

REVELATIONS FROM GERMAN ROYALTY

(Continued from page one)

I put it to him strongly that his father ought to come in with the war party; that there could be nothing that could stand in the way of victory; that financial ruin was impossible; and I told him I had information which ought to convince the old man.

"What information, Elsa?" I asked. "Why, that General — the best man the French have is with us. In the event of war he would be in command of — wait a minute, I'll show you."

The Baroness went into an inner room and returned with a map, not an ordinary map, a war map, secret and confidential, issued only for the use of the German general staff.

"Now we should go through Belgium of course. They will allow us passages for they won't be able to help themselves. Their army could do nothing. Once through Belgium the rest is easy. See here!"

She ran her fingers down a red line on the map. "That is where we should advance — through there. Now, General — is marked down for this important command in case of war."

"Ah, I see! Then General — has been bought? Is that it, Elsa?"

(This general bears a name so honored, and has so distinguished himself in the war, that we dare not put down his real name).

"Oh, foolish Schroeder! You really are a little stupid-head at times! Of course he isn't! He's absolutely incorruptible, though we've tried him, of course. But I can tell young Thause that he is to be bought, can't I?"

"Yes, but how prove it to Thause?" I asked.

"Ah! that's better! You have a little sense after all. Young Thause shall meet the general. I shall wire to Steinhauer tomorrow morning, and he will send somebody along who will be useful, and then I think we can get to work with young Thause."

Trickery.

Some days later I stopped to look in the window of a well-known photographer's shop, and there noticed a portrait of the very French general whom Elsa and I had been discussing but a few nights before at the hotel.

"No," I decided as I looked at his strong face, "that man would never be a traitor to his country, to his adopted France, and how then could Elsa persuade young Thause?"

"After dinner, Schroeder," said the Baroness to me that night, "you will come to my private sitting room. He will be there."

"He! Who?" I asked. "General —," she whispered, and then laughed.

After dinner I went up to her sitting room and she introduced me to General —. There he was, the honest looking, straightforward soldier, but now in ordinary evening dress.

He welcomed me courteously in German, good German, but with a strong French accent. Yes, here he was, the very man himself. How clever! What a wonderful woman Elsa was!

I looked at him, hardly believing my eyes, and then suddenly Elsa burst into a scream of laughter, and General — quickly gave me a sign which told me that he was one of those men — Steinhauer, the master spy, perhaps the most powerful man in the fatherland next to the kaiser.

"Splendid, isn't it?" said Elsa. "don't you think it's a good disguise?"

German Thoroughness. Elsa more than hinted that this extraordinary likeness to the great French soldier might possibly be of further use when war had begun.

"But," I put in, "how about Monsieur Pointain here? He can't go back to Rouen without his beard! There too, if he walked about here in Paris the likeness might be remarked upon and the newspapers — well, you know

what they are for what they call 'a good story.' " "Oh, it's all quite simple," said Elsa. "Monsieur Pointain will have a new beard brought here for him tomorrow by Alphonse, the hairdresser and wigmaker of the Rue de la Paix after which he will proceed to England on business, where he will discard the beard and proceed to grow a fresh one.

"Poof! they are so stupid, the English they will never notice who he is like! Now, you shall run away, Schroeder, for young Thause will be here directly, and it won't do to have too many in this scene. Pump him when you meet him next at Grenelles."

Grenelles was a fashionable boulevard cafe where Thause and I met each other nearly every afternoon, and on the following day he came in as usual, nodded to me, and as was his frequent custom, came to sit at my table.

We were sitting in a corner, there was no one near enough to overhear us, and he leaned across the table and spoke to me in a low voice.

"I had my eyes opened last night when I met the Frenchman," he said, "and I'm sending a strong letter to father. Come with me and you shall see me post it, and then you can tell the Baroness. And, look here, Schroeder, I like you, and I can put you onto something good. I've told the Baroness, and she's going to put 50,000 marks into it. Have you got the same amount at your disposal? If you have, put it in, too, and I'll go the same, and we ought to make three or four times that amount each. What do you say?"

A Golden Prospect. I wondered what on earth he was driving at, and I asked him right out. "You know the Rivoli theatre?" he said. "Well, that's for sale. It's a white elephant nobody's ever made any money at it, but we could make a fortune there."

"How?" "It can be bought for 500,000 marks but 150,000 marks only, need be paid down and the rest in instalments to be arranged by a mortgage on the property. Understand? We pay 150,000 marks down now, and when we've tapped himself on the chest, "when we take Paris I don't think the owners will apply for the remainder of their instalments, eh? So we shall get a very valuable property for 150,000 marks."

"Allowing everything you say," I replied, "we know nothing at all about theatres. Besides, you say yourself that it's always been a white elephant, and that nobody's ever made any money there."

"No, but the Baroness and I will see to it that we do. I've promised to get my father to withdraw his opposition to war on the consideration that he makes money out of it — the old man will be sure to want that. So the Baroness has promised to get him certain banking privileges in connection with the campaign, and that will settle father. And as regards our making money out of the Rivoli theatre, well, we can get a manager who will do all the running about for us, and there'll be

Sensational! Thrilling!

PHOTODRAMA BASED ON

Rev. Paul Smith's

GREAT FIGHT THAT TURNED SAN FRANCISCO'S RED LIGHTS WHITE

"THE FALL OF BARBARY COAST"

BARES THE PITFALLS OF COMMERCIALIZED VICE

Liberty Theatre

"Its gospel message can not be forgotten and its lessons are irrisistible." — A. W. Leonard, M. E. Bishop, San Francisco.

STARTS SUNDAY TOMORROW



NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

COMMERCIAL CLUB PRESIDENT WANTED

Big Things Expected Of Club Next Year, Several Good Candidates Suggested.

Fed W. Stensloff announces that he most positively will not consent to serve another year as president of the Commercial club as he has held the office two terms.

As officers for 1919 are to be elected within a few weeks, there is some speculation as to who will be elected, especially as it is thought the club should become especially active next year.

Theodore Roth has been mentioned as a suitable candidate. He has been most active in the Commercial club work since its reorganization and has served several years as director of a department.

R. C. Paulus, vice president for the past year, is regarded as good material especially as within the next year there will be great doings in the fruit world of the valley and it is felt the Commercial club should actively support any movement to make Salem the center of the packing industry as well as for all fruit interests in this part of the state.

E. T. Barnes, as one of Salem's most successful business men is favorably mentioned. He is now director of one of the departments and his business sagacity and judgment is recognized by his associates in business life. As a successful business man, many feel that Mr. Barnes would be the ideal candidate.

Although it is against the custom of Salem to recognize merit until a man has lived a number of years in the valley, yet those who are inclined to think it would be well to get away from this custom, are suggesting the name of R. O. Snelling as president of the club for the next year. Mr. Snelling has shown his interest in civic affairs in all liberty loan and patriotic drives. He is Salem agent for the Associated Oil company.

Since the reorganization of the Commercial club in 1915 there has been three presidents — W. M. Hamilton, to whom the strenuous work of keeping the club on its feet after the reorganization by Mr. Chase, then Joseph Albert, through whose financial ability debts of the club were paid and a little surplus laid away for rainy days and Fed W. Stensloff, who has had the most strenuous work of serving as president during war times.

EOLA NEWS ITEMS

Eola, Or., Dec. 14.—Harry Thacker sold a hog Tuesday in Salem for \$48. Frank Clewett was home for a very short time Sunday.

William Gherke had his wages raised to seven dollars a day this week. He is working at the foundry in Salem. B. I. Ferguson is down at the Riverside farm helping his son Roy to get his plowing done.

Harry Thacker butchered two hogs Tuesday for home use. Tip Acuff killed three hogs for the family meat supply. Gilbert & Patterson have sold their hogs.

Dave Jacobsen and wife were in our burg Saturday looking very smiling. He had just sold his this year's crop of hops. He sold his last year's crop a short time ago.

George Mitty is at Maneta, Washington, where his brother Clyde lives; who is in very poor health at a tuberculosis hospital, near Seattle.

Mr. Snellfield of Eola has five children who are attending the Sisters academy in Salem. They drive over every morning.

The Eola school is getting along fine. We have had no flu, so did not close school.

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WILLIAMS and TAYLOR in "STEP LIVELY"

LAUGH! LAUGH!

CHAMBERLAIN AND EARLE Comedy Singing, Talking and Violin

CORNALLA SISTERS Aerial And Acrobatics

EARL WILLIAMS in "THE SEAL OF SILENCE"

"FIGHT FOR MILLIONS"

"LAWS AND OUTLAWS"—COMEDY

SIGN OF GOOD SHOWS BLIGN THEATRE WHERE EVERYBODY GOES