

At the Swiss National Exposition

What an Omaha Visitor Sees of Interest at the Big Show.



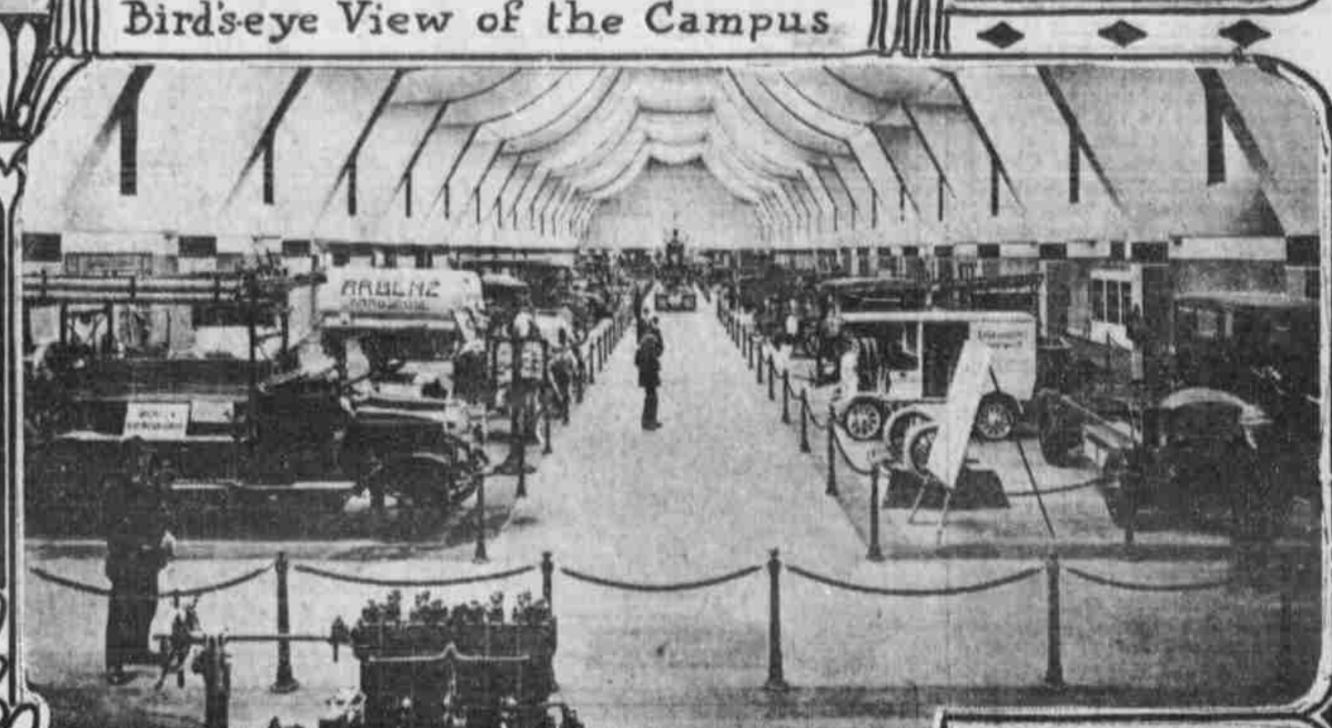
Chocolate and Soup Pavilions



Birdseye View of the Campus



Model Swiss Hotel



Transportation Building

A VISIT to the quaint old city of Berne—the capital of Switzerland—is well worth while if only to see its picturesque old narrow streets and historical buildings and mediaeval architecture, to stand on its high bridges that span the mountain stream that divides the town, to enjoy what is considered to be the most glorious view of the alpenglow—the red sunlight on the mountain tops of snow—and to visit the historic bear pit, all these are enough to draw you to Switzerland. Not content with these, the Swiss have opened a national exposition in Berne this year, and no visitor to Switzerland can afford to miss it.

The exposition is confined to Swiss arts and industries. To begin with the government appropriated \$600,000 and it is backed by the enthusiasm and support of the Swiss people. It fills you with astonishment and appreciation to see what the Swiss are doing.

The grounds are, I should judge, somewhat larger than those of the Trans-Mississippi exposition, but made more accessible by a miniature double track, narrow gauge, street car line, with open cars holding a score of people comfortably, that transport you to every part of the grounds for 2 cents and afford a pleasant rest between sight-seeings. I think the Trans-Mississippi exposition the most beautiful of all, with its lagoon of water reflecting the blue sky and the white buildings, but the Swiss exposition has nothing to apologize for as it is pleasing to the eye and a credit to its architect.

We were fortunate in having for guide George Heimrod, American consular agent, formerly of Omaha. The permanent buildings are of reinforced concrete or armored cement as they call it here. European architects are vastly ahead of us in the use of cement for dwellings. They seem to have realized from the very beginning that in cement we have a new and plastic building material not to be used as a substitute for brick or stone or wood, but to be moulded into entirely new shapes for artistic exterior ornament and interior decoration. The result is pleasing to the eye and well worth imitating.

A large building is devoted to the silk industry, showing each step in the process from the cocoon to my lady's gorgeous ball gowns. The finished product seemed to interest the women most. As might be expected from a nation that builds tunnels through mountains, the building devoted to mines and minerals was most interesting, showing drills at work and sections of tunnel construction; blue prints of all the Alpine tunnels, showing the dip of the different stratas of rock encountered, etc.; the geological formation and how the various difficulties were overcome. The display of hydraulic machinery was immense because Switzerland is the land of waterfalls and swift mountain streams and in connection machines for transmitting this power by electricity and for transforming it into electricity made an interesting electric exhibit. The watercraft canoe—motor boat—luxurious gasoline yachts and lake steamers, all made in Switzerland and plying the waters of its lakes are interesting enough to confine the attention of a live boy the most of a day.

The transportation building with its historical display of locomotive engines from the first locomotive ever used to the wonder of today is very attractive, but more interesting still are the mountain stage coaches with their many compartments, in front, behind and on top, the most bewildering contraption you ever saw, costing \$1,000 or more and built for the mountain dangers; the mountain auto bus, big as a house, holding twenty-five people and their trunks and baggage com-

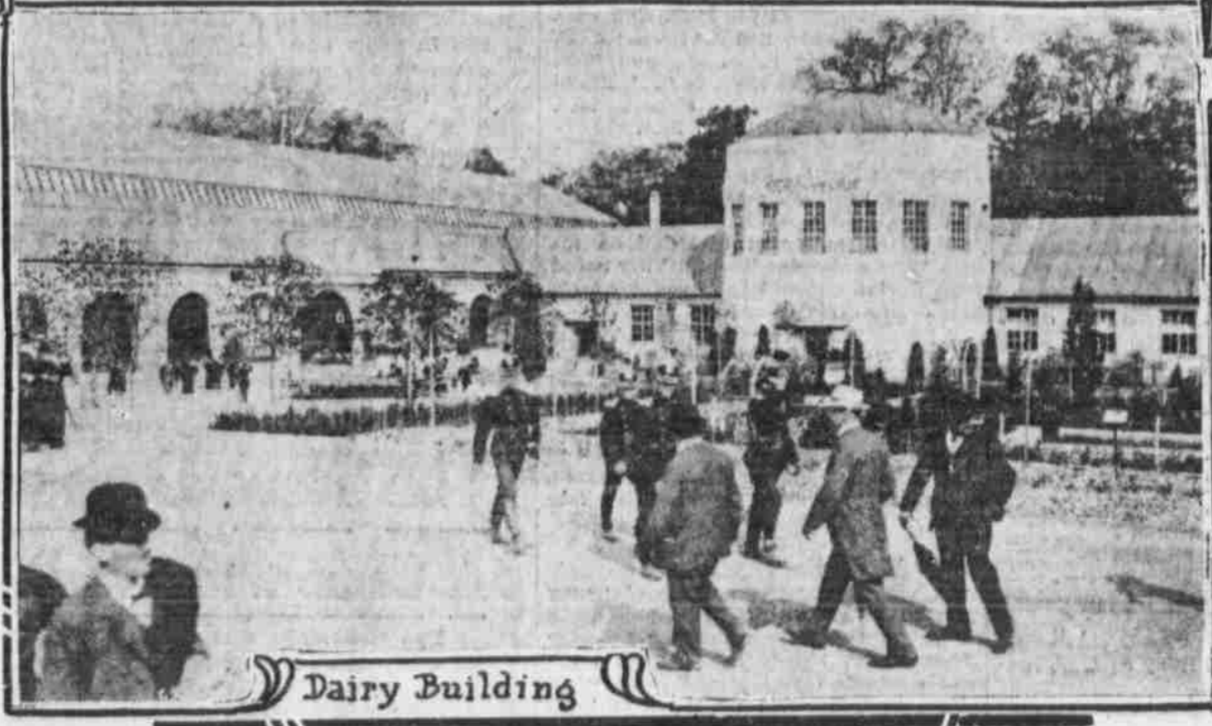


Machinery Hall

fortably, putting mountain villages on the map again after they have slept for 100 years neglected by the railroads, bicycles, auto-cycles and automobiles, balloons and aeroplanes, all made by the thrifty Swiss. You begin to wonder, not what the Swiss people make, but what in the world don't they make.

In the department of sports you find exhibits of snow shoes, skis, bob sleds for coasting down the mountain sides that would make a small boy's mouth water, for you know people go to Switzerland for winter sports now as well as the summer. Like a coon trap, they catch them coming and going.

A very pretty circular building of the chocolate industry is a center of attraction. You are shown the entire process of making the celebrated Swiss chocolate. There is a good reason why Switzerland has monopolized the manufacture of chocolate for eating purposes. The quality depends upon the fineness to which the cocobean is ground. The heaviest stone grinders make the finest chocolate, the cheapest water power turns the heavy stone grinder and Switzerland has that cheap water power. The Swiss know what manufacturer has the largest grinding stones and makes the best chocolate. I know, but mustn't tell. When our tariff threatened the Swiss chocolate monopoly, the principal Swiss manufacturers, although rabid competitors at home, formed a syndicate for the manufacture and sale of their original brands of chocolate and we are now eating Swiss chocolates made in the United States. No independent American factory can hope to compete with their experience and with the prestige



Dairy Building



Armory Exhibition Building

of their names.

I understand that a syndicate with \$20,000,000 back of it is to make Swiss laces and embroideries in the United States and get the benefit of our tariff. That will be a hard blow to the Swiss. There is a government exhibit showing the growth and development of fire arms beginning with the old oak stave and iron hooped cannon that shot stove balls down to the quick firing mountain battery. A fascinating place. The Red Cross, which is of Swiss origin and still has its international headquarters where it first began, Geneva, has a complete exhibition of field hospitals and ambulances.

You can imagine what a dairy building they have and what a lot of Swiss cheese you see. I am told that the holes you find in all genuine Swiss cheese are filled with the good fresh air of the Alps and that is what makes the Swiss cheese so superior. The forestry building contains beautiful and elaborate specimens of wood carving in which the Swiss excel and cuckoo clocks till you can't rest. It takes an entire building to show Swiss watches and music boxes. A novelty in watches is the triangular, or square, or octagon shape for wrist or pocket. They show a platinum watch not much thicker than a visiting card for the modest sum of \$1,500. Some American millionaires were buying a few as souvenirs.

The Swiss, as the recognized hotel keepers of the world, have a model hotel on the grounds that contains the latest in everything from kitchen to cash register specially adapted to the hotel business. The dairy building is commensurate with the importance of Alpine honey, which is the breakfast food of every European family and that is the only place on the grounds where you run any risk of being stung, as the busy bee is doing business right on the job.

The manufacture of condensed soups and food is a large Swiss business and has a building for itself erected by an enterprising firm. The boy and girl schools of Switzerland have long enjoyed the distinction of being among, if not the best, in the world. The pure air, low cost of living and the fact that the Swiss speak three languages—German, French and Italian—make it a favorite place to send English girls. There are never less than 25,000 English girls and boys in the schools of Switzerland. The school exhibit is naturally adequate. When you come to the embroidery and lace department my advice is to let your wife go it alone, unless you are willing to walk home, for no woman can possibly control herself there.

You do not know how much wine comes from Switzerland until you see the exhibits, which fill a large part of one of the buildings. The horticultural display is charming, but what is the most attractive of all are the girls that run the concessions and the display booths. They are dressed in native peasant costumes and with their natural red cheeks and happy smiles are the life of the show. The authorities are to be congratulated upon the absence of a midway and the questionable entertainments always found there and which in our country have done more to debase and degrade our taste for amusements than all other agencies combined. I am indebted to Prof. Ferrar for a complete set of official photographs of the exposition that are themselves an example of the photographic art of highest merit.

The exposition is a thing of beauty and a credit and glory to the Swiss people. Be sure to see it if you are in Europe this year.

: : Pleasures the Rich Lack : :

By HARRIET RAWDON.

THERE are certain of life's lessons that are very hard to learn. Only personal experience can make them understandable. Most of us are being slowly taught them by experiences of some kind every hour that we live.

One of these is contentment with one's lot. I have just come across a fine sermon without words on this very text.

A friend called to see me very tired and worn after a long day's work, and the continual strain of life on small and hard earned means. Bitter complaints were on her lips. That almost passionate envy of the rich, born of an intense longing for the luxuries of existence and a craving for release from toil and worry.

To nearly all women workers there must come days like these, when the inequalities of fate seem cruelly unjust; when tired nerves and weary bodies cry out for the comforts of life, the lovely possessions and beautiful surroundings that only money can buy.

There is nothing better than constant occupation. We are all happier when we have to keep our abilities in daily use instead of letting our powers stagnate, while we depend entirely on the service of others.

Nothing is more glorious, for instance, than the creative instinct. What worker has not felt intense satisfaction gained by the achievement of some particular object, won by the combined efforts of brain and hands? On quite mundane levels there is the keenest pleasure to be had in

such simple doings; even the turning of a carpet, or the remodeling of an old gown or hat can give rise to days of inward rejoicing over a triumphant result.

There are a thousand little ingenious contrivances that necessity, that mighty mother of invention, brings into being, all of which add up the sum total of "something accomplished, something done," to a fine reckoning on the credit side of Life's account.

Do those who grumble at having to labor imagine that all the beautifully dressed and sometimes obviously bored women of the smart world ever reach quite such heights of self-satisfaction over their own unaided efforts?—at times I think their fingers must positively ache for a bit of real, hard, necessary work!