

# How To See Venice



Scene 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 its mark inordinately high Venice will harm 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 burlesque, 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 ruse 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—squat steamboats, little, but all too large beside the gondolas—black awed-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 uttered under their breath.

More gondolas pass—and the trash boats of the municipality. In the waters that seemed so fair last night oats 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 ricks beneath. Perhaps the stones are falling away, too, at the waterline, letting the waves reach in for an inevitably greater destruction. Green lime covers the steps and the tilted wooden posts are rotting. Time is 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 overmuch. He turns rather to the domes of Santa Maria della Salute with a single of masts against the sky; to the arch of the history-encrusted old Ponte Rialto; to the incomparable pines 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 calli (little streets) and fondamenta (canal de-walks) exist. The best one can hope to do in a short stay is to gain superficial acquaintance with the main way between San Marco and the Canal.

**Piazza San Marco.**

The ways, whether narrow alleys or somewhat wider callies, have no sidewalks, of course. The entire space, such as it is, is for pedestrians. At intervals the narrow ways open up to "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, 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 lighted 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 809, 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 strung-out village of fishermen and gardeners. Along it are portions of the great seawall, 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 raced 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.

## STUDY SPANISH MAIN FROM AIR

Photographic Survey Being Made of East Coast Aerial Routes.

Washington.—To make the most comprehensive geographical and photographic study ever undertaken of the east coast aerial between North and South America, a National Geographic society survey party is flying over the old Spanish Main in one of the largest flying boats in America.

From dozens of bases along the way the party will make inland flights to cover areas contiguous to the route, and to gather geographic and meteorological data that will be valuable aids to navigation in the future when the air will hum with the aerial traffic between the two continents. Probably the two most important detailed surveys will be of the Orinoco and Amazon deltas, vast regions of low-lying islands and plains, traversed by a network of sluggish streams. These large areas are difficult of access by the ordinary means of travel, and have never been adequately studied from the air.

The survey party includes Frederick Simpich, editorial staff writer; Jacob Gayer, staff photographer, and Capt. Albert W. Stevens, internationally known aerial photographer, in addition to two pilots and two mechanics.

**Great Airway.**

With the rapid development of air traffic to South America, the route over the old Spanish Main is looked upon by the National Geographic society as one of the future great airways of the world. The direct flying time for powerful planes between Washington and Buenos Aires is seven days, but so thoroughly will the expedition comb the territory with its camera lenses and trained observers that six weeks will be spent on the flight.

The journey, which is being made in the "Argentina," largest type flying boat ever built in America and belonging to the New York, Rio & Buenos Aires lines, will be over or near water for practically the entire way. The first leg was along the Atlantic coast to Miami. From there a short hop was made to Havana. The route then continues over islands of the West Indies with landings probably at Santiago de Cuba, Port-au-Prince, San Pedro de Macoris (Dominican republic), San Juan, St. Thomas, St. John's (Antigua), Port Castries (St. Lucia); and Port of Spain, Trinidad.

After stops at the three capitals of the Guianas—Georgetown, Paramaribo and Cayenne—the plane will fly to Para, Brazil.

From there the flight will be continued with stops at Sao Luis, Amaracao, Camocim, Fortaleza, Natal, Recife (Pernambuco), Macelo, Aracaju, Bahia, Sao Jorge dos Ilheos, Caravelas, Victoria, Campos, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Sao Paulo, Florianopolis, Porto Alegre, Rio Grande do Sul, Montevideo and Buenos Aires.

**To Photograph Highest Peak.**

After arriving in Buenos Aires, the photographers of the party will change to a smaller plane of the same company capable of high altitude work, and will fly westward to the Andes where they will make aerial photographs of Aconcagua, highest mountain in the western hemisphere. This peak reaches an altitude of 23,080 feet.

Since the days of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's experiments with man-lifting kites and the early flights of the Wright brothers, the National Geographic society has lent its assistance and encouragement to the development of aerial navigation. It is believed that the geographical and meteorological fruits of the present survey will assist in more closely associating the two Americas by placing air travel and transportation between the two continents on a scientifically safe basis.

The "Argentina" has a wing spread of 100 feet. It weighs 10,440 pounds empty and 17,800 pounds with a capacity load. It is capable of carrying 22 passengers and of a speed of 127 miles per hour.

### Ex-Convict Finds He's Rated Noted Criminal

Budapest.—On being released from prison after serving a long term for murder, Gustav Nick, a Hungarian baker, visited a local panopticon and there among the other wax figures of famous criminals discovered his own. When he explained, however, to the owner of the panopticon that he had reformed and intended in the future to lead an exemplary life the owner immediately removed the wax figure from the show room.

### Oil Stove in Tent Is Fatal to Banker

Paris.—A nature colony on an island in the Seine, near Villennes, has had its first tragedy. A banker and his wife found the tents too cool without clothes and installed an oil stove, the fumes from which overcame them as they slept. The banker died in his sleep, and his wife is now being treated in a hospital.

## WHY Urban Field Invites the Young Doctor.

Secretary of the Interior Wilbur again calls the attention of embryo physicians and those veterans who find the going hard in cities, that there is a large field for the medical man in the rural districts. The secretary is himself a physician and his words undoubtedly carried weight when he spoke before a group of medical men at the recent semiannual meeting of the committee on the cost of medical care.

America has more persons engaged in the prevention and cure of disease than any other country in the world in proportion to population. This includes doctors, nurses and dentists to the number of some 1,500,000. The uneven geographical distribution of these agencies frequently has arrested the attention of medical authorities and the fact brought out again and again that the cities are oversupplied and the rural districts undersupplied.

It is a hard matter to convince the average interne that his struggle in the small town will be no greater than in the city and the rewards in the end, as large. He shows a far greater willingness to put in his "starvation" period in the city in the hope of attaining greater recognition and catering to a clientele usually better able to pay high fees. The counsel of older heads makes little headway. However, it becomes increasingly apparent, as the urban field becomes more and more crowded, that in the near future the rural districts will receive very serious consideration from the young physician. And it will be an excellent thing for the nation's health when this finally does occur.—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

### Why Depressed Feeling Is Called "the Blues"

Why do we say we feel blue when we feel depressed? Why do we speak of "blue laws" and "blue songs?"

According to W. A. Gluesing, research engineer, we say we feel blue because that is the way we feel.

"Blue is at the bottom of the spectrum," he said, "and the lower we go in the list of primary colors the more energy is required for their absorption by the eye. Thus, when we look at blue we use up more energy. When we use up more energy than usual we feel depressed. Therefore, it is only right, when we feel depressed to say that we feel blue.

"And," he added, "this also explains why certain laws are known as 'blue laws.' They have a depressive effect on the average individual."

### Why We Say "Don't Fib"

"Don't tell me a fib!" we may say occasionally to a child or good friend as a gentle reproof for the attempt to impose a falsehood of minor moment.

Probably not one in a thousand of us, in using the term, has ever stopped to think how the word "fib" should have such a connotation. And if we did, it would be only by the sheerest luck that we could guess the connection. If you don't believe it, try it yourself—before reading the next paragraph!

Now that you are convinced—why would you have imagined that "fib" is simply a colloquial contraction for "fable?" It was coined by the author Congreve in 1694 and apparently was considered so apt that it was immediately adopted by everybody.—Kansas City Star.

### Why Honey Flavor Differs

The flavor of honey usually depends on the flowers from which the nectar is extracted. Western honey comes from alfalfa, sweet and white clover; eastern honey from Swedish alfalfa and white clover. From southern California we obtain honey from the sage, orange, bean and yellow star thistle; from Texas from the mesquite, guajilla and horse mint. The clover, poplar and tupelo trees yield nectar for bees in some southern states.

### Why Yellow Is Brand

It is not known how the color yellow first became associated with cowardice. One writer suggests that "he has a yellow streak" refers to light-colored feathers in a game cock. It was commonly believed among cock-fighters that a fowl with light feathers in it was a mongrel and consequently cowardly.

### Why Grandfather Clocks?

Two reasons are advanced for "grandfather" clocks being so called. One is that their height would be right for an old man to see the time easily; the other is that they outlived by many years their original purchasers, and thus would be referred to as "Grandfather's clock."

### Why Rubber "Ages"

The bureau of standards has found that one phase of the deterioration or "aging" of rubber is due to the formation of hydrogen sulphide which is caused by the splitting or breaking up of the rubber sulphur compound.

### Why Wishbone Is Lucky

The wishbone of a fowl is considered lucky, owing to its resemblance to a horseshoe in shape. Breaking the bone allows the luck to escape, and it goes to the person who gets the bigger piece.

### Why Birds Peck at Windows

When birds peck at windows it is called shadow boxing. The bird is fighting its own reflection in the glass. The mocking bird, the robin and cardinal are often attracted to windows.

## Nurses See Telephone Men Demonstrate First Aid Work



Nurses of the graduating class of the Pittsburgh Presbyterian Hospital displayed keen interest recently in a special first aid demonstration by the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania. Members of the company's construction department are skilled in first aid methods, and frequently have occasion to render some form of public service in emergencies.

Come to the "Watchman" office for High Class Job work.

## Do Not Invest ...and Then Investigate

**REVERSE THE ORDER.** It is so easy to ask your banker about an investment. Make it a rule to do this before buying. He has nothing to sell—has no interest beyond protecting you.

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