months ago. The station is estimated to cost £40,000, and its maintenance £22,000 a year.