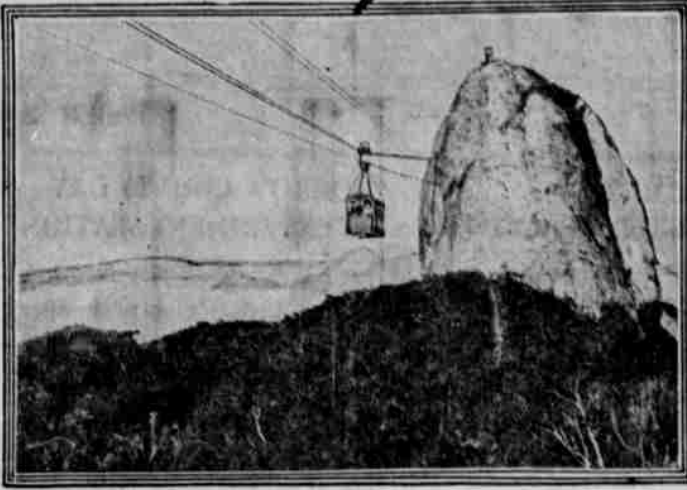


Beautiful Rio



Aerial Tramway to Summit of Sugar Loaf.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

RIO JANEIRO, second city of South America, and fifth city of the Western hemisphere, probably deserves to rank first among all the great cities of the world in beauty of setting.

Place your hands on the table, fingers spread, wrists upraised. Each finger represents one of Rio's hills; each space between, a canyon up which the city climbs. And each of the finger-hills dips into the great Bay of Guanabara, or into the Atlantic itself; while at the mouths of the canyons are crescent beaches, rimmed with avenues.

Spain is the land of paintings, Portugal of gardens. In Brazil many things Portuguese have persisted besides the mother tongue. Colorful indeed are the gardens of Rio.

There are old walled gardens surrounding houses built in the days of the empire. These houses usually stand at the head of a canyon, or on the crest of a hill. They are dignified one-story buildings with large rooms, high ceilings, and many windows. Their vivid color is what the Brazilians call "Portuguese blue," crowned by the reddish brown of weather-beaten tiles.

In the gardens of these homes tower royal palms, great jacueta trees heavy with fruit, wide-spreading mangos, and South Brazilian Parana pines with straight betasseled branches. These noble trees, foreign to Rio's hills, tell us that the gardens were planted back in the first Dom Pedro's day, or perhaps in the time of his father, Dom Joao the Sixth.

In 1808 Portuguese royalty fled from Napoleonic despotism in Europe; to set up its court in Brazil, and the following year the prince regent, afterward Dom Joao VI, imported the royal palm of the Antilles and planted it in the botanical gardens of Rio. Here the original palm still stands.

"Our Mother Palm was sick some years ago," the visitor is told, "and we were greatly alarmed lest she should die. From this single specimen have come all the wonderful palms which beautify our parks and avenues. We treated our royal patient with care, giving her a medicinal bath, and she recovered."

Near the palm is a bust of Dom Joao, whose forethought and love of gardens greatly enriched the flora of Asiatic trees, such as the mango, jacueta, breadfruit, and tamarind, and many of the Old World flowering trees which glorify Rio's hills, then came to Brazil through Portugal's far-flung colonies in Asia and Africa; or were brought from Cayenne, in French Guiana, then known as the Isle of France, where the French maintained a botanical garden from a very early period.

Riot of Brilliant Colors.

In the old gardens are other marks of bygone days besides the venerable trees. Here and there is a wall faced with blue and white Dutch tiles, which found their way to Brazil when Holland invaded its northern coast, in the Seventeenth century. On some of the tall gateposts stand big blue or yellow porcelain ornaments in the form of pineapples, imported from Portugal one hundred or more years ago. "They bring good luck to the household," say the older natives.

Color runs riot. The purple bougainvillee here grows to be a tree; the flaming poinsettia becomes a giant bush. There is the glowing coral vine; the hibiscus in red and in rose; the violet and lavender manaca. Brilliant variegated epiphytes border the paths. Most conspicuous are the gorgeous flowering trees, such as the native cassia, or "golden shower," whose yellow clusters resemble the wistaria. The West Indian salmon and red frangipani of fragrant memory; and the flamboyant, or royal poinciana of Madagascar, the joy of the garden.

To the American observer the modern architecture of the city seems too ornate. Rio de Janeiro is like a lovely woman, who needs little embellishment. Here buildings on simple lines are best. All the houses, however, have the redeeming quality of varied and vivid coloring, which, combined with terra-cotta earth and emerald foliage, forms one of the most attractive features of the city. While terra-cotta, in soil, roofs, and garden walls, is the predominant tone, almost every shade is represented in this iridescent town.

Many of the new homes cling to the hillside below the street and are entered from the roof. Others of these cliff-dwellings perch high above the thoroughfare and are reached by a long flight of steps or by elevator on an inclined plane. Some bear the name

of the lady of the manor over the front door—"Villa Rosita," "Villa Lucia"—and the dark-eyed lady herself is often seen leaning from the window.

Although the women of the capital have now evolved to a much freer life than that of their provincial sisters, they are on the street less than northern women and are, on the whole, greater home-lovers.

Birds of Santa Theresa Hill.

Butterflies and birds gladden every garden; but it is on Santa Theresa hill that the forest birds congregate in greatest numbers. The bird that plays star role all day long is the sabia, beloved of Brazilian poets. They always have it perched high in the palm tree, but in reality it hides in the bush.

There are several varieties of the sabia—of the forest and of the shore—birds about the size of a robin. The woody-colored one with the orange breast, Sabia larangeira, is the sweetest singer.

In variety of form and coloring the birds of Brazil, like the butterflies, outclass those of other parts of the world. Recently, in London, a Brazilian butterfly sold for \$150.

Many and varied are the street vendors who sing their wares and clap their hands at the garden gate to attract attention.

The custom among the working classes of bearing burdens on the head is a survival of slavery days. Everything is carried in this fashion, from a tin pan to a piano. It takes four men to carry a piano; but one man alone balances the gigantic bread-basket, weighing close to ninety pounds, toiling with it up the steep paths, one hand steadying the basket, the other grasping a camp stool. One imagines at first that the camp stool is for the man to rest on; but no! It is for the honorable bread-basket!

There are more than one thousand five hundred of these bread men, each exhibiting the number of his license on the basket or attached to the formidable leather purse, resembling a woman's ordinary handbag, which the Rio street vendor invariably wears on his hip, suspended from his shoulder by a long strap. Other characteristic features are the tamancos, or beel-less wooden slippers, whose rhythmic "clap-clap" is heard in every part of the city, and the circular wad of cloth, once worn on the head as a cushion for the burden.

Every vendor has his particular call. The tin-pan merchant thumps his wares with a big spoon; the Syrian who sells Ceara lace beats his basket with his yardstick; the strange minor wail of the peanut-seller takes you back to the Orient. There is, in fact, quite an oriental touch to the city.

Corcovado and Sugar Loaf.

To visitors who can only pause in Rio while their boats unload and load, and who wish a comprehensive view of the beautiful city, the choice of excursions lies between Corcovado and Sugar Loaf. The summits of both are easy of access, the views incomparably grand.

Corcovado (the Hunchback) is ascended by trolley to the head of a canyon; by electric cog railway two miles or more up the mountain; by a flight of steps to the covered pavilion on the summit. The altitude is only a little more than two thousand feet; yet the view is really more remarkable than many that can be obtained only after toiling to the summits of some of the world's most famous mountains. You overlook a vast circular panorama of mountain, city and sea in form and color no painter can adequately portray.

Sugar Loaf should be called "The Crouching Lion." The giant monolith is far too majestic for its present name. Its crest is reached from Vermelha beach, on the Rio shore, by aerial ropeway. The car lands you first on the summit of a lesser rock, Urca, where there is a park and restaurant, the second longer flight carrying you high above the forest, with the sensation of sailing in a balloon. On you float, skirting the great granite cliff, landing at last on the very peak of the rock. A cyclopean task, the building of this aerial railway!

The view, while altogether different from the Corcovado panorama, is magnificent. You are well out in the bay, directly above the forts which guard the entrance, looking back on Rio's crescent shore. As the glowing copper sun drops behind the jagged mountain tops, dusk envelops the land in a mystic reddish haze. One by one the lights of the city gleam out. Night falls and Rio is a bejeweled goddess on a purple velvet throne.

Scraps of Humor



THEIR CHOICE

In a recent intelligence test given in a high school there was this sentence:

"A mother is ——— than her daughter." Underneath were the words, "wiser, taller, older," and the pupil was supposed to fill in the blank in the sentence with the most appropriate of the words.

Did they do it? Fully half the class ignored the given words altogether and filled in the sentence to read: "A mother is more wrinkled than her daughter."—Springfield Union.

HE MIGHT BE RIGHT



He—She's an angel in disguise. She—You may be right—it's a complete disguise.

Superfluous Advice

"Oh, be not hasty, friend," I cried. "Think twice o'er all you utter." "I cannot help it," he replied, "I stut-tut-tut-tutter."

A Hundred Per Center

"You say he is a typical American patriot, but what do you mean by that?"

"That he hangs out the flag on holidays if reminded of it, hums the national anthem after the second line, forgets to register and kicks about the men the others have voted into office."

Terribly Abused

"Opposition! Opposition!" she cried distractedly. "I've met with nothing else all my life."

"What's the matter, dear?" inquired her friend. "My parents objected when I wanted to marry him, and now he kicks because I want a divorce."

Good Method

Mrs. Mugg—Do you believe in auto-suggestion?

Mrs. Gagg—Well, that's how we got our car. "How was that?" "I suggested it to my husband every day and every night until he finally bought one."

A Happy Widow

I know a widow who is supremely happy. When other widows weep from loneliness, she continues to smile. And I do not blame her; I knew her husband, an exceedingly disagreeable man.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

IN THE FLAT



Wife—These rooms are so small I haven't room to press my clothes. Hubby—You should use a flat iron, of course.

Ouch!

"Oh, there are other fish in the sea," said rejected Mr. Glimps. "Quite true," the maid said merrily, "but they do not bite at shrimps."

Babies Don't

Shop Assistant—This doll is like a real baby. It will close its eyes and go to sleep when you lay it down.

Weary Parent—But I thought you said it was like a real baby?

According to Plan

Do you think your dad would say anything if I told him we were going to be married? "I don't know but I fancy he'd say something if you told him we weren't."

Exception

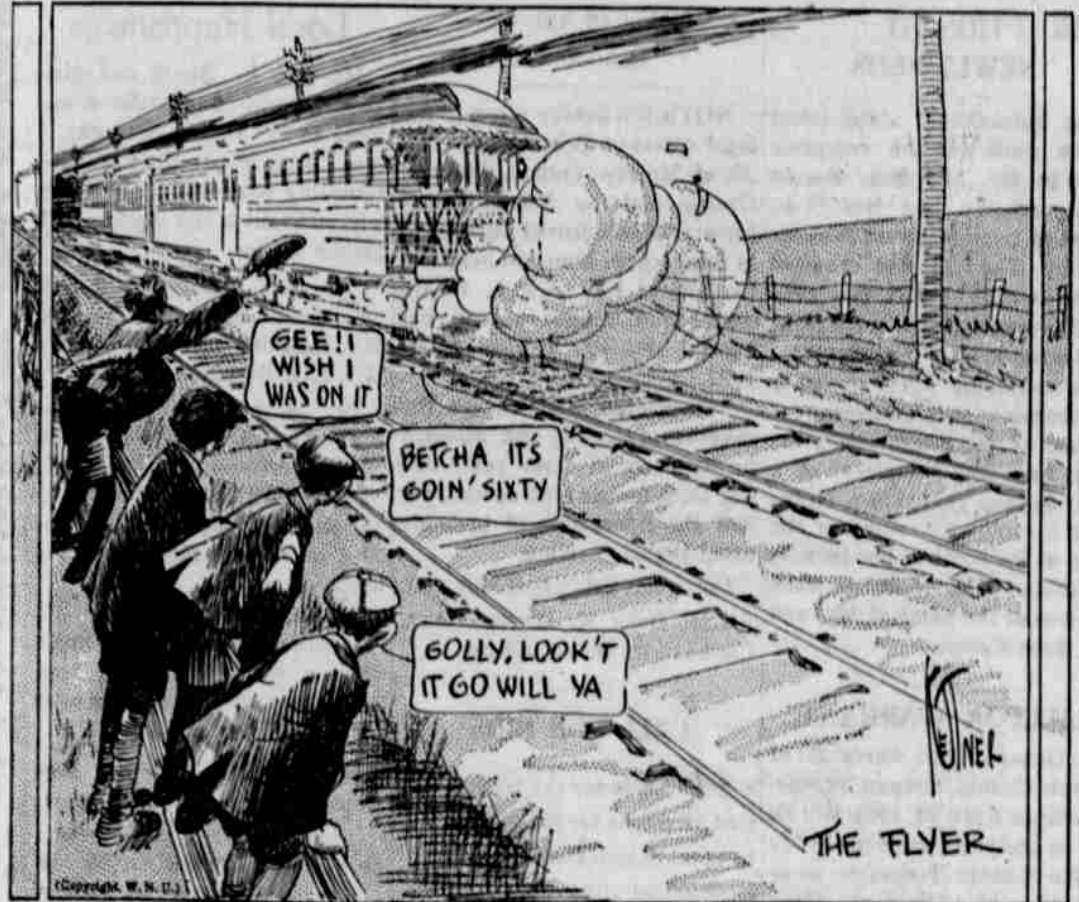
"Doctor Lewin has found out that men's intelligence can be judged by their collars—the lower the collars the higher the intelligence." "Who is Doctor Lewin?" "That man with the high collar."

Reason Enough

Gilbert—Never tell a girl you love her. Gordon—Why not? Gilbert—She'll probably believe you.

OUR COMIC SECTION

Events in the Lives of Little Men



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

Mac Is Staying Late



THE FEATHERHEADS

All in the Point of View

