Yank Tourists Flock to Venice to Look at Queen

No Jazz Bands, Shimmy Dancers or Wild Cabarets to Mar "City of Silence."

Venice, June 17.—Cats, though permitted, may have no pleasure in looking at a king, but American tourists are flocking to look at the queen. Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, today is filling with folks who speak the English language, who have all their lives heard of this remarkable city and who are coming to see if their dreams were justified.

The other day the new flag of the city was raised and loud were the vivas of the natives. The Americans joined in no shouting, but it was remarkable how many comments were passed in the American language and how many pairs of pointed shoes filled St. Marks square. The season of sunshine had begun, from every direction the tourists were concentrating upon Venice.

Most everybody found that Venice was about the only place in Europe which comes up to the imagination. Or to one's preconceived ideas. One American woman liked St. Marks because the colors were soft and not as postcardly pictured; another declared that riot of color was the thing that pleased an eye accustomed to gray cities and brownstone fronts. But all found that it was the uniqueness of Venice that was its main attraction.

"You actually must take a gondola to get to your hotel from the railroad station," exclaimed the new visitor, uttering at once the commonest yet almost interesting observation the station has heard in a million times. It is only after you have been in the hotel a while that you learn that you can get almost everywhere on land—provided you want to take a chance in a labyrinth with blind alleys bringing you to blind waterways. The gondola, however, remains the most romantic of vehicles— it is romantic all the way from its graceful lines to the folk songs and the guitar and mandolin playing, the moonlight and the faint swish swish of the gondolier's oar.

A room on the Grand canal — which, by the way, comes to less than a room in a hotel Unter den Linden in Berlin, where things are supposed to be cheap but aren't—is a continual joy. From red sunshine to red sunset Venice goes through all the changes of color the mixing of the primary ones are capable of, and the passing of tiny lights on dimly seen gondolas under your hotel window has its own enchantment. Certainly for the visitor from the American lands this port of the Adriatic is the best sight of all.

For the American city dweller Venice is the haven of rest—if he chooses to make it so. While it is the city of beauty, it is the city of silence. There are, thank heaven, still no jazz bands in Venice and no shimmy dancing. There are theaters and movies but no wild cabarets. And most important, there are no automobiles, no street cars clanking, not a single horse to clatter on cobblestones, almost no dogs to bark at the sunrise, and durn few cats to give competition concerts at night, because a knowledge of swimming is a necessity for animals here.

And it is quiet. It is the rest cure par excellence for jangled nerves. For those who are not for sightseeing, for mounting the steps (or elevator—price 3.50 lire) of the Campanile, for inspecting the Doge's palace of the art gallery, there is still the quiet colored beauty of the city itself where one can wander for hours in perfect quiet and peace of an age long gone by.

Latest Home Brew Recipe in Official U. S. Pamphlet

Washington, June 17.—Sh-h-h! Want the latest home brew recipe? It's official, too.

Just anchor yourself in a chair and scribble a note to your Uncle Sam, care of Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and ask him to send you a pamphlet entitled "The Manufacture of Ethyl Alcohol From Wood Waste." Ethyl alcohol formerly was used for beverage purposes.

Old Order Changeth;

Cow Has Her "Day" as Californians Flee

Dog No Longer Alone

Los Angeles, Cal., June 17.—The old order changeth! No longer is the dog alone in having his "day." The cow has joined the tribe.

Men scaled telephone poles, policemen and firemen turned cowboys, and women sought shelter in automobiles here recently when a cow ran amuck in the crowds awaiting trains at the Santa Fe railroad station.

Traffic rules were suspended and motorists drove into side streets when the cow, which had escaped from a trailer in which it was being transported, went charging down Santa Fe avenue, first trying a shop and then hotel entrance.

Finally the animal was lassoed and turned over to its owners.

Gods and Kings and Temples of Old Egypt Majestic Mementos of Past

Wear and Tear of Many Centuries Has Not Destroyed Beauty of Monuments of an Early Civilization.

Miss Rees told in her former letter of the trip by the Nile and the excitement of donkey riding. In this she dwells on what is shown of ruins of the ancient land of Egypt, its rulers and its religion. She also tells something of modern life in Egypt.

By HENRIETTA M. REES.

The most marvelous part of these antiquities, which impresses one again and again, is that every engraved or painted line means something in the picture writing of the time.

"Say it in stone" was the motto of the ancient Egyptians and they followed it out. Then they decorated it with yellows and blacks and reds and blues and greens until they must have bewildered themselves with the wealth and variety of color. This was the work of the kings, but behind every gigantic block of stone, every carved and ornamented column there is the untold tragedy of slave labor which was used in the construction. Nor did the kings forget themselves in the reckoning. There are few modern records of such colossal conceit as those in these magnificent relics. I stood by figures of kings as large as those of the gods, as some Rameses allowed Horus or Isis or Osiris to present him with his crown or some symbol of good fortune. I saw other kings of equal size with the gods, as they did offering to them. I listened meekly. As Mahmoud explained, the carving on the side of a temple described the victories of the kings in wars, their greatness and ability, and he pointed out the figures of their enemies at the bottom, usually held by the hair of the head, tied to chariot wheels, or worse still, headless.

Usually these enemies are so small in comparison to the kings it doesn't seem like much of a feat to have conquered them. It last we came to a king capturing a hippopotamus. The king was at least twenty feet high and the hippo about the size of a rabbit. It was the last straw. Talk about advertising. The old kings tooted their own horns and echoes are still reverberating.

We saw a whole valley where nothing was found but mummified cats. We visited the tombs of Apis, the sacred bull, where several of his mummies were found—the poor beasts in life probably never expected to be embalmed and buried each in a polished granite case.

Among Magnificent Relics.

We visited the site of Memphis, where a beautiful sphinx sits as it was found, and colossal statues of Rameses the Great are seen. We visited Dendara, where the destruction of the early Christians failed to remove entirely the impressive effect of huge columns mounted with gigantic white faces of Hathor the Egyptian Venus. We visited Karnak and spent some time marveling at the enormous scale upon which it was built, at its avenues of great columns 135 in number, and every one decorated to the very top. We went all over the great temple of Lupor, we visited a temple at Esril, where many columns, each with a different mounting, were seen.

About that time it occured to me that I hadn't lost any more temples in Egypt. I wouldn't have missed seeing them for anything, but just the same I didn't care if I never saw any Rameseses again, nor Horus, nor any of the rest of them. I wasn't an Egyptologist and worse still, I did not want to be. And I couldn't marvel another marv. at gigantic statues, especially ofter seeing Rameses II over sixty feet high and one solid block of stone. When we reached Assuan I took a vacation. Did I go to the painted tombs on the west bank at sunrise? I did not. Nor any other time. And my spirits rose every time I looked over at them and knew I was not going.

I fully expected some one to come along and say it was the most wonderful sight of the trip, but the joke of it was, I never found any one else on the boat who went to see them either.

Modern Work Also Wonderful.

After this we rode to the submerged temple of Philae and saw some of the top of it. The same morning we saw one of the wonders of the modern world, the great Assuan dam. This in its way is just as remarkable a piece of work as the great temples of the past. The great dam itself is about two miles long and the water rests high on the one side, and on the other it gushes picturesquely through sluice gates over rocks of the first cataract below. This dam makes it possible for many millions of acres, formerly waste, to be cultivated. In a land which has 13,000,000 inhabitants, living in 13,000 square miles, this is a valuable item. All along the Nile, the creak of the sakkiyeh or water wheel is heard as the gamoose or camel treads his endless circle round it. On either side of the river men ceaselessly dip with skin buckets attached to a pole and a weight. These primitive pumps lift the water to three or four levels for irrigating purposes—and the countryp round glows a vivid green—At all the mud villages, and frequently along the shore one sees women, looking like great, crows in their black robes. These come to the river to fill the jars they carry on their heads.

The mud of the Nile valley is black, and much like the gumbo we know. The Nile often reminded me of the Missouri with its sand bars, where the boat frequently stuck, when it took all the effort and concerted singing of our crew to pull us off. The crew, by the way, did all such work as washing the deck, rowing, pushing off and the like, to singing, in which they kept splendid time. Usually a solo voice sings a few words and the rest come in with one or more syllables afterward. The same tune is repeated many times. The yellowish sand banks in the distance by the Nile could easily have been like the bluffs of the Missouri had it not been for the tropical date palms here and there before them. We saw many strange birds, vultures, buzzards, and some long, spindly birds none of us recognized.

Nature Adds Dramatic Touch.

We revelled in marvelous carmen-flushed sunsets every night, when the waters blushed and darkened, and became opalescent in the afterglows. We saw a few sunrises of even more dramatic beauty. As for the moonlight, it was of an unusual brilliancy. Its magic turned the cliffs to a sort of salmon-pink loveliness, and to any one sitting on the piazza of the Cataract hotel at Assuan it gives the picturesque rocks, and the water, and the cliffs a breathless beauty. We visited Kamak by moonlight, when the great columns seemed twice as big and twice as many and the ravages of time were softened and removed. A group of us went to the sanctuary of the cat-headed goddess. At the right time of the month the light, shining into a small hole at the top touches this black granite figure on the head, and the effect is said to be enough to get almost any one into religion. But it wasn't quite the right day of the month, and the beams of light were too far forward.

"The ancient Egyptians originally believed in one God, almighty and self-existent. His only son was Osiris, who reigned wisely and well on earth, but at length was slain by the god Sit, personification of the powers of darkness. But he rose from the dead, and became the god of the underworld and of the beings who were therein. Because he suffered, died and rose from the dead, he became the type of the resurrection to the Egyptians who based all their hopes of everlasting life upon the belief that Osiris was immortal and eternal:" It sounds rather familiar, doesn't it?

In the museums we saw many decorated bronze looking-glasses, combs, pins of all sorts and jewelry of such fine work and design as to take much of the credit ascribed to others back to the centuries thousands of years before. In the temples we saw the first Doric and lotus columns and others of intricate design and beauty. We saw one temple with arches which were not supposed to have come into existence until years later in Rome. We saw papyrus thousands of years old — wonderfully inscribed.

We saw much more and I don't know what else we might have seen, but our trip came to an untimely end. Our boat was firmly imbedded in the sand for 24 hours, and we left umcermoniously at Luxor on the return trip and took the train to Cairo in order to make our connection for Jerusalem.

I hated to leave the Nile. It was such a luxurious river. Its current flows up, according to our standards, that is, north to the sea, but the wind usually blows down, from the sea, so the many sailboats either hoist their sails and go against the current or put them down and float with it. I loved every ghiassa (or sailboat on it.

Some Features of Egypt.

But I didn't feel so badly about leaving some of the natives. They were so dirty and flies rested several thick upon their faces. The little babies, helpless to protect themselves, often had both eyes black with feasting flies. The flies go anywhere and then come and rest on you. You have a fly whisk which waves them away for a moment. The Egyptains have given it up as a hopeless task, and it is said they consider the fly sacred. But Egypt needs flyswatters instead of whisks, and several tons of flypaper.

They also say mothers do not want their children too attractive, because of fear of the evil eye. But the eye we cast upon the little things was much more evil than it would have been if they had been clean. The cry of "backsheesh" is aloud in the land, and if one even looks at a native he expects it. Whatever one gives him is not enough. One day, after giving twice too much for a tip and the native fussed, I lost my patience. I reached into his open hand and seized half of it back, and as I reached for the other half he vanished. I only wished I had discovered the system before.

But there were some wonderful Egyptain people—cultured, educated and interesting. We met some of these, and at Assiout our boat trip was broken by a party at the home of Alexaus Bey, given by his niece, Miss Edna Wissa. We learned afterwards this was the finest home in Egypt, and it was certainly a palace and our hosts royal entertainers. It all came about because my uncle met Wissa Bey in Cairo.

We also met Mr. Macheras, the editor of the Arabic paper in Cairo, another wideawake, interesting man.

Upon the whole we had a trip on the Nile which will always remain in the memory. In spite of everything, donkey and camel rides were fun and views of the Nile fascinating, for which one had to climb a cliff to look at the same river he saw all the time. Even the people who rode in the one or two sand carts and did the easy things only, enjoyed it, and as for the historic antiquities, none of us will ever forget them.

American Legion Notes

Group 3 will meet at Legion headquarters next Tuesday evening at 8. The nurses' division will meet at the Nurses' club, 2420 Harney street, Thursday evening, July 6, at 8.

Mothers of service men whose bodies have been left in cemeteries in France may make application now for a large American flag similar to the flag which covered each casket returned from France. Harry Hough, adjutant, will assist any gold star mother in making this application.

The Douglas county post is participating in the American Legion essay contest for school children on "How Can the American Legion Best Serve the Nation?" Information may be secured from the adjutant at headquarters.

Letters await the following at legion headquarters: Charles L. Fleck, Thomas Pedro, Joseph Butler, Earl Thomas, Walter Yarlitz, Ed Behonek, J. C. Harris, James Bouchard, Henry Austin, Camille Levassun, John F. Seriber.

Cigarets, candy and magazines were distributed by the hospitalization committee of the auxiliary to the following service men in Omaha hospitals last week:

Lord Lister—Tom Rodio and W. J. Wilson, Omaha.

Wise Memorial—Jack Goldsbury, Nebraska City; William Rinehart, Okarville, Ill.

Paxton Memorial—William Lyfield, Petersburg, Neb.; George Bunson, Omaha.

Clarkson Memorial—Charles Ogle, Omaha.

Methodist—Fred Murphy, Omaha.

Immanuel—Abel Christensen, Kiron, Ia.

St. Joseph—B. Crossier, Oklahoma.

University—John Christ, Blair, Neb.; R. Clark, Osceola, Neb.; Mr. Dodge, Duluth, Minn.; Thomas Hensher, Omaha; Lee Fleharty, St. Edward, Neb.; J. L. Antrom, Arlington, Neb.

Harem Expert on Trip to Look Over Beauty Market

Abdul-Al-Hamid Would Like to Garner Fair Maiden From Every Nation for His Court.

Belgrade, June 17. — Abdul-el-Hamid, 71, with young ideas and his pockets stuffed with Turkish pounds, arrived in Belgrade from Constantinople.

That event in itself would not create any interest if it was not for the fact that Abdul was in Belgrade to look over the Jugo-Slav beauty field, and, if necessary, purchase outright a young and pretty maid as an additional feminine ornament for his harem in Turkey.

Abdul made no bones about the fact that he would like to garner a fair maiden from every country of the world to light his pipe for him at night and put on his slippers, and his first stop was Belgrade on his way to points east.

The harem chieftain, wearing a gorgeously red necktie, topped by a fez and puffing a perfumed cigaret, takes his nightly cushioned seat at the Moscow cafe and lamps all the beauties who pass, waiting for a choice morsel before popping the "come hither, child" question. He hasn't found the lucky one yet, he acknowledged.

"The harem is my hobby, just as it is another man's hobby to study astromony," he declared one night, gazing through a ring of smoke at a passing mademoiselle. "I'd like to have a wife from every nation gracing my fireside, even though I am old and have gray hairs; but there's a lot of life in me yet."

Abdul is not any too strong for an American entry into his harem. He explains it in this way: "Your American women want either to run the show or bust it up. If they can't run it or bust it up, they begin to reform it. They would probably want to oust me as head of my own harem and put a woman in charge. Can you beat it?"

Abdul said that he reaped the harvest of American slang while in New York four years ago.

Continuing: "That is why a Jugo-Slav maid of tender years seems to me to be the ideal as a harem wife. They are docile, stay at home when hubby wishes to gallop about the wild lands, and they are excellent cooks of pig meat. The yare ideal —maybe a little heavy set, but quiet and lamblike."

Al Hamid blinked twice as another member of the weaker sex hove in sight.

"That's sweetness itself. I must buy it," he ejaculated, pulling out a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses. "Pretty, that one. They do grow some of them nice in this country."

A coffee drinker at the next table interrupted the conversation. "Pardon," he said, "that's a French girl."

Abdul put away his eyeglasses, declaring he must hasten to Paris at the end of the month. He acknowledged that he wants to buy wives with Austrian kronen or Russian rubles, so that he will get the benefit of the exchange and collect new members for his harem at bargain prices.

Bee Want Ads boost business.

Gobs Put Missing Link Show Out of Business

Constantinople, June 17.—"The missing link, ladies and gentlemen, the missing link, captured in the wilds of Africa after a long and exhaustive research, half monkey, half man. Ten pi-i-asters, don't crowd, one at a time."

The ballyhoo was holding forth in the Champs de Mars, an imitation of Coney Island. Two American sailors paid their 10 piasters and were regaled inside the exhibition tent with a scene of a woman, covered with matted hair. She spoke Greek.

"I'm half monkey and half human," she told the spectators. "My father was a baboon and my mother was an American."

It was Greek, but the girl with the sailors understood. She told her American friends. The show ended then and there. The next day the two American sailors made an official report to the Constantinople post of the American Legion, and the show temporarily wrecked the night before, was permanently put out of business by the allied police on the complaint of the Legion.

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