

The Secrets of the Hohenzollerns

STARTLING EXPOSURE OF INNER LIFE OF KAISER AND CROWN PRINCE AS TOLD BY COUNT ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF TO WILLIAM LEQUEUX

EDITORIAL NOTE.—William Lequeux, who here chronicles for his friend, Count Ernst von Heltzendorff, the latter's revelations of the inner life of the Imperial German court, has long been recognized throughout Europe as the possessor of its innermost secrets.

The English "Who's Who" says of him: "He has intimate knowledge of the secret service of continental countries and is considered by the government of Great Britain as an authority on such matters." Another authority says: "Few people have been more closely associated with or know more of the astounding inner machinery of Germany than he."

Lequeux probably has more sources of secret information at his command than any contemporary in civil life, and for the last six years the British Government has made valuable use of his vast store of secret information through a specially organized department with which Lequeux works as a voluntary assistant.

Count von Heltzendorff became an intimate of Lequeux several years prior to the outbreak of the war, he has been living in retirement in France since August, 1914, and it was there that Lequeux received from the crown prince's late personal adjutant permission to make public these revelations of the inner life of the Hohenzollerns—that the democracies of the world might come to know the real, but heretofore hidden, personalities of the two dominant members of the autocracy they are now arrayed against.

The Plot Against Princess Louisa

THE TRUTH of the plot which caused the downfall of the unfortunate and much-maligned Imperial Princess Louisa Antoinette Marie, archduchess of Austria and wife of Friedrich-August, now the reigning king of Saxony, has never yet been revealed.

I, of course, knew the charming imperial highness, the Crown Princess Louisa of Saxony, as she often came on visits to the kaiserin, but I had never spoken much with her until, in Easter, 1902, the emperor went to visit Dresden. He took with him, among other people, one of his untitled boon companions, Judicial Councilor Lohlein, a stout, flabby-faced hanger-on, who at the time possessed great influence over him.

Louisa was the most popular woman in Saxony, and deservedly so, for hers had been a love match.

After her marriage to the Saxon crown prince, the kaiser, in one of his whimsical moods, became greatly attached to her because of her frankness, her love of outdoor life, and her high educational attainments, hence we often had her visiting at Potsdam or at the Berlin Schloss. She was known to be one of the few feminine royalties in whom the kaiser took the slightest interest.

At the grand ball of Easter I found myself chatting with Louisa, who, I recollect, wore a most charming and artistic gown of sea-green chiffon, decollete, of course, with pink carnations in her hair and a few diamonds upon her corsage, as well as the Order of St. Elizabeth and her magnificent rope of matched pearls, which went twice round her neck and reached to her knees—a historic set which had once belonged to Marie Antoinette.

The Story of the Crown Prince Told. As we stood chatting in a corner of the room, watching the scene of unusual brilliancy because of the kaiser's presence, the princess turned to me:

"Well, a curious thing happened here about a month ago," she said. "I was—"

"At that moment the emperor, in the uniform of the Second regiment of Saxon Grenadiers, of which he was chief, and wearing the Order of Cranclein of the House of Saxony, strode up and, standing before us, exclaimed:

"Well, Louisa? What is the very interesting topic of conversation, eh?" Her imperial highness hesitated, as though endeavoring to avoid an explanation, but next second she waved her face faintly and said:

"Well, recently Friedrich-August and myself have moved into rooms in the older wing of the palace—rooms that have not been occupied for nearly forty years. They are old-world, charming, and remind me constantly of Augustus the Strong and the times in which he lived. Just about a month ago the king and queen of Roumania were paying us a visit. We were at dinner, and while we were all laughing and talking, 'Carmen Sylva' had been telling us one of her stories, we heard a great clatter of horses' hoofs and the heavy rattle of wheels, just as though a stage coach was crossing the small courtyard. All of us listened, and in the silence we heard it receding quite distinctly. I at once sent my lady-in-waiting to ascertain who had arrived or departed, four-wheeled coaches being quite unusual nowadays. It seemed just as though the coach had driven out of the palace gate. The message brought back from the guard-room was that no carriage had entered or left. I told this to those around the table, and the queen of Roumania, who had taken much interest in omens and folk-lore, seated opposite me, seemed much impressed, and even perturbed."

"Then the noise you heard must have been an uncaring one, eh?" asked the emperor, deeply interested.

"Quite. Two of the women at the table declared that it must have been thunder, and then the conversation proceeded. I, however, confess to your majesty that I was very much puzzled, and the more so because only two nights ago, while we sat at dinner, Friedrich-August and myself en famille, we heard exactly the same sounds again."

"Really?" laughed the emperor. "Quite uncanny. I hope, here in Dresden, you are not believing in spooks, as London society believes in them."

"Not at all," said the princess earnestly. "I don't believe in omens. But, curiously enough, the king told me yesterday that his two old aunts, who formerly lived in our wing of the palace, had sometimes heard the clatter of horses' hoofs, the jingle of harness, the grinding of brakes, and the rumbling of heavy carriage wheels."

"H'm!" grunted the emperor. "I've heard that same story before, Louisa. The departing count means trouble to the reigning family."

"That is exactly what the king said to me only last evening," answered Louisa frankly. "Does it mean trouble to me, I wonder?"

"Certainly not," I declared. "Your imperial highness need not worry for one moment over such things. Nobody nowadays regards such phenomena as presage of evil. There is no doubt some perfectly natural explanation of the sounds. Every old palace, castle and even private house, has its traditions."

The Kaiser's Merry Mood. Then the emperor, after acknowledging the salute of Baron Georg von Metzsch, controller of the royal household—a tall, thin, crafty-eyed man, with hair tinged with gray, and wearing a dark blue uniform and many decorations—changed the topic of conversation.

The kaiser was in particularly merry mood that night. He had gone to Dresden against his inclination, for he had long ago arranged an Easter review on the Tempelhofer Feld, but the visit was, I knew, for the purpose of consultation in secret with the king of Saxony.

Several times I wondered upon what his majesty of Saxony had stumbled. That morning the emperor and king had been closeted alone together for fully three hours, and the outcome of the secret conference seemed to have put the all-highest into a most excellent mood.

"The Saxon crown prince and his wife were at that time a most devoted couple, though all of us knew that the modern ideas Louisa had brought to Dresden from the Hapsburg court had much shocked old King George and his consort. The Saxon court was unused to a pretty woman with buoyant spirits rejoicing in life with a capital 'L.'"

According to the court whispermongers, had started a few days after marriage, when the king, having given his daughter-in-law a tiara of diamonds, a royal boudoir, with strict injunctions to wear them just as they were—a style of the seventeenth century—here one evening at the opera saw her wearing the stones re-set in that style known as art nouveau. The king became furious, and ordered them to be set again in their original settings, whereupon Louisa coolly returned the present.

Such was the commencement of the old king's ill-feeling toward her.

The state ball that night was certainly a brilliant one for such a small court, and next day we all returned to Potsdam. Louisa, in a depressed mood, for while dancing with Count von Castell Rudenhausen of the Prussian Guard her lovely rope of pearls had suddenly parted as though cut by a knife.

A Mysterious Absence. Before we left Dresden, however, I met the crown princess in one of the corridors. It was nine o'clock in the morning. She wore her riding-habit, having just come in from her morning canter.

"Well, count!" she laughed. "So you are leaving us unexpectedly! I shall be coming to pay another visit to Potsdam soon. The emperor invited me last night. Au revoir!"

Her imperial highness paid her promised visit to the empress at the Neues Palais in July.

At the time of her arrival the emperor had left suddenly and gone away to Hubertusstock. When anything unusual upset him he always went there. I overheard him the day before his departure shouting to Lohlein as I passed along one of the corridors. The judicial councilor seemed to be trying to pacify him, but apparently entirely without avail.

"You are as shy as all the rest!" I heard the emperor declare in that shrill, high-pitched tone which always denotes his anger. "I'll hear none of it—no excuses. I want no fawning, no Jew-juggling."

The next I heard was that the kaiser had left for that lonely retreat to which he went when he wished to be alone in those periods of crazy impetuosity which periodically seized him, and further, that he had taken with him his crafty cory, Lohlein.

During that mysterious absence—when the tinsel world of Potsdam seemed at peace—the good-looking Saxon crown princess arrived.

I was on duty on the railway platform to bow over her hand and to welcome her.

"Ah! Count von Heltzendorff! Well, did I not say that I should not be very long before I returned to Potsdam, eh?" she exclaimed. Then with a merry laugh: "Do you remember those clattering hoofs and my broken rope of pearls? Nothing has happened yet."

An Angry Emperor. Three days later an incident occurred which caused me a good deal of thought, and, truth to tell, mystified me considerably.

That somewhat indiscreet journal, the Militair Wochenblatt, had published a statement to the effect that Friedrich-August of Saxony and the handsome Louisa had had a violent quarrel, a fact which caused a great deal of gossip throughout court circles.

A Letter from the Crown Prince's Personal Adjutant to William Lequeux, Possessor of the Secrets of Europe.

Veneux Nadon, par Moret-sur-Loing, Seine-et-Marne, February 10th, 1917.

My dear Lequeux: I have just finished reading the proofs of your articles describing my life as an official at the imperial court at Potsdam, and the two or three small errors you made I have duly corrected.

The gross scandals and wily intrigues which I have related to you were many of them known to yourself, for, as the intimate friend of Louisa, the ex-crown princess of Saxony, you were, before the war, closely associated with many of those at court whose names appear in these articles.

The revelations which I have made, and which you have recorded here, are but a tithe of the disclosures which I could make, and if the world desires more, I shall be pleased to furnish you with other and even more startling details, which you may also put into print.

My service as personal adjutant to the German crown prince is, happily, at an end, and now, with the treachery of Germany against civilization glaringly revealed, I feel, in my retirement, no compunction in exposing all I know concerning the secrets of the kaiser and his son.

With most cordial greetings from Your sincere friend, (Signed) ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF.

Old Von Donaufstauff, who at that time was master of the ceremonies at the emperor's court, busied himself by spending strange scandals regarding the Crown Princess Louisa. Therefore, in the circumstances, it struck me as strange that her highness should have been invited to the puritanical and hypocritical circle at Potsdam.

That afternoon, soon after the guard had been changed, I chanced to be writing in my room, which overlooked the big central courtyard, when I heard the guard suddenly turn out in great commotion, by which I knew that his majesty had suddenly returned from Hubertusstock.

Ten minutes later my telephone rang, and, passing the sentries, I went by order to his majesty's study, that chamber of plots and secrets, hung with its faded green silk damask, its furniture covered with the same material, and its net curtains at the windows threaded with ribbons of the same shade.

The moment I entered the emperor's countenance showed me that he was very angry. Lohlein had returned with him, and stood watching the emperor as the latter impatiently paced the room.

I saluted, awaiting orders in silence, but so preoccupied was his majesty that he did not notice my presence, but continued his outburst of furious wrath. "Only see what Von Hoensbroech has reported!" he cried. "I am being made a laughing-stock—and you know it, Lohlein! It has been said of us that a woman, a whim, or a word will today raise any person to high rank in our empire! That black-guard, Harden, has actually dared to write it in his journal. Well, we shall see. That woman—she shall!"

Suddenly he realized that I was present, and hesitated. Next second both his tone and his manner changed. "Heltzendorff—I—I—wish you to go to Dresden and take a private letter. It will be ready in half an hour. Say nothing to anyone concerning your departure, but report to me here at four o'clock."

A Secret Mission to the Saxon Court. As commanded, I reported, but the kaiser was with the empress, who, in one of her private apartments, was holding petit cercle, the Princess Louisa being present. Indeed, as I entered that semi-circular salon the kaiser was standing astride before Louisa's chair, laughing gayly with her. He could alter his moods just as he changed his three hundred odd uniforms.

There was something mysterious in the wind—that I felt absolutely convinced. The atmosphere of that faded green upstairs room was always one of confidential conversations, intimate conferences and secret plots—plots, as has since been proved—against the peace of the world.

The emperor, noticing that I had entered the imperial presence, came forward, and I followed him back into the softly-carpeted corridor. Then he took from the inner pocket of his tunic an envelope of what you in England call "court" size—linen-lined, as are all envelopes used by the emperor for his private correspondence. I saw it had been sealed in black by his own hand. Then, as he handed it to me, he said: "Go to Dresden as quickly as possible and obtain a reply to this."

I clicked my heels together, and, saluting, left upon my secret mission to the Saxon court.

The letter was addressed to Baron Georg von Metzsch at Dresden.

Next day, when I presented it to the tall, thin controller of the household, I saw that its contents greatly puzzled him.

He wrote a reply, and as imperial messenger, I returned at once to Potsdam, handing it to the emperor as he strode alone from the Shell salon, through which he was passing after dinner.

He took it from my hand without a word, tore open the envelope, read its contents, and then smiled contentedly, after which I went to old Von Donaufstauff's room, and smoked a good cigar in his company.

The Crown Princess Calls. Next day we were all back at the Berlin Schloss. During the morning his majesty inspected the Berlin garrison in the Tempelhofer Feld, and the Princess Louisa rode with him. That same afternoon, while I was busy writing in the long room allotted to me in the Berlin Schloss, her imperial highness, to my surprise, entered, closing the door quietly after her.

"Count von Heltzendorff, you have been on a secret mission to that spy, Von Metzsch, in Dresden, have you not?"

I rose, bowed, and without replying courteously offered her a chair.

"Why do you not admit it?" she asked quickly.

"Princess, if the emperor gives me orders to preserve secrecy, then it is my duty to obey," I said.

"I know," she answered, and then I realized how upset and nervous she seemed. "But Von Metzsch hates me, and has put about all sorts of scandalous reports concerning me. Ah! count," she sighed, "you do not know how very unhappy I am—how I am surrounded by enemies!"

"I much regret to hear that," I said. "But your imperial highness has also many friends, of whom I hope I may be permitted to number myself."

"Ah! it is extremely good of you to say that—very good. If you really are my friend, then you can help me. You are in a position to watch and discover what is in progress—the reason the emperor exchanges those constant confidences with Von Metzsch, the man who twisted my husband around his little finger, and who has, with my lady-of-the-bedchamber, Frau von Fritsch, already poisoned his mind against me. Ah! you have no idea how much I have suffered!"

She seemed on the verge of a nervous crisis, for I saw that in her fine eyes stood the light of unshed tears, and I confess I was much puzzled, for I had certainly believed, up to that moment, that she was on excellent terms with her husband.

"But surely his highness, the crown prince of Saxony, does not believe any of those wicked reports?" I said.

"Ah! Then you have heard. Of course, you have. Von Metzsch has taken good care to let the whole world know the lies that he and the Countess Paule Starbemberg have concocted between them. It is cruel! It is wicked!"

"No, no. Calm yourself, princess!" I urged sympathetically. "I am at least your friend, and will act as such, should occasion arise."

"Ah!" she exclaimed in a low voice. "I fear I shall require the assistance of a friend very soon. Do you recollect my broken pearls?"

And a few moments later she left the room.

"You Lie!"

Through all that day and the next I wondered what underhand work could be in progress. I pitied the good-looking, unconventional imperial princess, who, because of her somewhat hoydenish high spirits, had aroused the storm of anger and jealousy in the Saxon court. But the Hapsburgs had ever been so unfortunate in their loves.

On the day before the crown prince's visit to the Berlin court was due to end, at about six o'clock in the evening, I passed the sentries and ascended to the emperor's study with some papers I had been going through regarding the reorganization of the Stettin garrison. I was one of the very few persons ever admitted to that wing of the palace.

As I approached the door, treading noiselessly upon the soft carpet, I heard voices raised excitedly, the door being slightly ajar.

Naturally I halted. In my position I was able to hear a great deal of palace intrigue, but never had I listened to a conversation that held me more breathless than at that moment.

"Woman!" cried the emperor, "do you, then, openly defy my authority?"

"What that crafty scoundrel, Von Metzsch, has told you is, I repeat, a foul and abominable lie," was the reply to the Saxon court.

And I knew that the unfortunate princess was defending her reputation, which her enemies at the court of Saxony had torn to shreds.

"No woman ever admits the truth, of course," sneered the emperor. "I consider you a disgrace to the Dresden court."

"So this is the manner in which you openly insult your guests?" was the princess' retort. "You, who believe yourself the idol of your people, now exhibit yourself in your true light as the traducer of a defenseless woman!"

"How dare you utter those words to me!" cried the all-highest one, in fury. "I dare defend myself—even though you may be emperor," replied Louisa, in a cold, hard tone of defiance. "I repeat that your allegations are untrue, and that you have no right to make them. Surely you can see that my enemies, headed by the king of Saxony, are all conspiring to effect my downfall. I know it! I have written proof of it!"

"Bosh!" You say that because you know that the statements are true!"

"You lie!" she cried fiercely. "They are not true. You cannot prove them."

"Very well," answered the emperor in that tone of cold determination that I knew too well. "I will prove the charges to my entire satisfaction."

I was startled at the manner in which the princess had dared to call

the emperor a liar. Surely nobody had ever done so before.

I drew a long breath, for as I crept away unseen I recollected the kaiser's unrelenting vindictiveness.

Poor princess! I knew that the red talons of the Hohenzollern eagle would sooner or later be laid heavily upon her.

She left Berlin two hours later, but half an hour before her departure I found a hurriedly scribbled note upon my table explaining that she had had "a few unpleasant words with the emperor," and that she was leaving for Dresden a day earlier than had been arranged.

A fortnight passed. Twice Baron von Metzsch came to Potsdam, and was on each occasion closely closeted with the emperor, as well as having frequent consultations with Judicial Councilor Lohlein. I had strong suspicion that the conspiracy against the lively daughter of the Hapsburgs was still in progress, for I felt assured that the kaiser would never forgive those words of defiance from a woman's lips, and that his vengeance, slow and subtle, would assuredly fall upon her.

I did not know at the time—not, indeed, until fully three years later—how the actions of Von Metzsch, who was a creature of the kaiser, had from the first been instigated by the all-highest, who, from the very day of the princess' marriage, had, notwithstanding his apparent graciousness toward her, determined that a Hapsburg should never become queen of Saxony.

For that reason, namely, because the emperor in his overweening vanity believed himself to be the heaven-sent ruler of the destinies of the German empire, was much opposed to an Austrian princess as a potential queen at Dresden, and had set himself the task to ruin the poor woman's life and love and to arouse such a scandal concerning her that she could not remain in Saxony with every finger pointing at her in opprobrium and scorn.

Decipher a Message for the Kaiser. A fresh light, however, was thrown upon what I afterward realized to be an astounding conspiracy by the receipt of a cipher message late one November night at Potsdam. I was at work alone with the emperor in the pale green upstairs room, reading and placing before him a number of state documents to which he scrawled his scribbly signature, when the telegram was brought.

"Decipher that, Heltzendorff!" he commanded, and went on with the work of reading and signing the documents, while I sat down with the red leather-covered code book, and presently found that the message, which was from Dresden, read:

"Frau von Fritsch today had an interview with Giron, the French tutor to the crown princess' children, but unfortunately the latter refuses to admit any affection for Louisa. Giron angrily declared his intention to leave Dresden, because of Von Fritsch's suggestion. This course, I saw, would be unfortunate for our plans, therefore I urge the king to induce Louisa to request him to remain. She has done so, but to no avail, and Giron left for Brussels tonight. May I be permitted to come to discuss with your majesty a further elaboration of the plans?—Von Metzsch."

The emperor read the secret message twice.

"We go to Erfurt tomorrow, do we not?" he said. "Telegraph in cipher to Von Metzsch to meet us there tomorrow evening at seven. And destroy that message," he added.

I obeyed his orders, and afterward continued to deal with the state papers, much enlightened by the news transmitted by the emperor's creature.

I confess that I felt the deepest sympathy for the helpless victim. At the Schloss, high above the old-world town of Erfurt, Von Metzsch had a long conference with the emperor, but I was unable to overhear any word of it. All I know is that the controller of the Saxon household left Erfurt for Dresden by special train at midnight.

Poor, defenseless Louisa! You, my dear Lequeux, to whom the princess a few months afterward fled for advice, know well how sterling, how womanly and honest she was; how she was one victim of many of the unscrupulous intrigues by which the arrogant warlord of Germany has until the present managed to retain his throne.

Well, I watched the course of events; watched eagerly and daily. Twice I had received letters from her imperial highness, short notes in her firm, bold handwriting.

From Von Metzsch came several cipher messages to the emperor after we had returned to Potsdam, but Zorn von Bulach, my colleague, deciphered all of them, and, as he was not my friend, I did not inquire as to their purport. I knew, however, that matters in Dresden were fast approaching a crisis, and that the unfortunate Hapsburg princess could no longer sustain the cruel and unjust pressure being put upon her undoing. That a hundred of Germany's spies and agents provocateurs were busy I realized from the many messages by telephone and telegraph passing between Berlin and Dresden, and I felt certain that the ruin of poor Princess Louisa was nigh.

A significant message came to Potsdam late one December night—a message which, when I deciphered it and handed it to the emperor, caused him to smile.

The princess had left Dresden! Three days later, on December 9, a further cipher telegram came from Von Metzsch, in Dresden, which read: "Louisa has learned of the Sonnenstein project, and has left Salzburg for Zurich, her brother accompanying.—Von Metzsch."

Old Glory at Night. With a scarcity of flags since the declaration of war, there has been found an original method of showing one's patriotism. For a large porch light, have a large globe, on which may be painted the American flag. On account of bad walks in front of the house, leave the light burning all night, so when the large flag is taken down at sunset Old Glory is still in evidence.

Swing of the Job. If you let yourself go with the swing of a job, your mind can't be worrying about the job you have to do next. It is just free for the labor at hand.

The woman who, as she kneads bread, stiffens her muscles unnecessarily for the task, sighs at her work, or wears a brow furrowed with anxious thought, is not in the swing of bread making, and her nervous system is going to pay for her not being so. While if she lets her whole body move easily to the work and keeps her mind clear for it she will accomplish the task without weariness.

Exposed to Weather. Harold Hollovnut—You're coughing awfully.

Percy Pinfeather—Yes, dash it! My man told me smart dresses weren't wearing tiepins any more, so I left mine off and caught a dreadful cold in my chest.

Whenever a man begins to investigate a woman's cooking he means business.

Mean Trick. The De Jones back lawn was a lawn in name only. It was really an arid desert—bald, so to speak, and in dry weather it was always dusty as a motor track. To the astonishment of Mrs. De Smythe, who lived next door, she one day saw her devoted husband turning the garden hose upon the De Jones' lawn.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "I'm sure I wouldn't trouble to lay dust in De Jones' back yard, John, especially as they are such hateful lot for gossip. Small thanks you'll get for your trouble, anyway."

"That's all right, my dear. Their darling little Fido was washed snow white this morning. Now he's out there rolling about like a barrel, and rubbing the mud well into his fleecy coat. Trust your husband, my sweet, for real, unadulterated thoughtfulness."

What He Saw. An excited man at Evansville called, the sheriff's office and asked in an anxious tone of voice whether William Habbe, the sheriff, knew that "three or four boys were playing on the roof of the court house."

The sheriff didn't but he promised to make an investigation at once. When Sheriff Habbe had climbed the long flight of stairs to the cupola and looked out he saw—

Four tinnies engaged in laying a new cornice around the eaves of the building.—Indianapolis News.

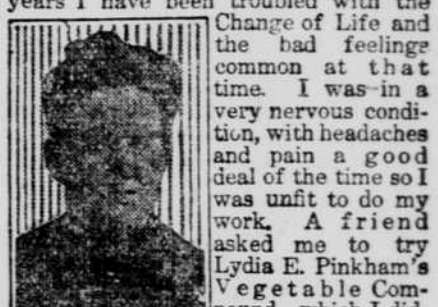
Post Toasties are the newest and best in corn flakes

—Bobby

WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Quinn's Experience Ought to Help You Over the Critical Period.

Lowell, Mass.—"For the last three years I have been troubled with the Change of Life and the bad feelings common at that time. I was in a very nervous condition, with headaches and pain a good deal of the time so I was unfit to do my work. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did, and it has helped me in every way. I am not nearly so nervous, no headache or pain. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy any sick woman can take."



—Mrs. MARGARET QUINN, Rear 259 Worthen St., Lowell, Mass.

Other warning symptoms are a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness, inquietude, and dizziness.

If you need special advice, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

PATENTS

Small Sizes of Coal. It is beyond question that the increased tonnage of anthracite shipments recorded during the last two months has been largely made up of the junior sizes. This portion of the fuel output is assuming a much larger share in the supplying of what may now rightly be termed the domestic trade. Under modern methods the use of the smaller coals is of much importance in the heating arrangements of the habitations of a large portion of the city populace—quite as much as the use of the sizes scheduled as domestic coal. It is fortunate that means have been availed of to utilize this tonnage to good advantage elsewhere than in manufacturing establishments, but the fact remains that with so large an output of the so-called steam sizes, the retail dealer in the small places, where, after all, the old-fashioned domestic trade now has its stronghold, is not able to count on the tonnage for his requirements which the tonnage statements of output would seem to imply.—Coal Trade Journal.

Splendid Medicine For Kidneys, Liver and Bladder

For the past twenty years I have been acquainted with your preparation, Swamp-Root, and all those who have had occasion to use such a medicine praise the merits of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, especially as it has been very useful in cases of catarrh or inflammation of the bladder. I firmly believe that it is a very valuable medicine and recommendable for what it is intended.

Very truly yours,
DR. J. A. COPPEIDGE,
Oct. 26, 1916. Alanreed, Texas.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Advt.

Many Indian Mounds Found

Nearly 150 Earthworks Have Been Discovered Near the Shores of Green Lake in Wisconsin.

A total of 147 Indian earthworks have been found near the shores of Green Lake in the Wisconsin county of the same name, according to the Wisconsin Archaeologist. Of these Indian remains, 63 are conical mounds, 28 are oval mounds, 28 are linear mounds, 25 are effigy mounds and 3 are inclosures.

Six Wisconsin lakes have many Indian earthworks on their shores. Mendota has 225, Koshkonong 481, Waubesa 184, Wingra 148, Chetek 100 and Green Lake 147.

Many old Indian camp sites connected by trails were found near Green Lake. The most important of these Indian highways was the Grande Butte des Morts trail, which ran from Green Bay to Portage. In its course it passed through Oshkosh, Ripon, south of Green Lake, and one to Fort Winnebago. It later became the military road from Fort Howard at Green Bay to Fort Winnebago at Portage.

The Winnebago Indians called Green Lake "Ti-cho-ra"—"tira" meaning lake and "cho" green. The Chippewa Indians called it "Ojwashko Sagagan"—"ojwashko" being the Chippewa word for green. Many Indians used the French appellations, Grand and Petit Lac Vert.

The Lucky Horseshoe. Writing of the horseshoe as a safeguard against witches, John Aubrey, the famous English antiquary says that in the seventeenth century most of the houses in the West end of London were protected against witches and evil spirits by having horseshoes fastened to them in various ways. It was the belief that then no witch or evil genius could cross the threshold that was protected by the shoe.

The custom of nailing horseshoes, for luck, to all kinds of sailing craft was practiced to protect the lives of of sailors down to comparatively recent times. Many people, who hold to old superstitions, consider it fortunate to find a horseshoe, the good-luck being increased by the number of nails attached to the shoe when it is picked up. This superstition can be traced back to about the middle of the seventeenth century, when it is lost in obscurity.

Old Glory at Night. With a scarcity of flags since the declaration of war, there has been found an original method of showing one's patriotism. For a large porch light, have a large globe, on which may be painted the American flag. On account of bad walks in front of the house, leave the light burning all night, so when the large flag is taken down at sunset Old Glory is still in evidence.

Swing of the Job. If you let yourself go with the swing of a job, your mind can't be worrying about the job you have to do next. It is just free for the labor at hand.

The woman who, as she kneads bread, stiffens her muscles unnecessarily for the task, sighs at her work, or wears a brow furrowed with anxious thought, is not in the swing of bread making, and her nervous system is going to pay for her not being so. While if she lets her whole body move easily to the work and keeps her mind clear for it she will accomplish the task without weariness.

Exposed to Weather. Harold Hollovnut—You're coughing awfully.

Percy Pinfeather—Yes, dash it! My man told me smart dresses weren't wearing tiepins any more, so I left mine off and caught a dreadful cold in my chest.

Whenever a man begins to investigate a woman's cooking he means business.

Post Toasties are the newest and best in corn flakes

—Bobby

