Revolutionary Plots and Wars Kindled in Cafe Imperial

Political Conspirators and Exiles of Eastern Europe Gather at Vienna's Rendezvous, Long Famous as International Barometer for Balkan Conditions

TROUBLE'S HOME

By H. A. Dies

Vienna.—A week ago a certain Prosthev, native of Macedonia, was sentenced to three years and a half in jail by a Vienne se court because he fired pistol shots at another Macedonian, seriously wounding the latter's housekeeper. About a year ago a young woman, Mencia Carniciu, also of Macedonian extraction, shot and killed the Macedonian leader, Tudor Panizza, in a box of the Burgtheatre during a performance of "Peer Gynt" because, she said, Panizza was a traitor to the national cause of the Bulgarians in Macedonia. Some while ago a Bulgarian emissary shot down a former Bulgarian minister in Prague for similar reasons, and in the Balkans there hardly passes a week without political murder.

Trains are blown up, bombing plots revealed and the world is told that this or that Macedonian committee or political faction is waging war against another faction or against the Serbs or Greeks. The intricacies of this guerrilla warfare are not easy to understand, nor would they much matter to the outside world, if it were not an established fact that shots in the Balkans sometimes kindle wars.

In the Macedonian districts of the Balkan peninsula live 1,000,000 Bulgarians under Greek and Serbian rule and foreign rule in these regions is tantamount to the worst forms of suppression. Just at present the revolutionary Macedonian committee displays a lively bombing and band action in Jugoslavia and Greece because it regards the peaceful rapprochement of Jugoslavia and Bulgaria as a danger to the national aspirations of the unredeemed Bulgarians in Macedonia. By disturbing this pacification movement the Macedonians or, rather, one party of the Macedonians, hope to gain a respite until the time is ripe for their liberation.

Long a Balkan Rendezvous.

For decades Vienna has been an important rendezvous for Balkanites, mostly emigrants, whom the maelstrom of politics hurled into exile. And the true home of the Easterner, living room, office and debating club all in one, is the cafe. Many a cafe in Vienna could reveal dramatic stories if the mute walls would speak. Among these political gathering places in which plots and wars are discussed is the Cafe Imperial, on the Kaerntnerring, in the palatial building of the hotel of the same name. Here meet since time immemorial the correspondents of foreign papers, exiled politicians from Bulgaria and other Balkan states and, since the World War, emigrants from Hungary and Czechoslovakia who dare not return home. Bolshevist Russians and others that are against the Soviet regime, a motley crowd congregating on neutral ground.

Fantastic stories circulate in the Cafe Imperial, but if one learns to discriminate one can also get valuable information now and then, for hidden threads lead from here to official chancelleries and conspiring circles alike. When last spring many people believed that an Albanian war was near at hand the war odds in the Imperial stood at zero, a sure sign against entanglements. The complement of the Imperial would not be complete without Albanians, and they knew better. It is a good omen for the maintenance of peace in Southeastern Europe that the barometer of the Imperial has pointed at peace for many months, but at the same time this makes the place less interesting for the moment, for the great days of the cafe are those when something is happening. It need not necessarily be a war; scandals like the bogus francs swindle in Hungary also are discounted at a high rate and throw big waves.

Cafe Sensitive to Politics.

The ups and downs of the Imperial depend entirely on the political weather. When something is on, let us say a government overturned or an important Balkan leader assassinated, the event is sure to be reflected on the guests. Either there turns up a new man, who has just been sentenced to death and sips his black coffee quietly, for in the Imperial he is safe, or there comes somebody who is chased by maffia somewhere, and his appearance is less reassuring, for much more dangerous than governmental death sentences are the unofficial ones of secret committees, whose executioners may turn up when the victim least expects them.

Since the World War the Cafe Imperial has extended its sphere of activities, but prior to 1914 its domain was the Balkans. The headwaiter still recounts a ghastly experience he had in 1903. He used to serve some Serbian guests who looked very peaceful and were most obliging. When one day they told him smilingly that there would be bloodshed in the "konak" of Belgrade, as the royal castle of the Serbian capital is called, he took it as a bad joke. But he almost fainted when, looking into the morning papers two days later, he found the report of the assassination of King Alexander Obrenovitch and Queen Draga. The Balkan war in 1912 was no surprise for the habitues of the Imperial.

In June, 1914, friends from the Imperial warned the Austrian Foreign Office when they heard of the impending journey of the heir to the throne, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, to Bsonia. The warning was not heeded, and the assassination of the archducal couple in Sarajevo gave the signal for the most sanguinary war in the history of the world. The trouble with the Imperial is that one cannot rely on its stories. Many a plot or revolution predicted as an unavoidable certainty did not come off. In a certain percentage of cases there may have been a hitch in the last moment, but others have been freely invented. Emigrants and political refugees always dream of unexpected turns likely to improve their situation.

Called "Omniscient" Cafe

Half jokingly and half in earnest, people call the Imperial the "omniscient cafe." None of the other political cafes has gained the same universal reputation. But the funniest story of post-war politics in Viennese cafes is told of the Casa Piccola, in the Mariahilferstrasse, and although it sounds queer it is vouched for as true. When the Soviets seized the Ukraine the governments of West Ukraine and East Ukraine removed to Vienna and settled down in the respective legations.

They took over some funds and made an additional income by the sale of passports and visas. Everybody who could not obtain a regular passport or visa used to travel with Ukrainian documents. Another source of income was the printing of stamps, whcih were bought by stamp dealers and collectors. But when after a while the Ukrainian passports lost their validity and nobody cared any longer for the stamps the funds of the exiled governments melted away and they ha dto give up their offices and settled down in the Casa Piccola at two big tables.

There they presided from 2 to 6 every afternoon, and the Foreign Minister of one government would call on the Minister of Finance of the other or vice versa to raise small loans. Or there would be lengthy debates of both governments over urgent problems, how to get new funds for the treasuries and the Cabinet members. This sort of thing went on until the prime ministers could no longer come, because they had accepted jobs as office clerks, and the Minister of Finance failed to turn up because he had opened a candy store, while the Trade Minister had found that it was better to work as a chauffeur than to sit in council not knowing who would pay for the black coffee. So this romantic chapter ended and the Casa Piccola ceased to be a factor in international politics.

Faster and Faster

What is the safe speed at which to drive an automobile? The answer is the same as the answer to most questions: It depends.

Mr. Paul S. Hoffman, vice-president of the Studebaker Corporation, predicts that within a few years all speed limit laws and ordinances will have disappeared. Michigan has no speed law and punishes only what is called 'reckless driving." There is much to be said for this course, but how are we ever going to establish standards of "recklessness" when it is already impossible for a motorcycle cop and a car-driving citizen to agree on a matter of simple arithmetic?

Mr. Hoffmann goes a little too fast for us when he says that day after tomorrow automoobiles will be "expected" to go at a rate of sixty-five miles an hour. "We are living in a rapid age," he adds, "and must keep going more rapidly all the time."

Why? In spite of the increase of automobile speeds, people still miss trains, are late for lunch, lie in bed after the alarm clock has gone off and tell long stories during business hours. The rapid age has given us more time to loaf and rest from the weariness of trying to be rapid. And that's about all.

A quiet evening at home nowadays is the one when the radio battery is away being charged.

"LOST PIONEERS OF AVIATION"

is the title of this mass work to be cast in bronze, upon which Victor Frisch of New York is puttng the finishing touches. It will be placed either in New York or in Detroit next spring.

Will Rogers Praises Chicago's Handling of Crooks

To the Editor of the New York Times:

Garrett, Ind.—Just passed through Chicago to-day. Wanted to go up and see my old friend Mayor Thompson, but had had English breakfast tea for luncheon and was afraid he would smell it on my breath.

You can kid about Chicago and its crooks, but they have the smartest way of handling their crooks of any city. They get the rival gangs to kill off each other and all the police have to do is just referee and count up the bodies. They won't have a crook in Chicago unless he will agree to shoot at another crook. So viva Chicago!

Yours unhit,
WILL ROGERS.

Where Stray Overcoats Go

"Hank" Dudley, social secretary for the Omaha Post of the American Legion, said to a gathering consisting of Mr. Isaacson and myself: "It's wonderful what the railroads have done for this country."

'But the reason I like them bestest," he added, "is because they give us the unclaimed overcoats that are left on the trains. See, here are forty of them, and they are going to keep a lot of poor fellows—at least forty poor fellows—warm."

This is the end of the story—except that if you have an unclaimed overcoat that you wish to leave anywhere and can't bring it to the legion office, leave it on the trains running into Omaha.—Omaha World-Herald.

Turks Now Have Pork Provided By the State

The New Government of Angora Thus Sets Aside Another Old Law of Islam

Having got rid of the dervishes and legislated her citizens out of many Moslem practices, republican Turkey, whose Constitution declares that Islam is the State religion, has gone into the pork industry, the Government having previously taken over the liquor monopoly from a Polish syndicate.

Both pork and liquor were proscribed by Mohammed when he founded his religion in the seventh century A.D., based as it was upon what he knew of Judaism and Christianity. The taboo against pork Mohammed took from the Jews. But how many of Turkey's great Sultans were winebibbers? Pork, however, is a post-republican comestible on Turkish tables.

As for the State religion being that of Islam, the President, Mustapha Kemal, whose title of Ghazi or Conquerer to-day spells "Father of the Country" to Turkish school children, has declared that Islam will not be allowed to interfere in any way with the development of Turkey along advanced Western lines. Moreover, the deserted mosques in large cities may possibly be turned into school buildings, of which there is a shortage.

To-day Turks eat ham and bacon and drink liquor manufactured and sold by the Government. At present these pork products are imported from the Balkan States. But Adana and other places in Anatolia have herds of wild pigs which ruin the farmers' grain crops. These pigs have, as in India and other Oriental countries where pork is taboo, steadily increased through the centuries. Hence a pork factory is to be started at Adana which will cure the wild pigs, shot by hunters, into ham and bacon for domestic use and export. The farmers' pest will thus provide sport as well as profit. While the raising of pigs as a commercial product is too much to be expected at present by Anatolian farmers newly emancipated from the bonds of their religion, yet it is not unlikely in the future, when the wild herds of pigs are reduced.

As yet the Anatolian retains a strong orthodox strain in his remote sectors. He has been reluctantly caught up into the breathless whirlwind of progress legislated from Angora. While Turks in Constantinople restaurants eat their ham and bacon and pork with relish, and wash it down with beer and light wines, the Anatolian is content to bring up the rearguard of progress in Turkey.

Youth in Gamble With Death To Win Career on African Coast

Quinine Is Price of Life for White Colonists Who Work on Beach; Where One Succeds Many Others Face Years of Broken Health in Homeland

HELL'S PLAYGROUND

Accra Beach is a sight for all devotees of tropical romance and African adventure. Working there, month after month, under the burning sun, in the hot monsoon wind, is a different matter.

In West Africa white men and women can live only within the armor of their daily quinine. Every one wears the strained look that is the price of life in the tropics. I talked to an English public school boy checking cargo alongside the surfboats on Accra Beach. There was no pink bloom on his cheeks. His face was sallow, and lined with illness and worry.

"People in England think that we live easily on the coast—that the doctors have wiped out all disease," he told me wearily, pushing back his heavy helmet. "That idea hurts us out here—it's all wrong. We certainly are not overpaid, and our home leave every few years is not a luxury—it is death to stay much longer. Some men don't stick it for a year." He told me the facts for the benefit of those who feel the lure of this coast that a novelist once called "Hell's Playground."

"Beachmaster" is First Job.

The newcomer to a trading firm anywhere in West Africa usually finds himself at work as a "beachmaster." He goes down to the beach at six o'clock in the morning, and his boy follows him soon afterward with breakfast. Cold eggs and bacon in a very hot shed. His main duty is to check cargo as the surfboats come in from the freighters in the roadstead. He must have a quick eye for breakages and shortages —for the ingenuity of the thief is more Oriental than African.

Dozens of natives arrive during the day with palm kernels. Some of them carry petrol tins and calabashes of palm oil. The "beachmaster" must see everything weighed out and measured. He must supervise the laborers bagging kernels and pouring oil into casks. Always he must have an eye in the back of his head for the incoming surfboats.

At noon, if he is fortunate, he may stagger up to the mess for lunch. With equally good luck he may be able to rest for an hour. But when the cocoa season is on, when there are many ships in the bay, he may not get to the mess at all. A sandwich in the shed, which has by now become intolerably hot, will have to satisfy him. Leisurely "chop" during the day is a rare experience for the "first timer" in West Africa.

Work goes on unceasingly until 8 in the evening—often later. The beach-master's head aches, his eyes are tired and dazzled in the blinding sun glare. No tennis at sundown for him. Just time for a hasty shower before dinner. Sunday is often the most feverishly busy day of the week. So much vital work has to be done that the conscientious man dare not even go down with malaria until the fever forces him.

Salaries Paid for Hard Work.

In return for this unpleasant life the young man learning to be a West Coast trader may expect a salary of $125 a month, possibly a little more. At the end of two years he will receive four months' leave on half pay. If he is invalided home before his contract has expired he is almost certain to lose his job. If he works hard for two years he may be lucky enough to secure an eighteen months' contract for the next spell of duty, and a higher salary. A well educated young man, ambitious and with the essential physical endurance, will be making more at the end of five years than he would receive after twenty years in England. Or he may still be selling cotton print to hot and odorous humanity behind the counter in the store.

A career in West Africa is a gamble. You back your character and your body against the most insidious climate in the world. The agents and supervisors, with their $5,000-a-year salaries and their trips to England every nine or twelve months, are the men who have won. The losers, some of them, are dragging themselves along slum pavements in English towns. I doubt whether any land in the world breaks men more surely and completely than "the Coast."

Man to Study What Wild Beasts Think About and How They Talk

Investigator to Go "Trapping" With Phonograph and Catch Jungle "Remarks" on Records—Seeks to Found Study Center in Bush

Cape Town—W. D. Hubbard, American author and natural scientist, formerly connected with the zoos of New York and Boston, has returned to the African bush with the object of exploding more fallacies about wild animals. With him are his wife, their son, and their baby girl. The party also includes Miss Elizabeth Man of New York, a secretary, and a cinematographer and assistant.

"This time we are going to study animals to try and find out what they are thinking about and how they talk to each other," said Mr. Hubbard.

In his outfit he has a gramophone recording machine for preserving animal noises.

Going to Take Beasts Alive and Study

"So many myths about African animals have recently been exploded that we think there will be a rich field for this kind of research.

"During our last stay in Northern Rhodesia, for instance, we yoked buffaloes to a wagon and drove them about. I believe that every wild animal in Africa is harmless unless first provoked by man. I am going to catch young lions, buffaloes and antelope, specimens of every possible type, and watch them grow up."

It has always been maintained that the African elephant cannot be trained to work like the Indian elephant. The Belgians have recently established an elephant training school at Api, in the Congo, with good results. Mr. Hubbard is going to see whether the same thing cannot be done in Northern Rhodesia. During his last visit he captured young elephants and found that children could ride on them and play with them.

Seeks Comparing of Notes

Mr. Hubbard belongs to many learned societies, including the Zoological Society of London. After his last visit to Africa he published a book entitled "Wild Animals," dealing with his research work in a popular way. The present expedition will probably result in a more advanced work.

"It is my ambition to establish a large station in the African bush," said Mr. Hubbard; "some place to which all scientific parties could go and compare notes is badly needed. At present if I wish to compare results with other research workers, I have to write to them and send a few pickled specimens. There ought to be a laboratory in the heart of the Rhodesian big game country where natural scientists could work together for the benefit of tropical progress."

Mr. Hubbard's headquarters for the next 18 months will be at Choma, which he considers to be one of the finest spots in Africa for his work.

Sweet Marital Interchange

A young man with his wife were on their way to a football game in their car proceeding by inches in the dense traffic. Finally they came within sight of the field just as the game was starting. "I wish," the wife said smilingly, "that I had our piano here." "And why," asked the husband roguishly, "do you wish you had our piano here?" 'Because," giggled the wife, "I left our tickets to the game on top of it."—R. H. L.'s "Line-Book").

Airplane manufacturers hope to get motorcar makers interested in their industry that they may impart to it some of the stimulus they injected into the automotive business when bringing it up to where it is to-day. No doubt they hope thus to bring sky high prices down to earth.

A movement has been started to provide a reservation for gorillas in West Africa. Late dispatches indicate that United States marines are attempting to do something like that for guerillas in Nicaragua.

My dear, remarked Bragg, who had just finished reading a book on "The Wonders of Nature," this is a remarkable work. Nature is marvellous! Stupendous! When I read a book like this it makes me think how puerile, how insignificant is man. Huh! said his wife. A woman doesn't have to wade through five hundred pages to discover that.—

H. R. Highness Loves His Canadian Home

The rambling, comfortable buildings of the "E.P." Ranch. At the right the old chinked log cabin that was the original ranch house, carefully preserved.