

PETROGRAD DREAM CITY OF FAR-SEEING PETER THE GREAT

Russian Capital Was Forced Into Being by Royal Edict.

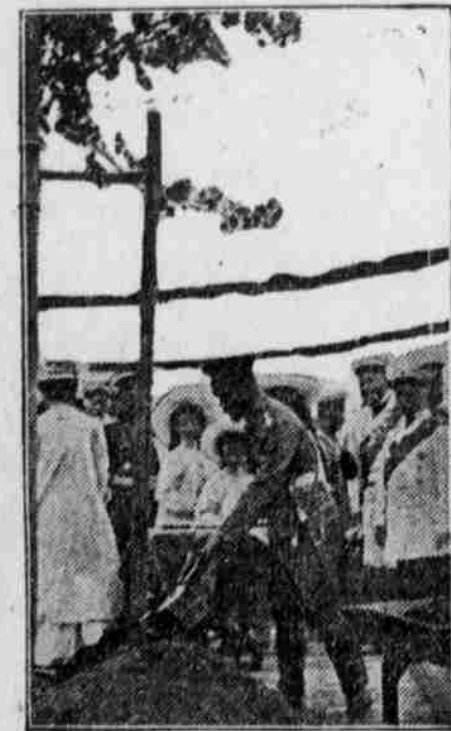
CZAR BARS GERMAN NAME

Present Emperor of All the Russias, Incensed Against Germany, Changes Ancient Title of the Great City in Fit of Racial Spleen.

Petrograd.—Petrograd! In Russian, Peter the Great. This is the new name conferred upon St. Petersburg by the Czar because the old name, which the first Peter gave the capital in 1703, had a German ending. Nothing that is German, whether it be ending or beginning or middle, is tolerated in Russia today.

When the news was announced of the edict of Czar Nicholas, which eliminated St. Petersburg every one sat up and had something to say about the free-and-easy way Nicholas shifted good, old-fashioned nomenclature about. It didn't make any difference whether they were Russian or not. They (all but the Germans, of course) wanted to have something to say about changing euphonious St. Petersburg to guttural Petrograd.

Some were of the opinion that the changing of the name was a direct slur on the memory of Peter the Great, sponsor for both the city and its time-honored sobriquet. These were unfamiliar with the fact that Petrograd,



Czar Nicholas Planting a Tree.

when translated into American, means Peter the Great. Others said Peter the Great hadn't named the city after himself.

"It isn't Petersburg. It's St. Petersburg," they pointed out, and explained that the man who directed the destiny upon which was founded modern Russia had named his capital not after himself but after St. Peter.

But when it was all over, even though many objected seriously, the czar's edict stands for Russia. St. Petersburg was no more. Petrograd had succeeded it!

It is probable that could old Peter the Great rise from his vault in the fortress of Saints Peter and Paul, he would not give a well-worn Russian kopeck what they called his city, so long as they kept it open to the sea and growing and free and clear of the Teuton throngs.

As he lies in his casket among others of the long line of Russian rulers, under the huge stone elbows of Saints Peter and Paul, perhaps the greatest ruler the Muscovites ever had may gain some chilly consolation from the knowledge that had it not been for him the present czar would never have been able to change the name of St. Petersburg—for there would have been no St. Petersburg to change.

Peter the Great's troubles began the day of his birth, in 1672. His father, Czar Alexei Mikhailovitch, died. His half-brother was the heir, and succeeded the father, but died without issue when Peter was ten years old. He designated Peter as his successor, despite the fact that he had an own brother, Ivan, who was a real heir, but was feeble-minded. Peter also had a half-sister, a belligerent soul, with a love for power. She got up a revolution, and tried to prevent the crowning of her youthful half-brother. There was a fight, and, as a compromise, Peter and Ivan were crowned jointly, and Sophia, the half-sister, became regent.

Then followed trouble at home. Peter tried to get rid of his regent sister; she objected; another fight; more bloodshed, and at last the sister was shut up in a convent. Ivan then held nominal reign, but Peter held the helm. In 1696 Ivan died and left Peter, then twenty-four, head of the Russian people.

At this stage of the game young Peter started to work. He long had a dream. It was a gigantic vision of the value of western civilization. He planned to unite Russia and western civilization. But he needed a seaport to do it. Standing in the midst of a desolate Russian waste, with a Russian gale roaring about him, the young ruler looked for a window to the sea, as some historian ably puts it.

KAISER WILHELM AT THE FRONT



The emperor of Germany, who is well to the front personally directing the movements of his armies, is here seen conversing with members of the aviation corps, who are showing him photographs taken from an aeroplane.

He went to Prussia; he went to Hanover; he went to Holland. At Amsterdam he got a job. It was working in a shipyard as a common shipwright. He caulked and planed and scraped and painted. And he learned how to make a ship and how to sail one. All that remained to know was how to fight one. Experience would teach him this.

When he left for home he took with him 500 engineers, surgeons, ship-builders and artisans. He stopped off in Vienna and inspected the Austrian army.

When he got home he had to stop a mutiny in his army, but he did it with his characteristic punch, and set about putting ginger into his people along educational lines. He reformed the calendar, adopted western systems of enumeration, encouraged commerce, and abolished much of the Mongol style of dress and manner which had always been Russia's.

All the while he was looking around for another sea window. He found it on the Baltic. He started his army against the Swedes, who then controlled the Baltic coast. He was defeated at Narva by Charles XII. His troops were raw, but Peter kept his nerve. He annexed part of Ingermanland, at the head of the Gulf of Finland. The Swedes were too busy elsewhere to take it back. And while Peter kept them busy he started the beginnings of what later became St. Petersburg, and later still Petrograd.

The first thing Peter did after capturing the site of St. Petersburg was to build the fortress of Saints Peter and Paul, which ever since has been the nucleus about which the city has been built. The completion of this fort marked a revolution in Russian history, inasmuch as it established that country as one of the Baltic powers, and characterized its entrance into the politics of the western world.

With his usual directness, Peter divided the job of building the city between his lieutenants and himself, keeping the hardest tasks for himself, as was his way. The capital of Russia had been Moscow. By 1712 sufficient advance at St. Petersburg had been made to permit the transferral of the royal family to that point.

St. Petersburg had become a hobby with Peter. He issued an edict ordering peasants from all parts of the country to appear at the new capital. He levied a special tax to stand the



Scene in Principal Thoroughfare of Petrograd.

expenses. Then he collected all the masons in the land. There was great difficulty at first in getting them. Peter issued another edict saying that punishment would be visited on any man who employed a mason anywhere but in St. Petersburg. The masons had to have work, so they all flocked to the capital. Then Peter set them

STARTS EXODUS TO CAPITAL

Wife of Swedish Minister to U. S. Is First to Return to Washington for Winter Season.

Washington.—Mme. W. A. F. Eken-gren, wife of the Swedish minister at Washington, is the first of the foreign diplomatic set to return to the capital.



Mme. W. A. F. Eken-gren.

for the winter season. The legation was established for the summer at Bar Harbor, Me., but it has now been closed and the minister and Mme. Eken-gren, together with the legation staff, have returned to Washington.

at work building homes for his imported peasants. Next, he ordered all proprietors of more than 500 serts to appear at the capital, build homes there, and live in them for the winter season. Thus he populated his pet city with both the rich and the poorer classes. It was a radical procedure, but it was successful.

St. Petersburg prospered. Today its population is more than 1,500,000. The enforced city has become one of the commercial and surely one of the financial giants of Europe.

COWS LEARN MILITARY DRILL

Dairyman Has Squad That Can "Hay Foot" and "Straw Foot" Like Real Soldiers.

Connersville, Ind.—Forest Haldwell, who lives near here, has taught a herd of 16 Jersey cows to do squad right, squad left, and other movements in military drill.

Entering the lot at milking time, the young man will shout "Attention!" and the browsing bovines, becoming alert, stampede for a certain spot in the lot and line up in double ranks like a company of soldiers.

When the trainer calls squad right, the cows swing into lines of four abreast and march to the stable, turning to the right or to the left as the drillmaster may direct.

At the stable door the cattle mark time until the trainer gives the signal for them to pass into the barn.

PEACE LEAGUES ARE URGED

Christian Endeavor Society Would Have One in Every Nation in the World.

Boston.—Establishment of a Christian Endeavor Peace league in every country is planned by the trustees of the United Society of Christian Endeavor.

Through their president, Francis E. Clark, the trustees have endorsed President Wilson's proclamation of a day of prayer for peace, October 4. In a letter to the president Mr. Clark says that the 60,000 Christian Endeavor societies of America, most of which hold regular prayer meetings October 4, have been urged to comply with President Wilson's request.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Horses Are Still Available for Army Purposes

WASHINGTON.—At the time of sending troops into Mexico for the holding of Vera Cruz, the cavalry branch of the army of the United States comprised 15 regiments, with a total of officers and enlisted men reaching nearly fifteen thousand men. Every one of these men, of course, has to be mounted. A large number of infantry officers also require horses. And the horses needed for the artillery service foot up to a big figure. The total enlisted strength prior to the occupation of Vera Cruz was about eighty-five thousand men, and for all branches of the service, including the hospital attendants, it is likely that at least twenty thousand horses were regularly required.

Now, with 20,000 horses, the mortality percentage must be constantly reckoned with. In fact, it is more certain than the mortality of the soldier himself. A horse cannot be buoyed up by enthusiasm, and when it's feed time a promise is of no value to him. So when the Mexico cloud came up one of the busy clerks of the war department was at once the horse arithmetician.

Uncle Sam's last census gave approximately as the horse population of the United States 20,567,000. The army arithmetician juggling with percentages sees that in time of absolute peace the army needs only one horse in every 1,000 in the country. But as every one of the horses listed is not the sort of horse for army purposes, nothing positive can be set down. Some army men have estimated that the total available horse population for army purposes can be set at about two million animals. This would make the draft on the number for use in time of peace, or as the army was before the occupation of Vera Cruz, one horse in every 100.

The army arithmetician also finds that the approximate value of the horses of the United States is \$2,278,232,000, or about \$113 a horse. The 20,000 needed for the army would thus cost Uncle Sam about \$2,260,000. The army figurers also go into the cost per diem for the keep of these horses.

What the "Major Generals" Thought of a War Map

SHORTLY after a war map was put up by a local newspaper a couple of elderly dorkies ambled by. They squinted at the map for a minute or more, fixing their eyes on the red and black disks that represent the allies and the Germans.

"What is dat?" inquired the first elderly dorkie of a survey of the map. "Dat," replied the second, "is 'Yourp'."

"Lawd!" said the first, "you don't say so." He paused a moment reflectively. Then he summed up his thoughts. "Alfred," he said to his companion, "dey certainly does have rich colors over thar, don't dey?"

Red disks (the allies) were pinned in a circle around Paris to indicate the army of defense there. One of those tacticians with whom Washington is so plentifully blessed drifted up to the map and his attention became instantly riveted on this circle. Clearly he was thinking, deeply and earnestly, for, like all of the city's major generals, he hated to see the leaders of the armies make mistakes.

Finally his voice rose, complainingly, as he addressed the world at large. "No wonder they're getting beat," he said. "If they'd quit playing ring-around-a-rosy and go out and fight they'd git somewhere."

There are realists in the crowd. One of them stood for about two hours in front of the map, working out the problems of war with all the intensity of a field marshal. He had just marched across the Mons river and was getting along finely when one of the black disks attached to the map fell to the sidewalk. The realist looked up in disgust.

"Good night," said the realist. "There goes another army corps." Then he walked away.

Recalls Middle Initial and Guesses the Rest

DAN CUPID'S contempt for obstacles, little or big, was exemplified the other day when Richard B. Sutherland, twenty-four years old, of Tampa, Fla., obtained a marriage license after confessing that for the life of him he could not recall the first name of his sweetheart. He appeared not to be nervous, and was in full possession of his faculties, but the name refused to come into his mind despite long and serious cogitation.

The acting marriage license clerk, Mr. Dertzbaugh, was astonished when in response to his inquiry for the name of the bride-to-be for the record Mr. Sutherland had no answer. "Cannot you think of the name?" asked the clerk. The applicant had to confess that he could not stimulate his memory to that extent.

"I am sure her middle initial is E," he said, "and I think the first name is Mary."

Since the applicant was willing to take a license to marry "Mary" E. Tinder and run the risk of returning for a correction of the record, Mr. Dertzbaugh made out the necessary paper, rectifying the age of "Mary" as twenty-one years and giving her residence as Tampa, Fla.

The clerk is awaiting with interest the return of the officiating clergyman to see what was the real name of the bride. In the meantime Cupid smiles and records another victory.

Is Doing Some Representing in Congress Himself

TO THE layman who thinks that congress is a little cotefie of intimate souls who daily meet in the close union of a social club the following experience of Representative Allan B. Walsh of New Jersey will be interesting:

"I was taking luncheon with some friends in the house restaurant the other day," said he, "when at a table across the room I noted a young man, accompanied by a young woman, who, from the manner in which he looked over toward me, and finally bowed with a smile, evidently knew me."

"I returned the salutation, of course, and, as his face was familiar, I arose and made my way to his table, thinking that he was probably a constituent of mine on a visit to the capital. 'Pardon me,' I said, as we shook hands warmly, 'but, although your face is very familiar, I cannot place you just now. I am Representative Walsh from New Jersey, and if you are from my district I shall be charmed to show you and your wife any attention in my power while you are in Washington.'

"What district do you represent?" queried the man with a quizzical smile, while the eyes of his wife danced merrily.

"The Fourth district of New Jersey," I replied.

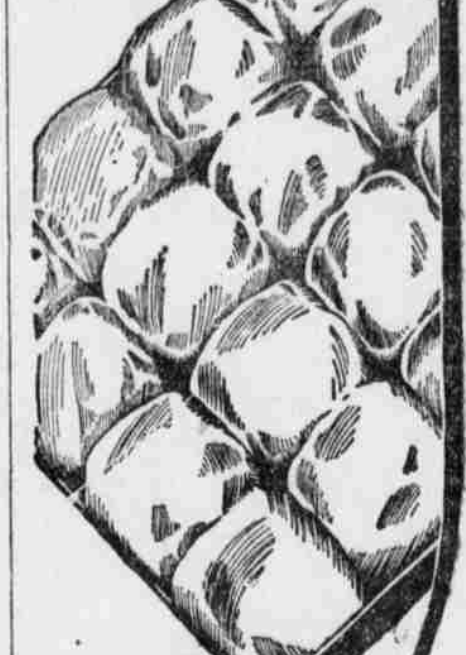
"I hardly think I'm from your district," returned the man, whimsically. "You see my name's Fred Britten and I do some representing in congress myself—the Ninth district of Illinois!"

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