

**THE SECRETS OF POTSDAM: A
STARTLING EXPOSURE OF THE
INNER LIFE OF THE COURTS OF
THE KAISER AND CROWN-PRINCE**

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The secrets of Potsdam: a startling exposure of the inner life of the courts of the Kaiser and Crown-Prince by William Le Queux & Ernst von Heltendorff

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WILLIAM LE QUEUX & ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF

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Secrets of Potsdam

A STARTLING EXPOSURE OF THE INNER LIFE
OF THE COURTS OF THE KAISER
AND CROWN-PRINCE

REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME

by

COUNT ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF

*Commander of the Order of the Black Eagle, &c.
Late Personal-Adjutant to the German Crown-Prince*

CHRONICLED BY
WILLIAM LE QUEUX

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

" MY DEAR LE QUEUX,

" I have just finished reading the proofs of your book 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 Luïsa, the Ex-Crown-Princess of Saxony, you were, before the war, closely associated with many of those at Court whose names appear in the pages of this book.

" 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 your British public desire 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 profligate son.

*" With most cordial greetings from
" Your sincere friend,*

" ERNST VON HELTZENDORFF."



The Secrets of Potsdam

SECRET NUMBER ONE

THE TRAGEDY OF THE LEUTENBERGS

YOU will recollect our first meeting on that sunny afternoon when, in the stuffy, nauseating atmosphere of perspiration and a hundred Parisian perfumes, we sat next each other at the first roulette table on the right as you enter the rooms at Monte Carlo?

Ah! how vivid it is still before my eyes, the jingle of gold and the monotonous cries of the croupiers.

Ah! my dear friend! In those pre-war days the Riviera—that sea-lapped Paradise, with its clear, open sky and sapphire Mediterranean, grey-green olives and tall flowering aloes, its gorgeous blossoms, and its merry, dark-eyed populace who lived with no thought of the morrow—was, indeed, the playground of Europe.

And, let me whisper it, I think I may venture to declare that few of its annual habitués enjoyed the life more than your dear old ink-stained self.

What brought us together, you, an English novelist, and I a—well, how shall I describe myself? One of your enemies—eh? No, dear old fellow. Let us sink all our international differences. May I say that I, Count Ernst von Heltendorff, of Schloss

Heltendorff, on the Mosel, late personal-adjutant to His Imperial Highness the Crown-Prince, an official attached to that precious young scoundrel's immediate person, call you my dear friend?

True, our nations are, alas! at war—the war which the Kaiser and his son long sought, but which, as you well know, I have long ago detested.

I have repudiated that set of pirates and assassins of whom I was, alas! born, and among whom I moved until I learned of the vile plot afoot against the peace of Europe and the chastity of its female inhabitants.

On August 5th, 1914, I shook the dust of Berlin from my feet, crossed the French frontier, and have since resided in the comfortable old-fashioned country house which you assisted me to purchase on the border of the lovely forest of Fontainebleau.

And now, you have asked me to reveal to you some of the secrets of Potsdam—secrets known to me by reason of my official position before the war.

You are persuading me to disclose some facts concerning the public and private life of the Emperor, of my Imperial master the Crown-Prince, known in his intimate circle as "Willie," and of the handsome but long-suffering Cecil Duchess of Mecklenbourg, who married him ten years ago and became known as "Cilli." Phew! Poor woman! she has experienced ten years of misery, domestic unhappiness, by which she has become prematurely aged, deep-eyed, her countenance at times when we talked wearing an almost tragic look.

No wonder, indeed, that there is a heavy and, alas! broken heart within the beautiful Marble Palace at Potsdam, that splendid residence where you once visited me and were afterwards commanded to a reception held by His Imperial Highness.

I risk much, I know, in taking up my pen to tell the truth and to make these exposures to you, but I do so because I think it only just that your British