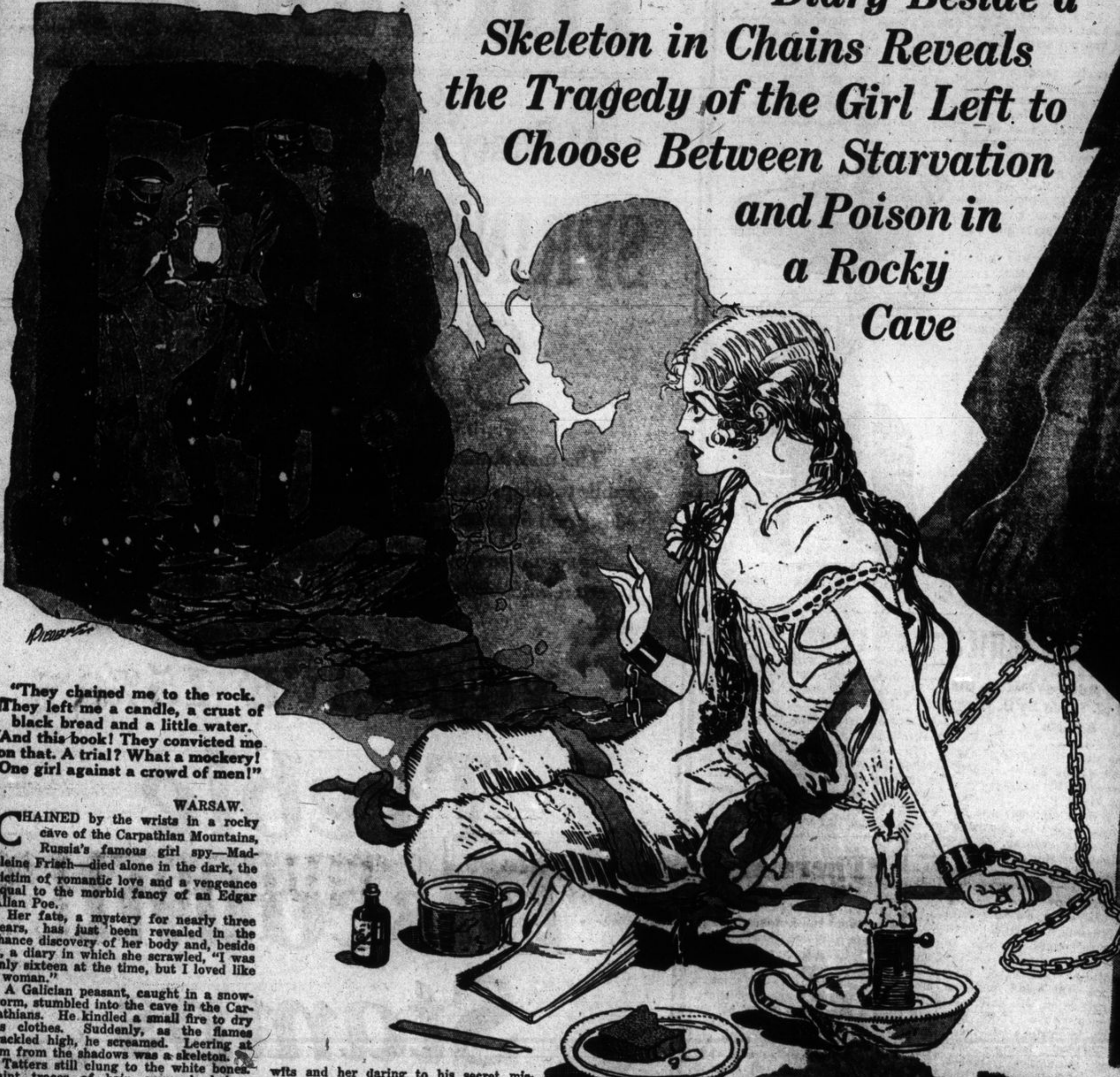


How Russia's Prettiest Spy Died for Love

*Discovery of a
Diary Beside a
Skeleton in Chains Reveals
the Tragedy of the Girl Left to
Choose Between Starvation
and Poison in
a Rocky
Cave*



"They chained me to the rock. They left me a candle, a crust of black bread and a little water. And this book! They convicted me on that. A trial? What a mockery! One girl against a crowd of men!"

WARSAW.
CHAINED by the wrists in a rocky cave of the Carpathian Mountains, Russia's famous girl spy—Madeleine Frisch—died alone in the dark, the victim of romantic love and a vengeance equal to the morbid fancy of an Edgar Allan Poe.

Her fate, a mystery for nearly three years, has just been revealed in the chance discovery of her body and, beside it, a diary in which she scrawled, "I was only sixteen at the time, but I loved like a woman."

A Galician peasant, caught in a snow-storm, stumbled into the cave in the Carpathians. He kindled a small fire to dry his clothes. Suddenly, as the flames crackled high, he screamed. Leering at him from the shadows was a skeleton.

Tatters still clung to the white bones. Faint traces of hair—woman's hair—straggled off the skull. Around each wrist was a manacle. Twin chains led from the handcuffs to an iron pin, driven deep into the rock.

Investigators, guided to the cave by the peasant, found an empty tin cup; a bottle which had contained poison; tallow drippings, as though from a candle guttered to the stump; the diary, and, held against the breast-bone of the skeleton by a few mouldering rags, a small leather case.

When this was opened, the searchers gazed on two photographs—the face of an impressive-looking man in the uniform of a captain of Russian cavalry, and that of a young girl.

The pictures were identified by a soldier as those of Madeleine Frisch and her lover; the diary, yellowed, but still legible, told the story of their fatal passion and solved the mystery of how and why the Polish beauty, once so adored and so adoring, came to be in that remote, grim-grotto, bound by chains, with no light but the glimmer of the candle; with no water save a few drops from the tin cup; with no swift release unless she chose death by poison in preference to starvation.

In 1914, when the war broke out (wrote Madeleine Frisch in her diary) she lived with her parents in a village in Russian Poland, near the Rumanian border. She was the town beauty, dreaming of no destiny higher than marriage to some peasant, but fated, before she was twenty, to become as notorious in Europe as Mata Hari, the Dutch-Java-

nese dancer, whom France executed as a spy.

Into Madeleine's village one day clattered a squadron of Russian cavalry, vanguard of the Czar's army. At their head rode one Captain Paul Savroff, whose air of flashing courage cloaked designs far deeper and more sinister than leading a battle charge. The troops were billeted on the town, and Madeleine, the beauty, fell in love with the young captain.

She discovered, what no one else suspected, that Savroff was in the pay of Germany. To her love for him was added a new emotion—flaming patriotism. For Madeleine was a Pole, a true daughter of the race that had suffered four centuries under the knout of Czarism. As she gave her heart to Savroff, so she gave her

wits and her daring to his secret missions, aimed against the Romanoffs, the oppressors.

Madeleine to-day is a glamorous, legendary figure in Warsaw. Stories are told of many exploits in which she was the heroine. She was not only Savroff's sweetheart—she was "Savroff's eyes." And he, through her, became a king of spies.

After the Russian revolution, Savroff offered his services to the Bolsheviks. Madeleine went with him when he continued his espionage in the counter-revolutionary armies of Denikin and Wrangel. She was too wrapped up in Savroff by then to know any allegiance but her heart's. And so, when Wrangel was defeated and Savroff, still in Bolshevik pay, became a spy in General Petura's forces, Madeleine was still his "eyes."

A sharp-shooter's bullet, drilling the engine of an airplane rising from behind Petura's lines one bright summer morning, put a period to the love chapter of the little Polish adventures. Savroff was in the plane, about to deliver important information to the enemy. He was only wounded, but the documents found on his person fatally incriminated not only himself, but his confederate, Madeleine Frisch.

General Petura ordered a military court-martial. The two spies were found guilty. Savroff with a cigarette between his lips and a sneer on them, crumpled before a firing squad at sunrise. Made-

leine was sentenced to a similar doom. But she was too desperate, too clever for her jailers. A kiss for the soldier on guard, a knife-blade between his shoulders, and Madeleine Frisch was a fugitive at the moment her lover died.

They hunted her from wood to wood, from town to town. But Madeleine was in her own country. She knew every thicket and every bog path. By nightfall she had crossed the Bolshevik lines. She was safe. Only her heart was back there in the public square of the little town, where the executioners had let the body of Savroff lie as it fell.

A grim little company of men, comrades of the soldier she had stabbed and many other soldiers she and Savroff had betrayed to their deaths, swore an oath that, as they had killed Savroff the spy, they would complete their vengeance some day, somewhere, on the girl who was "Savroff's eyes."

The English translation of the last entries in the diary of Madeleine Frisch tells how that oath was kept. She was in Hoshin, a small Rumanian town in the foothills of the Carpathians, acting as a tavern waitress, when she wrote:

"I am no longer sure that I am safe



Madeleine Frisch as a Cabaret Dancer. In This Disguise She Flirted with Russian Generals and Picked-Up Secret Information Which She Relayed to Savroff.

*Мир только
было 16 лет
тогда но я
любилась как
женщина. За
него я готова
была умереть и
вспомню день
указавший мне
когда произойдет*

Portion of the Actual Diary Manuscript Found with the Girl Spy's Skeleton. It is in Russian, the Translation Reading: "I was only sixteen then, but I loved like a woman. For him I was ready to die, and I will meet this awful death when it comes."

here. Two men came into the cafe last night. They were strangers, Rumanians, to judge from their speech. I served them, like any other. They said nothing to me except to order food and drink. But one of them looked at me in a way I did not like. Had I ever seen him before? I do not know. Had he ever seen me? I am never, never sure!"

This was written in a firm, neat script, markedly different from the shaky scrawl on the next page, though the hand guiding the pencil obviously was the same. Madeleine Frisch wrote:

"It is the end! Or will soon be. The candle has only a little way to burn. When it is out, I shall drink the poison. There with Paul's picture, close! close! I kiss the picture—Paul

as I first saw him. I was only sixteen then, but I loved like a woman. For him I was ready to die, and I will meet this awful death when it comes. . . . But the candle burns fast, and I must write, that some day the world may know how a girl can die."

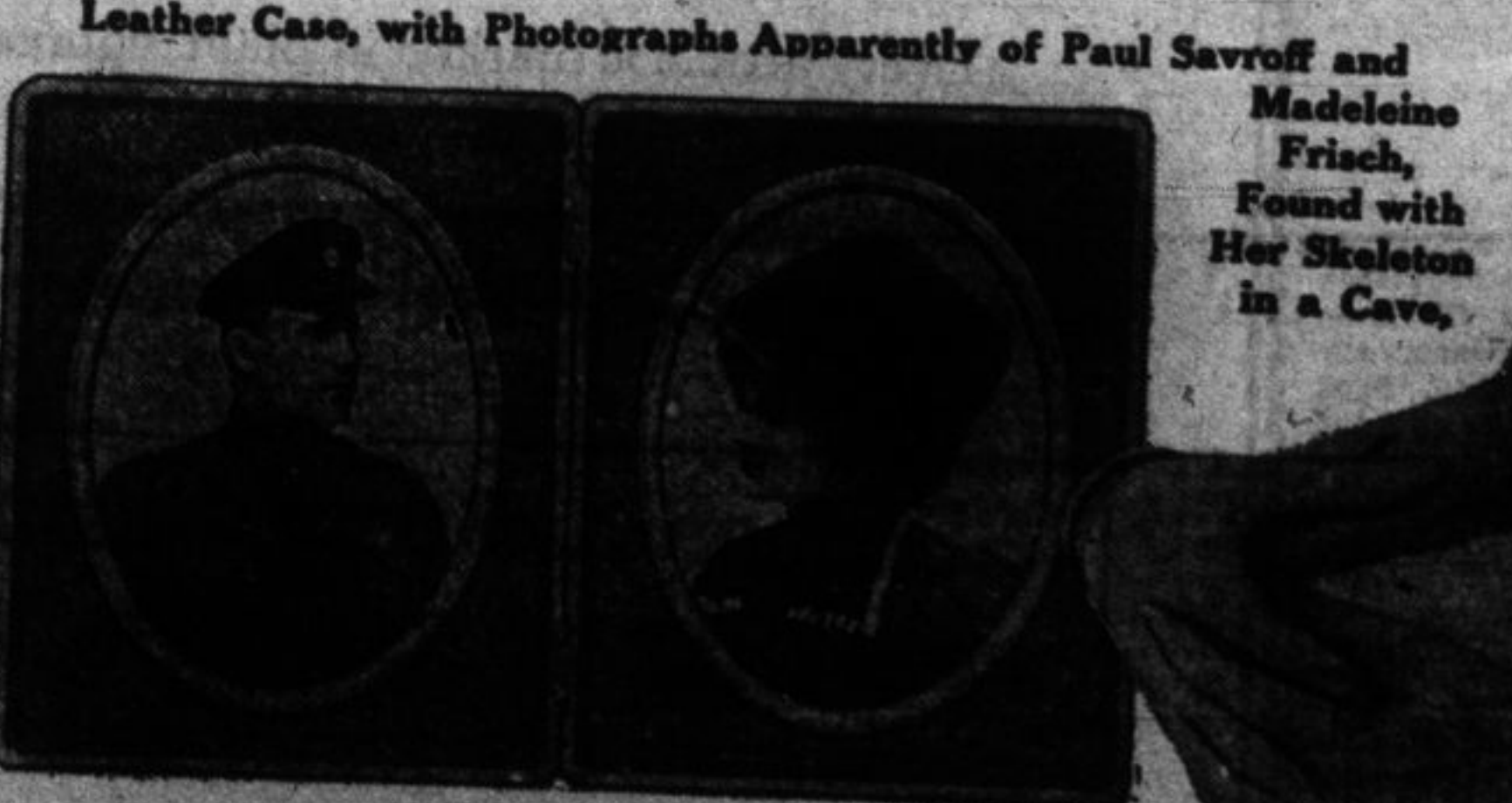
"They came, as I have always been afraid they would come. The man in the cafe was one of Petura's troopers. He recognized me, tracked me home. An hour ago—or was it centuries?—I was awakened by hands at my throat. They gagged me and bound me and brought me here, wherever this place may be. I can remember only rough roads, climbing. . . .

"It is a cave. They undid my bonds and took the gag from my mouth and I faced them, my accusers, for a trial. A trial? What a mockery! One girl against a crowd of men!

"But if they thought to see me cower and plead, they were disappointed. Not even when they read my sentence did I flinch—to be chained to a rock—to die like a trapped wolf.

"Will they come back? The hole at the entrance is closed. They dragged logs of wood against it. There was a little bit of light—and then nothing. I heard the thud of earth. I can hear nothing now. Only the scratch of the pencil, a clanking when I move my arms. Paul! Paul! Can you see me, wherever you are? . . . The candle, . . .

Here the diary ends.



Leather Case, with Photographs Apparently of Paul Savroff and Madeleine Frisch, Found with Her Skeleton in a Cave.

Mata Hari, Beautiful Spy, Executed by the French. Her Exploits Resembled Madeleine Frisch's.