

POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2035

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1919

ONE AUSTRIAN ARCHDUKE WHO MAY RETURN

Leopold Ferdinand Only One Who
Has The Privilege

BANISHED BY EMPEROR

Made Homeland Too Hot For
Himself in Days Before The
War; Married Commoner Whose
Relations With Him Had Pre-
cipitated Banishment

(Toronto Mail and Empire.)
What remains of the Austrian empire is forbidden ground for any former archduke, and the whole litter of them with their descendants, are now refugees, mostly in Switzerland, with orders never to come back. Of only one is this not true. Only one of them can enter Austria and not alone enter it, but become a citizen and a welcome citizen. This archduke is Leopold Ferdinand, who was banished from the land of his birth by the emperor some seventeen years ago. Since then he has been living as a private citizen in Switzerland as Leopold Wolfing, almost forgotten by the great world where he was formerly a conspicuous if somewhat eccentric figure. He was easily the most humane and intelligent of the Austrian archdukes, and it was because of his restless, questioning, essentially democratic mind that he was forced into exile by Francis Joseph. Had he remained in Austria and submitted to the imperial yoke he might well have played a big part in the later history of his country. Had he been the son of middle class parents he might have distinguished himself in art or letters. As it was, he succeeded in doing nothing much more important than figuring in scandals and wrecking a promising career.

Like Lucifer Flaming.
It was a considerable fall in a social sense, for Leopold Wolfing was once His Imperial Highness Archduke Leopold Ferdinand of Austria, Grand Duke of Tuscany, Royal Prince of Hungary and Bohemia, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece and Colonel of the Imperial and Royal Army of Austria-Hungary. By these entitlements, those familiar with the Almanac de Gotha will identify Herr Wolfing as the brother of the famous Crown Princess Louise of Saxony, whose sensational escape from her husband, the former King of Saxony, lately deposed, attracted the attention of the world in 1902. Brother and sister were much alike in their hatred for the world into which they were born. From childhood both were determined to live their own lives with as little interference as possible on the part of those about them. They were very different from the other little archdukes and archduchesses and it is to be feared caused their parents much trouble.

A Stormy Career.
As Leopold grew up he was, of course, sent to the army, and soldiering was made rather more real and unpleasant for him than for other royal apogees, because it was hoped that the discipline would break his unruly spirit. It failed, and instead, Leopold found himself in one continuous brawl with superior officers and the adult members of his family. He was transferred from one regiment to another, from one to another purple martinet, and from one gloomy garrison town to one a shade gloomier whenever it could be discovered. He relieved the tedium of his existence by various scandalous affairs. He was transferred to the navy, but nothing could be made of him in that service either, and the report given by his captain was that he was incapable, dissolute and lazy. So he went back into the army. In 1902 he was openly living with a noted Viennese beauty, Miss Adamovic, daughter of a college professor, and this so enraged the emperor that he was peremptorily ordered to give up his friend. In return he asked permission to marry her, and when this was refused, his name was dropped from the army list. A month or two later when he became involved in the escape of his sister, he was banished from Austria and made to sign an abdication to all his claims upon the succession in exchange for a pension of 200,000 francs.

Quarrelled With the Heir.
The emperor might have ignored the general looseness and rebelliousness of Leopold's conduct were it not that the latter had incurred the undying hatred of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the throne, a year or two before. The quarrel was not to the discredit of Leopold. He was one of Francis Ferdinand's entourage, as we are told in an article in the Berliner Tageblatt, when the haughty young heir made his tour of the world. One day on shipboard Francis Ferdinand was amusing himself by using a shotgun on the gulls that followed the warship. Some he would miss some he would hit and kill outright and others he would maim. This brought forth a fiery protest from his cousin Leopold, who said he did not consider it good sportsmanship to leave wounded birds on the water to starve or drown. He was sharply rebuked by his kinsman for interfering and an altercation followed in which one word led to several others. The unfortunate Leopold with his amazing gift for put-

ting himself in the wrong, drew his sword. He was thereupon seized by the bystanders and put ashore at the next port.

Difficult to Settle.
Following his banishment from Austria, he married Miss Adamovic, who had been one of the party which helped the Crown Princess Louise to escape from Germany, and they settled down in Switzerland. At least, Mrs. Wolfing settled down. Had her husband settled all might have been well. He refused to really light, with the result that in 1907 he and his wife were divorced. Later on he married a pretty Silesian girl, a commoner, with whom it is presumed he has lived ever since. When the war broke out his love of the democratic countries did not outweigh his love for his own country, and he requested the Emperor of Austria to give him a commission. When this was refused he asked permission to enlist as a private soldier. This too was rejected by the implacable Francis Joseph, and so through the war the former archduke has remained an involuntary neutral. It is his privilege now to return to Austria and become a soldier in whatever ramp of an army the Allies have permitted his native land.

TIME WHEN BUFFALO BILL LACKED COURAGE

Married Pair as Justice of Peace
—Stories of The Great Scout
And Indian Fighter

(Kansas City Star.)
It is difficult for this generation of boys, even though they be born on the "Great American Desert," to believe that Buffalo Bill was ever anything except the star of a tent show, but old-timers know of his perilous life of earlier days as an Indian fighter, scout, overland freight guard and pony express rider. When the Kansas Pacific Railroad was building to the coast it employed Will Cody to supply its construction gangs with meat. One of the greatest shots of the plains, he won his name and his spurs killing buffalo for the builders of the iron trail.
During Indian campaigns Cody rose to be chief scout for the army and In-

dian adventures became a part of his daily routine. The fame of Buffalo Bill spread throughout the army. None doubted the courage and resource of the great scout and Indian hunter.
Yet one day this courage was sorely tried. There was one time when Buffalo Bill admitted he was scared. Gen. Emory, in command at Fort McPherson, induced the county authorities to make Buffalo Bill a justice of the peace.
"Why, General," protested the scout, "I don't know any more about law than a mule knows of singing."
But the appointment was duly and legally made, and the new justice had to serve. His first task was to perform a wedding ceremony. A wedding was a great event at McPherson, and the whole fort resolved to attend.
In vain his wife and sisters tried to coo to Buffalo Bill. Nobody could find a copy of the marriage service. The great day came. The guests assembled. Cold sweat stood in beads on the brow of the old Indian fighter. His hands trembled. Yet at first the ceremony moved without reproach. The bride and groom were counselled in the conventional manner until the close of the ceremony, when Buffalo Bill startled the congregation by announcing:

"Whom God and Buffalo Bill hath joined together let no man put asunder."
As a marrying justice he was voted a great success.
Before the days of the telegraph news traveled by pony express, nine days from St. Joseph, the end of the railroads, to Sacramento, Calif. The distance over the short route was 1966 miles.
Will Cody was twice in the employ of the pony express as one of the relay riders in the western wilderness. It was during his second engagement that he saved his life by his knack of shooting straight and thinking quickly.
Will was riding from Red Butte, on the North Platte, to Three Crossings, on the Sweetwater, a distance of seventy-six miles, when a station boss one day interrupted him:
"There's signs of Indians about, Billy. Better keep your eye peeled."
The young rider nodded comprehension as he swung into the saddle on a fresh pony and dashed out of the station with his mail sacks.
Plainsmen learned early to keep their eyes open. As Will Cody rode he scanned the country ahead of him with tireless gaze. Every rock and hummock had his attention.
It was grim, wild country he rode through. Great cliffs overhung his nar-

row path and darkened the way. Forests of black pine stood thick on the precipitous slopes of the Rockies.
His keen eye caught sight of a slight movement behind a large boulder that lay ahead of him. It needed no more than that to tell the pony express rider of danger. Hiding at top speed toward the danger zone he made his plan.
Cody was almost upon the rock before he swerved his horse sharply and dashed off to one side. Two rifle reports came simultaneously, and from behind the rock sprang two unmounted Indians.
At the same time a score of Indians on ponies burst from the timber on the opposite side of the valley and rode toward him.
Ahead lay a narrow pass leading to safety. The race began.
Only one rider threatened the express messenger. He wore the headress of a chief and his pony was fleetest.
Close together the horses sped toward the pass, and the Indian was gaining steadily.
Cody turned in his saddle.
The Indian chief had lifted an arrow to his bow and even then was sighting his target.
Like a flash Cody drew his revolver. Seemingly he fired without aim, so quick

was the action. The Indian dropped from his saddle and the pony express sped on safe.
His Option
They sat in sweet converse in the parlor, while the family hid themselves in other old corners of the home.
But the delicious silence was broken by a loud rat-tat-tat at the front door. "George, dear," said the dandel. "I'm afraid that means another caller."
"But you—there is such a thing as being 'not at home,' Ethel," implored the youth.
"Yes—or being engaged!" added Ethel, meaningly.
Brown was going to have some alterations made to his home and asked Jones—who had just got rid of the builders—the best way to go about it.
"Oh," said Jones, "you call in a decent builder and you tell him the limit you are prepared to lay out, being sure that the sum you mention to him is about a quarter of what you have for the alterations, and then, if you are lucky, and keep your wife away while the work is proceeding, you may get half of what you want done for about twice the total sum you wanted to spend."



BEADED AND EMBROIDERED BLOUSES

AT MANUFACTURER'S PRICES

COMPARE our \$10.00 Georgette Blouses with those sold elsewhere at \$15.00. See our \$9.50 Crepe de Chines. You cannot buy their equal in material, style and finish for \$12.00 anywhere. It scarcely seems possible to women familiar with blouse values, that we can sell heavy Georgette Crepe Blouses, beautifully beaded and embroidered, at from \$8.50 to \$15.00. Equally difficult is it to understand how we can employ Crepe de Chine of such weight in our blouses from \$6.50 to \$10.00.

Georgette Blouses (EMBROIDERED AND BEADED) From 8.50 up
Crepe de Chine Blouses, From - 6.50 up

Why We Can Do It—

As we make all our own blouses in our own factories, and sell them exclusively in our own stores, we eliminate the middleman, and we do not require any travellers. When you buy a D'Alaird Blouse you buy it direct from the maker. That is why D'Alaird Blouses can be sold at such very low prices. But we want to impress upon you that we do not aim to make the "cheapest blouses," we make only superior blouses of serviceable materials, but we sell them for less than waists of similar quality can be purchased elsewhere.

Scores of New Styles—

This season's display of blouses far surpasses in beauty and variety any previous showing in the D'Alaird shops. You will find tomorrow blouses of every type in infinite variety. Exquisitely embroidered and beaded blouses for dress occasions, blouses in contrasting colors, blouses for the tailored suit—in fact the loveliest Georgettes and Crepe de Chines any woman could wish to possess. Each blouse, too, is practically exclusive, for we make just three or four waists of each style for each store.

We have blouses in all sizes from 34 up. An excellent showing of sizes 46 and 48.

10 King Square

D'Alaird's

BLOUSES

Sixteen Stores in Canada

Best eats I know says Abby

Everyone likes the delicious flavor of POST TOASTIES