Venice From a Gondola

Two American Girls in Search of a Fast Fading Sensation.

Some people go to Venice for one thing and some for another, but two American girls went for the frankly avowed purpose of seeing a gondola

"Of course we have seen gondolas," said one of them, "gondolas and near gondolas. One was somewhere up in Westchester county, poor thing, painted green, filled with earth and planted with red geraniums and ivy.

"We also saw a gondola tied up in the Thames near Henley, its only apparent purpose being to give the megaphone man of the little steamer something to talk about. But you see these gondolas were in captivity. What we wanted was to see them at large, to see them as nature intended them to be. So there was nothing left but to go to Venice.

"It was important for us to go before the steam launches had entirely driven the gondola away. We had waited until the Campanile had fallen down and Da Vinci's 'Last Supper' at Milan had faded into nothing in particular, and we would never have forgiven ourselves if we had waited until the gondola was extinct."

There is no place concerning which the returned traveller is so bursting with advice as Venice. He is full of knowledge as to foods and water supplies, he waxes fierce against the mild Venetian shopkeeper, he is positive about just what galleries and what churches are worth seeing and he is particularly full of wisdom on the subject of gondolas and gondoliers.

"Whatever you do," cautioned one of these travellers, "do not be taken in by gondoliers. They are an organized band of robbers and pirates. As you are travelling alone I advise you to avoid the gondola entirely. I was in Venice for two weeks and I did not miss a thing, yet I never set foot in a gondola."

The girls reached the city after a long dusty trip from Milan and they were almost too tired to feel the conventional emotion on catching the first glimpse of Venice as it rose mistily from the waters like the mirage of a Western prairie. But tired as they were the thrill came when leaving the noisy station they stepped out on the long low marble platform and for the first time in their lives saw a fleet of real gondolas. The hotel porter handed them into the long black craft, and as the gondolier pushed out into the canal they exchanged a long look of solemn satisfaction.

For once they were enjoying that rarest of sensations to the traveller, an anticipation perfectly fulfilled. The gondola was entirely what it should be. Its long graceful lines, its shining ferro at the prow that looked like a battle axe that had seen hard service, its ridiculous little brass lions and worn silk cords at either side of the seats, its shabby leather cushions and most of all its calm dignity as it moved off through the water filled them with a contentment that the frantic efforts of a party of tourists in the next gondola to find the right place in the guide book could not mar. Even the gondolier gave up trying to point out places of interest and left them to their joy in the opal sky, the soft swish of the water and the dusky figures flitting up along the dark shadows that were the streets.

A VENETIAN HOUSE.

BY AN OLD PALACE WALL.

A FINE OLD LANDING AND DOORWAY.

On a yellow marble doorstep were gathered a whole merry, laughing family, the father presiding at the first swimming lesson of the youngest of the flock. The brown skinned, loudly protesting little imp was being flung into the water and then hauled out again by a rope tied firmly around his waist. It was the puppy method of teaching swimming, and was being greatly enjoyed by every one but the puppy.

A little further, standing on a slender iron bridge, a spider web against the glowing sky, was a woman draped in a long black shawl with the deep silk fringe that is as distinctly Venetian as the canals themselves. She was leaning over, talking and laughing in a low tone to a boatman, who held his boat under the bridge as he turned an eager face up to hers. She drew a flower from the folds of her shawl and dropped it into his outstretched hands.

The gondola, with a long "A-o-el" from the gondolier, turned into a little side canal that gave a short cut to the lagoon, and the girls glancing upward saw a large basket on the sill of a window three stories above the water. As they looked it toppled, and then overbalancing sent half a bushel of ripe yellow peaches tumbling down. There was a great splash and the fruit bobbed around on the water.

The gondolier exchanged a laughing word with the man in the next craft. At the window on the other side of the canal a woman leaned out and smilingly watched the floating peaches. The girls whirled excitedly to see what would happen. Nothing happened. The gondolas moved on, the woman at the window continued to smile and the house that had yielded up the fruit made no effort to recover it.

"This is Venice," said the younger. "We have seen the very soul of the city. If half a bushel of peaches had been scattered over the sidewalk in Broadway it would have taken fourteen policemen to break up the crowd, the owner would have had some one arrested and the incident would have ended in an ambulance call and police court. Here a man laughs, a woman looks out of the window and the peaches go out with the tide."

The first business after their arrival was to arrange for a gondolier for their exclusive use. They demanded first of all that he should have white teeth and should wear a blue sash, but apart from that they left his selection to the hotel porter. Angelo's teeth were dazzling and his sash a most satisfying blue, but, alas, in many other respects he fell far short of the ideal. For one thing he lived in unpicturesque neatness with his wife and three children, whereas every well regulated gondolier lives with his aged mother and has a black haired sweetheart.

His lack of English was an almost insurmountable difficulty. The porter had assured them blandly that Angelo's English was excellent. So it was, but it was limited to "Good morning" and the numerals up to ten. The girls' knowledge of Italian was confined to the ability to say "Drive slow," "Drive fast," and if they had time enough, "Don't whip your horse," a vocabulary, in fact, that had been acquired by a week's wrestling with Roman cabbies. It was evident that such friendly relations as might be established with Angelo would not have conversation as a basis.

Only once in all their dealing with Angelo did they succeed in breaking down his obvious determination not to understand their Italian. It was a warm day and Angelo insisted upon keeping the gondola in the full sunlight of a wide canal, while at every turn the cool shade of narrow canals allured.

In vain did they struggle with frantic gestures to make him understand that they didn't care where they went just so they were in the shade. Angelo smiled with all his white teeth and placidly rowed on. The phrase book refused to give any assistance. It told how to ask for a headache powder, to have a bicycle repaired or to inquire the way to the nearest custom house, but on the subject of shade it was mute.

After frantic turning of the pages the younger gave a little cry of triumph. Muttering the words first to herself then with a mighty effort she brought forth the Italian equivalent of "Let us walk together in some shady dell," Angelo leaned on his oar and a dazed expression came over his brown face. "Let us walk together in some shady dell," she repeated. Then, slowly as the sun lights up the dark places the light of understanding spread over Angelo's countenance.

"Si signora," he replied seriously. And with a twist of the oar the gondola turned into the shadowy coolness of a smaller canal.

The girls found it difficult to do their duty as sightseers in Venice. Here more than in any other place, similarly tourist ridden, did they feel the life of the people. In other favorite resorts of the hurried traveller it is often hard to feel that there is any other life than that made for and by the tourists. But in Venice the serene Venetians go calmly on their way, undisturbed and undismayed by the hordes of strangers that sweep in and out again.

The Venetians have never accustomed themselves to the manners of their visitors. It was a favorite amusement for the American girls sitting for long peaceful hours in front of Florian's in the Piazza San Marco to watch the changing expressions of the Venetians as they observed the perfectly unconscious behavior of the American tourists.

Two young girls running to overtake their mother brought looks of disapproval and a woman in a straight mannish coat, linen collar, four in hand tie and stiff brimmed sailor brought startled glances on herself, though the Venetians must have seen hundreds of women tourists similarly attired.

The most amazing spectacle to the mild mannered natives was presented by a young American wife, who, loitering before a shop window, lost her husband in the crowd. He had strolled on smoking unconcernedly and quite obviously forgetful of her existence until discovering her loss the young wife puckered her mouth into the whistled signal that had served them in their courting days. Instantly from the other side of the square came the whistled answer and the girl hurried across the wide sunlit space to join her husband.

It was the simplest matter in the world, this signalling each other; but the Venetian feet lagged and the Venetian eyes opened wide as they turned to observe what manner of woman had done this thing. Then they murmured "Americana!" and drew a long breath of wonder and awe.

From their hotel window they watched the wonderfully bedecked officers always in evidence in Venice coming and going across the marble pavement of the Riva degli Schiavoni, the graceful Venetian girls bareheaded and always, no matter how great the heat, draped in long, silk fringed shawls. They watched the gray man-of-war slip in from the Adriatic and the big liners come to anchor while the gondolas swarmed around them like bees around a honey pot to take off the passengers.

It was this vantage point overlooking the Riva and the lagoon that confirmed the American girls in their first impression that their trip to Venice after all was too late to see the gondola in all its glory. It was slowly but surely borne in upon them that the gondola lives to-day almost wholly for the tourist.

The true Venetian walks or if in a hurry takes the little steamers, scarcely larger than launches, which puff up and down the Grand Canal and out the lagoon and which, though they may be reviled by the conservative Venetian who hates any innovation even though it adds to his comfort, are blessed for their convenience by nine-tenths of his fellow citizens.

One need only observe the faces of the occupants of the gondolas as as they glide by to form a conclusion. Here, perhaps, is a Venetian obviously rich and leisurely, here an Italian honeymoon couple and here a whole merry family taking a rare outing. But for one of these count the gondolas and you will find ten, yes, twenty, where one sees faces unmistakably German or English and catches bits of comment unmistakably American.

A NARROW WAY.

OFF THE TOURISTS' TRACK.

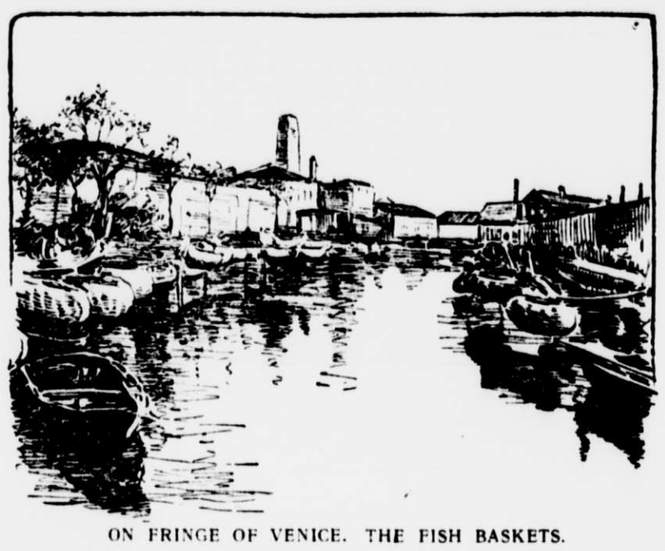
This conviction, however, did not decrease the girls' pleasure in the gondola as a means of getting about or the feeling of unaccustomed affluence as they glanced down to see their craft moored apart from the others that awaited the call of the hotel porter, with Angelo asleep thereon or engaged in lazy gossip with the other gondoliers.

In the evenings he would row them out to one of the music floats moored near the opening of the Grand Canal, where by the light of half a dozen Chinese lanterns an overrobust tenor and a weary faced and weary voiced soprano and two or three others sang operatic airs and popular Neapolitan songs. So closely were the gondoliers packed in around this float that not one of them escaped the man who after each song hopped nimbly around shaking his shabby hat for the coins that were the singers' tribute.

At first this was picturesque and amusing, but after a few nights its charm failed, for it was not the Venice that they had come to see. Angelo had proved himself so far a perfectly responsive machine, taking them where they directed but never manifesting a friendly interest in discovering new points of excursions or sightseeing away from the usual beaten ways. But one splendid night when the moon had transformed the city into a glory and a beauty all its own the girls gave Angelo not the familiar signal to follow the music floats, but indicated the wide stretch of the lagoon out toward the Lido.

He smiled and rowed with long powerful strokes out past the Riva and the Public Gardens. Then when the city was so far behind that it looked like nothing so much as a vision of enchantment, when the music came so softly over the sea that the tenor seemed no longer robust or the soprano weary he stopped rowing and stood motionless. He may have seen the same hundreds of times before, but as he looked all the professional impassivity went from his face. It quivered with feeling as leaning forward he murmured, "Oh la bella notte, la bella notte." The girls thrilled by the beauty of the scene echoed his words.

Thenceforth there was a perfect understanding between them and he became their friend and guide. All the little picturesque nooks, the shady side canals, the best vantage points for old palaces, walls and bridges and the rare hidden beauties of Venice were all revealed to the girls with an interest and an enthusiasm that seemed untiring. But to complete the pictures, to bring the full enjoyment of the scenes it always needed the gondola. In this respect its mission is the same to-day as it was in the past and no other craft in Venice can ever take its place.



ON FRINGE OF VENICE. THE FISH BASKETS.

A SIDE CANAL.

Women as Landscape Gardeners

A PROFESSION IN WHICH THERE ARE MANY OBSTACLES AND BUT FEW SUCCEED

"There are as yet few women landscape gardeners," said a woman who has studied horticulture and who has a relative in the profession referred to.

"And to some extent most of those are on probation," she added. "Property owners with a few thousand or a few hundred dollars to spend on beautifying their premises hesitate about entrusting them to a woman, especially when the scheme of decoration calls for some masonry and a pond or two.

"One exception is Miss Beatrix Jones, the pioneer woman landscape gardener so far as I know in this part of the country, who launched out in a scheme which astonished all her friends, about eight or nine years ago. Added to a thorough equipment for the work Miss Jones had a strong social backing which landed her almost at the start a commission which was so well done that her subsequent success was assured. Miss Jones's followers did not have so brilliant a start. Their progress to fame and dollars, especially to dollars, was more halting, but then none has been very long established and in a position to take orders, although each had been working up to that point for from three to five years.

"There is no royal road to learning to be a landscape gardener, and this is what every ambitious young woman who thinks of choosing that work ought to know.

"A young girl came to me not long ago to ask what she should do to become a landscape gardener. I saw that she was in earnest, intelligent and in excellent health, three absolutely essential requisites to success in this calling. But I discovered that she had little knowledge of art, that she had small means and would expect to become self-supporting in at the furthest two years.

"Perhaps I was wrong, but I discouraged her. 'Choose almost anything else,' I advised, 'if you want quick and certain returns. She wanted particulars and she got them.

"I told her that at the present time, so far as I could learn, there were about six women landscape gardeners in the Eastern and Middle States and none at all in the West. One of the six was in Providence, two in Philadelphia, the other three in New York, and of the latter Miss Jones and Miss Marian Coffin were alone doing active work, the third, Miss Mary Jay, having not yet got so far as exhibiting at the Architectural League. Only five recruits to this profession in eight years, I suggested, was not a big showing.

"The young woman asked what were the principal things in a landscape gardener's course, and when I told her a stay of two years or so in Europe studying the best examples of Italian, French and English gardens was perhaps the most important, she wilted. Also I explained one must be a good business woman to succeed, know how to drive good bargains with workmen and keep them up to their contract, as well as having a good working knowledge of the principles of engineering. She had expected to study color schemes, to become more or less proficient in drawing and in the use of water colors and with prints of the more famous garden landscapes of the world and then to sit back and have orders to fix up wealthy folks' gardens pour in on her. Hard travelling in all sorts of weather, hard work, a good head for business, to say nothing of a complete mastery of a thousand and one intricate technical details had not entered her calculations until I presented them.

"I did not tell her that the most discouraging obstacle in the way of women landscape gardeners is the stinginess of the owners of country property when it comes to a question of spending large sums on their gardens. Women are the worst offenders here.

"Forty-nine out of fifty American women owning a piece of country property are perfectly satisfied to have a nice lawn and some plants and flower beds whose construction is left to the man who works about the grounds and the dealer in plants and flowers.

"French and English women, on the other hand, take pride in personally directing the work in their gardens, the landscape features of a majority of the larger of which are world renowned. Over here it is different. But there are signs of improvement. To my astonishment an acquaintance who five years ago came into possession of a small old fashioned estate in New England which afforded a splendid chance for some landscape work because of the diversity of levels and the fine trees, but which had been left to the gardeners' tender mercies year after year, told me last spring:

"'I have decided to give up that three months trip through Europe this summer and spend the money on a landscape gardener,' and I was delighted to find that she would employ a woman landscape gardener.

"If more women would follow her example things would be more encouraging for women landscape gardeners and there would soon be an increase in their numbers.

"Yes, whenever tried women have given splendid results and entire satisfaction to their employers. I have never known a case where a woman landscape architect had any trouble with her workmen, whereas I have heard of many cases where men were at swords' points with their workmen almost from beginning to end of a piece of work.

"Nevertheless as a rule the average purchaser of a country place large or small who decides to employ a landscape gardener and spend pretty well to have the place beautified, sends for a man unless he has seen a piece of work done by a woman. In the latter case the work always speaks eloquently for its projector every time. There are now not far from New York several exquisitely beautiful examples of landscape gardening evolved from most hopelessly commonplace conditions by the talent of women.

"It is a remunerative profession enough after a woman is fairly started, but the getting started is uphill work."

HAIR AND CHEEKS MATCHED

THAT IS A NEW FANCY AMONG WOMEN THIS SUMMER.

Striking Results—The Hair Isn't Dyed, Only Treated With the Right Kind of Herbs, Vegetables and Other Bleaches—Good Year for the Coiffure.

That a woman's hair should match her complexion is the statement of a woman who treats the hair.

"The newest fancy is for hair that matches the skin," she said. "This may seem at first quite impossible, the tinting of the locks so that they go with the complexion, but it can be done and the result is becoming, striking and distinguished.

"The woman whose hair matches her cheeks becomes if not a beauty certainly something very near to it. Her eyes grow brighter and she looks animated. That's the way to express the curious effect which the change in hair works in a woman's looks.

"I don't believe in dyeing the hair. What I do is illustrated in the case of a customer who came to me recently.

"It happened that this woman had hair that was a rather bright brown. Her complexion was tanned. There was not a very great difference between hair and skin at the beginning, but I set to work to make them match exactly.

"With her it was a question of washing the hair with sour milk. This brightens brown hair and gives it that blooming look which it ought to have. By using the same bleach, namely, sour milk, upon the skin, the two can be made to match very closely.

"It is a fortunate hair season for the reason that the big hats allow a woman to rest the hair roots. I don't know when the styles have been as favorable to the well being of the hair.

"With the little bonnet, either of thin stuff or of straw, the head is covered completely, and there are women who do not really dress the hair at all but are content to scramble it together and let it go. The bonnet hides it all.

"While the hair is being scrambled under the hat it is really working out its own salvation. It can be treated, and while resting it hides itself under the lingerie hat. This gives it a chance to recover and at the same time it allows the bleach to work.

"Now bleach is a word I didn't mean to use, and I withdraw it. But if you've shampooed your hair, sprayed it with water and borax and finally rubbed it with a cut lemon and sprayed it again you may be sure the roots of your hair are tired. And you must rest it, while the color is changing, under a big hat.

"If your skin is brunette and your hair is black you will want to make your hair shine to match the glow of your complexion. Of course one should never lighten the shade of coal black hair. Its beauty lies in the fact that it is the color of a raven's wing, with all the gloss, which makes the beauty of the raven.

"But you can use upon it the white of an egg, beaten to a froth, and when you have washed it in cool water you can finish up the job with some of the hottest water that can be used upon the scalp. After that your hair must be dried with hot towels in the shade, for the sun will make black hair look rusty.

"If you have had a dip in the sea you must be careful of your hair no matter what color it is. Salt water fades the hair and makes it rusty. The only remedy lies in rinsing it instantly. All the salt must be taken out of it before the sun has a chance to lighten the color.

"If the hair is a muddy brown then the salt water and the sun will fade it to a color that is more becoming. After that it is only necessary to put on the brightening touches.

"I am often asked if there is such a thing as the successful dyeing of the hair. A woman came to me with a reddish complexion and said she desired hair to match her skin.

"I could have told her how to get that red hair she wanted. I could have steeped the henna leaves for her and added the peroxide to make the color redder. But I did not think it wise to do so.

"'I cannot give you red hair,' I replied.

"'But my hair must match my skin.'

"'It shall. But I'm going to tone down your skin a little. And for this purpose I'm going to use potato cream.'

"'What is potato cream?' she asked.

"I pointed to a kettle on the stove.

"'There is a potato in it,' I said, 'and it is simmering down until there will be nothing of it but a mash. When it is soft as mush I am going to apply it to your complexion.'

"She was quite willing, for she knew her red skin was not becoming to her since it took the brightness out of her blue eyes. When I spread her face with the potato paste she did not complain, though it was hot and soft and very sticky.

"When I finally peeled off the potato most of the redness in her skin came with it, and when she had washed her face she was a thousand times prettier than she had been before.

"'Now for your hair,' said I.

"She still wanted to have it bleached with henna, and I still refused.

"'But,' I said, relenting a little, 'I will do the next best thing. I will soak it in the pure juice of summer cucumbers.'

"I carried out the scheme, rinsing the head afterward with water, and after I had dried her hair in the sun it was of the most delightful reddish tinge.

"'Suppose it had come out green?' she asked breathlessly when I had handed her the glass to observe the beauty of her locks.

"'You took your chances,' I rejoined. 'When you ask to have your hair changed in tone you naturally can't expect to be sure of the color.'

"I have sympathy with the woman whose hair is graying. She can't match the gray to anything, as it comes in streaks in her hair. It is simply a pepper and salt effect.

"But there's help for her. If the white streak comes right in the middle of her forehead she is to be congratulated, for it is very becoming. A white lock in the middle of the front is as effective in bringing out the color of the face as a white jabot at the throat.

"I even advise women to endeavor to get this white lock in front. If I were a woman past my first youth, say in the late thirties, I would try for a white lock. I would locate it a little to the left side of the middle parting and I would make it as white as snow.

"I am improving each shining hour this summer cultivating the hair line so that it goes with the other features. There are women whose hair grows thin and straight across the forehead. Others have hair that comes down all curvy so that they can brush the hair back without spoiling the effect of the face. Still others have hair that comes down to a point in the middle of the forehead and grows high at each side. This is trying, for it makes great holes upon the temples and makes a woman look old.

"Well, it is my business this summer to work with this kind of hair, with all kinds in fact, until I've made it look pretty. The hair line ought to go well with the mouth. Unless the hair line does coincide with the lips the effect is not good.

"I am training the hair line this summer, and I find I can do it as never before. All things are favorable to it. The hats come down and cover up everything, and I can twist and pull and coax until I get the hair line growing right.

"I have some suggestions I freely make to women who want to make the hair match the skin.

"If there's a Southern mammy in your neighborhood I advise you to ask her advice. Nine times out of nine she will tell you what herb to use upon your hair to make it the color of your cheeks.

"If you are pale she will tell you to rub your complexion every night with rough leaves. If you happen to be in the city she will tell you to use ice wrapped in linen, or a bit of Turkish towelling.

"If you are vivid cheeked she will tell you how to tone down your hair, and if your skin is sallow how to bring it up.

"Wherever possible find a herb or a vegetable the color of your hair. I've used spinach tea upon the hair. Often I've applied buttermilk. Many a time I've reddened hair with the juice of blackberries.

"I always advise sleeping in a cap to match the hair. If a cap is uncomfortable there can be ribbon to match the hair, but it is important to preserve the color by using the same color.

"I am told that women who use electric lighting get gray sooner and earlier than others. The electric waves are said to act upon the roots of the hair. I am testing it by keeping books. I ask each customer what kind of light she uses at night.

"'Wear a cap evenings,' I advise those women who have electric lights."

Two Kentuckians' Lively Experience.

From the Smithland Banner.

Last week as Leon Threlkeld and Louie Hollingsworth were going down to Hollingsworth's and Threlkeld's farm they saw stretched across the road a chicken snake about five feet long and large in proportion. They thought they would flatten out his snakeship by driving their buggy over him, the wheels of which are bicycle pattern.

The snake promptly wound himself around the wheel and whether by accident or otherwise was next found wrapped around the neck of Leon, who quickly grabbed the snake just behind the head with one hand and with the other soon pulled his lordship from around his neck and threw him to the ground. In the meantime Louie Hollingsworth, who saw the snake around Leon's neck, bounded from the buggy with a frightened yell and struck the ground in a dead run, but as soon as he discovered that Leon had thrown the snake to the ground Louie was not long in making up his mind that he and the snake could not stay on the ground in the same locality at the same time, so he made a dash for the buggy, landing in the seat with whip in hand, and soon had the horse at full speed getting away from the territory of the snake.

The Up-State Grape Crop.

From the Hammondsport Herald.

The grape crop of 1911 will be light, variously estimated at from a half to two-thirds of a full yield. This is particularly true of the Concord, the leading variety. Catawbas are below the average. Niagaras, Ives and other early starters were the heaviest sufferers from the spring freeze. The Isabella is reported in many instances as promising a large yield, although but comparatively few of this variety are now grown.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

Mrs. Mary Cheney, who recently gave Manchester, Conn., a $200,000 public park, has made another gift of a large tract of land in the heart of the city. It is to be used as a public recreation ground for children and Mrs. Cheney will equip it with modern apparatus.

Women were admitted to the highest council of the Methodist Episcopal Church South at its recent general conference at Nashville. This council, the governing board of missions, consists of thirty elective members, the College of Bishops and nine secretaries. Four of the secretaries are women.

Mrs. Pauline A. Durant, widow of the founder of Wellesley College, unveiled a monument to the Minute Men of West Needham, as Wellesley was formerly known, on the Fourth of July. The memorial was presented by Mrs. Durant. It is an eleven foot shaft of Quincy blue granite bearing a bronze tablet on which are the names of the Minute Men. It is at the east gate of Wellesley College.

Miss Paula Laddey was the only woman in the graduating class of the New Jersey Law School. She carried on her law studies while probation officer of Jersey City. Her object in studying law was the better to fit herself for her probation work and to enable her to assist the needy with legal advice.

The semi-centennial of Pauline Kuezalska has just been celebrated by the women of Poland. It was Pauline Kuezalska who started the woman's rights movement in Poland. As a young girl she taught poor girls at home. Her pupils numbered 130 and she taught them in classes of four and five each. The second step in her work was to found the Committee of the Third Sewing School, which soon outgrew its narrow bounds and became the Society of Woman's Work. This became the Woman's Mutual Aid Society.

Shortly after attending the Woman's Rights Congress in Paris in 1889 she began to collect in her little drawing room women from all sections of her country. Here she started the Women Land Owners' Association, the Association of Bookkeepers and several other organizations of women. At the jubilee of the Polish authoress Orzeszkowa she organized the first Polish Women's Congress. In 1895 she collected 4,000 signatures to a petition for municipal suffrage for women in Polish cities.

Criss-Crossing Up.

Two big, heavy, power delivery wagons going up a street with a pretty steep grade, but not going straight up, criss-crossing the road in ascending diagonal lines. It is a common thing to see horse drawn vehicles driven up steep streets in this manner, not so common to see power vehicles; but the reason for this form of ascent is of course in both cases the same, to reduce the grade as it is actually traversed and to conserve power.

Bright Money in Streaks.

A man who gives to his wife all the bright dimes and quarters and halves he gets says that bright money seems to run in streaks. Sometimes he gets a lot of bright coins for days and weeks in succession and then he may go a month and get not one. He doesn't undertake to account for this, but he notes that in the last month he has gathered in next to none. This has left him for that time with a little more money for himself than previously.

A PASTE EXPERT.

On a Space That Had Seemed to Be Out of Reach He Puts a Bill Handily.

Here comes a bill poster with his long handled paste brush, his zinc bucket of paste and bag of paper carried by a strap over his shoulder.

He comes to a board that his concern controls and here in the swiftest and handiest fashion he puts up a poster of six sheets. Rising above one corner of this board there's a small wall space that will hold just one sheet and that has a bill on it now, but you don't expect to see this bill poster put a new bill up there, because you have observed that the top of the six sheet board he has just covered is at just the extreme limit of his reach.

But wait a minute. He isn't picking up his bucket to move on. You see him now reach in the bag for a sheet and now you see him dipping his brush in the paste again, and now, holding that single sheet in his left hand, you see him step up on the bucket to stand on its rim. And now you see him put the brush up, one handed, and swab paste on that one sheet space high up that you thought he couldn't reach; and now you see him draw the long handled brush down again to put the one sheet poster over its head, and now, he continuing to stand all this time on the bucket's rim, you see him carry the sheet up in the air on the brush, centre it in that high space exactly where it ought to go and then deftly with a few sweeps of the brush he spreads the bill and sweeps it into place.

He had achieved what had seemed impossible and had done it with easy certainty, and still, simple as it seemed, when you saw it done, if you were to try standing on a bucket's rim and wielding a brush at the end of a ten foot pole it is altogether probable that you would quickly discover that this sort of job is one that can really be done by a paste expert only.

Ingenious Cigar Lighters.

From Science Conspectus.

In recent forms of pocket cigar lighters, an alloy of iron and cerium is used to ignite the alcohol in the wick. This alloy has the interesting peculiarity of emitting bright sparks when struck by a hard piece of steel. The sparks give practically no heat, but will ignite combustible gases. The light emitted by the sparks is very brilliant and penetrating.

Green Turtles of Indian Ocean.

From the Chicago News.

Concerning the great turtles of the Southwest Indian Ocean a traveller says: "The chelonian, or green turtle (Chelone mydas), is an animal of considerable economic importance to the atoll, for it still occurs in the vast hordes which are so often described by early voyagers in the tropics. There appear to be two distinct groups—one resident and small in numbers, the other migratory and visiting the atoll to breed in numbers impossible to estimate.

"The latter arrives in December, and from then to April the sea seems alive with turtle. The females seek the small sand beaches and then ascend them with the rising tide, pushing themselves laboriously above high tide mark. Holes are then dug in the sand by means of the fore flippers until a satisfactory one is obtained, and the eggs, 200 in number, are buried, the turtle returning to sea immediately.

"After forty days the eggs hatch, almost simultaneously, and the young turtles make their way up out of the sand and go down to the sea in a long procession, in the course of which they offer an easy prey to their enemies, the frigate birds and herons. Once in the sea sharks and other large fish eat them, and only 10 per cent. reach maturity."