

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1918



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Count Tisza. Count Stephen Tisza, typical as a Magyar magnate, who was assassinated a few days ago, was the best-hated man in Hungary. His political opponents of his own rank fought duels with him; those of inferior rank tried to assassinate him. One of the three whom he met on the "field of honor" in 1918, and wounded, was Count Michael Karolyi, now president of the Revolutionary National Council. The last unsuccessful attempt to assassinate him was on Oct. 16, when Leffner, an official of the food department, drew a revolver on him, but was prevented by the count's chauffeur from using it.

Tisza was a powerful man, both physically and mentally; his patriotism, while limited to the Magyar class, was ambitious. His one aim was to promote the greatness and glory of Hungary, Austria and even Germany he regarded as mere pawns in his game. He made use of the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand by having him agitate the scheme of a trine monarchy made up of Germans, Magyars and Slavs in place of the dual monarchy, believing that the new government would be centralized at Budapest rather than at Vienna. The whole scheme of Balkan policy was his; to prevent the states there from growing strong or forming a league, for the benefit of Russia against Turkey.

He was premier of Hungary in 1914 and was quick to see the opportunities offered by the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand, the heir presumptive, at Sarajevo. It is said that he at once communicated privately with friends at the Wilhelmstrasse and the result was the famous conference of the German Kaiser's military family at Potsdam in the first week in July, when plans were made for united German and Austro-Hungarian action in case Russia intervened to save Serbia.

Although Count Berchtold was then Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, it is said that the ultimatum to Serbia, delivered by Baron Giesl von Gieslingen, the Austro-Hungarian minister at Belgrade, on July 23, was largely Tisza's work.

Born in Budapest in 1861, Tisza had, since he entered politics as a clerk in the ministry of the interior in 1882, exercised a power far beyond his official offices. He was first premier from 1908

to 1906, and then from 1913 to May 23, 1917.

Up to the time of his retirement last year he fought in parliament for the Teutonic alliance and the continuance of the war until that alliance won. The alliance as a burden and the war as being prolonged by Germany. He began to favor autonomy for the nationalities of Hungary.

At the end of September, 1918, when

the probability of a separate peace of Austro-Hungary had become obvious, he was one of three Hungarian statesmen called to Vienna to advise the emperor, the others being Counts Andrássy and Apponyi.

Both were his inveterate political foes, both had accused him of being the German Kaiser's agent. On the other hand Andrássy's admiration for England and Apponyi's for the United States were well known.



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RETURNED SOLDIER PROBLEM REQUIRES PROMPT ACTION

Criticism Voiced by Head of G. W. V. Association.

SUGGESTS CHANGE

Says Returned Men Must be Represented in Departments Dealing With Reconstruction.

Ottawa, Nov. 10.—Criticism of the government's preparations for handling the hundreds of thousands of returned soldiers who will soon be back in Canada, was made on Saturday by Lieut. Col. W. P. Purney, president of the Great War Veterans' Association, on his return from a trip through the western provinces. He prefaced his remarks by expressing himself as not being surprised at B. F. McCurdy's resignation as parliamentary secretary of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment. "My reason for saying this," said Colonel Purney, "is because I have always found Mr. McCurdy one of the few men in the government ever keenly anxious in regard to the returned soldiers. I can readily understand a sincere, active and energetic man, such as he is, losing all patience with a government and a department who may, unless prompt action be taken, involve themselves and the country in dire trouble because of this callous indifference to the great problems of re-establishment now about to confront us. It may safely be assumed that there is something radically wrong when Mr. McCurdy, either as a mark of protest or as a step advisable in his own interests, or both, lays down the robe of his responsibility for a situation which any far-seeing man could not contemplate with any degree of equanimity."

Veterans Will Co-operate.

"My trip through the west has confirmed me in my opinion that the government is not doing its duty by the returned men. But it is my earnest hope—as it is that of all returned soldiers—that the government will at once see that not another hour can be wasted. We are willing and anxious to help if they will set, but they should act at once or it will be too late. While they start late, it is to be hoped that they will start right."

"Returned soldiers must be represented in the departments dealing with the matters which must be taken up in connection with reconstruction. The government does not seem to understand the necessity for this. Witness the fact of the appointment of its deputy minister under Sir James Loughheed, who beyond doubt should have been a returned soldier, having the confidence of the men."

"But this department should be remodelled or wiped out and a new one created, embracing everything affecting the returned soldier as soon as the Militia Department is through with him. Land settlement also should be under this new department. That this should be handled by the government of the interior with its old cut and dried methods—very well dealing with the ordinary settlers—is absurd. It should be under the department of the interior, the right of the returned soldier. Call the new department 'The Department of Re-patriation,' or have it administered by a man who understands the men he will deal with—a returned soldier."

Delay Disastrous.

"There positively cannot and will not be success in the great problem of repatriation until this is done. I sincerely hope that the government will become alive to the seriousness of the situation. At the present time much uneasiness prevails amongst the returned men in the country and it is rapidly spreading to other classes."

"The question of the repatriation of the soldier is dovetailed with the question of the industrial expansion of the country; hundreds of thousands of men returning and thousands already re-thrown out of employment from factories manufacturing munitions, a situation that cannot be dealt with in a month or two. In any event delay to solve, to ignore, these problems longer will prove disastrous."

"The soldiers expect their dues only, and the country desires that they receive such—and that must be accorded them—no more, no less."

"As I said before, we are ready to co-

operate. We dislike to criticize, but we expect action will be firm if it is used until action of the right kind is taken."

—SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, M.P.

When the Wind Falls.

(From the Lowell Courier-Citizen.)

What two years will bring forth no one can safely say. It is on the surface probably that there will be a reversion of considerable proportions as the check-comes home to roost after the reckless debauch of wage-raising which the

war has led, under the benign guidance of a host of academicians temporarily withdrawn from dealing with boys and attempting to handle affairs with which they were unfamiliar. Until the war ceases to be the manspinner behind everything that happens, the effects will be concealed or postponed. When it finally stops, the reaction will undoubtedly set in. American labor has been oversupplied with oxygen for a number

of years, and ordinary air is going to seem distinctly lacking in exhilaration.

AMERICAN D. S. M.

FOR MARSHAL JOFFRE

Paris, Nov. 13.—(Havas)—General Pershing, in the name of President Wilson, presented at the military academy this morning, the Distinguished Service Medal to Marshal Joffre, the hero of the Marne.

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"A FIGHT FOR MILLIONS" Vitaphone's Adventure Story

PUBLISHED IN THE TIMES-STAR EVERY THURSDAY EVENING
PICTURED AT IMPERIAL THEATRE, FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS

CHAPTER VIII

Hardy, by consummate nerve and skill, drove his car along the narrow string pieces spanning the gorge and rejoined his friends on the further side. Jean, half-fainting in fear for his safety, was helped into the car and they were about to resume their race for the train, when a volley of bullets halted them. The outlaws, in Kilgore's car, had arrived at the further side of the chasm and unable to follow, had opened fire. Placing Jean on the bottom of the car, Bob and Iron Star returned the fire. A score of shots had been exchanged when Kilgore was seen to stagger and topple over the brink of the gorge and fall into the river 100 feet below. His body did not reappear and the other outlaws, disconcerted, withdrew behind a pile of timber.

Bob and Iron Star then jumped into the car and sped away down the road. Men in the construction camp who had witnessed Bob's amazing ride across the stringers and the ensuing pistol battle, swarmed up the side of the chasm to where the outlaws were gathered.

"My daughter is being abducted. Help me to catch them," exclaimed Lawless, and the men, in ignorance of the real state of affairs, quickly laid plans along the stringers. Lawless drove the car over these and the outlaws soon were again in hot pursuit.

The eastbound train was slowing up at Willow River Junction, when Bob, in the parson's car, raced into view a half mile from the station. The heavy train halting only a moment and was pulling out, when the party hurried aboard.

Almost the same instant, Kilgore's big touring car, with "Snaky" at the wheel, dashed up.

Comfortably settled aboard the train, Bob at once busied himself with plans for Jean. "I am going to telegraph Barry," he said to Jean and signalling a porter dispatched a wire to the mounted police sergeant at his barracks near Graysolon, asking him to meet them on arrival of their train two days later.

Back at Willow River Junction, meantime, the outlaws were equally busy scheming how quickest to overthrow the train. They were waiting for the signal to start.

"Find out from the conductor of that train where these people are going. Then get a special engine and car. My daughter is eloping with a scoundrel!"

Sergeant Barry rode into the barracks of the Northwest Mounted Police and as he dismounted a trooper handed him the telegram which Hardy had sent from the train. "At the girl's safety first showed in his face," then disappointment as he realized duty would prevent him from joining her immediately. He at once wrote her a letter explaining the situation which he had posted to her at Graysolon.

But the message was destined never to reach Jean, for two days later Lawless and Hyde drew up at the only hotel in Graysolon and inquired for mail for William Barton. The clerk took all letters from the "pigeon hole" and handed them to Lawless. He ran through them quickly and when he found one addressed to Miss Jean Benton, he slipped it into his pocket with a knowing look at Hyde.

Camp's Wharf, on the shores of a lake visited mostly by Indians and fur traders, was another link in Lawless' chain of illicit trading posts. At the end of the dilapidated wharf was

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

Jean Benton, a Montana girl, is fighting two outlaw relatives who seek to force her into a marriage to obtain her father's millions left on condition she marry one of them. Her protector is Bob Hardy, mining expert, whom she loves. Jean has many enemies from the hands of the villains, Lawless and Hyde. Lawless joins forces with Hyde. Bob sends his car out over a dizzy gorge on two narrow string pieces as his enemies arrive at the other side and open fire on him.

A small shack used for a store house and moored near was a motor boat and several canoes.

"Snaky," Atkins and several gangsters were playing cards in the shack when Lawless and Hyde arrived from Graysolon. The former at once produced Jean's letter and carefully forcing back the flap, read:

Dear Miss Jean: Just got your message. If you will wait there will see you in about two days. On important duty now or would come a running.

Wild to get eyes on you and Mr. Hardy again. Glad you got the better of those rascals.

Your devoted and faithful friend, BILL BARRY.

For a long time the two conspirators studied the message, then hit on a plan which apparently pleased them mightily. Taking a bottle of chemicals from a trunk, Hyde with a pen obliterated certain words and substituted others, making the letter read as if sent from Camp's Wharf and to say, "If you will come here at 2 o'clock today, will meet you."

Jean, Bob and Iron Star, meantime, had arrived at the hotel in Graysolon. She had scarcely reached her room and was expressing her disappointment at not receiving an answer to Bob's telegram, when the altered letter was delivered to her. She was delighted, and with Bob, at once took a motor car for Camp's Wharf, Iron Star remaining in town to get clothes suitable to his visit to New York.

"Driving to the end of the wharf, Bob dismissed the driver and they walked to the shack where a gangster, dressed in the uniform of a Royal Mounted constable, saluted them. Jean asked for Sergeant Barry and was told:

"Sergeant Barry's inside waiting for you and Mr. Hardy."

Suspecting nothing they entered. Jean to be seized by Lawless and Hyde and Hardy to be knocked senseless by "Snaky" and securely bound.

Faintly struggling against her captors, Jean was dragged from the cabin, but even in her terror did not lose presence of mind. Realizing she must leave behind some clue for Bob or Iron Star to follow, she broke a string of gold beads she wore and unobserved by the outlaws, dropped a score of them on the way from the shack to the end of the wharf. There she was thrust into the motor boat which quickly put off. Lawless triumphantly waving in her face her birth certificate copies, which he had taken from the helpless Hardy.

Bob, consciousness finally regained, on the floor of the shack, worn loose from his bonds and began a frantic search for traces of Jean. He

found the clue in the gold beads leading him to the end of the wharf and surmising the girl had been carried away in a motor boat, he leaped into a canoe and paddled to the boat occupied by the fishermen. They told him of the girl's screams and volunteered to help him out.

Help for Jean from other quarters, also, was quickly on the way. Iron Star, returning to the hotel and finding Bob and Jean absent, and their grips unpacked, was worried and finding the decoy letter to Jean on a table he set out at once for Camp's Wharf.

Signs of a struggle in the shack and Jean's gold beads scattered about convinced the Indian that harm had befallen his friends and at the hands of Lawless. By horse and train he made a swift night trip to the Mounted Police Barracks and handed Bill his own letter. Bill gave it one glance:

"Altered! This is Lawless' work!"

Then Iron Star showed some of Jean's beads and told of his visit to the Camp Wharf. Bill was at once all action.

Near the middle of the lake and out of sight of land, Lawless had another whiskey station on Little Turtle Island and there he brought Jean and locked her securely in a hut hidden in a ravine and built against a perpendicular cliff more than 100 feet high. Leaving a sentry before the hut, Lawless and his fellow outlaws had scarcely begun to formulate plans for the disposal of the girl, when a guard on the cliff reported the approach of the fishermen's launch bringing Bob. An evil smile spread over Lawless' face.

"Let them land," he ordered, "and we'll make them all prisoners."

Bob and his guides were not to be caught unawares, however, and running their boat to the further end of the island they landed and made their way up over the cliff to a point above the hut.

"The hut's right down in that ravine," said one of the fishermen. Bob made his way almost to the entrance of the hut before he saw the sentry. The sentry saw him at the same time and turned, but before he could give an alarm, Bob had overpowered him. Turning him over to the fishermen, he rushed into the hut. Jean leaped up in alarm as he entered, then in her joy rushed into his arms.

Jean was telling Bob of her experience when the fishermen recalled them to a realization that they yet were in dire peril from the outlaws. They hurried down the ravine only to be brought to a sharp halt by seeing Hyde and his party approaching. Turning they raced back past the hut and on to the top of the cliff face. The men butted to let Jean attempt it, but she bravely ended their indecision by starting over the edge.

The fishermen safely reached the level ground but Jean slipped and fell, the men catching her and breaking her fall. Bob joined them a moment later and they hurried to the shore. The peril was gone.

Turning, their dismay was increasing by the sight of Hyde and his gang on the top of the cliff. Their only retreat, then, lay in skirting the shore, but they had not traversed a hundred yards when from behind the rocks rose Lawless and his band. Realizing they were trapped and helpless against the armed crew, they stood silent as Lawless, grinning in evil triumph, advanced menacingly and said:

"Get you all again."

(Continued next Thursday.)

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one bottle did wonders for me, so I take pleasure in telling others, hoping that they will give the "Prescription" a trial and be benefited just as I have been."—Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, 254 Ontario St.