

Two Great Capitals



Capitol of Argentina and Congress Square, Buenos Aires.

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

ON OPPOSITE sides of the wide estuary of the Rio de la Plata, only a few hours steaming distance apart, lie two of South America's greatest cities. Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina, and Montevideo, capital of Uruguay. Buenos Aires means "good airs," or "delightful breezes." If one is willing to translate less literally, the city is not merely the capital and chief port of a South American republic. It is a world center—a city of superlatives, contrasts and paradoxes.

Its population of slightly more than 2,000,000 makes it, by a wide margin, the metropolis of South America and the southern hemisphere. It is the greatest of Spanish-speaking cities, having nearly three times as many inhabitants as Madrid. It is greater than any other Latin city except Paris. In the New World it shares third place with Philadelphia; only New York and Chicago surpass it. And now that Petrograd and Moscow have shrunk while Vienna is marking time, it probably ranks or soon will rank as the eighth city of the world, led only by the three metropolises of Europe (London, Berlin and Paris), the two of North America (New York and Chicago), and Tokyo and Osaka in Asia.

This great city is the focus of the culture, thought, politics, economics, and social life of Argentina as well as the funnel through which pour the millions of pounds of dressed meats and the millions of bushels of wheat which make up the contribution of the republic to the hungry peoples of the Old World. Its language is the language of Spain, but many other things Spanish have been thrust aside. Its inhabitants would laugh at the idea of a midday siesta—so generally observed in most Spanish-American countries. The rapid development of Argentina has made innumerable fortunes, and the stream of gold has been poured lavishly into the lap of Buenos Aires. In no other city, perhaps, can one see so strikingly displayed the evidences of extreme opulence.

Making a Marvelous City.

In progress and the possession of vision the people of Buenos Aires are unsurpassed even by the restless builders of North America's greatest cities. For centuries after its establishment Buenos Aires was without a port. Ships anchored miles from the shallow, sandy shore and all freight was handled in lighters. Within the last twenty-five years the municipality has constructed the largest artificial docks in the world. These provide adequate facilities for the thousands of ocean vessels and coasting craft that put into its port annually.

The narrow checker-board of streets in the business center which the colonial Buenos Aires bequeathed to the world-city of today has been a constant embarrassment in the face of the demands of modern business. The municipality has widened some of these narrow ways at a cost of many millions of dollars, into stately and handsome avenues, and is carving other arteries of traffic diagonally through the closely packed squares.

In the newer parts of the city streets of ample width and numerous broad avenues have been laid out. Many of the avenues are lined with the costly palaces of Argentina's multimillionaires. It is in this part of the city and in such semi-business avenues as the tree-trimmed Avenida de Mayo with its mile or more of fine hotels, clubs, cafes, and business buildings of luxe, that Buenos Aires reminds the traveler of Paris. The comparison is forced on the observer again when he drives in the afternoon through Palermo park, the Bois de Boulogne of Buenos Aires, and becomes a part of the seemingly interminable procession of smart equipages bearing their throng of well-dressed men and women.

The men of Buenos Aires are up-to-date in all things; but its women are even ahead of the times. They wear the latest Paris creations even before they are donned by the Parisiennes themselves. Climate must be given its rightful place in the explanation of this paradox. Summer models are designed in Paris in December, and the reversal of the seasons south of the Equator makes these seemingly premature creations fitting attire in Buenos Aires in January and February when they reach the beau monde of that distant metropolis. Buenos Aires is in the south latitude corresponding to that of Charleston, S. C., north of the Equator, and has a climate somewhat like that of the country between Charleston and Norfolk, though drier.

Montevideo, on the northern shore of the estuary, presents in its tempo something of a contrast to Buenos Aires. Physically, it is situated so that it is one of the healthiest cities in the world, and it has an equable climate which makes it a delightful place to live in. In addition it possesses an atmosphere free from the bustle and noise of the more modern and commercial Buenos Aires and the more metropolitan Rio. Because of these features, Montevideo has become the resort city of South America's Atlantic coast. Thousands of wealthy South Americans are to be found there at nearly all seasons of the year, participating in the carnivals, gambling in the great government-owned casinos that may be compared to those of Monte Carlo, or merely enjoying the restful life of this city which still clings to the Spanish habit of looking to "manana." Since Montevideo is in the southern hemisphere its seasons are the reverse of those in the United States. Visitors are especially numerous for the bathing season which begins in October, corresponding to the northern May, and is at its height at Christmas, the southern midsummer.

Detached impressions of Montevideo will bring to mind many similes and contrasts with better known cities. Like New York it covers a narrow strip of land from shore to shore, in this case a peninsula. But in architecture it is the antithesis of the North American metropolis, being made up of a seemingly vast number of low stone buildings, a few two or three stories in height, the great majority of them but one story. The principal thoroughfare, "The Avenue of the Eighteenth of July," extending along the ridge of the peninsula, with its colonnades and sidewalk cafes, gives a touch of Paris. And as a great packing center for the live stock produced on the unsurpassed pastures of Uruguay, Montevideo is comparable to Chicago or Kansas City. Evidence of this fact is sometimes wafted on the winds when they blow to the city from the seat of the gigantic industry across the bay.

Clings to Old Customs.

In physical equipment Montevideo is modern. It is well lighted, well watered, adequately supplied with transportation facilities, and most admirably drained. Socially it clings to the past, following more faithfully than any other large city outside of Spain and the Orient the old Spanish-Moorish traditions of society's proper attitude toward women.

Courting is still carried on by smitten swains parading below the balconies of their señoritas and whispering sweet nothings to them—from a safe distance. Ladies go freely on the streets but not in the company of men. Society is mainly a matter of family parties. Even at the opera there are separate galleries for men and women, and unless a Montevidean family man can afford the price of orchestra seats he must view the production from one level while his wife looks on from another.

A cloistered life can hardly be said to have affected the appearance of the women adversely. Throughout South America Montevideo has the reputation formerly possessed by Budapest of harboring the most beautiful women of its continent.

Montevideo has nearly a score of daily newspapers, and the voices of a small army of newsboys are heard constantly except during an hour and a half at midday when a "siesta" is enforced by law for all business. With the voices of the newsboys mingle those of youths and derelict adults hawking government lottery tickets or boxes of matches from the sale of which the government also obtains revenue.

Just as Uruguay is free from physical extremes—it is without mountains or gorges, deserts or jungles—so Montevideo is without social extremes. It has no squalid slums and no ostentatious "millionaires' row." It may not inaptly be dubbed a comfortable bourgeois paradise.

Montevideo is famed for its port which is one of the best on the Atlantic coast of the Americas. The city has a population of approximately 450,000, more than a quarter of the population of the entire 72,000 square miles of the republic.

Mathematics

Johnny's mother had been teaching him to count money and to be careful in spending it. One day he came home from an errand to the grocery with five pennies in change. "Now, Johnny," said mother, "I will give you these pennies if you can tell me how much they make." "Five all-day suckers," said Johnny.

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

The Baroness Orczy

W. H. Service Copyright Baroness Orczy



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. The failure of Lauzet, revolutionary chief of the section in which the Scarlet Pimpernel has been operating, to prevent the escape of the Tournon-d'Agenays brings the condemnation of the government upon him.

Chapter II—Continued

"But suppose," he murmured, "they think better of it and allow the diligence to proceed in peace. Or suppose that they are engaged in their nefarious deeds in some other department of France."

"Then," Chauvelin, rejoined coolly, "all you'd have to do would be to continue your journey to Paris and set your family down in the Conciergerie, ready to await trial and the inevitable guillotine. No harm will have been done. There'll be a family of traitors less in your district anyway, and you must begin the setting of your comedy all over again. Sooner or later, if you set your trap in the way I have outlined for you, that cursed Scarlet Pimpernel will fall into it. Sooner or later," he reiterated emphatically, "I am sure of it. My only regret is that I didn't think of this plan before now. However, there's nothing lost, and all I can do now, my friend, is to wish you success. If you succeed you are a made man. And you will succeed. Chauvelin concluded, rising and holding out his hand to his colleague, "If you follow my instructions to the last letter."

"You may be sure I'll do that," Lauzet said with earnest emphasis.

And the two sleuth bounds shook hands on their project and drank a glass of wine to its success. But before Chauvelin finally took leave of his friend he turned to him with renewed earnestness and solemnity.

"And, above all, my good Lauzet," he said slowly, "remember that in all this your watchword must be 'Silence and discretion.' Breathe not a word of your intentions to a living soul and you are bound to fail. The English spies have their spies, who serve them well. They have a long purse which will alternately purchase help from their friends and treachery from ours. Breathe not of your project to any living soul, friend Lauzet, or your head will pay the price of your indiscretion."

Lauzet was only too ready to give the required promise, and the two friends then parted on a note of mutual confidence and esteem.

CHAPTER III

Enmeshed

A fortnight later the whole of the little city of Moisson was in a ferment owing to the arrest of one of its most respected tradesmen. Citizen Deszeze, who, anyone would have thought, was absolutely above suspicion, had been put to the indignity of a summary perquisition in his house. He had protested—as was only natural under the circumstances—and in consequence of this moderate protest he had been dragged before the chief of section at Mantes and had to submit to a most rigorous and most humiliating interrogatory. Nay more! He was detained for two whole days, while his invalid wife and pretty little daughter were well-nigh distraught with anxiety.

Then, on the top of that, there followed another perquisition; just as if anyone could suspect the Deszeze family of treason against their country. They certainly had never been hotly in favor of the extreme measures taken by the revolutionary government—such as the execution of the erstwhile King and of Marie Antoinette, the devout queen of France—but Citizen Deszeze had always abstained from politics. He had been wont to say that God, not men, ruled the destinies of countries, and that no doubt what was happening these days in France occurred by the will of God, or they could never occur at all. He for his part was content to sell good vintage wines from Macon or Nuits just as his father had done before him and his grandfather before that, for the house of Deszeze, wine merchants of Moisson, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, had been established for three generations and more, and had always been a pattern of commercial integrity and lofty patriotism.

And now these perquisitional these detentions! and finally the arrest, not

only of good Citizen Deszeze himself but of his invalid wife and pretty little daughter. If one dared, one would protest, call a meeting, anything it was almost unbelievable, so unexpected was it. What had the Deszeze family done? No one knew. Inquiries at the commissariat of the section elicited no information. There were vague rumors that the poor invalid citizeness had always remained pious. She had been taught piety by her parents, no doubt, and had been brought up in a convent school besides. But what would you? Pety was reckoned a sin these days, and who would dare protest?

The servants at the substantial house inhabited by the Deszeze family were speechless with tears. The perquisitions, and then the arrest, had come as a thunderbolt. And now they were all under orders to quit the house, for it would be shut up and ultimately sold for the benefit of the state. Oh, these were terrible times!

The same tragedy had occurred not far away from Moisson in the case of the Tournon-d'Agenays, whom no one was allowed to call comte and comtesse these days. They, too, had been summarily arrested, and were being dragged to Paris for their trial when, by some unforeseen miracle, they had been rescued and conveyed in safety to England. No one knew how, nor who the gallant rescuers were; but rumors were rife and some were wild. The superstitious believed in direct divine interference, though they dared not say this openly; but in their hearts they prayed that God might interfere in the same way on behalf of good Citizen Deszeze and his family.

Poor Hector Deszeze himself had not much hope on that score. He was a pious man, it is true, but his piety consisted in resignation to the will of God. Nor would he have cared much if God had only chosen to strike at him; it was the fate of his invalid wife that wrung his heart, and the future of his young daughter that terrified him. He had known the citizen commissary practically all his life. Lauzet was not a bad man, really. Perhaps he had got his head rather turned through his rapid accession from his original situation as packer in the Deszeze house of business, with a bed underneath the counter in the back shop, to that of chief of section in the rural division of the department of Seine-et-Oise, with an official residence in Mantes, a highly important post, considering its proximity to Paris. But all the same, Lauzet was not a bad man, and must have kept some gratitude in his heart for all the kindness shown to him by the Deszeze family when he was a lad in their employ.

But in spite of every appeal Lauzet remained stony hearted.

"If I did anything for you, citizen on my own responsibility," he said to Deszeze during the course of an interrogatory, "I should not only lose my position but probably my head into the bargain. I have no ill will toward you, but I am not prepared to take such a risk on your behalf."

"But my poor wife," Deszeze protested, putting his pride in his pocket and stooping to appeal to the man who had once been a mental in his pay. "She is almost bedridden now and has not long to live. Could you not exercise some benevolent authority for her sake?"

Lauzet shook his head. "Impossible," he said decisively.

"And my daughter," moaned the distraught father, "my little Madeleine is not yet thirteen. What will be her fate? My God, Lauzet! Have you no bowels of compassion? Have you not got a daughter of your own?"

"I have," Lauzet retorted curtly, "and therefore I have taken special care to keep on the right side of the government and never to express an opinion on anything that is done for the good of the state. And I should advise you, Citizen Deszeze, to do likewise, so that you may earn for your self and your family some measure of mercy for your transgressions."

And with this grandiloquent phrase Lauzet indicated that the interview was now at an end. He also ordered the prisoner to be taken back to Moisson, and there to be kept in the cells until the following day, when arrangements would be complete for conveying the Deszeze family under escort to Paris.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Cracked Gasoline"

When crude oil is subjected to or binary distillation by fire the light products distill off up to a temperature of 572 degrees Fahrenheit. Above this temperature the hydrocarbons undergo partial decomposition, with the result that some light products are produced. This is cracking and the light products are cracked gasoline. It is suitable for cleaning when properly treated to remove objectionable color and other constituents.

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BARTON'S DYANSHINE SHOE POLISH

Shark's Confidence in

Pilot Fish Cost Life

A pilot fish failed miserably in its duty and came to grief the other morning, when according to the fishermen, it piloted a 300-pound shark into the seine on the fishing schooner Alden, off South Shovel Lightship, Nantucket shoals. Pilot fish and shark, together with a catch of mackerel, were hauled aboard the schooner. The shark was killed and the pilot fish was brought to the fish pier and probably sent to the museum of comparative zoology at Harvard.

Fishermen at the pier said that they could not remember ever having heard of such a catch being brought in here, and expressed belief that the shark and the pilot were following the mackerel from southern waters. The specimen brought in is eighteen inches long, weighs about two pounds and is of an amber color, transversely banded with darker stripes. The pilot fish is so named because it is often seen swimming with a shark, and sailors are of the belief that it is the shark's constant companion.—Boston Transcript.

Kept the Dog Away

One warm day Albert, age five, complaining of the heat, asked his mother whether he might be permitted to eat his dinner on the porch. Mother, fearing that his dog, a constant companion, would get its nose in the little boy's food, was reluctant to give her consent. She relented, however, after much pleading, but not without a final admonition to keep the dog from the plate.

After the meal was over Albert came into the house, and was asked whether he had obeyed his mother's command.

"Oh, yes," he said, triumphantly. "Every time my dog came too near I hit him with my spoon."

His Part
"How gracefully Jacobs eats corn off the cob." "He ought to. He's a piccolo player."—Capper's Weekly.

Russ Ball Blue goes farther, makes clothes whiter than liquid blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Looking Ahead

"I am thinking of getting a divorce, with alimony."
"Didn't know you were married."
"I'm not. But I have a proposal."

You Know Her

"What kind of a woman is his wife?" asked friend hub.
"Well," snapped friend wife, "when you talk to her you don't need to use anything but your ears."

Words Are True

Bassler—My visit to your golf course as your guest will long be remembered.

Oswalt—Yes; the club had to levy a special assessment to repair the damage you did.—Pathfinder.

American "Royalty"

On account of their great wealth and their generous benefactions, the du Pont family has been called "the royal family of the United States." There are 74 individuals of this name in Wilmington, Del., all of whom, either by their present holdings or expectations, are millionaires.

Small Church, Big Organ

Mr. Carnegie's first gift of an organ to a church was made to the little Swedenborgian church in Allegheny (Pa.) of which his mother was a member and which he attended as a boy. When it was installed, the pipes were so tall it was a current joke that the organ that Mr. Carnegie had given was so big that it had blown the roof off.



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