

POLITICS IN CENTRAL EUROPE
IS SPORT ALL PLAY AND ENJOY

VIENNA, Austria, August 19.—The telephone bell rings. You answer it and a voice suggesting mystery says: "Herr von McClintock has decided to enter the Hungarian elections. This has come as a tremendous surprise, and all the professional politicians, to say nothing of the electors, are in utmost confusion".

You gently ask, "Who is this speaking?" In answer you are told that the speaker is a special friend of the friend of your wife and he begs you not to press him to announce his own name. You ask him how authentic his information is and he replies in a voice that would be pained, if it were not slightly indignant, that as the friend of a friend of your own wife his word cannot be doubted.

You allay his indignation and thank him for his tip on the Hungarian election, with him godspeed and hang up the receiver.

OTHER SIDE OF CASE

A moment later the telephone bell rings again. This time is is another mysterious voice that whispers in your ear the information that, while Terr von McClintock is running for election in Budapest, this is really nothing more than was to be expected under the circumstances and that the announcement of McClintock's candidacy has been fully discounted and it is extremely unlikely that he will poll more than one vote against the redoubtable McClusky.

You know it is hopeless to ask who your informant is, so you let the matter slide. You pick up the Viennese newspapers and read that Dvovsky and Gregorovitch are the two contenders in the Hungarian elections and that the result will have no great consequences, one way or another and so you are prepared for bed.

A POLITICAL INVITATION

Just before you pull the covers over your head, however, the telephone rings once more and a voice in perfect English says he is the chairman of the American Press Union and that he is inviting you to be the guest of Baron Frederick von Wiessner, leader of the anti-Hungarian government, on a three-day trip to Budapest to attend the elections in the country districts, where, you may be assured, blood is to be shed. "Will you accept?"

With somewhat unusual sagacity you sense that your worst introduction into Hungary from Austria would be as the guest of the anti-government forces, election or no election, and so you refuse. But this does not deter the telephonic friends, who, now knowing your telephone number, will continue to ply you with tipster information about Balkan political trends.

It is all very interesting and amusing, but only serves to accentuate the fact that people down in this part of the world live and thrive on politics, that politics is their one topic of conversation, their one object in living.

THE ETERNAL SUBJECT

How they love it! While you will hear two Americans discussing business, or the education of their children, while you will hear two Frenchmen discussing sex, you may thoroughly depend upon it that when you see two central Europeans putting their heads together they are discussing politics—international, foreign, or domestic, but certainly politics.

You will be told: "Now if a man calling himself Mr. Jones—just that and nothing more—if Mr. Jones calls up, listen to what he has to say and do not ask him his real name". Very well. What happens?

Not only does Mr. Jones call up, but also Mr. Smith, and Mr. Brown, and a half a dozen other pseudonyms, all of them swearing they have the inside track into all of the chancelleries and all of them fearfully afraid you will not learn in time what they have to impart about the Hungarian elections, the Greek revolution, the heimwehr fascist movement, the creation of Austrian labor courts, the new political trend of the little entente, and the economic foundations for the Balkan pact.

PROFESSION OF TIPSTERING

Political tipstering is a profession that calls for fees and quite a number of persons earn a scant livelihood out of it. . . Naturally, of course, there are a number of shysters. These are the people who are able to read their own views into a newspaper item and are prepared to sell such views.

Others are of another breed. They

are members of one or another of the political parties that have been driven underground and so live at the end of a telephone wire, giving out such information as may be most damaging to those in power, or at least such information as may be considered credible.

It is possible in this country to read a very simple story in one of the newspapers, then by telephoning to half a dozen Mr. Smiths to get half a dozen different and widely divergent accounts and interpretations of that same simple event that may be nothing more significant than that of a state policeman breaking his arm in a motorcycle collision with a stray dog.

The reason, for reason there must be—economic poverty enjoyed by a highly intelligent, even sophisticated, people; semidictatorship of a police regime; and lastly, and in this phase of the matter certainly the most important, the suppression of news and censorship of the press, coupled with a journalism that sells colored news for a profit.

To change the system would be to rob the telephone company of a profit and to rob life of its most amusing chapter.

HYPOCRISY IS SEEN
AMONGST NATIONS

Inconsistency in Attitude to War and Professions at Geneva.

ST. SAUVEUR DES MONTS, Quebec.—The apparent hypocrisy and insincerity of members of the League of Nations, capitalism in the present-day form and direct relief, were all roundly criticized by Hon. Athanase David, Provincial Secretary, in an address to citizens of his Terrebonne county riding.

At this final meeting of a four-weeks' tour of Terrebonne county, the provincial secretary refused to deal with provincial or federal politics. He was speaking as "Athanase David" the individual, and not as a member of the Legislative Assembly, as he pleaded with the youth of Terrebonne to stay "on the land" within the shadow of their parish steeple and not roam from the beautiful Laurentians.

Deploping national and personal optimism, Mr. David pleaded for co-operation on the part of all. He claimed that, in this, capitalism could play a great role, but it must serve humanity not its own private interests. While the League of Nations seeks to promote peace and disarmament, nations are spending billions in armaments, foreseeing war, he said. "If the billions of dollars spent throughout the world—in Italy, in Ethiopia, in Japan and in other countries—for armaments were spent in the cause of peace perhaps throughout the world we would be able to achieve that equilibrium which was the basis of world stability and happiness in the past.

Sorry Spectacle

"The sincerity of the world at large is challenged by the sorry spectacle of nations of the world meeting two months of the year at Geneva in an endeavor to promote peace, and disarmament, and then, under the drive of capitalism, individually promoting during the remaining ten months, the expenditure of billions of dollars in increased armaments."

Mr. David is not against capitalism he said. In fact, he is very much in favor of capitalism, which, he claims is a necessary force. Capitalism must however, become what it was in the past, he said, a servant in the welfare of humanity. Until such a change takes place in capitalism, he cannot see how present day difficulties—financial, social and economic—can be solved.

Striking at the dole once more, Mr. David described it as a demoralizing machine set up to sap the spirit of Canadian workers. "Man," he said, "must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. So decrees the Bible. Therein lies a divine obligation; it means that man must work for a living.

"But what right has society to substitute for this divine decree direct relief?" the speaker asked. "How can it substitute begging for a divine rule? Those who have been forced to

ANN LINDBERG TELLS
OF SPILL INTO YANGTZE

Relates Story of 1931 Flight Into China With Her Famous Husband

NEW YORK, N.Y., August 19.—"And for three weeks, I thought, 'I've been brushing my teeth in boiled water!'"

Which was the first reaction of Anne Morrow Lindbergh to the spill which almost changed America's Public Hero No. 1 and his wife into muddy corpses floating down the flooded Yangtze river in China.

THE HANGKOW SPILL

Mrs. Lindbergh tells the story of her 1931 flight to China with her famous husband in "North to the Orient", her first book, published today.

Before China was reached there had been adventures with her radio sending and receiving set, nights spent in isolated Canadian cabins on anchored off odd bits of Alaska coast, visits to

accept the dole, to exist under it, are forced to live an existence which is contrary to divine and human laws; they are rendered unfit for future roles in society. Must human beings become beggars?

"I prefer to see governments spend millions of dollars for public works than to see them use the dole. I would rather make two, three or four generations pay for these works than have the dole. Long term loans to replace the 'wages of charity' should be undertaken in Canada; the wages of work should be granted our citizens, not charity."

Speaking to the citizens of Terrebonne as one who has accomplished something during the past 20 years in which they have elected him, Mr. David said, "It is your duty to accord me that measure of justice which bespeaks of recognition of what I have accomplished. I am not appealing to you politically, but I rather seek admision of the fact that I have done something and appreciation of all that I have been able to accomplish."

Quebec, he said, had progressed in the matters of public health, education and assurance of the economic and social stability of its families.

True, the crisis has intervened, a world-wide crisis, but the old Province of Quebec is still to the fore in the Dominion of Canada"

Noting the natural tendency of youth to strike out and create its own home, the speaker continued, "I rarely ask favors of you, but this I ask, man to man, as one who has loved the Laurentians as did Cure Labelle. Do not—I say this to the youth of the Laurentians—do not go too far from the old church steeple, the paternal home, your native soil. You can find homes in the north, you can find colonization lots, and you can continue there the work started upwards of 100 years ago. Do not go to Montreal; do not leave the mountains for despair on the plains. The soil in the Laurentians is rich and virgin in the most part; do not be afraid of stones and rocks; for your forefathers tilled the same soil and they perpetuated here the memory of the man who did the most for colonization in Quebec—the Cure Labelle."

Russian homes, a dangerous forced landing in the Japanese archipelago, and an adventure near Nanking when an errand of mercy almost sacrificed the Colonel and two doctor companions the Colonel and two doctor companions

The spill was at Hangkow, where the British plane carrier "Hermes" had arranged in emergency hoisting apparatus and had taken the Lindbergh's "Sirius" aboard to protect it from the flooded Yangtze, and marauders who might be afloat on its boiling yellow surface.

There was not enough slack to detach the plane from the derrick rope when it was returned to the water.

"My husband, opening the throttle, tried to work back upstream. But the plane ahead yswung in the wind side-wise to the current . . . Out of control. Current pulled against cable . . . Down went the wing . . . It acted like a paddle, too, that large flat surface stemming the stream, forcing us over.

"Better get ready to jump!" My husband's voice shot at me tersely from the front cockpit. I climbed out . . .

"Jump!"

"I looked down into the muddy current. In that fleeting second . . . I thought, only, with incongruous complacency, 'ow I will find out how this new life preserver works . . ."

"For not only did I have no fear, I had no sensation at all—no realization of going under water or of getting wet or of my clothes being heavy to swim in, or even that the life preserver had not worked. Quite typically I had not pressed the lever far enough.

"It did not matter, I had come up and was swimming along easily with yards of deflated life preserver dragging after me . . . I saw my husband about with their teuton-faced partners. Superficially the place is as German as sauer kraut.

I coughed up some Yangtze water."

And then thought about that tooth-brushng matter.

SOCIAL CREDIT
LEADER ASSAILS
OPPONENTS

EDMONTON, August 19.—Assailing political opponents for their "unscrupulous tactics", William Aberhart, Social Credit leader, charged in an address here last night that two Calgary bankers received instructions from Eastern offices to defeat the Alberta Social Credit League.

Mr. Aberhart criticized the newly-formed Economic Safety League. While it claimed to be non-political, Mr. Aberhart said it was significant the president was a "super-heterodyne Liberal". (Jesse Goudge, Drumheller, is president of the League).

He had been informed, he said, that Social Credit supporters were being told to mark their ballots with a "cross" instead of a number spoiling the ballot, when voting in the provincial election.

CROP FAILURES
HARASS GERMAN
SOVIET COLONY

ENGELS, U.S.S.R.—German industry and perseverance have never been put more severely to the test than in the German Volga republic, Soviet version of the German colony founded on the left bank of the Volga in the 1760s at the instigation of the bolsheviks.

In the last fourteen years there have been only two really good crops, four fair crops and eight bad crops—ruined by the baking winds from central Asia which chronically sweep up the "left bank." Twice—in 1921 and 1923—the countryside was ridden by famine which took thousands of lives on the first occasion and an unreckoned number the second time. During the collectivization of agriculture which began seriously in 1929 thousands of the most capable and enterprising peasants in the district were driven off to exile, most of them never to return.

Population is Unknown

Formerly there were 600,000 people of German stock living here, about two-thirds of the population. It is almost impossible to tell today how many are left.

An amazing picture has resulted from the soviet's peculiar "minority" policy, which strictly guarantees to all peoples the right to learn and use their own language, yet subjugates them entirely to the dictates of Moscow and imposes upon them a culture which in many cases is utterly foreign to their natures.

In Marxstadt, principal German town of the district, German is the language spoken on the streets, in the stores and in the schools. In the little park at the edge of town a little German band in nondescript clothes plays Wiener waltzes while girls with flaxen pigtails down their backs bob about with their teuton-faced partners. Superficially the place is as German as sauer kraut.

Church Doors Are Locked

Yet in this same town both the Lutheran and Catholic churches have been locked up after "a vote of the population" and they are laboriously tearing the steeple off the Catholic edifice. No person acquainted with the devout local population could take any stock whatever in the "vote."

Contacts between local Germans and their relatives in Germany have been rudely interrupted—much as they were in America during the great war—and it is common knowledge that anyone receiving gifts of clothing, food or money from abroad is certain to be arrested. Thus a German peasant family that painfully scrapes together its kopecks in order to buy bread at one ruble a kilogram is forced, upon receiving 25 or 50 marks from Germany, to write an indignant letter denouncing the gift as a "Fascist bribe."

Drought is Harmful

The sixty-mile ride down the left bank of the Volga from Marxstadt to Engels leads over rolling, gully-rutted country, past good-sized German villages and occasional collective farms. In each village stands an imposing white church, invariably Georgian in style and deserted in appearance. The weather has been fairly good this year and the grain stands twenty inches high, needing only two or three rains to give a good harvest. The groups of peasants who work the fields are largely solid young women and girls, their faces tanned to a chocolate brown by the scorching wind and sun. Many of their men folk have gone to the city for factory work is more remunerative than tilling the soil.

We stopped at the "Karl Marx" collective farm which we had visited a year ago and found that once again it had been plagued by drought. The 1934 grain crop averaged less than four bushels an acre, of which two bushels went to the government in "obligatory deliveries" and one and one-half was needed for seed. By borrowing back some of the grain which it was forced to turn over to the government the farm managed to pay 25 ounces of bread and 29 kopecks for each day's work last year, compared to 35 ounces of bread and 37 kopecks in 1933. This was not enough to support the peasants, but fortunately all but seventeen of the 105 families living here have cows, so they didn't exactly starve.

On the Paulskoye farm a few miles farther down the river they got eight

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bushels an acre last year and the bread supply was consequently better though the peasants received only 50 kopecks a day in addition to their bread. Sugar, after all, costs 2 rubles, 65 kopecks a pound and other necessities accordingly. In this place twenty-one families out of 216 have no cows and they are in a worse plight than the rest.

All in all, it is the same picture that one gets in other parts of the soviet union, accentuated by drought. The peasants contribute their labors in the fields for less than enough bread to live on, when the crop is mediocre, and the cow makes up the difference. Fortunately, the Germans, like the Russians, are a sturdy folk.

Being a Gentleman

When the late William J. Bryan returned from his then-famous trip around the world, the writer asked him that good old bromide question, "What most impressed you?"

"The fact that a gentleman is a gentleman, whatever clothes he wears whatever language he speaks, or whether he lives in Paris, Calcutta, Tokio or Kalamazoo," replied the noted Nebraskan.

Although not a new thought, that reply was interesting and encouraging. It proclaimed again the universality of gentlemen, and they constitute a fine asset for any nation. Put now Henry Dwight edgwick, a New Englander of the bluest background, has written a book, "In Praise of Gentlemen," wherein he affirms that this highly desirable human asset is the product of privilege and property, hence outside the pale of democrats and humanitarians.

This fruitage of the select few, says Mr. Sedgwick, pays his way in society by assuming certain duties; by setting up certain standards of manners, style, modesty, taste and convention, and by living with fortitude, prudence, temperance and a love of justice.

I wonder how many readers will agree with me that property and privilege are not the sole propagators of gentlemen; and that the basic tenets of democracy and humanitarianism are not hindrances to the development of gentlemen! I wonder how many recall, or now are acquainted with men deserving this fine title who are poor, relatively speaking, and who cannot boast of proud lineage!

"To be a gentleman is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessing all those qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner," said Thackeray.

Even surface analysis of this formula evidences the fact that property, privilege, political persuasion and feeling towards one's fellow beings do not preclude the possibility of being a gentleman. Indeed, neither race, creed nor color interferes in this matter, and while education is an important attribute, you and I have known men who, with little learning, could qualify for this enviable distinction.

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