

# GREAT EUROPEAN WAR LAID TO RIVALRIES OF MOTHER AND WIFE

## Slavic-Germanic Conflagration Follows in Wake of Love-match When Mother (the Merciless Magnates) Objecting to Son's Alliance Cracks Safe and Discovers King Peter's Letters. Story of Love and Hate Vivid

BY STERLING HELG.

PARIS, Sept. 27.—(Special.)—A \$200 per month furnished flat, in the avenue Kleber, Paris; worn carpets, faded wall hangings, nondescript and gilded furniture and a brand new grand piano.

She enters, the descendant of Thamar. Young yet rouged, Paris gowned yet wild and strange, braque yet silent, following you with great black eyes which fascinate, not beautiful, yet with a dangerous charm, lithra, supple and mysterious, she is the living image of her grandmother in 1867, when the Czar Alexander called her a Beautiful Snake.

Further back, the Russian Byron, Lermontoff, wrote his poem of "Thamar," beloved of the Damned Spirit, from another of the family. You have seen her in "The Demon" of Rubinstein. It was her grandmother's Grandmother.

You know the ferocious virtue of these women of the Caucasus. I do not know what Lermontoff got for his, but it took the Czar Alexander a month to make his peace; and the sign was a gold snake rope, three feet long, which Princess Elizabeth Baratoff inherits. It has great ruby eyes of extreme blue.

She drew the Snake from a wonderful jewel case. "My Jewels are two-thirds sold," she said. "But the Snake I shall never part with. Nor this, nor this." (There was a fire of ancient Oriental stones). The Baratoffs, old feudal family of the highest, lost their property and estates during the wars in the Caucasus around the '60s, and accepted office in the Russian bureaucracy—secretaries of railroads, finances, taxes, etc. Elizabeth, flower of the ages, might have married fortune and position at home (I tremble, thinking of the awful combinations of Providence. Ah, girls, and you will "lead your life"? Beware!) She went to Paris, to cultivate a wonderful voice. She always had money from home. When she craved extras she sold a jewel. And she was chaparroned by a strange old gouvernante, or nurse, whom the family accused of being a witch of the Caucasus!

Consequently Elizabeth met him. They were married, in Paris. And the great war broke out, as a result. He enters, the descendant of the magnates. He is Baron de Gerardo, ex-leader of the Hungarian National Liberty party, exiled nephew of Count Teleki (Telesky, successively Minister of Justice and Finance) and there is a price on his head.

He is tall, muscular, extremely broad shouldered, narrowing down strikingly to waist and hips, of elegant build, but lazy movements.

His face is dead white, hair and mustache inky black. He dresses carefully. His clothes set on him as on one habituated to the Hungarian officer's tight uniform. His feet are small and beautifully shod and his hands perfectly manicured. A great emerald blazes beside his marriage ring. At first glance he seemed "end of race," silent, empty, too carefully dressed, un-American, un-English, un-French and un-German, too, for that matter. He spoke of Christopher Columbus and showed me the Gerardo crest, the family, alone in Europe, bearing a territorial globe. The Gerardos have roots in Genoa, Italy and a tradition of descending from the family of Columbus, whence the globe and a dove, which was originally a pigeon, or vice versa, which proves it.

Then I mentioned Hungary and German influence. Immediately the man lit up; became transformed; and he let out a flood of exact talk, precise, formed, masterly—names, dates, titles, cities, boundaries, treaties, grand duchies comitadas, banats, Croats, Slovaks—all the Donbue flowed beside us, waved the golden Transylvanian wheat fields; and, and.

The full man, the specialist. He has it all at his fingers' ends. I began the Hungarian movement against Germany in 1907," said Baron de Gerardo. "It was the first time that a movement against German influence and domination was spoken of in Hungary. When I quit the country, in 1913, our committees and newspapers were everywhere, and the movement continued. For example, Count Karolyi went to America, to make propaganda among the 5,000,000 Hungarians of the United States. He was to raise money for the first electoral campaign."

His eyes burned; yet no color came to the white face. "The movement was formidable," he continued. "You can judge by this, that when Count Tisza realized its ramifications he decided to make war with Serbia, simply to avoid the danger of being beaten in the elections of 1915, elections which would have been made exclusively on the programme which we had been elaborating during eight years."

He sat still, never budged, the voice monotonous, but the eyes blazed. "You see, there are three different races in Hungary, all aspiring to self-government in a kind of federation," he said. "All three—the Austro-Hungarian, the German and the Magyar. I established my Transylvanian newspapers in—"

His wife said that she would ring for tea; but he did not take the hint. The Roumanians of Transylvania have no real craving to be united to Roumania. They welcome the re-establishment of the old Grand Duchy with my liberal programme of universal suffrage and the nationalism of vast tracts of land held in mortmain by the seigniors. That was the trouble with Karolyi. It is at heart a Magistrate, narrow and caste bound, who could not go to full lengths in demanding the suppression of the main-morte. I could. . . . While as to Serbia, King Peter—"

His wife, this time, dropped a book. An uneasy silence hung upon us. I followed the wife's eyes. They were gazing out the window, into the square below, where two men conversed before a corner drugstore. She smiled wanly and indicated two



Princeess Elizabeth Baratoff (Baroness de Gerardo) whose Marriage to the Baron Inited the Merciless Magnates to Light the Fuse of the Great War.

Countess Teleki Gerardo, the Merciless Magnates, and Her Son the Present Baron de Gerardo. Photograph Taken at Budapesth, When He Was Eight Years of Age.

The Countess Teleki (Telesky) is a magnate of the magnates, sister of the famous Count Teleki (Telesky), Minister of Justice (later Minister of Finance). How she ever came to marry this man's father, the half French Baron De Gerardo, is a race mystery, like the other. The grandfather, Baron Auguste de Gerardo, wealthy French diplomat, in 1849 was sent by the government to the Hungarian Republic of Kossuth because he knew the people. He had married there, in 1840, and, I think, died there, after acquiring great landed estates. His children, later, were expelled from Hungary, claimed French citizenship and were educated in Paris—where one of them married into the family of General de Castelnau, of present war fame; but, in 1873, our hero's father returned to Hungary to look after the estates. He espoused the Countess Teleki (Telesky), had this boy and died.

Countess Teleki (Telesky) brought up her boy to be a Magyar of the Magyars, Magnate of the Magnates. But he had this French blood. The portrait shows her standing by him, as a child of 8 years, in the astrakhan overcoat of his caste, the boy's features quite recognizable in the man of today. She, the mother, is gotten up in loyal copy of the then living and beloved Empress—Queen Elizabeth, from the peculiar dressing of the hair to the caraculla fur coat which Elizabeth affected as an example of moderation to Austro-Hungarian society women. Time passed. The boy grew to be a man. Countess Teleki (Telesky) was (and is) cousin to the famous Count Apponyi, great friend of the Germans and who, in 1911, issued the decree forbidding Hungarian painters to study art in France. It seems never to have occurred to her that her son might differ from the family politics. "My mother took no interest when I began in 1907," said Gerardo, "except that she was glad I might become a

man of influence and place. I imagined that she knew nothing about the Liberal campaign. She certainly cared nothing. Then, he desired to marry. A Russian Princess of the Caucasus, whom he had met in Paris, a descendant of the Lermontoffs Thamar, beloved of the Demon! "Ah, no!" cried the Magyar mother. "That Russian!" "Ah, yes," insisted the quarter French. "Gradually and genealogically are as explosive as the formula of nitro-toluol." In a day she became the Merciless Magnates. Gerardo married the Princess in Paris. Three days later his mother had tied up the entire mass of his property in Hungary, estates, rents, securities, everything—except his Paris bank account and a bunch of negotiable bonds which he happened to have there on deposit. This to a man of 32, who had always lived soberly within his income! "By law," said Gerardo, "a conseil judiciaire (spendthrift's receiver) cannot be imposed on one by his family without summons, testimony and proofs

that he is dilapidating his property. My mother simply talked it over with Count Teleki (Telesky). The Minister of Justice telephoned the judge and my affair was finished, beyond appeal, within the hour!" I asked why he did not rush back and fight it. "It cost my mother and myself some \$50,000. But I did not rush back; I would have been arrested on entering Hungary. My mother simply proved my marriage before the General commanding and I became liable to five years' prison, automatically, for marrying without his permission." Worst of all, the mother burgled his safe. "I regretted leaving the papers there," he said, "but how could I imagine she would have an expert crack it?" He supposed his mother ignorant of politics. She knew everything! The Merciless Magnates took the mass of papers to Counts Teleki (Telesky) and Apponyi—it was all in the family. They studied, them with Count Tisza. The entire anti-German Liberal Hungarian campaign, with its universal suffrage and national nationalization of the seigniors' mortmain lands, stood outlined before them, too popularly rooted for suppression. Gerardo, the head, was in exile; but the campaign continued. Count Karolyi went to the United States for funds. And there were the letters of King Peter. "They considered it local politics," said Gerardo, moodily. "Count Tisza decided to make war with Serbia, to avoid the danger of the big German in the elections of 1915 on our programme. They regarded it as local!" "They did not realize that Germany was ready, waiting, watching." Today Germany still watches and waits—in Paris. The Princess gazed below, into the square. "They'll kidnap him some day," she said, with a catch. "One night he and I fought them off with revolvers!" "But, in France!" I objected. "They could not get him away." "They want to torture him—to learn the names," she whispered. It appalled me. "And the mother?" I said. The young woman looked at me strangely. "I offered to give him up," she faltered, "and she wrote back that it was too late!" Ah, daughter of Thamar!

## NEW ADVENTURES OF WALLINGFORD TOLD IN STORY AND SHOWN ON FILM

THE adventures of J. Rufus Wallingford and Blackie Daw, as done in the inimitable style of George Randolph Chester, have been seized upon by the movies. The Oregonian is publishing a new series of Wallingford adventures which are being shown in moving pictures. The first two installments have already been published. Next Sunday The Oregonian will publish the third episode in their amusing adventures. For the benefit of those who may have missed the two preceding episodes, however, brief synopses are herewith presented:

**SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALLMENT.** "Blackie" Daw and J. Rufus Wallingford make the acquaintance of Violet and Fannie Warden on a railroad journey, and learn that E. H. Falls, president of the road, and others have "skinned" them out of the \$5,000,000 estate of their father. His profligate son, Bessy Falls, and a group of dissipated companions are at that moment riding in their private car attached to the train. "Blackie," impressed by the two girls, enlists Wallingford in a plan to recover their money for them. Chance enables Wallingford to aid young Bessy after the latter has been punished by the conductor for his impudence. Once aboard the private car, Wallingford becomes intensely interested in the model of a portable bungalow Bessy has invented.

Wallingford sees great possibilities in the bungalow and organizes the Speckled Bass Portable Bungalow Company, with himself as manager and the others as directors. A factory is promptly started and the manufacture of portable bungalows begun. After a few months, during which much literature has been printed and glowing reports made by Wallingford, he produces patents he has obtained on the original invention, and five or six improved patents of his own, for which he demands \$125,000. After much begrudging, the directors pay him his price. In the meantime, "Blackie" Daw, writing as three men from as many cities, orders 525 of the bungalows, for over \$200,000. The directors are charmed. As one of the customers, Mr. Bezazum, of Bezunk, Mich., "Blackie" presently appears and finds objections to the bungalows. He is satisfied when Wallingford shows him the improvements made under his patents. At the psychological moment, when the bungalows are all ready for delivery, the attorney for the National Hollow-Walled Portable Bungalow Company a real concern doing a real business, obtains an injunction against the sale or delivery of the bungalows and threatens suit for infringement of patent and damages. Mr. Bezazum, who declares he has an army of men prepared to put up the bungalows, has been ordered, and has been to great expense, threatens to sue the company for \$300,000 damages. The other two "customers" through "Blackie," of course, write letters in the same tenor, and as they all have good cases, the directors are panic-stricken. To their joy, Mr. Bezazum offers to compromise by taking over the 300 bungalows. They had barely accepted for him and the other two customers when the National Company agrees to withdraw its suit on the ground that the Speckled Bass Bungalow Company go out of business forever. With a shout of happiness, the directors vote the company out of business. "Blackie" and Wallingford have \$125,000 in cash, and accept an offer of \$100,000 for the 525 bungalows from the



"It was the clown who grappled with Elhan," an incident from the second installment of Wallingford's new adventures.

**SECOND INSTALLMENT.** Elias Bogger, a "sporty" farmer, is the second man on the girls' list. He has got \$40,000 of their money. "Blackie" and Wallingford get into his town just as P. T. Barnes' circus comes to town. The whole countryside is out for the circus, Bogger among them. "Blackie" strikes up an acquaintance with him, and to his astonishment finds him absolutely gullible. More as a joke than anything else, "Blackie" tells him the circus is for sale for \$50,000, though it is making thousands of dollars' profit a day. He points out Wallingford as Barnes, the owner, and indeed, Wallingford fits the description of the absent owner to a "T." In the meantime, "Blackie" has met

come to see what is wrong with the circus, bluffs his way through into the tent before the eyes of old man Bogger. "First," the set-seller who tries to make him give up a ticket, demands Unger immediately, and makes that slippery grafter quail before him. After having thoroughly frightened him, he lets fall a hint that he is thinking of selling the circus and wants the profits "right." Unger quickly takes the hint and turns in an amazing profit sheet for the day's business. When Bogger, more intent than ever on buying the circus, finds Wallingford, to whom he has been gently guided by "Blackie," the latter is giving Mr. Unger a terrific sell-down. Wallingford explains that Bogger is mistaken in thinking him Barnes, but that he is Mr. Barnes' private agent. Bogger rushes into the trap head first. When Wallingford refuses \$50,000 he offers \$50,000 and finally \$65,

000, which Wallingford accepts. They go up town before a lawyer and a regular bill of sale is made out and transferred with the money. Then Bogger's troubles begin. The whole circus, hearing that he is the new owner, demands their back salaries. He rushes to escape them into the women's dressing-room and is cuffed out while one of the men "Blackie's" friend has "framed," pretending to be the husband of one, pursues him vowing vengeance. An acrobat asks him to hold a rope a second. He holds it as a man climbs up to the top of the big tent. There is a sudden pull on the rope, it is

## LOVE'S LABOR REWARDED

(Continued From Page 2.) less with a racking pain in her heart to think that Apurba despised her as childish and looked down upon that letter as lacking feeling. "Did you mail that letter?" Mrinmayi asked the maid. "Yes," replied the maid consolingly, "long ago. I dropped the letter in the mail box with my own hand. Apurba Krishna must have received it. How could it be otherwise?" "Bowma," said the mother-in-law to Mrinmayi one day, "Apu has not been home for some time. So I am thinking of going to Calcutta to see him. Wouldn't you like to go with me?" Mrinmayi nodded assent, and at once entered her room, locked the door, fell on the bed, and pressed Apurba's pillow close to her heart, and began to roll on the bed as she laughed in joy. She gradually became sober and sad. And then, afraid of some kind of unpleasantness in Calcutta, she began to cry bitterly. The two repentant ladies, without letting Apurba know a thing about it, left for Calcutta, and on their arrival there stopped with Apurba's sister and brother-in-law. That evening, despairing of receiving any letter from Mrinmayi, Apurba broke his promise and sat down to write to her. He wanted to write to her in a way that would at once convey the idea of love and faint dissatisfaction, as he failed to get the right words he almost lost his faith in his mother tongue. Just at this moment he received a note from his brother-in-law saying: "Mother is here. Come soon and dine with us tonight. Everything is all right." In spite of the assurance that everything was all right, Apurba felt rather sad, anticipating something unhappy. And he reached his sister's home before long. "Is everything all right at home, mother?" inquired Apurba. "Yes, my child, everything is all right. You didn't go home in the vacation, so I have come to see you." "There was no need of taking so much trouble to come here. I have to study so hard to prepare for the law examination." "Brother," asked Apurba's sister at dinner, "why didn't you bring Mrinmayi with you this time?" "The law examination, and so forth," said Apurba, gravely. "That's all a fib," said Apurba's brother-in-law. "He was afraid of me, that's why he did not bring her to Calcutta." "Yes, you are fearful all right," said Apurba's sister. "That little girl might have been scared to look at you." While they were thus talking and joking Apurba sat sad and silent. Those jokes did not make the least impression on him. He thought that when his mother came to Calcutta Mrinmayi could have come with her if she so desired. Perhaps his mother tried to bring her along and she refused to come as before. Apurba, out of a sense of delicacy, could not ask his mother any question regarding this problem that was so vital to him. And

he began to feel that human life and the way of the universe were decidedly wrong from beginning to end. It began to storm and rain hard after dinner. "Brother," said the sister, "you better spend the night with us." "No, I can't," said Apurba. "I have to finish some work." "What can you have to do," said the brother-in-law, "so late at night? You won't have to give any explanation to any one if you stay out a night. So you needn't be afraid." After repeated requests, Apurba agreed to spend the night with them. "You look so tired, brother," said the sister. "You better not stay up late. Come, I shall lead you to your room." It was just the thing Apurba wanted to do. He was getting tired of talking and answering questions, and was anxious to be left alone on a bed in a dark room. On approaching the room they found it dark. "The candle," said the sister, "must have been blown out by the storm. I am going to get a lamp for you." "No, it is not necessary at all," said Apurba. "I would rather do without it." The sister left him alone, and Apurba walked toward the bed. When he was about to plunge into it two tender arms tied him fast amidst the sweet music of bracelets, and two wet lips fell, like robbers, so suddenly on his and kissed them so fervently that he did not even have time to express his wonder. Apurba was startled at first, but instantly realized that that kiss which was once choked by laughter had at last found its fullest expression now that it was bathed in tears.

**The German Spirit.** The subordination of the individual to the state—that is the spirit which animates the German, or at all events the Prussian who now dominates all other Germans—the spirit of the drill-sergeant who is sometimes said to be Prussia's most characteristic product. It is not a spirit favorable to the manifestations of genius, but it is a spirit supremely favorable to organization in every field. There is clearly an element in the German temperament which lends itself to this Prussianization. German life is a vast network of regulation which has been built up without protest. "Verboten!" has become the national motto. It may be that, as an American admirer of Germany is constrained to admit, the German temperament needs prohibitions, and that the traveler in Germany wishes there were even more of them. Yet nothing seems so marvelous to the English mind as the boundless docility of the German to the pressure of this all-enfolding mesh of regulations. It is a pressure which rests unflinchingly on the German, but there is little need to force, but there is little of the spirit of the barracks silently pervades every department of life, and even little school-girls (so unlike English or American schoolgirls) never wish to be boys, because "it is forbidden for girls to wish to be boys."