From behind a screen of foliage a naked woman had appeared, riding on a white horse, its strappings studded with turquoises—a new dancer whose name was already known among the studio and drawing-room cliques: Mata Hari.

She was a dancer who did not dance much, yet at Emma Calvé’s, before the portable altar that she used as a background, supported by a little group of coloured attendants and musicians and framed in the pillars of a vast, white hall, she had been sufficiently snake-like and enigmatic to produce a good effect. The people who fell into such dithyrambic raptures and wrote so enthusiastically of Mata Hari’s person and talents must be wondering now what collective delusion possessed them. Her dancing and the naïve legends surrounding her were of no better quality than the ordinary clap-trap of the current ‘Indian turns’ in the music hall. The only pleasant certainties on which her drawing-room audiences could count were a slender waist below breasts that she prudently kept hidden, a fine, supple moving back, muscular loins, long thighs and slim knees. Her nose and mouth, which were both thick, and the rather oily brilliance of her eyes did nothing to alter—on the contrary—our established notions of the Oriental. It should be said that the finale of her dance, the moment when Mata Hari, freed of her last girdle, fell forward modestly upon her belly, carried the male—and a good proportion of the female—spectators to the extreme limit of decent attention.

In the May sunshine, at Neuilly, despite the turquoises, the dropping black mane of hair, the tinsel diadem and especially
In case the spy, who of course was to move about behind the front as a civilian, were to meet a body of troops accompanied by an officer, he was to act in a particular manner.

He was instructed that in such a dangerous predicament he was to squat innocently in the nearest ditch and let down his trousers, as though performing a physical necessity. It is extraordinarily difficult to cross-examine a man in such a position...

Before his departure from enemy territory the spy was to acquire a dog; if necessary he must buy one. This dog was to accompany him on his return. The spy was provided with very thin paper and a small aluminium tube. The paper he covered with his sketches and statistics; he rolled it up and slipped it into the tube, and the tube was inserted in the dog's rectum. There, for a time, no one thought of looking for it. The trick was detected only through a grotesque accident.

A sentry on a country road saw a pedlar trudging along the road with his dog. The dog ran to the edge of the ditch, whining piteously, and apparently anxious to relieve itself. The pedlar, however, would not let him stop, but dragged him along by his leash. The sentry, who was a great lover of animals, felt angry; he ordered the pedlar to let the dog do what it wanted. The poor animal, which was evidently in difficulties, finally got rid of a silvery metal tube. Since the sentry had never heard that dogs were accustomed to excrete such articles, he was struck with amazement, and being an intelligent man he took pedlar, dog and aluminium tube to the guard, and there related the incident. From that time onwards all the military police of this sector examined such dogs as were led about in the neighbourhood of the front by persons in civilian dress.

H. R. Berndorff
64. CARRIER PIGEONS

With the practical genius of their nation, the English, after long preparation, accomplished a piece of espionage unexampled in the history of the pre-war Secret Service. They placed agents in the great cities of the Rhine, extending from Holland to Switzerland, and in the German cities on the route Amsterdam–Hanover–Schneidemühl–Thorn. Along this route they flew carrier pigeons, by means of which they could at any time, even in serious emergencies, forward news and information. Early in the year 1914 this organisation was perfected in the most ingenious fashion. The British Secret Service agents had noted that the carrier pigeons followed, in the one case, the course of the Rhine, and in the other the railway between Amsterdam and Thorn. They now had tiny cameras made, so light that they could be fastened to the birds' tails. These appliances were fitted with clockwork, which at set times would expose portions of a film, and since a whole flight of pigeons was always released simultaneously, and their cameras could be set to make exposures at different times, it would be possible to obtain a fairly continuous series of photographs.

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H. R. BERNDORFF
how bad our relations with Britain were at that time, because of
Siam. To gain information, Sandherr took into his pay the valet
of the Ambassador, Lord Lytton. You also remember that Lytton
was a neurotic, who sometimes took champagne to keep himself
going and sometimes took drugs to enable him to sleep. In either
case he slept very soundly. Every night before going to bed he put
the letters and telegrams of the day in a drawer, the key of which,
a small golden key strung on a curb-chain, never left him. He
used carefully to put it on his night table, with his watch-chain.
As soon as he was asleep the valet would creep into his room, take
the key, open the drawer, and remove the papers. Then he
quickly took them to a house in the Rue d’Aguesseau, where an
officer of the Intelligence Department, Captain Rollin, would be
waiting for him. An hour later the papers and golden key would
be back in their places. But you can imagine the manner in
which the British Government would have demanded redress if
it had discovered this violation of human rights, carried out at
night, and in the Ambassador’s own bedroom, and with the con-
nivance of a serving officer into the bargain. In fact Lord Lytton
must have ended by noticing something, because one day he
suddenly gave his valet the sack, without giving him any expla-
nation...