

How To See Venice



Scenes on the Grand Canal, Venice.

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

WITH the opening of the summer travel season the paths of travelers in Europe lead again to Venice, which, with its unique streets of water, seems to exercise a lure more potent than cities wholly of the land.

The traveler should not expect too much of Venice. It is hardly fair. No great city can exist on narrow canals and be entirely a thing of beauty. One necessarily has had dreams of Venice and goes there with marked preconceptions. This follows reasonably enough, for so much has been written about this city of the sea, and of course the rosy, romantic aspect has been presented. If one does not set his mark inordinately high Venice will charm him. Novelty will "pinch hit" whenever beauty strikes out.

By all means the visitor should arrange to arrive in Venice by night. Under soft moonlight or under the rays of the dim and infrequent "street lamps," Venice puts her very best foot forward and strives to make the most extravagant dreams come true. The deep shadows under its bridges and the palace arches, the mysterious narrow black canal entrances, the picturesque leaning posts, the gentle lapping of the waves against the walls and steps, the swish of the paddles, the half brusque, half songlike calls of the gondoliers as they approach blind corners, perhaps the musical song of a gondolier in the distance—all combine to give one an entrancing entrance into the City of Canals. He leans back on his cushions during the long boat ride to the hotel—for of course traveler and luggage must go by boat—quite contented with life. This is Venice, and it is quite as it should be.

What the Day Reveals.
A night arrival is a rare but a successful one. It is as though one should contrive to meet a once beautiful lady, no longer young, at an evening garden party. Her wrinkles become soft lines. When they face you in the pitiless light of the morning they will have a certain suggestion of familiarity and memory will make them less harsh.

The first day in Venice discloses indubitable signs of ugliness as well as of beauty. Picturesque gondolas pass on the Grand canal. So do the unpicturesque Venetian "street cars"—squat steamboats, little, but all too large beside the gondolas—their sawed-off stacks belching dirty black smoke. They raise choppy waves, as do the swifter little motorboats. The gondoliers glare at them and the traveler joins them in spirit in the choice Italian curses that they must be uttering under their breath.

More gondolas pass—and the trash boats of the municipality. In the waters that seemed so fair last night floats every conceivable sort of rubbish. Yonder is the beautiful facade of a fine old palace, and beside it a building from which the stucco has fallen in great patches disclosing ugly bricks beneath. Perhaps the stones are falling away, too, at the waterline, letting the waves reach in for an inevitably greater destruction. Green slime covers the steps and the tilted wooden posts are rotting. Time is not the only desecrator of Venetian walls. The hand of the advertiser has been busy, too. And some of the walls that Dandolo loved and that scores of poets have sung about now inform the occupants of gondolas and "street cars" of products that can be purchased to their supposed advantage.

But thanks to a night arrival these things do not worry the visitor over much. He turns rather to the domes of Santa Maria della Salute with a tangle of masts against the sky; to the arch of the history-enriched old Ponte Rialto; to the incomparable spires and domes of the Cathedral of San Marco.

One finds that there is a surprising amount of dry land life in Venice. A veritable maze of alleys and cull (little streets) and fondamenta (canal side-walks) exist. The best one can hope to do in a short stay is to gain a superficial acquaintance with the main way between San Marco and the Rialto.

Piazza San Marco.
The ways, whether narrow alleys or somewhat wider canals, have no sidewalks, of course. The entire space, such as it is, is for pedestrians. At intervals the narrow ways open up into "campi" as the little squares are

called. The name, "Piazza," has been reserved for the great square of San Marco facing the cathedral—the ultimate in dry spaciousness in Venice.

If one has only a picture knowledge of Venice, as all the world has not been there has, the Piazza San Marco will prove a surprise. The little open space that holds the famous statue of the Lion of San Marco is not the real piazza but only the anteroom, the piazzetta. Well behind the lion column, around the Campanile lies a square greater than many a city with an unlimited supply of terra firma can boast. No wheeled or four-footed traffic uses this great square. It is given over entirely to humans and pigeons. Thousands of the latter make the Piazza San Marco their home, and there is seldom a time during the day when one can cross the square without carefully picking his way to avoid stepping on them.

When night falls again, and cloaks the inevitable tawdry spots of an old city built on piles, one forgets his criticisms of the day. Out on the lagoon at the mouth of the Grand canal, in a boat lit by gaily colored lanterns, a company of musicians and singers begins a serenade. The gondoliers of tourists join the throng of slender black forms bobbing gracefully up and down, each with a silent, statuesque figure standing at its stern. Soft music and the gentle swish of wavelets fill the air. The lights of the Lidos gleam in the distance while nearer at hand black masts and spires stand out against the sky, the soaring shaft of the Campanile topping them all.

The Three Lidos.
Venice's playground is the Lidos, the chain of low sand islands across the lagoon, which have ever guarded the city from the Adriatic. Without these isles and the tide they control, Venice, or at least the Venice that is so well known, would never have been born. On the Lidos were the original settlements that led to the establishment of the city of Venice on the islands of the lagoons. When Attila and his Hun hordes swept down on Europe in 452 A. D. many of the inhabitants of the regions farther inland took refuge on the Lidos. From 742 to 809 the seat of government of the region was at Malamocco, a few miles south of the present Lido bathing resort on the same island. The encroachments of the waves during the spring and autumn storms, and the vulnerability to attacks from enemy navies, led, in 826, to a general exodus to the islands on which the present city is built.

The Lidos today consist of three principal long sandy islands, divided by narrow water channels, and scarcely far enough above the water to be distinguished from clouds when seen from a distance. The Litorale, or beach, of Malamocco is the largest and most important, as it contains both the famous bathing resort and the small village of Malamocco. The Litorale of Pellestrina is a strange village of fishermen and gardeners. Along it are portions of the great sea wall, for, although the Adriatic protected its daughter from the guns of the heavy-draught vessels of the Middle Ages, it exacted constant homage in stone walls and breakwaters. The Litorale of St. Erasmo, north of the Lido, is shorter and less important.

Fine Bathing Resort.
At one time there were five ports on the channels between the islands, but that at St. Erasmo was closed to increase the volume of water at the Lido port nearby.

The amount of tidewater that entered the lagoons through the port channels bears upon the welfare of the city. If it had ever been more than normal, large vessels could have sailed up to the Grand canal (as they do today, due to dredging, however) and Venice would have needed heavy fortifications in place of airy palaces. If it had been any less, the city would have been malarial and unhealthy. Malamocco is the main approach today for vessels of heavy draft. The other ports, Tre Porti, and Chioggia, together are not as important as the Lido.

The Lido, however, owes its chief renown to the fine bathing beach facing the sea. Along its windswept sands Byron and Shelley reared their horses before the vogue of sea bathing. Here artists set up their easels to catch that soft and luminous harmony of Venice from a distance.

CUPID PLAYS SOME CLEVER TRICKS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

BETH MORAN loved her job better than anything else in the whole wide world. Maybe that sounds selfish, but Beth had studied, toiled, sacrificed to get that job and she meant to keep it as long as she could. Not many young women of Beth's age were earning \$70 per week. She had a tiny apartment which her Aunt Mary kept spic and span. No man living could ever be to her what her job was.

One afternoon when Beth came home from work she found a package on the living room table. Aunt Mary said a messenger had delivered it. She removed the wrapping paper and found a plain white box. Within the plain white box was an elaborate brand of confections. A card lay on top. Upon the card was scribbled these words: "Every time you eat one of these think of me." No name.

"Who sent all that candy?" demanded Aunt Mary, looking over Beth's slim shoulder.

"Haven't an idea. Help yourself, auntie. There's plenty—three pounds." Next morning Beth glanced from her desk to the desks of her fellow workers. Some were married, one at least engaged. Of the five remaining men it couldn't be Mr. Love, or Edson Moffat, or John Hess. It might be Jerome Warren. It might be Amos Wells. She hoped it was neither Warren nor Wells. Conjecture got her nowhere.

That afternoon she found another gift on the living room table. A florist's box. It contained pink roses. And this nameless message: "When you look at these think of me."

"Somebody's after you," remarked Aunt Mary.

"I wish you wouldn't say that!" flared Beth. "I think the man's a nut. Or else he's ashamed to let me know who he is." But she couldn't take her eyes from the lovely roses. "No man's going to make me give up my job for the sake of having Mrs. on my tombstone."

"Of course," mused Aunt Mary. "Times have changed since my day. But I still believe it's a lot better for a girl to marry and raise a family than to be tied down to an office desk till her youth and beauty are past. I was seventeen when I married Tim. We lived together for forty years. Our children are all grown up and married. I'm free to look after you. But, my dear, I can't stay forever. I didn't come here with that understanding."

Beth bit her lip. "You don't seem to realize, Aunt Mary, that I am modern to the core. A business woman first, last and always. Aunt Mary, I've fought and all but starved to get my present position. My job has cost me too much for me to give it up for—for that precious little thing called love," she ended mockingly.

The third day Beth received from her nameless pursuer a beautiful framed colored photograph of a beauty spot in the Pocono hills. "With you were here with me," was the message.

The fourth day. A lovely, quaint bit of jewelry.

"I picked up this emethyst for you," accompanied the gift.

The fifth day. A book of poems bound in hand-tooled leather. "Read the lines I have marked," she was bidden. Each line contained a direct appeal to her heart. She shut the book, her cheeks flaming.

It was maddeningly mysterious. She felt baffled. Next night she raved upstairs. Her heart throbbled wildly as she opened the living room door. Expectantly, eagerly her eyes sought the living room table. A large gift this time. A basket of fruit. The seventh day she received another box of candy.

Expectancy had become such a habit with her that on the eighth day when she found nothing she nearly suffered a collapse. When she looked in her mirror she found that she was pale. Her chin wanted to quiver. "Fool!" she muttered.

A week passed. A feeling of disappointment, of depression weighed upon Beth. She lay up stairs one afternoon. Nothing to look forward to any more. On the table was a box. Beth pounced upon it. Her hands trembled, her eyes were dim as she lifted the cover and saw the red roses.

Next day three men were absent from their desks. Vacation had begun. Late that afternoon a telegram was laid before Beth. It was from him. It came from a distant post. Thereafter she received a telegram each day for ten days. Each message was distinctive. But they gave no clue to the sender. Beth kept them all in a neat bundle.

Aunt Mary was lying down the following Sunday afternoon. Beth sat reading. The telephone rang. She leaped to it. A man's voice, deep, pleasant, came to her ears.

"Beth! I just got back. Get my wires!"

"Yes!" The word was propelled from her lips by her intense surprise.

"I'm coming to take you for a ride in about twenty minutes. Can you go?"
Again faintly, "Yes!"
She looked up the receiver and sank back on the davenport. Who was he? She hadn't recognized his voice. What was she letting herself in for?

Twenty minutes passed. He was at the door. She hesitated to open it. A tall man smiled down at her with clear blue eyes. An exceedingly good looking, virile young man, Mac Halway, advertising manager of her own firm.

"Well, Beth, here I am. Ready to explain everything."

Beth stiffened. Her lips set in a hard line.

"You seem to have been having a very good time at my expense," she said coolly. "But—I don't go riding with married men!"

"Beth! I'm not married. Where'd you get that idea? I've never even wanted to get married till I found you. You treated me rough. Three separate times you refused to have lunch with me. Doggone it, Beth! You had me feezed till I thought of a new way to approach you."

"I see. You advertised. You created interest, illusion, suspense in your prospect." Beth's eyes were beginning to relent.

"That's it exactly. But don't be hard on me, Beth. I bought a ring while I was away. I can't take it back. Can I, huh?" His blue eyes pleaded.

A flush, a smile, made Beth bewitching. Her firm, fixed notions of economic independence floated away like thistledown upon her sigh.

"Who wants you to?" she murmured.

Thumbs Left Out When Ancient Man "Counted?"

The words for nine in many modern European languages are believed by H. Campbell, an antiquarian of the Mediterranean island of Cyprus, to indicate that the ancestors of European races must have been accustomed to count on the eight fingers of their two hands, excluding the thumb, instead of counting by tens or all the digits of both hands taken together, as the majority of anthropologists have assumed and as is the basis of the present decimal system.

Mr. Campbell's argument, suggested in a recent issue of the London publication, Notes and Queries, rests on the similarity of words in the various languages for "nine" and "new," suggesting, he believes, that a count of nine once began a new count of the eight fingers already counted just as the word "twenty" in English resembles "twice," and indicates that the ordinary decimal count of ten is to be duplicated.

In Latin, Mr. Campbell points out, "novem" means nine, while the closely similar word "novum" means new. In Greek the two words of the same meanings are "ennea" and "nea," respectively. In German they are "neun," "neu;" in Gaelic they are "nondh" and "ndah," and so on. The English word "nine" comes from the German. Mr. Campbell declares, while "new" is from the Scandinavian, yet both words are much alike.

It seems possible, he believes, that traces of the root word used for "two" in the various languages are to be found also in the equivalents of "ten," indicating that two fingers were to be counted after one full count of eight was over.—New York World.

Paper Stage Scenery

One of the difficulties in the way of producing elaborate theatrical pieces at popular prices is the high cost of scenery for the stage. A theater in Geneva, Switzerland, is trying to solve this difficulty by using scenery composed of paper instead of the more expensive materials generally employed for that purpose. By using this method of making scenery a musical revue was recently produced for less than \$100. The paper scenery is made practically fireproof by putting it through a chemical process. Those who invented the new type of scenery say that the bright colors of paper, together with its possible transparency, make that material very desirable for use in theaters, especially the more elaborate productions.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Merry-Go-Round Mansion

A house just completed by two Parisian architects enables the owner to have sunshine on any part of the house he wishes, merely by pressing a button. Built on the same principle as a locomotive turntable, the house is hexagonal in shape, with a terrace running the whole way round and a pergola garden on the roof.

Power for rotating it is provided by a small electric motor controlled by duplicate buttons in every room, including one under the dining room table.

Eight steel girders, arranged in the shape of a fan, form the platform of the villa, which revolves on a central pivot, while the girdles have rollers at their extremities which run on a steel track.

So Different

Herbert Corey claims that men and women who sell fiction and poetry now look like prosperous business folk. Once upon a time the authors might be identified by a strained look in her eye and a wisp of hair back of the right ear. Now she is belched, short-skirted, rouged and lipstickied. Robert Edeson's quip about a writing star and his slightly less stellar wife could not pass now. He saw the pair lurking in a corner at a reception:

"They look," said he, "as though they had moved all the coal out of the bath-tub—and then didn't do it, after all."

DAIRY TALK

COW CANNOT EAT ENOUGH PASTURE

Home Grown Feeds Will Fill Out Grain Ration.

(By J. C. NISBET, Extension Dairyman, Kansas State Agricultural College.)

Knowing the needs of dairy cows and what they eat when on pasture will add to the dollars from the milk bucket.

Green, succulent pasture is naturally high in protein but is low in total digestible nutrients. A cow milking over 20 pounds of milk a day cannot eat enough pasture to provide the necessary carbohydrates to maintain that production. Grain feeding of this cow on pasture is absolutely necessary. Her grain ration need not be high in protein—home-grown feeds will balance the pasture. A mixture of 400 pounds of corn and 200 pounds of oats should be fed at the rate of one pound of grain to every four and one-half pounds of milk from the Ayrshire Jersey and Guernsey, and one pound of grain to five pounds of milk from the Holstein.

Dry pasture contains about one-third as much protein as the green succulent grass. An understanding of this fact makes the successful dairyman begin to add a high protein feed to his grain ration as soon as pasture starts to dry. The grain mix then is composed of 400 pounds of corn, 200 pounds of oats, and 100 pounds of cottonseed meal. The rate of feeding is changed to one pound of grain daily to every pound of fat produced a week.

Abundance of pasture is very important to the dairy cow. Being the hardest worked animal on the farm, she does not need a bare gymnasium for exercise. Every time she produces five gallons of milk she has used up more energy than a team of 1,500-pound horses plowing through an eight-hour day.

Cooling Milk Supply
Is Not Difficult Problem
The summer spells are accompanied by the usual loss to milk and cream shippers.

Much milk has been returned as unfit for use, due to souring, and the aggregate loss in only a few days would run into thousands of dollars in a single county. And in every such hot spell there are many farmers who never lose a can of milk and many others who always do. Why the difference? It is all summed up in two things—cleanliness and cold. The first is most important where all dairy utensils are concerned. Improper washing and scalding will do far more to spoil milk than dirty cows or dirty stables on any farm. A cooling tank at the well, through which the water intended for the stock flows, is effective and in common use. Ice is desirable, but many farmers who never have had a can of milk returned are also without ice. A survey of their methods would show real cleanliness in handling the milk and cooling as well as well water will allow.

Controlling Abortion
Is Not Difficult Task
Contagious abortion is not difficult to control, Dr. Robert Graham, Purdue University, stated recently at the meeting of the Indiana Dairymen's association at Purdue. Before attempting to carry out eradication plans the dairymen should learn how the disease is spread.

Correct understanding of the nature of the disease, the importance of the abortion test, segregation of the infected animals and clean stables and clean yards are necessary in control of the disease. If the manager or owner of the herd is not aware of the value of these sanitary measures it is next to impossible for him to carry out a good program.

The local veterinarian assisted by the laboratory is able to give the dairymen assistance that will get results. Veterinarians know that some cows that calve normally may be spreaders of the disease.

Sunflower Feed

Cows keep up their milk flow even when fed early cut sunflowers in the silo, and they lose less in weight when fed silage from the early cutting than when eating silage from the later harvests. The freshly cut early plants will be very watery, and sap will run out of the silo, unless the plants are allowed to wilt for a short time in the field. They may be cut with a corn binder but hand cutting is probably better.

Treating for Bloat

Formalin is recognized as the best treatment for bloat. This may be secured from any drug store, and should be the 40 per cent solution. One tablespoonful should be mixed with one quart of water and given to the animal, which will give quick relief. In addition to the use of formalin, the old time precaution should be observed to prevent bloat from recurring. Give the cattle a full fill of dry feed before turning on green alfalfa.

Always Better to Plug

With Brain Than Body

"We hear a great deal about the success that comes from plugging and plugging," said Charles M. Schwab. "I do not deny that this is so, but on the other hand, the man who plugs with his brain instead of his body is bound to go the farthest."

"A wealthy friend of mine had been forever bragging about his son who had gone into the family factory and worked eight hours a day as a mechanic. 'Both feet on the ground, you know,' boasted the proud parent. So when I met the lad, I said:

"So you're the young man with both feet on the ground. What do you do for a living? To which he replied:

"I take orders from a man with both feet on a desk."

Unwarranted Criticism

Dr. Isadore Falk of the University of Chicago, who has discovered the influenza germ, said at a dinner party:

"America carries on more research, disinterested and unselfish, than any other country in the world, yet we are continually being abused for our materialism."

"Yes, Europe is continually declaring that our American philosophy is summed up in the raw:

"Don't go gapin' around wonderin' why a black hen lays a white egg. Git the egg."—Springfield Union.

Early Aquatic Sports

In 1715 an Englishman named Thomas Doggett instituted boat races among the fishermen on the Thames. The first English regatta of which we have evidence took place on the Thames off Ralegh gardens in 1775. This was modeled on the Venetian regatta. The first race in the United States occurred in 1811 between two barges, the Knickerbocker of New York and the Invincible of Long Island, the former being the winner.

Fight That Made History

There were 130 Spanish vessels in the Spanish armada that undertook the invasion of England under Queen Elizabeth. The English had 107 boats that took part during the battle. However, many were small boats of little use. The fighting was done almost entirely by the large boats on both sides.

Scenery

"Do you select a road on account of its beauty?"
"Oh, yes!" answered Mr. Chuggins. "There's a particular route my wife and I always prefer, because we think it has the prettiest cigarette advertisements in the world."

Artist of High Rank

Winslow Homer was the first to be generally acclaimed the first outstanding marine painter in this country and many critics regard him as the best of the American marine painters.

Cruden's Great Work

Alexander Cruden published his Biblical Concordance in 1737.

Another trouble with most husbands is that they are too much like husbands and not enough like lovers.

ONE PRESCRIPTION MADE FAMILY DOCTOR FAMOUS



Seldom has any single act been of greater benefit to mankind than that of Dr. Caldwell in 1885, when he wrote the prescription which has carried his fame to the four corners of the earth.

Over and over, Dr. Caldwell wrote the prescription as he found men, women and children suffering from those common symptoms of constipation, such as coated tongue, bad breath, headaches, gas, nausea, biliousness, no energy, lack of appetite, and similar things.

Demand for this prescription grew so fast, because of the pleasant, quick way it relieved such symptoms of constipation, that by 1888 Dr. Caldwell was forced to have it put up ready for use. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is always ready at any drugstore.

Little Black Baby

An ebony infant sitting proudly in the scale—a familiar welfare center scene the world over—is the decoration on a recently issued Belgian Congo postage stamp. King Baby thus usurps the place usually occupied by the political ruler of a country. The stamp is sold for ten centimes, its postal value being five centimes, the extra cost being a voluntary contribution to work of the Belgian government or the decrease of infant mortality in the Congo.

BILIOUS?
Take NATURE'S REMEDY—
"At night, you'll be 'd' and fine" by morning—
tongue clear, headache gone, appetite back, bowels acting pleasantly, bilious attack forgotten. For constipation, too. Better than any more laxative.
At drug stores—only 25c. Make the test tonight.
FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

W. N. U., Portland, No. 26-1930.

Immense Slice of Earth
Europe and Africa could both be placed within the boundaries of Asia, with about 2,000,000 square miles to spare.

Honey Production

The average production of a colony of bees is about 50 pounds, but under favorable conditions 100 pounds might be produced.

Keep Insects Away Outdoors!

Flit contains a special insect repellent.

Spray clean smelling

FLIT
The World's Largest Selling Insect Killer

Relativity

Professor Einstein is said to have hired a secretary to give the following explanation of relativity to his visitors: "When a pretty girl sits on your lap for an hour, it seems like a minute. When you sit on a hot stove for a minute it seems like an hour."—American Magazine.

Every cloud has a silver lining, and every old suit has its shiny side.

Most poets are poor, probably because there are so many poor poets.

In looking backward a man sees only the bright spots in the past.

Enjoy the charm of a Healthy Skin use

Cuticura SOAP
Cuticura OINTMENT
CLEANSING ANTISEPTIC SOOTHING

Soap, Ointment, etc., and etc. Proprietors: Fetter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.