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"SALADA" TEA 680

'Fresh from the gardens'

Prince Foresaw German Defeat, Diary Reveals

Rupprecht, Bavarian Heir, Anticipated Collapse of Army Before Armistice

The former Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, commander of the German sixth army on the western front, has recently published, in somewhat condensed form, his wartime diary. Rupprecht was a competent soldier, not a merely decorative army chief like the Crown Prince of Prussia, writes a Berlin correspondent. He exercised actual command and was regarded with respect by the real directors of German operations, the men in control of the General Staff and the High Command.

He also possessed an independence of judgement which enabled him to see the errors committed by his superiors and to sense the German military failure at a time when the highest military authorities were still deceiving the public with predictions of victory and a profitable peace.

Prince Foresaw Defeat

An article in the "Vossische Zeitung" notes and comments on some of the dairy's more striking entries. It says:

"More than a year ahead I saw coming everything that did come," he wrote on November 1, 1918, to his father, to whom during the war he had imparted his hopes and cares in a long series of very detailed letters. He recognized the causes of the breakdown—the declining strength of an overtaxed and decimated army and the numerical superiority of the Allies, due to decisive American reinforcements. In these frank letters to his father there is no talk of a "stab in the back."

"On the contrary, 'The bow was bent so far that it finally broke,' he wrote on September 30, 1918. Already on June 1, 1918, when Ludendorff still hoped to break through the French front with his offensive, the Crown Prince advised peace in a report to Chancellor Hertling: 'Now we have trumps in our hand—later we shall have none.'

Clearly Visions Soissons Climax

"He was not deceived by the initial successes of the Soissons-Rheims offensive in July, 1918: 'In the home press these last few days the battles near Rheims and Soissons are pictured as great German successes, on the offensive and on the defensive. I find such deception of public opinion inexcusable.'

"On September 4 he saw that only an immediate peace proposal could stave off the catastrophe. He wrote: The general situation is more critical than ever. The battalions of the regiments coming out of battle often number between forty and 400 men. It is also to be feared that under some circumstance the enemy may succeed, within a few days, in breaking through our front. An immediate peace proposal—even with great sacrifices—is urgently required.'

Knew Debacle Impended

"On September 30 he saw that all was lost, although, as he pointed out, 'every one who expresses his opinion is regarded as a slacker and pessimist, a weakling and an inferior person.' He said:

" 'What I have long weared has happened sooner than I expected—the decisive defeat. In two days we have lost 800 guns and the troops have no more power of resistance. They are tired out and no longer a match for the enemy's superior forces. Also things are going badly on the other fronts and we must be prepared for the very worst. It is urgently necessary to conclude peace at any price, for we are as good as defenceless'."

The Crown Prince also criticizes both the Welmar and the Bismarckian constitutions for giving too much power to Prussia. He says on this point:

"With all the North's services it cannot be denied that under its political leadership Germany suffered the greatest political catastrophe in her history."

Elephants Show Remarkable Brains

Uganda Elephants Pull Clever Stunts Better Than Trained Circus "Bulls"

London.—Elephants in Uganda are now pretty generally grasping the policy being pursued toward them, states the Game Warden's annual report just received here.

They understand they are free to roam without molestation over large specified areas, whose boundaries they quite understand, but that they must not cross certain roads to raid the native farms in contiguous regions, and that if these regulations are broken they are at once driven back into their own territories.

It is a common local joke that, thanks to years of education on the part of the Game Wardens' Department, every elephant in the colony carries a complete map of it in its head. Some, in fact most of them, are now using this knowledge to avoid prohibited districts, but others use it to invest methods of circumventing the Game Warden.

These recalcitrant elephants send forward pilot bulls in advance of the herd when about to raid farms and, if driven back, generally allow a fortnight to elapse and then try again in the hope that the watcher has gone away. In a recent case, however, different tactics were followed. After being detected and turned back in an attempt to cross a main road into some extensive shambas (farms), instead of waiting two weeks before trying again, the pilot bulls led the herd 3 miles to the west to a point which had evidently been prospected and found unguarded previously, traversing the road at a point where they had never before been known to cross. More than 1000 elephants followed them and it was evident that the whole affair had been carefuly worked out in advance.

Later, as an experiment in control tactics, a huge herd which, in May, always gathers by a certain river, was purposely disturbed and it was noticed how they had learnt to associate the crossing of roads with danger as they formed groups hundreds strong before rushing over them. As soon as they had reached the ordinary fully reserved areas they ceased their retreat and took up a massed position for defense. They were prepared to fight if interfered with in what they had now been taught was free territory for them. It is estimated that male elephants in Uganda are increasing at the rate of 1000 a year while, with the increase in population and agriculture, the land available for them is becoming less.

One herd, known as the Buyaga, has been notorious for many years for its sagacity. These elephants prefer to live alongside the natives and secure food from their farms, taking advantage of the desire of the Game Wardens' Department to drive them away to less populated areas without harming them. On one occasion they detached three of their worst members to hunt the sub-warden observing them, and he had a very exciting time.

This herd has also developed a method of leading the officers of the department along "selected" routes, which they do not even follow at other times themselves, through water holes and swamps and black mud until they discourage the attentions of the game rangers. In fact, it has become a game of intelligence between the Game Warden and the elephants in this particular region where, at present, the latter have countered every move of the former by a better one.

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C143

The Affair at Flower Acres

by CAROLYN WELLS

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Douglas Raynor is found shot through the heart in the early evening on the floor of the sun room of Flower Acres, his Long Island home. Standing over the dead man, pistol in hand, is Malcolm Finley, former sweetheart of Raynor's wife, Nancy. Eva Turner, Raynor's nurse, stands by the light switch. In a moment Nancy appears, white-faced and terrified. Orville Kent, Nancy's brother, comes in from the south side of the room. And then Ezra Goddard, friend of Finley; Miss Mattie, Raynor's sister, and others, enter upon the scene. Detective Dobbins is official investigator. An autopsy reveals that Raynor also was being systematically poisoned with arsenic. Lionel Raynor, son of Douglas Raynor by first marriage, comes to claim his father's estate. Now Dobbins, posing as a reporter, interviews Nurse Turner's mother in New York in hopes of learning more about her daughter.

* * *

"Oh, publicity?"

"Yes. Where was Miss Turner born?"

"Land! I don't know."

Dobbins stared. "I thought you were her mother!"

The woman laughed outright.

"I'm only a hired mother. You know, actresses and nurses and, oh, lots of girls—nice ones—have to have a mother. Well, sometimes, not having a real one—they hire one. I'm a professional mother. I have four daughters in this house."

"Miss Turner is in luck to have secured your services," he smiled, "but—er—do ladies as—as mature as Miss Turner need a—a chaperon—?"

"Not always," she smiled at him. "Eva is no chicken—but I've been her mother so long—she still keeps me on."

"How long have you been with her?"

"Lemmesee. Twenty years or more."

"Was she a trained nurse all that time?"

"Not all—she was on the stage first off—but she got hurt in an automobile accident—"

Dobbins' calm gave way, and his involuntary expression of excitement frightened the woman.

"Look here," she cried, 'who are you anyway? What do you want of Eva?"

"I want to see her—I Iwant to talk with her—why are you so alarmed?"

"You don't want her for—for anything special?"

"Such as what? What have you in mind that frightens you so? I think, Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Morrison."

"I think, Mrs. Morrison, that you are unnecessarily disturbed. Unless Miss Turner has reason to fear my questions, I cannot think she will object to them. But, one thing, first. You have known Miss Turner for—did you say, twenty years?"

"About that," the woman's face was sullen now.

"Was her name always Eva Turner?"

Mrs. Morrison's face turned white.

"So it's come, has it?" she said, with a moaning wail that transformed her independent attitude to one of cringing fear. "Are you a detective?"

"Yes, I am. Now, you'll save yourself time and trouble for yourself, Mrs. Morrison, if you answer my questions. What was Miss Turner's name as an actress? I know all actresses have assumed names."

"She didn't. When she was a chorus girl—not an actress—she used her own name—Effie Talcott. She was a nice girl and a good girl, until—"

"Until she fell into the clutches of a bad, unscrupulous man."

"Exactly that. He made love to her, he led her astray, he ruined her, and at last he took her on a joy ride—there was an accident, and she broke her leg—a bad compound fracture. He took her to a hospital—and, he never saw her again!"

"He paid her expenses?"

"Yes—but he had promised to marry her—"

"Are you sure?"

"She always said so. She sued him—but he was too great and powerful for her to have success of that sort. His lawyers settled with her for a very small sum—which she was obliged to take because she had no way to make him pay more."

"And—was she—is she of a revengeful disposition?"

"She is, indeed!—that is—why, no—I don't know—"

The woman had suddenly come to her senses and realized that she was telling too much for her "daughter's" good.

"I don't know anything about it! I will tell you nothing more!" she cried angrily.

"Give me her present address."

"I will not."

"Then I will find it out for myself. Good day." And Dobbins left her without further word.

CHAPTER XIII.

Eva's Story

It was two days later that Dobbins return in triumph to Flower Acres, bringing Miss Turner with him.

When accused, in the presence of Mrs. Raynor, of poisoning Douglas Raynor, Miss Turner at first denied it, and then, as further pressure was brought to bear, she cried out—"yes, I did—I did try to put that man out of the world. But I didn't do it—his wife shot and killed him!"

And this story she stuck to.

She told the tale of her acquaintance with Douglas Raynor, admitting it was twenty years ago.

"He spoiled my whole career," she said; "my whole life. I was a successful singer, a favored chorus girl. My darling was greatly admired and I planned to become a professional dancer rather than a singer or an actress. I had a fine opportuity for advancement, and was about to accept another and better position than the one I then had, when I went, at Douglas Raynor's invitation, on a midnight ride in his car. He drove the machine himself—a swift roadster, and when we were on a long lonely stretch of road, late at night, that man—" She paused a moment, glancing at Mrs. Raynor, and then,, at a nod from the detective, she went on, "that man tried to throw me out of the car."

"Incredible!" murmured Dobbins.

"Yes, he did," Eva Turner reiterated; "he gave me a push, and I should have fallen out but that I grabbed the side of the car. I also grabbed at his arm, and that threw the steering gear askew—I suppose, for the car swerved and upset, and we both landed in a ditch by the side of the road. He escaped without serious injury but my leg was broken in two places, and II could never dance again. I could walk all right—without a limp—but I could not take a dancing step. Of course, I couldn't walk until after three months in the hospital, and then three more of recuperation at home. And Mr. Raynor never came near me—never sent me a line of sympathy or encouragement—merely sent his secretary—or some man of business, to learn of my progress and to pay the bills."

"You felt revengeful for oll this?" Dobbins asked, mildly.

"Did I?" Eva Turner's eyes blazed. "I wanted to kill him—I wanted to put him to death by some slow, lingering torture that would make him feel a little of the grief and despair that I suffered!

"The only thing I felt I could take up was nursing. During my stay in the hospital, I became interested in that, and the nurses I met there were kind and helpful. So, when I was able I took my training and became a graduate nurse."

"And all the time your heart was full of revenge toward Mr. Raynor?" the dectective inquired.

"Yes, but I saw no way to gratify it. In fact, as the years went by, and I grew older, I rather forgot my hatred of him—and became absorbed in my work. Then, one day, by chance, I came across—I heard through another nurse, that Mr. Raynor wanted a dietitian. That is one of my specialties, and as I thought about old times all my hatred of the man came back to me—all my animosity revived, and I conceived a diabolical plan of coming here to be his dietitian—and poisoning him while I prepared his food."

"Cold-blooded premeditation, then."

"Yes—I suppose so—but it didn't even seem to me murder—it didn't even seem wrong. It seemed only justice toward the man who had wronged me, who had wrecked my life—who had tried to murder me! Right or wrong—that is what I came to Flower Acres determined to do."

Miss Turner sat bolt upright in her chair.

"And so you poisoned him," Nan said, slowly, looking at Eva Turner. "Did he know it?"

"I'm not sure. I think he suspected it. That was why he gave me a large sum of money—in securities—if I would go away from here."

"He knew who you were, then?" Dobbins asked.

"Not at first. But I revealed myself to him—and then he was frightened. He begged me, pleaded with me to go away. But that was my revenge—to se him cringe and crawl. I'm not sure I really meant to kill him—I don't know. I wanted to have him ill—suffering—frightened—and then, if my revenge became satiated—perhaps I should have stopped the poison."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

"I did try to put that man out of the world—but his wife shot and killed him."

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An attractive printed silk crepe that simulates tuck-in type, a youthful idea of Paris. The fluttering box-plaited skirt, attached to hipband secures slender silhouette. The molded bodice has Vionnet neckline with flattering bow tie. Style No 212 is lovely for afternoons made of georgette crepe in chartreuse green or flowered chiffon. Other practical suggestions are wool jersey in pastel shade, featherweight tweed in wood-violet shade, plain silk crepe in tomato red and printed cotton foulard. Pattern for this popular style can be han in sizes 16, 18, 20, years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material with ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Price 20 cents or coin (coin preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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More Time For Study

"I wish I had more time for reading and study," is a remark made by many homemakers. One housewife has increased her own leisure by the use of an alarm clock. When she puts food in the oven or on the stove, or starts some operation that must have her attention at a certain time, she sets the alarm for that period. Then she can take up her study with freedom, for the clock always tells her when she is needed. Some days the alarm hand travels the whole dial. Those are the occasions when she is enabled to enter most joyously into the rich world of books and to travel farthest in the realm of thought.

Three Things

Three things—work, God, love—form a complete life.—Henry Drummond.

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Art Treasures Found by French

Bronze Hawks, One Inlaid With Gold, Discovered in Rifled Tomb in Syria

Beirut, Syria—The objects of a rifled tomb at Minet-el-Beida, about seven miles north of Latakia, appearing to date back to the fourteenth or thirteenth century B.C. found accidentally a year ago have now been examined. A mission was sent out by the French Academy of Inscriptions, headed by M. Schaeffer, curator of the Prehistoric and Gallo Roman Museums of Strasbourg, assisted by M. Chenet of the French Institute.

The objects indicate that the north of Phoenicia had close relations not only with Cyprus, which was still in the Bronze Age, but also with Egypt, which in the time of Pharaoh Amenhotep III held almost the whole of Syria.

The tomp originally found formed part of the necropolis of a town, of which the name is unknown, built on the hill of Ras Shamra, in the territory of Bori el Kassab.

Besides, the purely Syrian objects such as pottery and bronze utensils and arms, which are the most numerous, the mission found two bronze hawks of purely Egyptian style, one of which is inlaid with gold, and also a bronze statuette of a seated person with an Egyptian profile.

Some examples of local art were also found, including a fine necklace of agate, carnelian and pink quartz, also a brestplate of gold, representing the goddess Astarte standing with outstretched arms, holding a flower in each hand. A beautiful bronze statuette, 8½ inches high, was found, representing Teshub, the Hittite war god, on the march, wearing a high cap. Both face and cap are plated with gold, and the body is protected by a silver corset. The armlets and sleeves are of silver, and the right arm is encircled with a silver bracelet.

Minard's Liniment for Summer Colds

Areas Reserved For Birds

Forty bird sanctuaries have been reserved in Canada by the Department of the Interior under the Migratory Birds Convention Act, which is the Federal law for the protection of migratory birds. There are also fifty-one public shooting grounds reserved by the Dominion Government in Western Canada. Shooting is allowed on these latter areas in the open season.

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