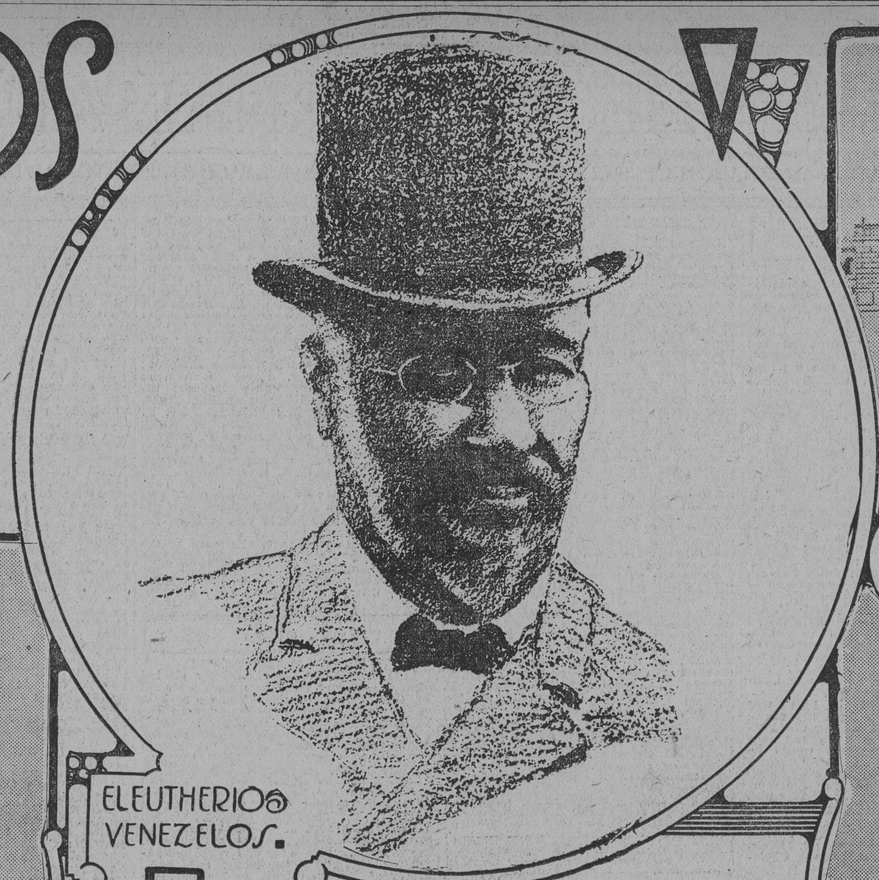
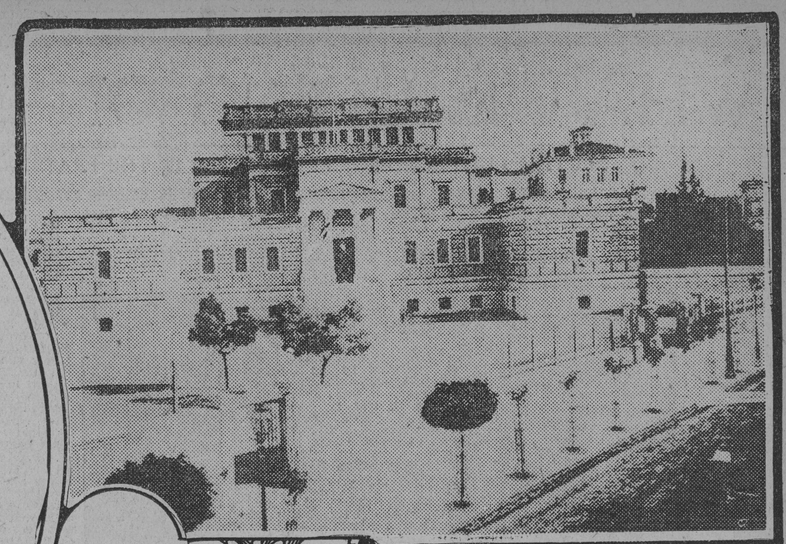
VENEZELOS THE GREAT MAN OF.. GREECE



ELEUTHERIOS VENEZELOS.



THE GREEK CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, ATHENS, OVER WHICH PRIME MINISTER VENEZELOS PRESIDES.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE? WHO ONCE REGARED VENEZELOS AS A GRAVE DANGER TO HIS THRONE.

GENERAL ZORBAS. THE LEADER OF THE NOW DEFUNCT "MILITARY LEAGUE."

THREE YEARS AGO HE WAS HATED AND FEARED; NOW HE IS BELOVED.. AND HONORED....

IF THE inside history of the Balkan alliance and the remarkable military events that followed so closely upon it is ever written, the name of no single actor in the drama will stand out more prominently or more gloriusly than that of Eleutherios Venezelos, the soldier-statesman of Greece. For, if the truth be told, his has been the brain which brought together the widely diverse factions of the Balkan states, framed the secret agreement making common action possible, withstood the disrupting influences of actual warfare and by wisdom and farsightedness enabled the little states to present a united front to the coercing powers.

Venezelos, "the strong man of Greece," as he is frequently called, is the idol of the people. Furthermore, he is trusted by King George, the crown prince and other members of the royal family as is no other statesman or politician in Greece. This is all the more remarkable when it is recalled that he was heart and soul in the Military League movement that aimed at the downfall of the Crown Prince Constantine and the ousting of him from the position of commander-in-chief of the army to which he had been appointed by act of Parliament. Indeed, at one time Venezelos was looked upon by King George as one of his most dangerous enemies.

Plans Balkan Federation.

It is an open secret that this taciturn little man, with mild blue eyes twinkling behind gold-rimmed spectacles, has even bigger schemes in his great head than the Balkan alliance and the Turkish war. They are to be but milestones on the road to his ideal—a great federation of the Balkan peninsula so binding and so just to all concerned that it will result in a lasting settlement of the problem that has baffled European statesmen for half a century.

The man who seems in a fair way to accomplish this hitherto impossible task was born in the Island of Cerigo in 1864. He comes of old Hellenic stock, some of the branches of which settled in Crete after the siege of Athens by the Venetians. The father of Kleutherios—which, by the way, means "the liberated one"—fled to Cerigo Island from the Turks, having compromised himself in the revolution of 1858.

When the future Premier grew to early manhood his father, wishing him to have the benefits of a good education, sent him to Athens to study law. From the Greek city he went to Lausanne, Switzerland, to finish his studies. Upon his return to Crete he immediately became prominent in politics. From all accounts he was an uncommonly gifted young man and his assistance was sought by every man of prominence in the affairs of the unhappy island. He early became the trusted lieutenant of Dr. Sphakianaki, one of the most influential of Cretan public men, and when, in 1898, the Crown Prince of Greece was sent out to Crete as high commissioner, and Dr. Sphakianaki did not feel that he could serve under him, his young aid volunteered to carry on the work and became one of the council of the high commissioner. By rapid stages he rose to the position of prime minister and the most powerful figure in the affairs of the island.

During all this time his activities were not confined to the council-room. He also found time and occasion to earn a reputation as a fire eater, and when, in 1896, the combined fleets of France and England appeared to coerce the belligerent inhabitants, Venezelos was a leader among the small band of brave men who manned the guns of the fortress of Cape Malaxa and defied the thundering guns of the great powers.

His wise administration of affairs in Crete and his reputation for integrity made his name almost a household one in Greece before he took any personal part in the affairs of this country. His entry was made at a dramatic moment. In 1909 a powerful section of the Greek Army rebelled against the administration of the Crown Prince. It was widely claimed—and of the truth of the charge there was little doubt—that the Greek Army was in a rotten condition. Although there was a compulsory service law, the troops were never called to the colors because of the lack of money; and although the Crown Prince had been appointed commander-in-chief with the understanding that foreign officers were to be called in to put the army and navy on a fighting basis, none of these experts had put in an appearance.

His Entry Into Greek Politics.

That was the situation when General Zorbas, at the head of what became known as the "Military League," demanded not only the dismissal of the Crown Prince, but his temporary banishment from the country. So strong became this movement that King George found it expedient to give way to its demands, sent the Crown Prince and his German wife on a holiday, accepted the resignation of M. Theotokis, the then prime minister, and entrusted the government to the ruthless hands of General Zorbas and his friends.

It was at this moment that Venezelos appeared on the scene to direct the new movement. Zorbas asked him to come to Athens and act as adviser of the Military League, and Venezelos immediately became the biggest figure in Greece. With what adroitness he managed the whole affair subsequent developments demonstrate. When he first arrived here he was probably the most unpopular man in the country, looked upon by the general people as an interloper, by the Crown Prince as his banisher, by the King as a grave danger to his crown. Today the Military League is no more, the Crown Prince is again leading the Grecian Army in a glorious campaign, the King is happy in the possession of one of the cleverest, if not the cleverest, prime minister in Europe and M. Venezelos runs the whole Grecian government almost single-handed—the real uncrowned king of the country.

All these miracles were worked in the short space of three years. For, although Venezelos was the brains behind the several prime ministers who ran the government under the direction of the Military League, it was not until November, 1909, that he took office as prime minister himself. Then he attempted reforms that met with the utmost opposition. He was widely denounced as a traitor and anathematized by the clergy. At the end of four days he resigned. In the following month he had his revenge, for when the elections were over it was found that he had been returned to power by an overwhelming majority.

His Work as Prime Minister.

His appointment seemed to act like magic upon the moribund public affairs of Greece. A terrific worker, he insisted upon filling three of the cabinet positions himself—that of minister of war, minister of marine, and president of the council. It was exactly as if, in addition to being President, Woodrow Wilson should insist upon filling the posts of Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy at the same time. It was in the administration of the army and the navy of Greece, however, that the chief weakness laid, and it is typical of Venezelos that he should have tackled them himself.

In two years a wonderful change had been worked. He cleaned the civil service, stamped out corruption in almost every public department, made politics a high and honorable calling—a duty to king and country instead of a mere business of dollars and cents—and, by his support, rendered it possible to put the army and the navy in the high state of efficiency and readiness that enabled it to defeat the Turks with the regularity and ease that marked the recent struggle.

To accomplish this feat—to make an effective fighting force out of an army and a navy which lacked troops and sailors, guns, ammunition, training, supplies and the esprit de corps that is all important in actual warfare—Venezelos spent sums of money such as never had been expended before his coming. He invited French officers to reform the army and English officers to remake the navy, and what is perhaps more important still, gave these foreign officers his unwavering support through thick and thin. But this little man, with his large mental horizon and big ideals, saw the coming of the day of reckoning, and he believed that no expenditure of money, no skimping of other departments of the public service to finance the army and navy, no sacrifice of self—of health and mind and personal ambition—was too great a price to pay for the ultimate victory.

One has to mention Venezelos' name in any city in Greece to gain indisputable evidence of the universal affection in which he is held. Six months ago there was a demonstration in his honor that could not possibly have been given to any other man in the country. In March there was a rumor about in Athens that the beloved premier had been attacked and wounded while attending the army maneuvers at Trachones. The rumor produced an effect upon the common people similar to that produced upon the people of the United States by the shooting of Theodore Roosevelt. Men and women ran through the streets shouting like wild people. Shops were closed temporarily, and it seemed as if every inhabitant of the city made his way to the prime minister's house. The streets leading to it were densely packed with a crying, yelling, gesticulating mob, waiting the return of their leader. Eventually he came to deny the truth of the story, and the happy Grecians dispersed and gave themselves up to a night of wild rejoicing.

In appearance Venezelos gives little evidence of the iron will and strong purpose that has carried him so high. He is short and slightly made and his hair is turning gray. He wears a full mustache and a closely cropped, pointed beard, which do not, however, hide the wide expanse of white teeth that gleam out of his smile.

At first intercourse he gives the impression of being a mild, benevolent, kind-hearted little man who would be easily fooled or bluffed by the many apparently stronger men about him. No impression could be wider the mark. Although Venezelos has a reputation for prudence, moderation and caution, and although he is universally beloved by those who are in daily touch with him because of his consideration and courtesy, no one who attempts to take advantage of these virtues is long left in doubt of the man's iron hand. For years his wise handling of the Cretan question has been at once the envy and the admiration of foreign diplomats, and the character of the man was perhaps best summed up by his old chief and colleague, Dr. Sphakianaki, when he recently said:

"M. Venezelos will settle the Cretan question, but he will settle it in his own way; by kindness and concession if he can, by force and firmness if he must."

NOEL VANCE.

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Constantinople Today

CONSTANTINOPLE has been besieged oftener than any other city in the world. Since its foundation by Constantine the Great in A. D. 330 it has been threatened by Persians, Arabs, Russians, Hungarians, Germans, Greeks, Austrians, Turks and English, only capitulating four times in the course of its history. The last time it surrendered was to the Turks under Mohammed in 1453.

Since then the city has made very little civic progress. The streets for the most part are narrow and tortuous, and the shops extremely primitive, being little more than recesses in the walls of the houses. The Turkish cafes, too, though they are palaces of luxury in fiction, are bare, whitewashed rooms lighted by swinging lamps and surrounded by straw-covered divans, where side by side the beggar and the man of wealth sit and smoke. The old walls of Constantinople still stand and and bear the marks of the work of many hands, and represent many different epochs. At regular intervals of about 150 feet the walls are strengthened with towers, on which may still be deciphered many quaint inscriptions, one seeming to be a prayer to Christ. Constantinople is built on seven hills, on one of which stands the church-mosque of St. Sophia, the most interesting building in the city. The exterior of the mosque is ugly, being uncouth and disproportionate, and even the effect of its great size is spoiled by its lack of symmetry. But the interior, with its lofty dome and the bold sweep of its arches, cannot fail to impress the visitor, whose eyes are almost dazzled by the riot of color used in the decoration. The dome is 180 feet from the ground and is 107 feet round, the rim being relieved by 40 windows.

The first stone of the mosque was laid in A. D. 532, on a site where several successive churches of the same name had stood. Ten thousand workmen, under a hundred master builders, were employed upon it, and £1,000,000 was spent on its construction. It is composed for the most part of brick, but it is lined with costly marble. The dome is built largely of pumice-stone, to render it as light as possible, and to secure the building from the ravages of fire there is no wood used in its construction except for the doors. Not long after its completion the dome was injured by an earthquake, but is was restored, and except for a few unimportant additions and restorations, the building is that which was begun nearly 1,400 years ago.

In spite of earthquakes and fires and continual bombardments, Constantinople has still many very ancient buildings and ruins, some of the most interesting of which are a number of huge cisterns constructed in the time of Constantine, or earlier, which are said to have held sufficient water for 1,000,000 men during four months. But the greater part of Constantinople is buried, and underground stretch labyrinths of passages, cisterns, prisons and palaces, so that the pedestrian in modern Constantinople may be said to be walking on the roofs of the ancient city.—Tit-Bits.

The Joys of Skating

WHAT a stretch to skate on! A mile of polished ice that took every mark of your runners, through snow-clad woods, which tossed back the echo of your shouts! We didn't play hockey in those days, but "shinny," with a spherical polo ball of solid rubber and sticks cut in the woods, the root forming the blade. Few of us sported "boughten" sticks. We chose up sides and everybody played, sometimes 20 defending each goal. Then there was relievo, when we piled our overcoats in a heap, chose one boy to be It, and all the rest tried to skate around the pile without being caught, says a writer in Outing. As fast as anybody was tagged, be became It, also. The last boy tagged was the skating hero. It was always Frank Wight. He could go around all of us, sometimes skating backward in a spirit of magnificent braggadocio.

Yet as I think of those January days in Birch Meadow, it is curiously not the sports which come back to me most vividly, but the more lonely hours when one skated singly, the expeditions up Stony Brook through the snow laden woods to a second smaller pond in the very heart of the forest, the moonlit evenings when the ring of your runners echoed back ghostly from the silent woods, and the walk home up Love Lane was a mysterious adventure. I remember as vividly as though it were yesterday one evening when I ran ahead of the others, snapped on my skates and was out upon the black ice in the moonlight, free of the shadows, while yet the pond was clear. It had come on very cold after mild weather, and the ice was thickening. I felt an enormous energy within me. The mile of glassy pathway through the mysterious forest, so different under the transforming moon, called to me as it had never called before. I tested my skates and struck out. There was not a soul in sight or sound. A wind moaned in the pines. My runners echoed sharply. Suddenly right under my feet the expanding ice made a pressure crack which snapped out in either direction clear across the pond with a long drawn reverberating roar. I leaped ahead, startled and terrified for an instant, then rejoicing the more. Stony Brok came down through the woods, a faint black thread on the snow. I skated up it a way into the mysterious, dead forest. Then the loneliness overbore me, and I coasted back, hit out over the pond again, heard the others calling far away, and dashed up to their welcome human friendliness with a shout and a mighty spray of ice powder as my runners hit at right angles. This exhilaration of speed, this ability to go 15 feet at a stride, this intoxication of moonlight on black ice, this silence of mournful, whispering pines, this reverberant roar of pressure cracks in the hush of the woods, this transformation of everything from the customary commonplace to the romantic, almost the unreal, was in my young blood that night. And as the memory flooded back upon me, I dodged a taxicab on the Park drive—and again wondered what, after all, the poor prisoners of the town know about skating.

In Beautiful London

In a sheltered green vale in this beautiful place
Is a lake where lilies bloom fair,

By George E. Tack

A FAR from the city's great clangor and strife
Is a beautiful home of the dead;
All its gardens with odors of flowers are rife,
While birds gaily sing overhead.
Its turrets of granite and marble loom high
And greet the morn's glances of gold,
Or of sentinel stars in the far-away sky,
That never grow weary or old.

And here sleep the loved ones with never a care
To mar their calm, sweet, holy rest,
And never a heartache can come to them there,
With their hands folded o'er each still breast.
For the white marble banners that over them rise
Are a truce in the battle of life,
And their pitiful Father, who dwells in the skies,
Has closed every ear to all strife.

In a sheltered green vale in this beautiful place
Is a lake where lilies bloom fair,
And on their sweet faces with infinite grace
The rainbow its colors does share.
And autumn, with banners of scarlet and gold,
All glorious stands on the hills,
Or steps through the vales where the headstones gleam cold,
And love that o'ershadows us all.

And you who the beauties of winter do love,
When the North King rules with great power;
Through his courts of pure marble and clear crystal rove,
And pause by each scintillant bower.
Or when from the pitying eyes of the air
The white pearly tears softly fall,
Remember the Infinite Father's sweet care
and love that o'ershadows us all.

And oh, for a word from the lips strangely still,
And a look from the eyes I love,
That never can see or dream of the chill
That all through my being does move.
For a mother and father and brother are there,
Softly taking their unbroken rest,
Till the trump of the archangel shatters the air
And opens the graves of the blest.

Notes of The Suffragists

THE Nevada legislature, which convenes this month, will take final action on the Woman Suffrage Bill, which was approved by both Houses of the last legislature, and it is expected that the question will be submitted to the voters at a special election next autumn and that Nevada will then acquire the same political rights possessed by those in all the states bordering on theirs.

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In Finland the state commission for a new church law project has proposed that in future some of the church offices shall be open to Finnish women.

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At the present session of the Delaware legislature an appeal will be made for the extension of suffrage to the women of the state.

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The Holland Men's League for Woman Suffrage has adopted the policy of questioning all political candidates for the next general elections as to their intention regarding the introduction of woman suffrage into the state constitution on its revision and to publish the answers.

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United States Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, has publicly announced himself without reserve in favor of the submission of a woman suffrage amendment to the voters of the Keystone State.

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A new government bill on woman's enfranchisement will be introduced in the Swedish Parliament during the coming session, which will bear the indorsement of the King and Prime Minster.

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In Oregon, where equal suffrage was recently granted, the boards of aldermen of various cities have voted to forbid the use of tobacco at voting places, that "conditions may be pleasant for the ladies."

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The Danish Parliament recently, by a majority of 95 to 12, passed a bill in favor of amending the constitution and granting suffrage to women on equal terms with men. The law requires that a measure be approved by two successive parliaments before becoming a law, and the women of Denmark are confident of securing complete suffrage at the next parliamentary session.

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One hundred thousand women of Minnesota are represented in the Minnesota Federation of Women's Fraternities, organized last month. The association includes all women in fraternal organizations throughout the state, and it is said that suffrage work will be one of the first questions taken up for consideration.

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In France a universal suffrage commission was appointed last year to consider the subject of Woman Suffrage, with the result that on December 4 a bill was submitted to Parliament recommending the granting of municipal suffrage to all women without regard to property. Should the measure be adopted it will mark a great advance in the status of French women, as the Municipal Councils of France participate in the election of the senate. The president and prime minister of France are ardent suffragists and members of the Men's League for Woman Suffrage.

* * *

Utah has elected four women to the lower house of the state legislature, and all are in favor of the reform measures which will be asked for by the club-women of the state, among them being a mothers' pension law, provision for the appointment of women inspectors in various lines, a minimum wage for women, and the requirement that all applicants for marriage licenses shall file medical certificates showing them to be sound of mind and body.

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It is not generally known that in the ancient civilization of Babylonia women were on a footing of complete equality with men. Women could hold civil offices, plead in a court of justice and managed their own business affairs.

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