

Revelations From Secret Chapters of Hun Royalty

Colonel Schroeder, an officer with the armies of German Crown Prince, once trusted messenger of the emperor, confident and companion of Baroness Elsa Baroin Schwehrin, and until recently aide-de-camp to Rupprecht, the Crown Prince of Bavaria, now a deserter in Denmark, makes sensational revelations and reveals the hideous secrets of kaiserly intrigue before and during the war.

(Continued from last Saturday.)

Surprised?
I should think I was surprised, indeed, when on May 25, 1916—how well I remember the date, for it was that of one of our great attacks on the French at Verdun—I came face to face with the Baroness Elsa Baroin Schwehrin as I was bringing back a handful of men after hours of murderous and unsuccess-ful fighting.
We came dribbling back, tired, sweat- ing, bleeding and angry and dejected. There stood the Baroness at the entrance of my dug-out.
I can say now that it was no uncon- mon thing for lady visitors to be enter- tained in our trenches, and it seemed that no one had the slightest idea that this lady with the rather thick veil was the notorious Baroness Elsa Schwehrin.
"You're not uncomfortable here, Schroeder," she went on, stepping in- side with me. "A bed, a table, chairs, photographs even. It looks as if you were going to stay here some time, my friend, doesn't it?"
No one was within hearing, so I spoke freely.
"Curse it, yes! Stay here for ever, we shall. We shall never get Verdun!" I answered.

Those Cursed British.
I was just dead beat, and I knew as did pretty well all of us the uselessness of our assaults. But orders had to be obeyed, and we were simply flung in- to the pit of slaughter.
"That's exactly what I think." The Baroness leaned closer to me. "We were to have had our Christmas dinner in Paris, 1914, and what is it now? 1918, Schroeder, this war is going to be a failure for us, I can see, and it's Brit- ain that has done us. But what fools we have been! What fools! What fools!"
She had thrown back her veil, and I saw spots of angry color on her cheeks.
"Yes, the British, those cursed Brit- ish," she went on. "Whoever would have thought they would have baffled us? You know as well as I do that the retreat from Mons was not a British de- feat; it was a British victory, and we shall never win, never, never, never, unless—"
"Unless—what?" I asked, seeing her hesitate for a moment as if in deep thought.
"Unless we take a chance, a big chance, a great big risk, and that with the navy. What's the good of saving our ships loafing their time away in the Keil Canal? It's that old fool Tir- pitz, pleading caution all the time. Mein Gott, Schroeder, they've got to go out, and they shall. It means ruin, utter ruin, for Germany if we can't do something on the sea!"
He is a funny "Hum."
"That fool, that dot, that idiot, the Crown Prince!" went on the Baroness angrily. "It's his fault. He thinks

himself a heaven-born general. Pah! The fellow's only had experience at manoeuvres, and then he's made a muddle of everything he had to do. Look how he throws lives away here. Oh, it's the navy that'll have to help us, and that's why I'm here."
"But the navy isn't here, Frau bar- onin!" I couldn't help saying.
"My young friend's getting witty," she said, a little bitterly.
"Well, I'll tell you why I'm here, Schroeder, because you are coming with me. I've got leave for you—at least, you'll get it immediately you apply, and no questions will be asked you—and you've got to come with me to Cuxhaven. I must have an escort, you know."
The German Fleet.
I was used to being the Baroness's personal attendant—lucky almost it was then beginning to seem to me—and the kaiser himself seemed to prefer me to any one else as a sort of confidential attendant and go between for him and the Baroness. And so once more I did as she asked.
On our way to Cuxhaven she told me that the German generals on the French front had sent for her, that they had decided to ask her help. They knew what a hopeless struggle they were en- gaged in and they didn't see why the navy shouldn't help—shouldn't at any rate take a chance.

For there was intense discontent on the part of the army. That the navy should all the time be lying in the Keil Canal angered men who were fighting.
And I may tell you here that every German really, absolutely and literally believed that our navy was invincible. I thought so myself—and that is why it was not sent out to fight. It was the kaiser's favorite toy, and he could not bear the thought of any of his beloved ships being knocked about.
That was one reason.
Another was that the Crown Prince was against the navy coming out, for he was so convinced in his brainless head that he was going to achieve a colossal victory at Verdun that he did not want his light in any way dimmed.
To the Baroness, then, had the gen- erals appealed, and she had consented to go to Cuxhaven and use her influ- ence with the kaiser to get him to send the ships out in force to battle with the British navy, which, strange as it may seem, was really despised.
"It's for the Fatherland I'm doing this," she said. "I may have taken money before, but that was when I thought victory was certain. Now I know that it isn't, I'd crawl on my hands and knees from here to Cuxhaven if need- ary. Just remember that, Schroeder."
A Council of War.
"Take this to him," she said to me, when we had established ourselves in the Hotel Germania at Cuxhaven, giv- ing me a note which she had scribbled and put into a thick envelope.
Every one knew, of course, where the kaiser (who was then conferring with the naval chiefs) was staying, and when

information was sent, through the usual channels, that Herr Colonel Emil von Schroeder, the bearer of an important message was waiting to see His Majes- ty, I was shown through at once. In- deed, right before a crowd of notables, highly-placed officials, generals, admin- istrators, and diplomats was the humble Colonel von Schroeder admitted to the presence.
It was actually into the very midst of a council of war that I stepped. At a long table were seated many great sailors, all of whose faces were familiar to me either personally or through pho- tographs. The kaiser was at the head of them, and directly he saw me he rose the others looking up angrily at this in- terruption.
"Gentlemen," he said, in his guttur- al voice, "you are excused for a few moments."
He waved his hand towards a door which led into an adjacent room, and they all trooped out, some of them looking very fiercely at me as they left me alone with His Majesty.
He took the envelope which I handed to him, read the few lines without moving a muscle of his face, without a word of comment, of course; and then looking at me, he said—
"Tonight at ten, then. That is all."
Then he came and put his hands on my shoulders and looked me straight in the face, a way he had when he wanted to be impressive.
"Schroeder," he said, "you're a for- tunate man, to be so trusted. A very fortunate man!" he repeated, with a strong emphasis on the words, which I took to mean that that trust should not be abused.

In The Baroness's Room.
He pointed to the door, and I went out.
"At ten o'clock then," the Baroness repeated the Imperial words after me when I returned to the hotel. "Don't go out tonight Schroeder, I may want you."
The kaiser could do no wrong, accord- ing to the popular idea, and it was not thought at all extraordinary that he should come to the Hotel Germania to visit a lady. The Baroness had so far not been recognized, and had registered under another name.
I was, of course, waiting in the hall of the hotel to receive His Majesty, who came quite alone and in a naval uniform. I took him at once to the Baroness's sitting-room, and there left them alone together.
An hour later a message was sent to me in the lounge of the hotel that the lady, Frau Glattfelder wished to see me at once.
The Baroness was waiting for me on the landing outside her sitting-room door, and when I came up she put her fingers to her lips and took me inside.
I nearly shouted aloud in surprise at what I saw.
For there, lying back in a chair, with vacant look on his face and a cigar be- ing held in a very unsteady hand, was the kaiser himself!
To all appearances he was drunk—absolutely drunk!
But even though the evidence was there before my eyes, to me this seemed absolutely impossible. For whatever else the kaiser may or may not have been; he was at any rate a most tem- perate man. He waived his cigar at me, and tried to speak distinctly.
"Von Schroeder," he said, mumbling his words, "have you got an Iron Cross?"
"Not yet, your Majesty," I answer- ed, hoping he wasn't going to bestow one on me. For the number of Iron Crosses which were showered around was already the laughing stock of the army.
"Come here, Schroeder, and I will decorate you."
The Order For Battle.
And, fumbling with the orders on his coat—he was covered with decorations of all kinds—he managed to detach a cross, and pin it on my breast. He al- most fell off his chair as he was doing it, and I could have wept with shame as L. Knelt by him to receive the honor. This was my emperor.
The Baroness went up and laid her hand on his arm.
"And now you'd better have a little sleep, I think," she said.
"As you wish," was the thick re- sponse.
With her help he stretched himself full length on the sofa, and closed his eyes.
It was not a pretty sight to see our kaiser lying there in a drunken sleep.
"Take this at once to the Marm Amt (offices of the navy). The Admirals are now in conference there. But look at it first. It may interest you."
The Baroness took a sheet of paper from the table, and before folding it and putting it into an envelope, she showed it to me.
"To my brave navy I give the order—go forth!"—(Signed) Wilhelm."
I remember the words well.
The Baroness smiled as she gave me the envelope.
"But how—how—" I stammered.
"How did I manage it you mean, and do you ask me that Schroeder?" She looked straight into my gaze. "Is there a man living who can resist me when I choose that he should not, especially a man whose secret I, I alone, know? But you are going to know it now, Sch- roeder. Look!"
She pointed to the sleeping figure on the sofa.
And in that moment it came to me

that I did not love her at all—that I hated her! I saw into the blackness of her heart.
It was, I think now, the figure of the kaiser lying in an apparently drunken sleep that helped to destroy the last little bit of illusion.
For, although he was, to me at any rate, no longer a great man on a pinna- cle, still he was the representative of the German people, of our German Fatherland and this woman had worked havoc with his soul.
A Slave to Opium.
"He's in my hands now, he's in my power," she went on, pointing again to the sofa. "If only I were to let it be known what—what—well, what he does, the Crown Prince and his party would have him off the throne in a few weeks, for, Schroeder, he is a slave to opium. I have long known it, long, long. It is that which accounts for his strange speeches, his strange ways at times, and those curious looks in his eyes. Tonight I saw that he took dou- ble his usual dose, and that—that is the result. He'll sleep now until twelve—too late to countermand the order he has given, even if he remembers hav- ing given it. Once the machinery to execute that order is set in motion noth- ing can stop it. And now to the Admi- ral's room at the Marin Amt."
The Admiral's room at the Marin Amt was a large room, where the ad- mirals and chiefs of the navy were en- gaged in conference. At first I had some little difficulty in obtaining ad- mission, but at length I found myself before them, and presented the sealed envelope from the Baroness to the chief man there.
"Gentlemen!" he cried, springing to his feet after reading the message. "To the Day! We go out to battle!"
Then he read the message aloud, and every one present sprang to his feet, and Hoeh! Hoeh! Hoeh! resounded through the room.
Thus the great machine, Germany's navy, was set in action, and the Battle of Jutland was the result.
I returned at once to the Hotel Ger- mania, the Baroness having told me to be outside the door of her sitting-room at twelve o'clock.
"He'll wake up," she explained to me, "fresh, and with his brain clear. I shall remind him then of what he's done. He may have forgotten. He does forget sometimes when under the influ- ence of the drug." So look out for yourself, Schroeder.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the kai- ser came out of the sitting room with the Baroness, and to my surprise, in- stead of looking troubled or gloomy, he had quite a pleasant smile on his face.
"Ah, the faithful Schroeder!" he said, "Schroeder, you shall walk home with me. I want some fresh air."
The Kaiser's Surprise.
So the car, which had been stolidly waiting in the same spot ever since his arrival, was sent away, and I walked back with the kaiser to his residence, a large private house taken for the occa- sion.
As the two sentries outside sprang stiffly to attention, he turned to bid me good night, and suddenly he took me by the arm and led me under a gas lamp.
"Where did you get that from, Sch- roeder?" he said, sternly, pointing to the Iron Cross he himself had pinned upon my breast.
The events of the past two hours and been so bewildering to me that I really hadn't taken time and trouble to ex- amine the cross very carefully. It had seemed to me that it was just an ordi- nary Iron Cross which the kaiser him- self was in the habit of wearing some- times to show that he appreciated the Order. But now that I looked at it more closely I became aware of a diff- erence.
It certainly was an Iron Cross, but along the two centre horizontal arms there ran some lettering. This I noticed as the kaiser took the cross in his fin- gers. But even then I did not under- stand what it meant till he unhooked it and held it up for me to look at.
There were three words engraved on it, and they ran—in German, of course—
To The Bravest.

I gasped. I had only heard of this decoration; I had never yet seen it, but I knew that it was the highest Order in the land to which a German soldier could belong. The Sovereign himself be- longed to it by hereditary right, and it was, of course, in his power to bestow it for any special deed of valor, though sometimes it was given to those who had distinguished themselves in other walks of life apart from military.
In the Franco-German War of 1870-71, there had only been three of these Ger- man crosses bestowed, and not one in this present war, and yet here I was with one in my hand now!
"But—I—Your Majesty gave it to me yourself but a short time ago! You pinned it on my breast yourself."
The Kaiser looked at me hard and long.
"Ah, yes, I remember!" he said, mov- ing still closer to me. "It was a brave deed, Von Schroeder, and it shall be reported in the official papers tomor- row. You're a fortunate man, Von Schroeder, a very fortunate young man."

Again the emphasis on those words which he had used before, and I knew that he understood, and that he knew that I understood too.
And the next day, in the official re- ports issued from His Majesty's head quarters and published in the papers there was a mention of the fact that Capt. von Schroeder had been person- ally decorated by His Majesty the kaiser with the Grand Cross Supreme—that what it was called—for an act of the most distinguished bravery.
"You'll stop here now, Schroeder," said the Baroness to me the next day, "until we hear the news. It's for the 31st."
I knew what she meant. The navy was to go out on the 31st of May 1916.
And with her I stood watching in a secluded spot to which a pass obtained by her had admitted us. Not another soul was near us; only at some dis- tance the kaiser and a few of his staff. And all of us were watching the dim, lone ships gliding out through the blackness of the night, out to the sea

The joy of feeding fit and fresh rewards those who heed the laws of health, and keep the habits regu- lar with



to give battle to the cursed British, our chief foes, as we all knew right well.
And when our ships came jumping to home, leaving—I can tell the truth now—over twenty-five at the bottom of the sea, or else entirely crippled, I shall never forget the Baroness's face. I was with her in her sitting room, making preparations to leave Cuxhaven, when the news came in. It was brought by an equester direct from the kaiser himself.
"Mein Gott, Mein Gott!" she cried. "This means the end of everything. If we can't win on sea we shall never win on land. Pah! the fools, the fools!"
The One to Blame.
As she said the last words she looked out of the window down at the cheer- ing crowds in the street below—for the news had already gone forth that a great victory had won by Germany.
"He was right. He was right for once," she went on.
And I knew what she meant.
"He said all along that the British navy was stronger than ours; that we must wait, wait until our new ships were ready, but I persuaded him to do it, and, mein Gott, mein Gott, we're beaten! Twenty-five of our ships gone to sixteen of the British and they still hold the sea, and we call it victory! Mein Gott, mein Gott!"
There I saw her as the real patriot she was.
But the next moment the evil side of her nature came uppermost as she looked at me and smiled.
"But, thank goodness," she said, "I've plenty of money put away in Britain, that false country, which will never be beaten now. Oh, we shall be happy yet some day, Schroeder!"
That is the story of how the Battle of Jutland came to be fought. It was jealousy on the part of the army and over-eagerness on the part of our navy, both cunningly worked and played on by the influence of an unscrupulous, beautiful woman, but for whom the kaiser would have never consented to allow the German Fleet to leave the safe anchorage of the Kiel Canal.
And in that one thing at any rate he was right. He derided the British army, he thought we should walk over it easily, but in his soul he knew that the British navy was, and the great battle of Jutland, disastrous, as it was for my country, must not be deemed his mistake. For that shattering blow at German prestige the Vampire of Berlin was responsible.
(To be continued.)
(Next week, Colonel Schroeder will describe the dramatic events which led to his still further promotion.)

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Farm enterprise and much soft corn increased pork supplies, food conserva- tion increased exports—total ship- ments doubled.

FAITH JUSTIFIED BY EVENTS.
I do not believe that drastic force need be applied to main- tain economic distribution and sane use of supplies by the great majority of American peo- ple, and I have learned a deep and abiding faith in the intelli- gence of the average American business man, whose aid we an- ticipate and depend on to reme- dy the evils developed by the war.—Herbert Hoover, August 10, 1917.

ADVERTISING THE VALLEY.
(Hubbard Enterprise.)
The Northwest Products company with offices at Salem, are doing more for the Willamette Valley just now than any other agency in it. Their advertising plan carries the expendi- ture of more than \$170,000 in one contract alone, with the Saturday Evening Post, for fourteen pages of ads, ad- vertising their products, Lojls, Apples and their jellies and jams. The com- pany is offering to write attractive five year contracts with berry growers, for berries of all kinds and if Hub- bard gets busy on acreage a juice plant could be located here.

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