

# Seeing Cyprus



Women Do Heavy Work in Cyprus.

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

CYPRUS, lying almost at the northeast corner of the Mediterranean sea, once famed for the copper which bears its name, was an island stepping-stone and exchange center for ancient civilizations.

The traveler, if he takes the barren ride from the port of Larnaka to the capital, Nicosia, through a chalky wilderness, is likely to jump to the conclusion that Cyprus is drab and wholly uninteresting. But half-oriental Cyprus veils her charms, modestly masking her beauty in remote mountain valleys and along the northern shore, where no steamer stops except for carob beans, destined as provender for Spanish cavalry horses.

The best way to reach Cyprus is to steam from Beirut into the sunset glow, and dock at dawn in Famagusta harbor, beside Othello's Tower, where the dark-skinned Moor, inflamed by Iago, smothered his Desdemona.

Once Famagusta, rich and wicked, had a church or chapel for every day in the year. It is a graveyard of old churches now—some sunk in ruin, one or two still used to house the glittering panoply of worship, one changed into a mosque, starkly simple as a prison cell but with a Meccan mihrab pointing the soul to paradise.

The walls of Famagusta are massive and high, with moats cut from the native rock on which the bastions rise; and with gun platforms, or cavaliers, overlooking them from within. At the Land Gate there was an almost unique ravelin, or outwork, which was useless and at another corner the mastery Martinengo bastion, which was merely futile.

Looking northward one sees the site of Salamis, six miles away. When Paul and Barnabas landed in Cyprus, Salamis was a Roman capital. Little by little its various forums and market place are being rescued from the drifting sands and viper-infested brush. Salamis enthusiasts would gladly use its Byzantine name, Constantia, for it is disconcerting, while trying to hang a splendid past onto a lot of sadly fallen columns to have visitors exclaim that they have always wanted to see the site of the battle of Salamis, which occurred 600 miles away!

**Great Treeless Plain.**  
From Salamis westward to the American copper-ore docks at Karavostasi there stretches the great "treeless plain" of the Mesaoria, with, however, a miniature forest at Sykrai and orchards surrounding many of the villages.

At places, as around Lefkoniko, this plain is rich with waving grain or dotted with golden threshing floors, where the driver sits in an easy chair atop the ox-drawn threshing sledge. Elsewhere rock strata, tilted toward the sky, discourage agriculture, but rare is the view in which some leaden-footed animal is not dragging a plow.

Along the north run the Kyrenia mountains, which one inhales mere hills until he has climbed to Buffavento castle or to St. Hilarion and looked down with awe on plain and sea. Strung out in a well-defined and crazy ridge, they guard the pleasant northern slope from the central plain. Strong sea winds, sweeping south, blow the trees lopsided toward the hills.

South of the Mesaoria are massed the mountains that culminate in Troodos, the Cypriot Olympus. Cutting the northern face of that mass are neighboring valleys traversed by shrunken streams—the most charming bits of the whole island.

North of Salamis one of the prominent perches is occupied by Kastara castle—the Hundred Chambers.

The men of Cyprus have a distinctive costume—a straw hat with a mushroom brim, a plain shirt sometimes with a jacket, voluminous Turkish trousers whose seats are tucked into their belts for cross-country walking, and heavy leather boots with their tops turned down and tied above the calf.

The women do little to keep alive the Aphrodite tradition. One of their sex says of them: "They are rarely pretty or even good-looking, being

heavy of feature and clumsy of form, and their voices are harsh and shrill. But how could any woman be beautiful who works from sunrise till dark for a few piasters a day?"

### Kyrenia: a Resort Place.

In spring the prize resort of Cyprus is Kyrenia. Almost overhanging the town, St. Hilarion, castle of Eros, clings to a crude crag.

Beyond the horseshoe harbor, miniature of Corsican Bastia's, there is the golden mass of Kyrenia castle, dwarfing the white and opal town, set on a green slope between gray mountains and blue sea. Across the waters to the north the snowy heights of the Cilician Taurus hang like clouds.

People come to Kyrenia to see the castles, the monastery, and the pleasant slopes planted with grain and dotted with olive and carob trees. They remain until the castles are old stories, the Phoenician rock-cuttings have lost their first mysterious challenge, and the harbor has become a mere incident.

The climb to St. Hilarion begins through green grain fields, passes under dusty olive and shiny, heaven-sent carob trees, whose sweetish, dark brown pods the prodigal son would fain have eaten, zigzags toward a rusty cliff, tops the pass behind, and comes to the plain from which rises the rock pedestal for this romantic ruin.

But when one has scrambled among the evergreens whose roots are splitting medieval battlements apart, the romantic castle, high and inaccessible, has disappeared, and there are only some decrepit walls, forgotten by the Titans who tossed them there.

Bella Paise Abbey, a mere picnic jaunt from Kyrenia, is the finest ruin in Cyprus. The cloisters, from whose graceful archways vandals have torn away stone traceries, are still beautiful. The refectory, with its swallow-nest wall-pulpit, from which lecturers once droned to eating monks, is almost intact. The abbey stands in a pleasant hillside town, bordered in fruit trees.

### Lovely Views From Bella Paise.

The best view is from a hill to the northwest. To the left there is the gently sloping plain, verdant with crops, and dotted with trees, with a jade strip of sea making lace on brown rocks, undecided as to whether to ally itself to the deep blue of the sea or to the varied greens of the countryside. Where the slope becomes steeper, there is an idyllic village, with milk-white minarets spearing up through the dark foliage.

To the right the gray mountain overhangs steep slopes up which the village has pushed its lemon and orange trees, its mulberries and gardens. The lower bulwark of the town, impressive in its way as the mountain itself, is this massive gold-brown ruin, whose retaining wall rises like a precipice of handworked stones above the fertile fields.

America owes its incomparable collections of Cypriot art to Cesnola, who lived at a time when an American consul could defy the Turks and boast of outwitting them. His book makes spicy reading in these days. In the alderground site of Lambousa, to the west of Kyrenia, another famous treasure was found, smuggled out of the island and sold by an Armenian to the late J. Pierpont Morgan for a sum that still makes Cypriote mouths water. For treasures found, one-third of the intrinsic value goes to the finder, one-third to the owner of the land, and a third to the government.

Amid the debris of Lambousa rises a monolithic chapel of obscure origin. Said by natives to be a Venus temple, a hole in the floor is explained as the tomb of a priest of Aphrodite. A stone's throw away is the Akhirotos monastery, "made without hands," "dropped full grown from heaven."

Tiptilted Laphthos owes its green freshness to a perennial stream which emerges from a barred cavern in the mountain side. In Laphthos the current price of huge, juicy lemons is 450 for a shilling. The juice is expressed, bottled without sugar, and kept for a year or two without fermenting. It makes a most refreshing drink, but, at 18 for a cent, lemons are hardly worth picking and the ground is often covered with decayed fruit.

## An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By  
The Baroness Orczy

WNU Service

### STORY FROM THE START

The Scarlet Pimpernel, known during the French revolution as the most intrepid adventurer in Europe, is an Englishman. At a house party given by Sir Percy Blakeney the latest adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel, the rescue of the Tournon-d'Agenays, is being related by Sir Andrew Ffoulkes. The Scarlet Pimpernel is really Sir Percy Blakeney, popular London dandy.

### CHAPTER II—Continued

And so, in his difficulty, Citizen Lauzet sent an urgent message to his friend Chauvelin, to come at once to Mantes, if possible—a request which delighted Chauvelin and with which he forthwith complied. And thus, three days after the sensational rescue of the Tournon-d'Agenays family, those two men—Lauzet and Chauvelin—both intent on the capture of one of the most bitter enemies of the revolutionary government of France, were sitting together in the office of the rural commissariat at Mantes. Lauzet had quickly put his friend in possession of the facts connected with that impudent escapade, and Chauvelin, over an excellent glass of wine, had put his undoubted gifts and subtle brain at the service of the official.

"Now, listen to me, my dear Lauzet," he said after a prolonged silence, during which the chief of section had been able to trace on his friend's face the inner workings of a master mind concentrated on one all-engrossing object. "Listen to me. I need not tell you, I think, that I have had some experience of that audacious Scarlet Pimpernel and his gang; popular rumor will have told you that. It will also have told you, no doubt, that in all my endeavors for the capture of that detestable spy I was invariably foiled by persistent ill luck on the one side, and the man's boundless impudence on the other. It is because I failed to lay the audacious rascal by the heels that you see me now, a disgraced and disappointed man, after half a lifetime devoted to the service of my country. But, in the lexicon of our glorious revolution, my good Lauzet, there is no such word as fail; and many there are who deem me lucky because my head still happens to be on my shoulders, after certain episodes at Calais, Boulogne or Paris, of which you have, I doubt not, heard more than one garbled version."

Lauzet nodded his bald head in sympathy. He also passed a moist, hot finger around the turn of his cravat. This situation to failure in connection with the desired capture of the Scarlet Pimpernel had started an unpleasant train of thought.

"I've only told you all this, my good Lauzet," Chauvelin went on, with a sarcastic curl of his thin lips, "in order to make you realize the value which, in spite of my avowed failures, the committee of public safety still set upon my advice. They have disgraced me, it is true, but only outwardly. And this they have only done in order to leave me a wider scope for my activities, particularly in connection with the tracking down of spies. As an actual member of the committee I was obviously an important personage whose every movement was in the public eye; now as an outwardly obscure agent I come and go in secret. I can lay plans, I can help and I can advise without arousing attention. Above all, I can remain the guiding hand, prepared to use such fearless patriots as you are yourself. In the great cause which we all have at heart, the bringing to justice of a band of English spies, together with their elusive chief, the Scarlet Pimpernel."

"Well spoken, friend Chauvelin," Citizen Lauzet rejoined, with a tone of perplexity in his husky voice, "and believe me, it was because I had a true inkling of what you've just said that, in my anxiety, I begged you to come and give me the benefit of your experience. Now, tell me," he went on eagerly, "how do you advise me to proceed?"

Chauvelin, before he replied to this direct question, had another drink of wine. Then he smacked his lips, set down his glass, and finally said with slow deliberation, "To begin with, my good Lauzet, try to hark back yourself of some family in your district whose position, shall we say, approaches most nearly to that of the celebrated Tournon-d'Agenays before their arrest. That family should consist of at least one woman or, better still, one or two young children, or even an old man or an imbecile. Anything, in fact, to arouse specially that old-fashioned weakness which, for want of a better word, we will call sympathy."

"That kind of brood swarms in every district. All you have to do is to open your eyes. Anyway, having settled on a family, which will become our tool for the object we have in

view, you will order a summary perquisition to be made by your gendarmes in their house. You will cause the head of the family to be brought before you and you will interrogate him first, and detain him under suspicion. A second perquisition will then not come amiss; in fact, you will have it bruited all over the neighborhood that this particular family has been denounced as 'suspect' and that their arrest and subsequent trial in Paris, on a charge of treason, is only a matter of days. You understand?"

"I do," Lauzet replied, in a tone that sounded decidedly perplexed and unconvinced. "But—"

"There is no but about it," Chauvelin retorted brusquely. "You have asked my help and I give you my orders. All you have to do is to obey—and not to argue. Is that clear?"

"Quite, quite clear, my good friend," Lauzet hastened to assure him. "In fact, I already have some one in my mind."

"Which is all to the good," Chauvelin broke in curtly. "On the balance of your zeal your reward will presently be weighed. Now listen further to me. Having followed my instructions as to perquisitions and so on, you will arrange as sensational an arrest of this family as you can. The more it is talked about in the neighborhood the better for our purpose. You understand?"

"I do, I do," Lauzet said eagerly. "I see your whole scheme now. You want to induce the English spies to exert themselves on behalf of this family, so that—"

"Exactly! Therefore, the more sympathy you can evoke for them the better; a pretty girl, an invalid, a cripple; anything like that will rouse the so-called chivalry of those spies. Then, having effected your arrest, you arrange to convey the family to Paris,



"All You Have to Do is to Open Your Eyes."

and do so, apparently under rather feeble escort, say, not more than four men.

"Not more than four men, remember," Chauvelin reiterated with slow emphasis, "as visible escort."

"I understand."

"Instead of the usual chaise for conveying your prisoners to Paris, you will use the local diligence and, having disposed of the prisoners inside the vehicle, you will have it further packed with half a dozen or more picked men from your local gendarmes, armed with pistols; and you will take a leaf out of the Scarlet Pimpernel's own book, because that half dozen picked men will be disguised as other aristos in distress, women, cripples, old men, or what you will. You can then go even a little further in your trickery and arrange a breakdown for your diligence in the loneliest bit of road in the forest of Mezleres, and choose the twilight for your mise-en-scene. Then—"

But Lauzet could no longer restrain his enthusiasm.

"Oh, then! I see it all!" he exclaimed eagerly. "The band of English spies will have been on the watch for the diligence. They will attack it, thinking that it is but feebly guarded. But this time we shall be ready for them and—"

But suddenly his enthusiasm failed. His round, fat face lost its glow of excitement and his small, round eyes stared in comic perplexity at his friend.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Lion in Bronze**  
At Braunschweig a lion in bronze surmounts a pillar near the market place. It dates from 1196. It is the Lion of Brunswick, a striking symbol of the strength and glory of a duchy which endured for centuries and was welded into the German empire by the mastery of Bismarck. Two modern statues stand in the streets of the old town, one of "Frederick Wilhelm the Kind," father of Wilhelm II, the other of the Iron chancellor, to whom more than to any other are due the strength and unity of the German nation.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Far From Perfect**  
"Why don't you call me a donkey and have done with it? You've hinted at it long enough," said the nee pecked husband.  
"It wouldn't be quite true," replied Mrs. Meek.  
"I suppose not. I haven't ears long enough for that animal."  
"Oh, yes, you have. You don't need longer ears."  
"What do I need them?"  
"Two more legs and a better voice."

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)  
"Make up your mind that you will accomplish in a thorough and capable manner what needs to be accomplished, and stick to it until you succeed. I wish, I can, I will—these are the three trumpet notes to victory."

### COOKING VEGETABLES

Caroline B. King, culinary expert, who has been one of the investigators in the study of proper cooking and seasoning of vegetables, says about the use of sugar in cookery: "Care and discrimination must be observed in adding sugar, and we should keep in mind the fact that it is used not primarily for its sweetening qualities, but to intensify and restore the vegetable's natural flavor." This holds for fresh, canned and dried vegetables. The following are some recipes recommended:



**Spinach Hainaut.**—Clean spinach well and cook for ten minutes in a little water as possible; usually enough will cling to the leaves after they have been washed. Chop fine and drain well. Fry three or four thin slices of bacon, cut in small pieces and add to the spinach. To the fat in the pan add one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, one and one-quarter cupful of water. Cook until thick and pour over a quart of the cooked spinach. Stir lightly and serve. Use the liquor from the spinach for the water, to save all the mineral's possible.

**Fresh Peas and Scallions.**—Put one quart of shelled peas in boiling water and cook uncovered 20 minutes. At the same time stew a dozen scallions cut in two-inch pieces, in a tablespoonful of chicken fat or butter. Mix the drained peas and dust lightly with flour. Stew until tender, adding some of the water in which the peas were cooked.

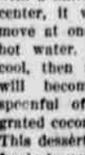
**Carrots a la Bourguignonne.**—Cut 12 medium-sized carrots into 2-inch lengths. Cook until tender in salted water, to which a teaspoonful of sugar has been added. In the meantime, cook two chopped onions in melted butter until lightly browned. Mix with the carrots and dust with flour. Season with salt and pepper. When the flour is well browned add one cupful of soup stock. Cook gently for ten minutes and serve hot.

**Cherry and Pineapple Conserve.**—Measure four quarts of pitted cherries. Shred one medium sized pineapple. Weigh the fruit together and allow an equal amount of sugar. Cook the fruit and sugar for three-quarters of an hour after reaching the boiling point. Allow the marmalade to set in the sun for a day. Now pour into glasses and seal with paraffin.

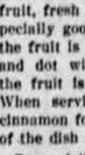
**Simple Desserts for Summer**  
One of the easiest desserts to prepare and one that takes but five minutes of time, is custard. Cooked in cups set in boiling water, the custard will be creamy and delicious with a few minutes' cooking on the range or in the oven. To one pint of milk, use two good-sized eggs, one-third of a cupful of sugar and a fourth teaspoonful of nutmeg. Cinnamon or any other spice liked may be used for flavoring. Beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar, milk, a pinch of salt and the spice. Pour into good-sized custard cups and cook until when tried with a knife thrust down through the center, it will come out clean. Remove at once from the heat and the hot water, place in ice water until cool, then near the ice where they will become cold. Serve with a spoonful of whipped cream, freshly grated coconut or plain as one wishes. This dessert is one that may be given freely to young and old, so it is an especially good one to serve often.

**Tapoca** in various guises is another well liked and simple dessert. If the instant tapoca is used, take one third of a cupful, add water, to cover well and cook until it is transparent, adding more water if needed. It should be just thick enough to pour. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of the tapoca which has been slightly salted and then add a layer of any kind of fruit, fresh or canned. Apples are especially good. Use sugar with care if the fruit is canned. Cover with sugar and dot with butter and bake until the fruit is done and the top brown. When serving apple add nutmeg or cinnamon for flavor and cover the top of the dish with apples cut in eighths.

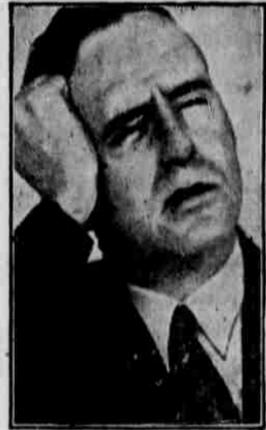
**Prune Jelly With Almonds.**—Prepare a lemon jelly using a package of flavored gelatin, cover with a pint of boiling water or any fruit juice at hand; add lemon juice if the mixture is too sweet. Take prunes that have been soaked overnight and stewed gently until soft in the same water, using no sugar. Pour the jelly into cups to cover the bottom; when stiff drop in two or three prunes and a few blanched and shredded almonds. If carefully done the fruit will be in the center of the mold. Add more jelly after the prunes are added and set away to chill. Serve with a thin custard or with cream.



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Prepared by Lydia E. Pinkham, Lowell, Mass.



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