

Prosaic Explanation of the Historic Alban Lake's Outlet

ROME, Aug. 14.—In the prosaic age in which we live, legends are demythologized, traditions are forgotten and history is rendered as matter of fact as possible. To this process the Alban lake has been subjected and the gods of ancient Rome have received another whacking from the archaeologists.

The still glassy lake that sleeps beneath Aricia's trees—namely, the lake of Albano, is, like the neighboring one of Nemi (Diana's Mirror), of a peculiar character. It lies at the bottom of a perfect basin, high up in the bosom of the surrounding Alban hills, and apparently it has no feeder or outlets for its waters. It occupies the crater of an extinct volcano.

Concerning its origin the following local legend is here related: "Where the lake now lies there stood once a great city. Here, when Jesus Christ came to Italy, he begged alms. None took compassion on him but an old woman, who gave him some meal. He then bade her leave the city; she obeyed; the city instantly sank and the lake rose in its place."

This legend is probably founded on some vague recollection or tradition of the fall of the city of Veii, which was in its flourishing state at the time of the foundation of Rome and possessed so many attractions that it should not be abandoned for Veii's sake. The lake of Albano is intimately connected with the siege of Veii, and no place has more memories of ancient Roman history.

Here, overlooking the lake, once rose Alba Longa, the mother city of Rome, built by Ascanius, the son of Aeneas, who named it after the white sow which gave birth to the prodigious number of thirty pigs. The city was so built with respect to the mountain, and the lake that it occupied a space between them, each seeming like a wall of defense to the city.

In time this city became the capital of Latium and all the Latin tribes came up to worship at the Temple of Jupiter Latiarius on the top of the Alban mount. This temple was erected by Tarquinius Superbus as a meeting place of the forty-seven cities which formed the Latin confederation. It was reached by a paved road, which may still be seen in a very good state of preservation, and which, crossing the forest between the two lakes of Nemi and Albano, reached the top of the hill near Rocca di Papa.

The temple faced the south and stood in the middle of a platform of tufa blocks. Until the year 1783 many columns of white marble and blocks from the cella of the god still existed on the spot, while statues, fragments of bas-reliefs and votive offerings in terra cotta and bronze were continually being discovered in the neighborhood.

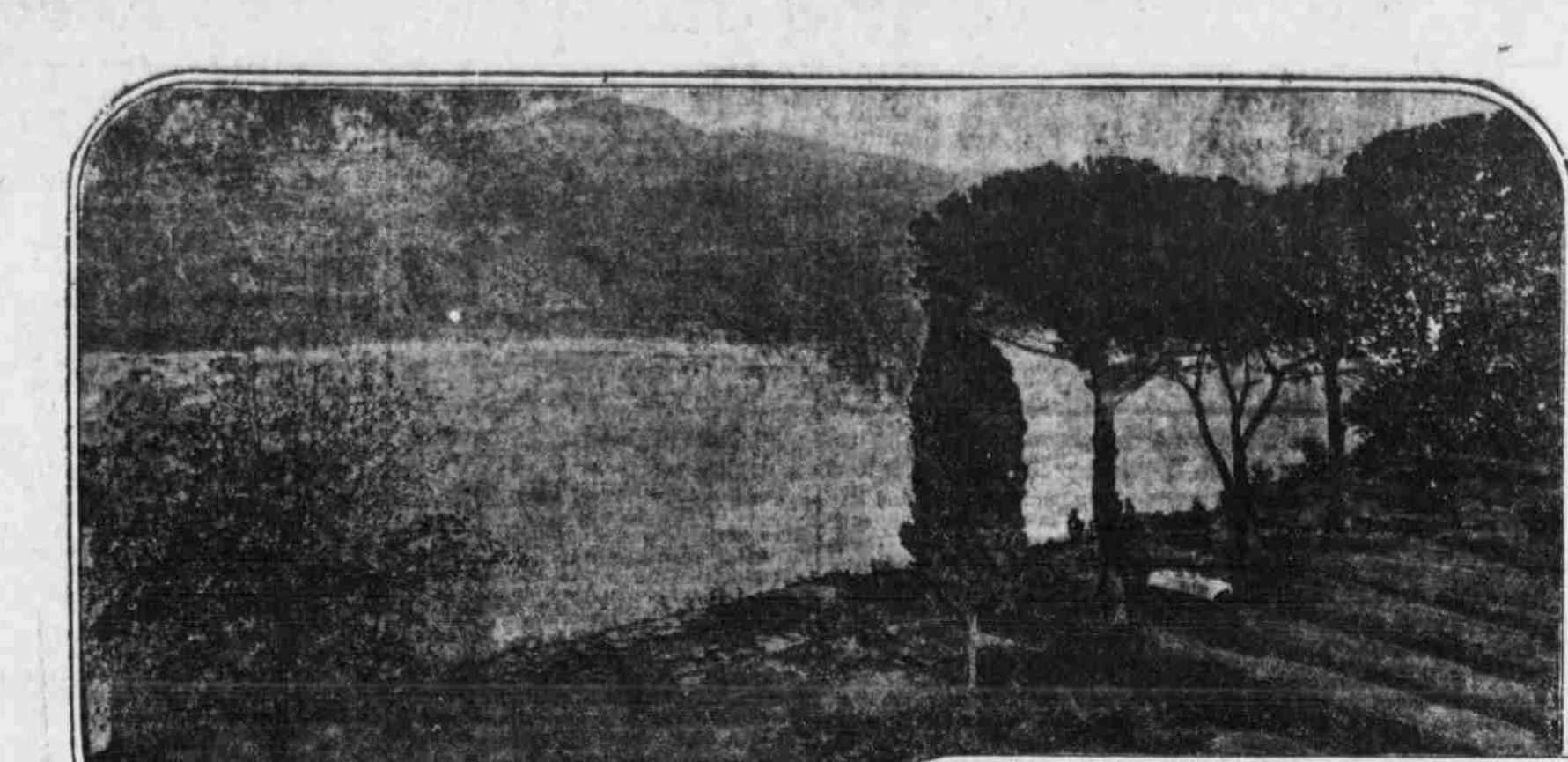
Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts, destroyed all that remained of the temple and made use of the materials to build a church and convent of the Passionist monks at Rocca di Papa, and all that remains of the famous temple now consists of some massive fragments of wall and the huge blocks of masonry which surround an old wych elm tree in front of the convent. The village of Rocca di Papa, which derives its name from the residence of the Antipope John in 1190, is a picturesque village on an isolated sugar loaf rock crowned by the ruins of a castle, which was held by the Colonna until 1487, and afterward by their rivals, the Orsini.

The Alban Lake played an important part in the siege of Veii. The siege had lasted several years without any progress on the part of the Romans. In the year 548 B. C. the people of Capena and Falerii, who now sided with the Veientes, defeated the Romans and a panic spread from the army to Rome.

The senate met and appointed M. Furius Camillus as dictator. The discouragement of the Romans had been increased by prodigies and marvels. Two years before, when summer was far spent, water in the Alban Lake had begun to rise from no apparent cause. Prayers and sacrifices availed not, the water still flowed on.

Then the senate sent to consult the oracle at Delphi as to what should be done to avert calamity. Meanwhile the waters continued to rise. They rose above the banks of the lake, covered the fields and houses by the water-side, and still rose higher until they reached the top of the hills that surround the lake like a wall; they even overflowed the hills and poured in a mighty torrent into the plain below.

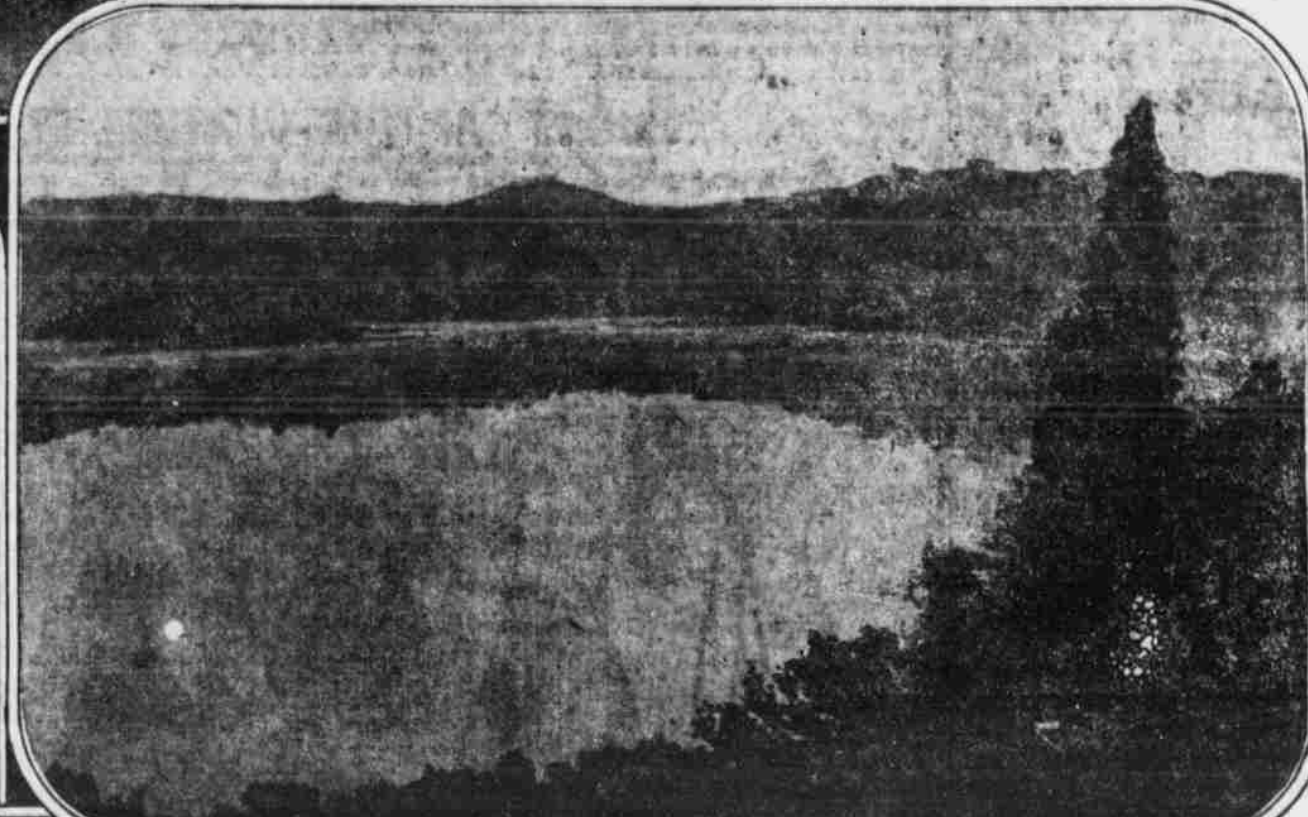
The people of Veii heard of the overflowing of the lake, and one of them, who was skilled in the secrets of the fates, told a Roman centurion that Veii would not be taken until the waters of the lake were all spent and flowed into the sea no more. The next day the Veientes



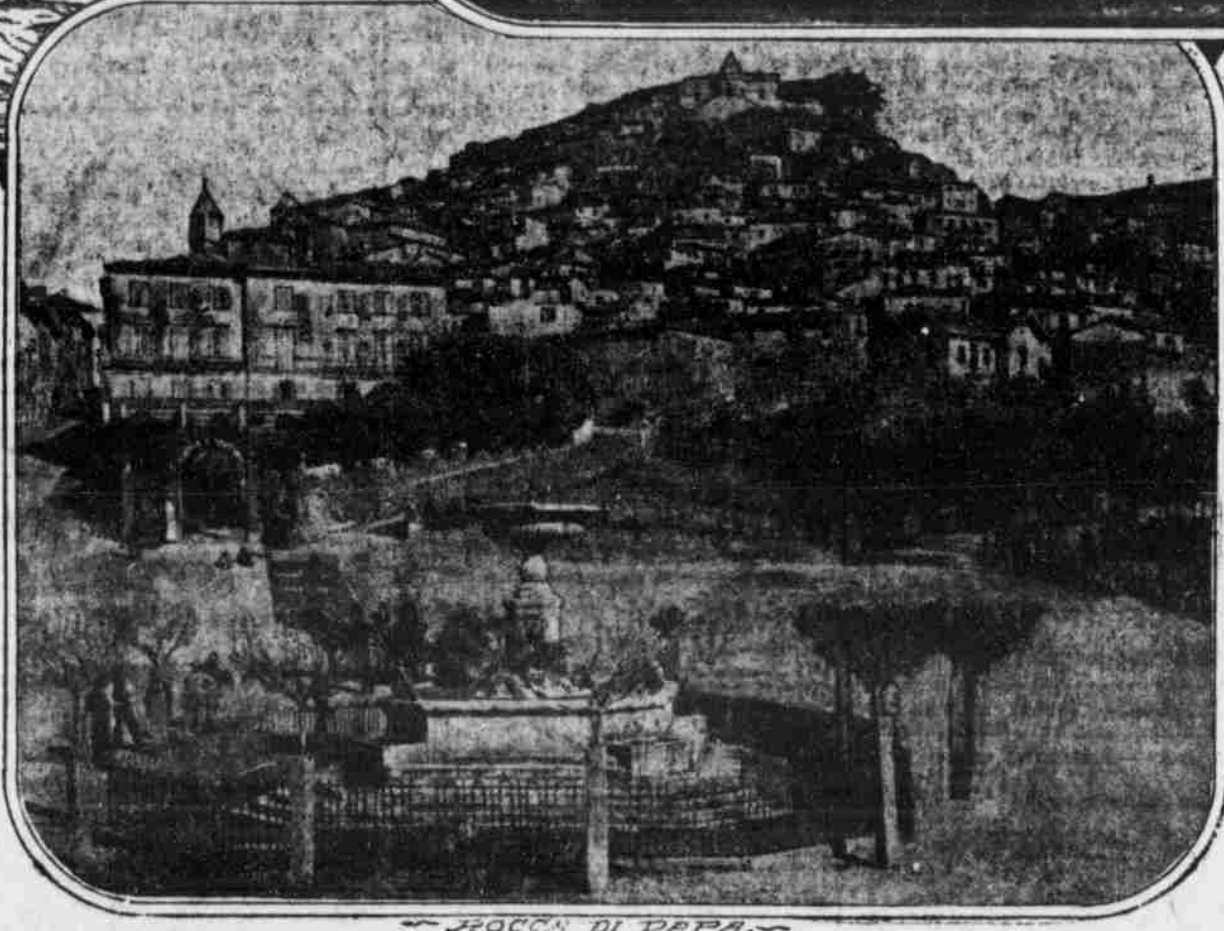
LAKE OF ALBANO



THE NYMPHAEUM



LAKE NEMI (DIANA'S MIRROR)



ROCCA DI PAPA

prophet was enticed out of the besieged city and the centurion seized him and carried him to the Roman camp. He was brought before the generals, who heard his story and sent him to Rome to the senate.

About this time the messengers came back from Delphi and the answer of the god agreed with the words of the old man from Veii. The oracle said: "See that the water be not confined within the basin of the lake; see that they do not take their course and run into the sea. Thou shalt let the water out of the lake and thou shalt turn it to the watering of thy fields, and thou shalt make courses for it till it be spent and come to nothing."

The Romans then sent workmen and began to bore through the side of the hill to make a passage for the water, which flowed through this passage and ceased to flow over the hills, and when it came out into the plain below it was turned into many courses and it watered the fields and became obedient to the Roman. The Romans then subdued Veii. All the Veientes were put to the sword or sold into slavery.

The emissarium or outlet of the Alban lake was completed by the Romans within a year after B. C. 394 and it still serves its purpose to this very day. It consists of a tunnel hewn through the rock for a distance of more than a mile, being from seven to two feet in height and being more than four feet in breadth. It is situated in the southwestern part of the lake.

The extreme beauty of the spot is worthy of the romantic story of its origin, but al-

though the lake and its emissarium still remain as they were twenty-three centuries ago, the poetic account of the fall of Veii, we are told, cannot be relied upon as historical. Modern archaeologists have discovered that the rise of the waters of the Alban lake was due to some volcanic

agency and hence that it was not a prodigy or a marvel of the gods. They have also discovered traces of an outlet over the lowest point of the basin of hills, and here were found marks of artificial cutting through the rock as if to enlarge and deepen the passage. They draw

the conclusion that the ordinary level of the lake in remote times was higher than at present, and that the tunnel was not intended to remedy a new evil, but to alter the old state of the lake by reducing it to a lower level.

This theory is intended to prove that the

are grown up to be a man and the wart is gone.

There is an exhibition of fancy riding down on the race track in front of the grandstand. We might just as well stroll over that way. It will remind you of a county fair when we were boys together and one of us rode a sorrel pony that had a white face and three white stockings. You can see that boy now as he cantered his pony past the grandstand and glanced down with quaking heart, at the judges who were to tie the ribbons. That boy from the farm, on his Indian pony, rode in competition with the petted darlings of the town, and although he was sun-tanned and scared within an inch of his life, he put that sorrel pony through his paces—a steady walk, a single-foot and a lively canter—and won, hands down! He heard the cheers of the crowd and looked into 1,000 smiling faces, but he only saw one waving handkerchief and one pair of brown eyes, gazing at him through a mist of happy tears.

Reminder of the County Fair.

Here is the man who makes the taffy and pulls it into snowy whiteness—a great mass of sweetness long drawn out. Watch him cut it into short slabs and wrap it in oiled paper, so that the little boys and girls can devour it without smearing their Sunday clothes. Isn't it likin' good, and can you ever forget the long drink of sparkling, new cider that followed in its wake?

The sideshow and the horse race have changed but little since the days of the old-fashioned county fair. Hi Spilvins says he always goes down the midway at the fair—not that he ever enters one of those wicked shows; no, indeed—but he holds that if it is a part of the general entertainment. And, beside, it is on the way to the race track and cannot be easily avoided. Hi contends, and not without some show of reason, that a little relaxation is good for all of us; says that when a man has plowed and sowed and tended faithfully all through the long, hot summer and has finally gathered in a big harvest to fill the granaries of the world he is entitled to a brief vacation. He doesn't come to the fair just to see the big pumpkins and a good horse race isn't pulled off every day on Plumb

creek. He likes to go over into the quarter-stretch and climb up on the rail right close to the wire; says that if you are going to see a race you might just as well have a front seat. You remember that half-mile track we had on the old county fair grounds, and you will never forget the day the little black filly cleaned up the big bay and broke the crowd from Pawnee? There was glorious music in the thunder of the bunch as they swung into the home-stretch, with the little filly leading by a length. Clear the track! Get back out of the way, there! Don't lean over too far! The big bay is gaining—slowly, so slowly—his long nose is creeping up along her flank; he is lapping her shoulder and crowding her into the rail, but he can't do it—he can't do it! Under the wire a cloud of dust—and she wins by a nose! Throw your old hat into the air; who cares whether school keeps or not? And the roar that went up from the grandstand! Wasn't it good to hear? And didn't it send a thrill down to the very tips of your toes? You haven't forgotten that, and it will always come back to you whenever you hear the drumming of the hoofs upon the track.

An Old-Time Vision of Youth.

Beyond the far slope of the western hills the red September sun has gone to rest. The road is few and is lined with teams and faintly marked by a slowly rising pillar of gray dust. Far above you in the gathering gloom the arc lights are flashing out to meet and turn back the coming hosts of darkness. A big policeman, leaning upon a heavy case, is standing, silent and alone, in the deserted street. He will keep watch and ward over the lonely grandstand, over the white tents, over the quiet barns where the cattle are resting, over all the fair. Down the wide road that leads to the main gate you follow a lingering couple who hesitate upon the way and seem loath to go. That tall young man is Mr. Henry and the girl, who looks up into his face with the wondrous light in her eyes, is Sister Sue. You are close behind them and you hear him saying softly:

"I can buy the west eighty now, Sue, and in the spring, if you say the word."

Did a vagrant breeze rustle the leaves in the old elm overhead or did you hear a whispered "yes"? You pause a moment while an old-time vision of youth and love

comes back to you as these two pass the gate, hand in hand, and are swallowed up in the gathering darkness of the dusty road.

Was that the rattle of Hi Spilvins' wagon as he hurried homeward—or—?

Over by the office window the typewriter is clicking away and the clatter of iron-shod wheels upon granite paving comes up from the busy street. The fair is a thing of the past, and with a sigh for the days that are gone you turn back to the contracts and the discounts of your work-a-day life. The dingy walls have shut you in once more, but you have registered a solemn promise that when the harvest time shall come again you will spend another day with the home folks at the fair.

J. T. DUNLAP.

Must Pay the Penalty

A singular marriage custom prevails among the French Canadians in Quebec. After the morning marriage service in the church, the bride party in calèche or carriage make a tour of calls upon relatives and friends during the day and then return again to church for vespers.

Before the evening dance at the bride's new home comes the supper. When the company rise from the table the bride keeps her seat, and someone asks with great dignity: "Why does madam wait? Is she so soon in bad grace?"

She replies: "Somebody has stolen my slipper. I cannot walk."

Then they carry her, chair and all, into the middle of the room, while a loud knocking announces a grotesque, ragged vendor of boots and shoes. He kneels before the slipperless bride and tries on a long succession of old boots and shoes of every variety and size until at last he finds her missing shoe.

The bridegroom redeems it for a good price, which is spent in treating the company. If the bridegroom is not watchful they steal her hat and cloak, which he redeems in the same way, and they have been known to steal the bride, for which there must be liberal pay. The event of the evening is a good jig, in which a guest volunteers to outdance the bride. If successful the visitor demands a prize from the bridegroom.

A Day at the State Fair

(Continued from Page Three.)

laugh at petty man and all his small conceits.

Arrival of the Home Folks.

Let's walk over by the gate and watch the home folks drive in. Yonder comes a wagonload now—three spring seats crowded with grown-ups and two suburban boys trying to sit on the endgate. See those bulging baskets tucked away in the bottom of the wagon. Wouldn't you like to be in that crowd when mother spreads the big, white table cloth and begins to set out the fried chicken and the jelly, the pickles and the frosted cake? Watch that tall young man stir the cool lemonade in the big tin bucket, while Sister Sue opens a jar of preserves and invites Mr. Henry to sit right down here and make himself at home. And you can just bet that Mr. Henry sits down. He may be a trifle awkward and get his feet on the table cloth, but he means all right, and Sister Sue understands. That freckle-faced boy over there, the one with the warts on his hand, would be plumb happy if he could just kick off his shoes and wade in the creek for ten minutes. No use wearing shoes in September, anyway, when the dust lies deep in country roads and feels like softest, smoothest velvet to the bare feet that stir it into billowy clouds.

Something About Warts.

And that reminds us. We could tell that boy something about warts. Yes, sir, and how he got 'em, too. Picking up toads by moonlight—that does it every time. Boys will pick up almost anything—while they are young boys—after they get to be old boys they are not quite so risky. That boy now, the one with the warts, has a snake in his pocket. He had forgotten it until he wanted his jackknife, and it startled him a little, but you saw him look at Mr. Henry with a grin in his old eye, and you know that snake will change pockets before the day is over. But about the warts. Every country boy who has been well brought up ought to know how to take 'em off. Just bruise a milk weed and put one drop of its juice on the wart—that does it—and first thing you know you

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