

AUSTRIA IN THROES OF RED REVOLUTION

Five Assemblies Seek Control of Old Empire.

COUNCIL YIELDS TO MOBS

Police Make Little Opposition to Demonstrations and Apparently There Is Little Bloodshed.

BY ARNO DOSCH-FLEUROT.

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COPENHAGEN, Nov. 2.—(Special)—The disorder in Austria has developed since Thursday into a Red Socialist revolution.

Soldiers and workmen have placed the red flag over the Parliament at Vienna, and the original revolution committee, formed by officers and soldiers, has passed into the hands of the soldiers, the officers getting such treatment at the hands of gangs on the streets.

Emperor Charles has had time to escape to Godollo (20 miles northeast of Budapest), with 18 cars of imperial trappings and also the crown jewels.

The police are making no opposition, and apparently there is no bloodshed. The Socialist council has taken control of the railroad traffic under control as far as Budapest.

The Magyars passed a resolution at Budapest against the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs as originators of the war.

Red Flag Over Parliament.

In Vienna the Red revolution was cut short by the demands that the Austrian Germans be united with Germany.

There are three revolutions in the old Austrian empire, with the first a social revolution, the second a revolution of Bolshevist character, the red flag being hoisted over Parliament.

The Socialist government being formed is supported by the soldier-workmen revolutionary committee.

It is much like the original Russian revolution, with the crowds storming Parliament, but it has immediately gone much further than Russia, where a provisional government without Socialists was first formed.

The Vienna leaders have taken the next step in the direction of a social revolution by appointing Felix Adler as head of the government.

In Budapest the revolution, also conducted by soldier committees, has not acquired the same proletarian aspect as the officers are leading the soldiers, and out of the many dispatches received from Berlin, no mention is made of red flags.

The stores have placards of red, white and green—the Hungarian colors.

Council Yields to Mobs.

The Hungarian National Council was forced to yield to the soldier mobs which proclaimed the republic. Military and political prisoners were released by the same mob.

But aside from tearing down the imperial insignia and the voluntary removal of imperial marks from their uniforms, the soldiers and officers, signs of disorder were apparently rare.

The movement in Hungary is also Socialist, but not so evidently headed towards a dictatorship of the proletariat as in Austria. Hungary evidently is more like Austria, where there is complete lack of Bolshevism.

The Berlin Tageblatt's Prague correspondent writes, in order to demand recognition: "The revolution is dignified, and as such lacking in disturbances or disorders."

When the German police disappeared the streetcar employes paraded the city, but there were no excesses and no red flags, the administration of the government working without difficulty.

Five Assemblies Sitting.

Five national assemblies are now sitting in the old empire, the Austrian, the Hungarian, the Bohemian, the Austrian-Roumanian and the South Slavs.

The Austrian-Roumanian are not asking to rejoin Roumania, but a separate state. The South Slavs Parliament is trying to unite on a basis to form a republic including everything between the Ionzo and the Vardar, combining the interests of Croats, Serbians, Dalmatians and the inhabitants of Plume.

Vienna presents a situation most favorable to development of a further revolution, as the question of reuniting Austria and Germany is in the crucible. The first red flag was brought from the suburbs of Vienna by workmen who started the development of soldiers' and workmen's soviets, which have taken the power out of the hands of the new state council which made overtures for a separate peace.

Berlin believes the Bolshevist tendencies of Austria will pass, but the food situation is critical and is bound to become disastrous to any government and result in disorganization. Germany was prepared to feed Vienna, though recently it decided to supply food for only nine days instead of 30, but it is possible that it will send nothing now.

Officers Are Roughly Handled.

Train service is also interrupted. The Tageblatt's Vienna correspondent says things are going too fast to see a day ahead, that the Vienna revolution developed from a political to a social revolution in one day.

Deputy Malik, in an officer's uniform, led the covering of the imperial insignia on his uniform with the national tricolor in the huge demonstration before the Parliament building directed against the dynasty during the day.

But at 8 o'clock in the evening thousands of demonstrators came with red banners and surrounded the war ministry and demanded demobilization. Then began the rough handling of officers, and only because the crowd of soldiers was overwhelmingly large, and it was useless to resist, that the night passed in comparative quiet.

RESENTMENT IS EXPRESSED

REPUBLICAN WOMEN OF MARION REPLY TO PRESIDENT.

Partisan Political Spirit Shown in Appeal by Wilson Declared Deplorable and Unjust.

SALEM, Or., Nov. 2.—(Special)—Republican women of Marion County are just as pronounced in their resentment of the President's appeal for the election of a Democratic Congress as other loyal women of the state as the following expressions attest:

Mrs. C. P. Bishop.—The President has shown very great isolation of the Republicans that have stood behind him in supporting his war policies.

Mrs. F. R. Southwick.—Republicans women of Oregon remember we were fooled once by the slogan "He kept us out of war. You can fool a woman once, but seldom twice. Now our sons have given their time, money and their lives to down autocracy over the seas. Let's vote for the party of prosperity to make business safer for them on

TURKEY'S WEAKNESS FURNISHES TALAAT, USURPER, HIS CHANCE

Career of Ottoman Despot Most Remarkable One—Minister Man of Extraordinary Ability and Almost Superhuman Insight.

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU.

Formerly American Ambassador to Turkey. (Published by special arrangement with the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. Copyright, 1918, by Doubleday, Page & Co., All rights reserved. Copyrighted in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Spain, Russia and the Scandinavian countries.)

INSTALLMENT XXI.

Talaat, the leading man in this band of usurpers, really had remarkable personal qualities. Naturally his life and character proved interesting to me, for I had for years been familiar with the boss system in my own country, and I saw many resemblances to the crude yet able citizens who have so frequently in the past gained power in local and state politics.

Talaat's origin was so obscure that there were plenty of stories in circulation concerning it. One account said that he was a Bulgarian gipsy, while another described him as a Pomak—a Pomak being a man of Bulgarian blood whose ancestors, centuries ago, embraced the Mohammedan faith.

According to this latter explanation, which I think was the true one, his real origin in the empire was not a Turk at all. I can personally testify that he cared nothing for Mohammedanism, for like many of the leaders of his party, he scoffed at all religions.

"I hate all priests, rabbis and hodjas," he once told me. "The nearest equivalent to Mohammedans have for a minister of religion.

Talaat's Rise Remarkable. In American city politics many men from the humblest walks of life have not uncommonly developed great abilities as politicians, and similarly Talaat had started life as a poor rickshaw puller. From this occupation he had risen to be a telegraph operator at Adrianople; and of these humble beginnings he was extremely proud.

Once or twice at his house. Although Talaat was then the most powerful man in the Turkish empire, his home was still the modest home of a man of the people. It was cheaply furnished. The whole establishment reminded me of the tenement house I had seen in New York. His most cherished possession was the telegraph instrument with which he had once earned his living.

He had once earned his salary as Minister of the Interior after paying his debts, he had had a large party in the world. He liked to spend part of his spare time with the rough-shod crew that made up the committee of union and progress. In the intervals when he was out of the Cabinet he used to occupy the desk daily at party headquarters, personally managing the party machine. Despite these humble beginnings Talaat had developed some of the qualities of a man of the world.

Qualities of a Man of the World. Though his early training had not included instruction in the use of a knife and fork—such implements are wholly unknown among the poorer classes in Turkey—Talaat could attend diplomatic dinners and represent his country with considerable dignity and personal ease.

Indicating his innate cleverness that, though he had had little schooling, he had picked up enough French to make himself understood in that language. Physically he was a striking figure. His powerful frame, his huge sweeping back and his long, straight nose, gave him a natural mental strength and forcefulness which had made possible his career.

Grand Viceroy. Talaat liked to sit at his desk, with his shoulders drawn up, his head thrown back and his wrists, twice as thick as an ordinary man's, planted firmly on the table. It always seemed to me that it would take a crowbar to pry these wrists from the desk, once Talaat's hands were there. Whenever I think of Talaat now I do not primarily recall his roiling laugh, his uproarious enjoyment of a good story, the mighty stride with which he crossed the room, his fierceness, his determination, his remoteness—the whole life and nature of the man take form in those gigantic wrists.

Turk at Times Ferocious. Talaat, like most strong men, had his forbidding, even his ferocious moods. One day I found him sitting at the usual place, his massive shoulders drawn up, his eyes glowering, his wrists planted on the desk. I always anticipated trouble whenever I found him in this attitude. As I made request after request Talaat, between his puffs at his cigarette, would answer "No! No! No!" I slipped around to his side of the desk.

"I think those wrists are making all the trouble, your Excellency," I said. "Won't you please take them off the table?"

Talaat's ogre-like face began to crinkle; he threw up his arms, leaned back and gave a roar of terrific laughter. He enjoyed this method of treating him so

much that he granted every request I made. At another time I came into his room when two Arab princes were present. Talaat was solemn and dignified, and refused every demand I made. "No, I shall not do that," or "No, I haven't the slightest idea of doing that," he would answer. I saw that he was trying to impress his princely guests, to show them that he had become so great a man that he did not hesitate to "turn down" an Ambassador. So I came up nearer and spoke quietly.

"Some One Must Govern." "I see you are trying to make an impression on these princes," I said. "Now, if it's necessary for you to pose, do it with the Austrian Ambassador—he's waiting here waiting to come in. My affairs are too important to be trifled with."

Talaat laughed. "Come back in an hour," he said, and returned; the Arab princes had left, and we had no difficulty in arranging matters to my satisfaction.

Some One Has Got to Govern Turkey; why not we? Talaat once said to me. The situation had just about come to that. I have been greatly disappointed," he would tell me, "the failure of the Turks to appreciate democratic institutions. I hoped for it once, and I worked hard for it, but they were not prepared for it." He saw a government which the first enterprising man there could seize and seize, and he determined to be the man.

All of the Turkish politicians whom I met, I regarded Talaat as the only one who really had extraordinary ability. He had great force and dominance, the ability to think quickly and accurately, and an almost superhuman insight into men's motives.

Talaat Manager of Men. His great geniality and his lively sense of humor also made him a splendid manager of men. He showed his shrewdness in the measures which he took, after the murder of Nazim, to gain the upper hand in this distracted empire. He did not see the political weakness of his position; he had several forces to deal with—the army, his associates on the revolutionary committee which had backed him, the army, the foreign government and the administrative officials of the empire. He understood the dangerous path that he was treading, and he always anticipated a violent death. "I do not expect to die in my bed," he would say.

By becoming Minister of the Interior, Talaat gained control of the police and the administration of the provinces, or villayets. This gave him a great amount of patronage, which he used to strengthen the power of the committee. He attempted to deal with the various factions by gradually placing their representatives in the other cabinet posts. Though he was not a man who was chiefly responsible for the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Armenians, at least he had maintained the pretense that the committee stood for the unionization of all the races in the empire, and for this reason his first cabinet contained an Arab-Christian, a Deunne (a Jew by race, but a Mohammedan by religion), a Circassian, an Armenian and an Egyptian.

Grand Viceroy. He made the latter Grand Viceroy, the highest post in the government, a position which roughly corresponds to that of a Chancellor in an ordinary man's, planted firmly on the table. It always seemed to me that it would take a crowbar to pry these wrists from the desk, once Talaat's hands were there. Whenever I think of Talaat now I do not primarily recall his roiling laugh, his uproarious enjoyment of a good story, the mighty stride with which he crossed the room, his fierceness, his determination, his remoteness—the whole life and nature of the man take form in those gigantic wrists.

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Iowa Soldiers May Vote.

All Iowa boys, now wearing the uniform of their country and stationed in this district, will enjoy the privilege Tuesday of casting their vote in the Iowa city election.

Newton, Ia., arrived in Portland yesterday as representative of his state, and is arranging details preliminary to accepting the ballots of Iowa soldiers.

DAVIDSON AGAIN DECORATED.

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