

SCENES OF WAR AND PEACE

Rabbi Max Merritt's Experiences in Greece and Italy.

INITIATING WAR ON BULGARIA

Impressive Spectacle in Parliament at Athens—Venizelos and Pampell, Venizel and Lake Como.

Rabbi Max J. Merritt of Evansville, Ind., in an August letter to his parents in Omaha, sketches the Greek parliament in the act of declaring war against Bulgaria, which recently ended in the treaty of Bucharest, and the many wonders which draw tourists to beautiful Italy. He writes, in part:

I seem to play in special luck as far as striking experiences go. On my way back from Constantinople I was compelled to put in again at the port of Athens to get a ship to Italy. I happened to arrive in Athens on an epoch making day.

Parliament was to convene that day for the purpose of officially declaring war against Bulgaria. Naturally only distinguished citizens or people with a pull could hope to be present at the extraordinary sitting and to hear Venizelos, the Bismarck of Greece, speak the words that were to unleash the dogs of war on the bloody ground of the Balkans. I made up my mind that I would be one of those present and duty at the hour of the sitting I presented myself at the main entrance of parliament, ticketless but confident that my nerve would carry me through. I explained to the doorkeeper that I was an American correspondent to report the proceedings of this auspicious day. He didn't understand me, but called up an American Greek soldier from the guard. These fellows have been my friends all the way through and he quickly convinced the doorkeeper that I was a perfectly proper personage to admit. I was compelled to submit to a rigid search for concealed weapons by the guard, as did everyone else not known personally to the sergeant-at-arms. Since King George's assassination every precaution is taken to protect the guardians of the state. When I got to my place high up in a crowded gallery, the spectators that presented itself in the great marble senate chamber was one that can hardly be forgotten. Every member of parliament was in his seat. The back of the hall and the sides of the chamber were brilliant with the uniforms of high officers of army and navy, who had gathered for the proclamation that would embark them in another fierce war. And on the four sides, tier on tier rose galleries packed with distinguished men in public life, with administrators and diplomats, while just above the orators' platform was the gallery reserved for the wives and daughters of the senators and members of the cabinet—as handsome and finely dressed a group of women as I have ever looked upon.

Leon of the Hour.

The Greeks have a way of setting directly down to business and after the fewest preliminaries, the lion of the hour and the idol of Greece today, the Prime Minister Venizelos rose to make his war address. He is by no means imposing in appearance. A man of medium height with short, dark, wavy hair sprinkled with gray and a sharp, pointed nose that accentuates the high forehead. But the keen eyes, determined chin and vigorous face characterized the leader of men. He is a born orator. As he walked up and down the "Bema" looking down every once in a while as if to pick up the right and fitting phrase to suit his thought, his voice thrived strength and power and he swayed his great audience with a mastery that I could not understand his speech, but I had to study the faces of the crowd to gauge the drift of his address and to realize that he was exhorting the Bulgarians and working his hearers up to a pitch of frenzy. When the vote was finally taken and war was declared pandemonium broke loose and I thought that dignified assembly was going to stand on its head. This must have been for the last three weeks and more.

My first stop was Naples, and no city in Europe offers such a host of interesting sights. Here is the most wonderful bay in the world, with a harbor capable of accommodating many times all the navies of the world. But most interesting of all are Vesuvius and Pompeii.

Vesuvius and Pompeii.

I went up to within a quarter of a mile of the top of Vesuvius by rock and plian rail and climbed the rest of the way over hard brown lava to the awe-inspiring crater of the great volcano. Imagine a rawling bowl some two miles in circumference behind clouds of smoke and sulphurous fumes which cleared away now and then for a fleeting moment to present a terrifying glimpse into a vast, seething hollow glistening grey with heaped up ashes, with here and there the vivid glow of a fiery furnace. Vesuvius is beginning to show signs of activity again and clouds of smoke were rolling up into the blue and drifting away on the lazy currents of the wind. Vesuvius is a wonderful and fascinating sight in itself, but the panoramic view from its lofty top over sea and plain and clusters of white villages, buried in a sea of waving green, makes it doubly worth the while to make the ascent. But Pompeii is far and away the most interesting place in the neighborhood. For human interest there is nothing quite like it in the world. The great catastrophe simply caught and crystallized forever the varied life of a teeming city. I should like to have spent a week prowling around those deserted streets and poking into the empty houses. The wonder of Pompeii is the luxury and comforts of the splendid houses and the almost every aristocratic house had a beautiful garden.

The institution is the only one in the central west with separate buildings situated in three separate grounds, yet entirely distinct, and rendering it possible to classify cases. The one building being fitted for and devoted to the treatment of non-ostitigious and non-mental diseases, no others being admitted; the other, the Hospital, being designed for and devoted to the exclusive treatment of select mental cases requiring for a time watchful care and special nursing.

Where City "Dads" Saw Source of Winnipeg's Electric Power Supply



DELEGATES TO CONVENTION OF AMERICAN LEAGUE OF MUNICIPALITIES, PHOTOGRAPHED AT POINT DU BOIS, WHERE THE POWER PLANT OF THE CITY OF WINNIPEG IS LOCATED. (CROSS IN UPPER PICTURE MARKS JOHN J. RYDER OF OMAHA, PRESIDENT OF THE LEAGUE.)

The picture was taken at the primitive railroad station of Point du Bois, only about eighty miles from Winnipeg, yet in the very wilds of western Canada. Point du Bois is reached by a single track railroad, built by the city of Winnipeg, which in the marshy places runs over a roadbed made of tamarack trees cut on the spot. It was necessary for the city to construct this railroad when it decided to utilize the water power of the Winnipeg river to furnish electrical power for the use of its factories and to light its homes and business places.

Besides the railroad, the city had to construct a line of aerial towers on which to carry its feed wires. The "stepping down" station for the electrical fluid is located in the city proper. Almost the universal comment of the trainload of visitors taken to Point du Bois by the city officials of Winnipeg revolved itself in the expression "What a place for a rest sanitarium." It is

within a half-day ride of a metropolitan city, its trains were run regularly, yet is virtually in the wilderness. There is plenty of natural timber, excellent water, good fishing—and primeval quiet. A few small cabins near Point du Bois are the only habitations, some of them being perched on rocks as large as city blocks. The children of the settlers have a great playground.

The banquet table at which the visitors were seated was placed in the power house of the hydro-electric plant, the materials for the banquet being shipped out from Winnipeg the day before. It was served by the families of the men connected with the big plant and the wives and daughters of settlers. Six million dollars has already been invested in this plant by the city of Winnipeg,

and the plant contemplates eventually a doubling of the capacity, which in the present unit is to be 50,000 horse power. "The journey to Point du Bois is long and tiresome over the very primitive railroad," said City Commissioner Ryder, "but it was well worth the time, as a lesson pointing to the liberality of civic spirit manifested by the people of Winnipeg. They are now practically up to the point of expending \$15,000,000 for a water plant on the cement conduit type, with the pumping stations located far away from the city, as in the case of their electrical plant."

On to Milan and from Milan I set my face towards Lake Como, where I now am. The town is called Bellagio and is situated on the banks of a beautiful mountain lake.

Sublime Scenery.

I passed this way five years ago and the surpassing loveliness of the spot so charmed me that I promised myself some day a second visit. Here I have elected to lay aside for a few days the wanderer's staff. The wonderful beauty of this mountain retreat defies the pen and beggars any attempt at description. The lake itself winds like a long silver snake for thirty miles between towering Alps clothed from base to summit with tremendous firs, forests of chestnut and groves of gray-green olives trees out of whose green and leafy depths there peer at intervals up the mountain sides, the lovely villas of rich Italians. Along the shore, along the miles of lakeside where the Alps reluctantly recede from the waters before they rise in steep steps to the clouds are now villas, clusters of white houso, lovely villages, while above them the steep hillsides are green with terraced vineyards and gray with the foliage of olives. The surroundings are a vision of loveliness at all times, but morning and evening the view partakes of the sublime. In the morning the sun breaks through the white mists that roll low over the glistening waters and like a fleecy curtain, these broken mists roll up the sides of the huge mountains, growing flimier and flimier until they melt into the azure blue of the sky above the lofty peaks. And every evening the shadows of these high places steal in from the west, shrouding the distant Alps as with a gauze veil which slowly thickens as it sweeps across the descending calm of waters that rise and fall as gently as the movement of a sleeping beauty's breast. Last of all to yield to the enshrouding shadows is a tall sentinel Alp directly across the lake, behind which the sun goes down with a warm rich glow each night and when darkness rolls up the sides of the great mountainside and blot the glow from the sky, points of fire break out from the windows of villas and cottages at the mountain's foot and cast long shimmering gleams of light down into the waters. Morning and evening these scenes enchanted the vision and at all hours of the day like the psalmist, "I lift mine eyes unto the hills." I expect to stay here for a week or so, to rest up a bit from hard traveling and to plan out some work I have in hand. Then I shall hit the road again for Switzerland and France and September will see me on the high seas bowling homewards.

Far Reaching Effect of Decision of United States Supreme Court.

MONOPOLY NOT NOW POSSIBLE

Decision in Case Affecting Rights of Government and Private Owners Is Clear and Comprehensive in Its Language.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—(Special.)—A supreme court decision which will cut the claws of any water power trust, whether present or prospective, and may finally carry the control of the federal government over waterways clear to the spring house on the farm and the trout-brook in the mountains—a decision which with one stroke of the pen wiped out all the property for which a value of \$1,400,000 was claimed and an award of \$500,000 had been made by a lower court—has been made almost entirely overlooked by the press of the country.

Not since the far-reaching and epoch-making opinion of Chief Justice Marshall, delivered nearly ninety years ago in the case of Gibbons against Ogden, which has come to be considered by bench and bar the leading case of the powers granted by the commerce clause of the constitution, has a more important opinion relating to waterways been handed down by the supreme court than the one rendered in the case of the United States against Chandler-Dunbar Water Power Company.

The government found it necessary to condemn the property of the water power company in order to provide for the astounding growth of commerce at the outlet of Lake Superior. Three locks are already in use, two on the American side and one on the Canadian. During

PEOPLE OWN WATER POWER

1912 there were carried through these locks 72,672,676 tons of freight, and the indications are that this amount will be largely exceeded this year. To provide for the further increase of tonnage which is certain to come, a third American lock, 1,300 feet long and eighty feet wide, is now under construction and will be opened for traffic in 1914, and a fourth lock of the same dimensions has already been authorized.

Senator Theodore E. Burton, who for years was chairman of the rivers and harbors committee of the house of representatives, and is now a member of the commerce committee of the upper branch of the national legislature and an authority upon the navigable waterways of the country, believes that the decision of the supreme court "sustains the views of the most advanced advocates of federal control of water power. It establishes not merely the paramount control of the federal government for purposes of navigation, but also the right of congress to control and dispose of such water power as may be developed in the improvement of navigation. In view of other decisions it would seem beyond question that the control extends not only to the navigable portion of rivers but to every reach of a stream and its tributaries, even to their sources."

The decision will undoubtedly afford the strongest impulse to the movement for the development of water power, and that, too, under conditions such that this invaluable asset will not become monopolized, but be retained for the use of the people in the industrial and domestic life of the country."

Senator Burton holds that the decision makes the federal government supreme in the harmonious development of water courses, especially when they form or cross the boundaries of states, to prevent monopoly of water power enterprises and to exercise control over rates of service

when necessary, particularly when the business becomes interstate in character.

Water Power Great Asset.

"The water power of the country," said Senator Burton, "is an asset of a value beyond the dreams of avarice and it may be confidently expected that, as the coal supply, which is readily available, is diminished, it will assume its natural potential place in the industrial and domestic life of the country."

Will Aid Development.

That the right to derive a revenue from the sale of water power will have a most important bearing upon the development of the great connected system of waterways advocated by the National Rivers and Harbors congress would seem to be beyond a doubt or question. It is easy to see that it may operate both to hasten the completion of works already projected and allow the extension of navigation to portions of streams which would otherwise remain unutilized because the expense of improvement would be so great as to be prohibitory. It is probable that this far-reaching decision will be the subject of an interesting discussion at the tenth convention of the National Rivers and Harbors congress, which is to be held in this city on December next.

Water Haul.

"Good morning, ma'am. May I ask if your husband is at home?" "He isn't." "Perhaps you can tell me what I want to know. Is he carrying any life insurance?" "Is his life insured? Is that what you mean?" "Yes, ma'am." "It is, sir. But don't make the mistake of thinking he's doing the carrying in any way, sir. I'm carrying all his worth. Good morning, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

ROOSTER AND SNAKE BATTLE

Hacks Reptile to Pieces with Beak and Spurs White Hens Root.

A fight to the death occurred at Worthington, Ind., between a rooster and a snake. It was witnessed by C. R. Corbin and Hamilton Welton and a flock of chickens, geese and other fowls. Mr. Corbin has a large poultry yard, and when he went into it he saw a rooster had attacked a snake two feet long. The snake had crawled under the fence and frightened the poultry. A big rooster saw the reptile and made a dash toward it. The snake lifted its head and hissed. Then the rooster struck it with its spurs and beak.

The snake attempted to coil itself about the rooster's body, but its antagonist was too quick and jumped the snake off with its wings. Finally the rooster seized the snake with its beak and ran around the enclosure, shaking the snake violently, as a dog shakes a rat. When the wriggling of the snake ceased the rooster dropped the reptile to the ground and spurred it repeatedly, centering its attack on the neck until it was dead.

The fight lasted thirty minutes, and the watchers say it was the most desperate contest they ever saw. The hens cackled as the fight progressed. They seemed to be rooting for their master. When the affair was over the victorious rooster leaped on the fence and crowed lustily. The snake was almost hacked to pieces in the fight, and it was soon torn into fragments and eaten by the rooster's flock.—Indianapolis News.

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