

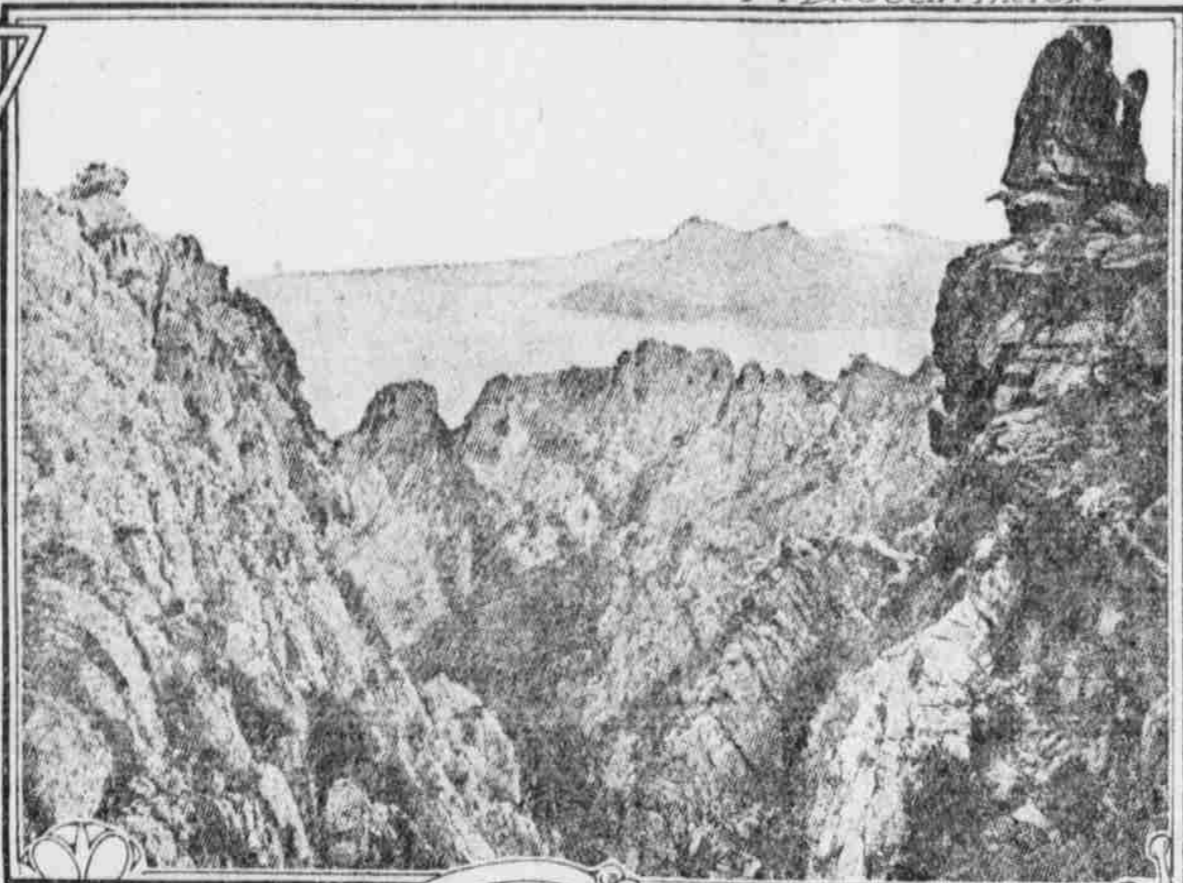
A GLIMPSE of CORSIKA A. J. BLACKIE



WHERE SILENT
NATURE REIGNS



A BROCCIA FACTORY



WEATHERED ROCKS AND
WIDE VALLEYS



ALMOND BLOSSOM IN SPRING

ON a perfect sunny morning in February we stood on the hillside overlooking the town of Ajaccio and rejoiced that we had come to Corsica. The magnificent gulf lay before us with a grand range of mountains on the opposite shore, and, best of them all, Monte d'Orto rose up eight thousand feet into the sky, his peak decked with just a sprinkling of snow, as if he alone could wear that glittering crown while all lesser heads remained uncovered. In early spring the neighborhood of Ajaccio is very beautiful. There is a fascinating daintiness about the almond blossom, and you may look from its delicate pink over the soft, gray olives and the shining blue water to the purple haze of the mountains beyond. Many lovely walks are to be had all around, but to see the full beauties of the island one must go further afield.

Soon after our arrival we engaged a tiny carriage and started to explore the wonders of Piana and Evisa. There is much that is worthy of note on the forty-five miles of road leading to Piana, but on arriving at the top of the hill overlooking the village, all that has gone before is eclipsed. Suddenly the Gulf of Porto, with Piana in the foreground, comes into view. We greeted this first glimpse of Porto with a gasp of surprise and delight.

Seen through the translucent yet slightly hazy atmosphere of a perfect day it is a marvelously beautiful scene. Away down beneath us the blue sea lay calm and tranquil in the evening light, while the beautiful headlands of Cappel Senno and La Scandola stretched out beyond. The perfect outline and shapes of these noble headlands, all of a glowing red, and the deep purple shadows that melt into the deeper blue of the sea below, make a scene of supreme beauty never to be forgotten, and far beyond the powers of the camera to depict.

On reaching the hotel we had a hurried meal and started for our first visit to the Calanches with what remained to us of the evening light. No description can give an adequate idea of the absolute magnificence of the gorges and gulfs and towering piles of red-colored rocks. They must be seen to be appreciated. Down, down, away so deep, a small torrent was carving its way still deeper through the granite rock below, and up and up, tier upon tier rose above, with glades of splendid pines and bushes making valleys in the recesses. Rocks of all forms, weathered into ragged, fantastic shapes, often honeycombed into caverns and caves innumerable, greet you on every side. Weird shapes appear round corners like gnomes who seem to resent intrusion. Every bend in the winding road presents a fresh scene of wonder, and we passed from deep gorges to masses of towering rocks, and on again to wider ravines opening out to sea with the distant headlands beyond.

After this first sight of the Calanches we spent weeks exploring and scrambling about among its wonders, yet there was always something new to see. One of our rambles was to a promontory called Cappel Rasso, where we came on a goat-herd's hut, which proved to be a headquarters for making the "Broccia" or "Brouch," as it is called. A dead tree stood near the door hung with an assortment of black pots, while near by lay a heap of wooden tubs. We were pleased to note that all the pots and tubs were kept really very clean, and were hung out in the open air. Seeing this, and knowing that the goats' milk had to undergo much boiling before the "Broccia" was made, all fears as to the hygiene of the cookery departed. Good the "Broccia" is when well made, and we had many opportunities of enjoying it. Piana has a name for making some of the best "Broccia" in Corsica, so we know what it ought to be like. It is snow white, with the consistency of cream cheese, and it is eaten with sugar and occasionally with the addition of a few drops of eau de vie.

After our stay at Piana we drove on to Evisa, through such a wealth of magnificent scenery that it is impossible to describe it here. The road itself is a triumph of engineering skill. It descends from Piana to the sea-level at Porto, then mounts to a height of three thousand feet, performing marvels in the way of lacets as it climbs round the mountain-sides, yet the gradient is quite gentle all the way and the surface remarkably good. At nearly every point where the lacets cut away into the mountain there is a gorge or ravine, some large, some small, but all beautiful. Many of these are so wild and rugged that the thought at once struck us what perfect hiding places they would be for bandits, and how impossible it would be for any gendarmes to approach unseen.

The so-called "bandit" in Corsica is not a brigand lurking behind the rocks ready to issue

forth and plunder the passer-by. He is, in fact, an outlaw, a man who has, perhaps, killed another in vendetta as a private act of vengeance according to a Corsican's idea of justice, but who has thereby broken the French law and is compelled to take to the "maquis" to hide from the gendarmes, as well as from the relations of the man he has killed. In a country so rough as this the gendarmes have a very poor chance, and many exciting tales are told of their encounters with the bandits. On one occasion when old Bellacoscia, the renowned bandit, was hard pressed, the gendarmes managed to get him into a ravine from which there was no outlet but the entrance, and there he was, trapped, with the gendarmes guarding the approach. It was late evening, and they felt so confident of getting their quarry that they thought it safe to wait till morning to close in upon him and make an easy capture. So they set themselves to watch the entrance through the night and make their capture at dawn. Things must have looked black for Bellacoscia that night as he waited in the dark, the stillness only broken by the tinkling bells of the goats that were feeding among the "maquis." But he was a man of resource, and as he waited there an idea occurred to him. An old goat browsing near kept tinkling its bell as it fed, and Bellacoscia, in a moment of inspira-

tion, seized the goat, unaid its bell, tied it round his own neck, and commenced to push his way on all fours through the bushes, tinkling the bell and rustling among them as he went. Nearer and nearer the gendarmes he came, but he just went boldly on in the dark, "acting the goat" to such good purpose that the unsuspecting sentinels merely thought that an old goat was eating its way along among the bushes in the errand its goats have. So Bellacoscia passed right through the guarding gendarmes and clean away. When morning dawned the certain capture was not effected, and Bellacoscia was free to give more trouble in the future. Another time he was flying from capture, the gendarmes close on his heels, when he found the way blocked by a river in flood, and escape seemed impossible. Every minute his pursuers were gaining. He could not cross, and to go back meant certain capture. Again his wits saved him. He scrambled down to the marshy banks of the river where there were some dark, reedy pools, cut a hollow reed, put one end in his mouth, and sank himself down into the silmy black water till he was completely covered, with only the broken end of the reed projecting into the air, and through this he breathed in comfort. The gendarmes came rushing down to the river, where a moment before they had seen the fugitive, but now, when they reached the place, Bellacoscia was gone—clean vanished, as if he had been spirited away, and they went back to report that "the devil had certainly got him for he had undoubtedly been there, he had never gone away, and he certainly was not there now!"

Towards evening we reached Evisa, a happy little village rejoicing in a grand position, and well worth a visit. If it were only to see the view looking down the gorge to the Gulf of Porto, that alone would be worth the journey. Just before the forest of Altonne commences one should leave the road and scramble across a field to a projecting mass of rocks, for there can be seen a sight that must equal many of the finest prospects in the world for majestic beauty. An immense gorge enclosed by magnificently shaped mountains extends below, crowned at the end by that king of them all, Cappel d'Orto, and away beyond lies the blue sea, all hazy and soft in the distance. While standing on the rocky projection overlooking this impressive scene, a sense of littleness comes over the beholder, and one feels almost like an intruder in this solitary spot. Where silent Nature reigns alone Majestic, on her craggy throne.

WHY THE GERMANS LEAD.

Influence Exerted by the "Continuation School" in the Fatherland.

An American manufacturer who had wondered at the success of his German competitors was struck by certain big, flaming, official-looking posters on the billboards and around public buildings in Berlin. He might have seen similar posters in every city and town in Germany. Twice a year these official posters summon the youth of the land to obligatory attendance at the trade and commercial schools, Hubert Evans writes in Harper's Weekly. Indirectly, they tell why the American or the English manufacturer finds in the German such a dangerous competitor. They reveal the secret of Germany's wonderful commercial and industrial prosperity and of her commanding position as a world power. To the philosophically inclined they suggest interesting reflections on the transformation of idealists and dreamers into a nation of materialists and doers.

There is scarcely anything in all Germany so new and modern as the continuation schools. This whole movement has been a matter of only a few years, and in its present form the continuation school is a child of yesterday. These institutions receive from the nation more care and solicitude than is bestowed upon the children of the imperial family. They are still in a rapid process of change and development. Their very success has encouraged further changes and more stringent legislation in their behalf. It is only a few years ago that an imperial industrial law was passed giving community authority to establish and maintain obligatory continuation schools for youths, thus making good the failure of certain German state governments to provide for such school by state law. One of the last acts of the reichstag last December was to amend this law so as to make it apply to all girls em-

ployed in offices, stores and factories, as well as to boys. The whole subject is still so new and fresh that every day the German press has some interesting item of continuation school news—the opening of more domestic science schools for girls, the establishment of training colleges for continuation school teachers, the publication of new laws and material decrees.

A Good Thing.

"Now, this portable garage," began the salesman.

"I see the advantages," interrupted the prospective customer. "When the machine stalls I can haul the garage out and cover it up. What are they worth?"

His Trade.

"Our doctor wishes well to everybody."
"Then he's a hypocrite."
"How can you say so?"
"Because how can he want his practice to grow if he wishes everybody well?"

Our Best People.

"The marriage took place in prison."
"I don't believe in jail birds being allowed to marry."
"You mistake your people. This was a prominent banker and a militant suffragette."

Prudent Precautions.

"There is a great gulf separating the law's violators from the law's protection."
"Not if the violators are willing to 'come across.'"

The Fitting Case.

"How harmonious are some coincidences!"
"Such as what?"
"Didn't you notice that with the decrease of the lobster supply came a chorus girl famine?"

EXERCISE IN THE HOME

DAILY TASKS THAT ARE REALLY BEAUTIFYING.

Physical Culture Made Easy If One Can Only Be Brought to Realize It—Health-Bringing Agents Not Properly Appreciated.

Have you ever thought of the great value of the exercise you take while attending to your household duties? Some of the most valuable forms of exercise are those associated with the ordinary tasks of every day life.

The woman with a home, and who is fortunate enough to be able to look after it herself, has a list of splendid exercises at her command. I discovered this fact a number of years ago, when teaching physical culture. At the same time I was doing the housework for my little family of four, and I found some very interesting comparisons. There were over a hundred exercises in the system I was teaching, besides many so-called whole body movements. I found that a large number of the exercises were exact duplicates of movements I made while carrying on the homely tasks that are usually looked upon as drudgery.

One exercise—called "The Bell Ringers"—brought the arm muscles into play with much the same movement as we get from sweeping, and after I discovered this similarity, I never took a broom in my hands without thinking of it. Unconsciously I found that the task of sweeping had grown to be a real pleasure and the exercise a welcome one.

Another one I recall was picking an imaginary bunch of grapes from a tall trellis, requiring the body to be balanced for a moment upon the toe of one foot and stretching the arm upward in an effort to pluck the tempting fruit which hung almost out of reach. The value of the exercise was in the stretching it gave the muscles, and how many times I have duplicated it when trying to take a clothesline from a tall pole or when reaching for something from a pantry shelf that was above my head.

One exercise which I often recall was the kneeling exercise. The body was slowly lowered while counting four till both knees rested on the floor with the body in an upright position. This was fairly easy, but the difficulty of the movement consisted in slowly rising from the lowly position upon four more counts without touching the hands to the floor or bending the body forward. I am quite willing to confess that while I frequently assume the kneeling position when occasion demands it, I do not always rise so gracefully and with as perfect poise as the exercise requires. But I always think of it and I know it is splendid for the muscles.

I could draw similar comparisons from each one of a hundred movements, but these are enough to show the great benefit we derive from the variety of exercise we go through every day, and will serve to set us thinking a bit. Everything we do brings something of value to us, if we do it pleasantly and cheerfully, no matter how insignificant and unimportant it seems. It will aid us materially to gain in health and happiness if we try to turn the homely things of daily life into pleasures with a full realization of their great value as health-bringing agents instead of considering them in the light of irksome duties.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

C. E. D.: If you wish to make a shampoo, shave up a cupful of soap in two quarts of cold water, preferably soft water, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, when it is ready to use. If your hair is very oily it is quite permissible to add a tablespoonful of laundry ammonia to the two quarts of shampoo, or a teaspoonful of salts of tartar. Either of these "softeners" is beneficial if used in small quantities, but decidedly harmful when used in too large proportion. Remember always that you must be very thorough in both the scrubbing and rinsing of the hair, and three times for the rinsing and rinsing is none too often.

Inquirer: A curling fluid which works nicely in the winter often fails entirely during the summer months. This is because the air is heavy with moisture in the hot weather and this takes the curl out of the hair quicker than you can put it in. Have you tried the fluid made from one dram gum arabic, one dram sugar and two ounces rosewater? It may prove better than the one you have been using. Crush the gum to a powder and put it, together with the sugar, in the rosewater, and let stand till dissolved and well blended. Moisten the hair with this fluid just before rolling it on curlers.

Vera: You can coax more roundness to your cheeks by giving them gentle massage every morning with a nourishing cream. Use plenty of cold water after the massage, as that is a good tonic. I doubt if the sage remedy will prove a cure for dandruff, and I wish you would use the tonic I so often recommended. I am sure it will relieve the condition of your scalp and stop the hair from falling.

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Ribbons Have Picot Edge.

Ribbons with the picot edge are new, and it is usually very much easier to twist a crush belt out of them than to make one out of a piece material.

Social Forms and Entertainments



Reply to "Shorty."

I should say you were a fine looking young girl with golden hair. You will have to study for yourself the most becoming way to dress your hair. I like the way you do it now and it is only a little while you can wear it that way, for girls grow into women so quickly. An occasional scrubbing with good soap will not hurt the teeth. A "Psyche" knot is a pulled out puff or knot placed half low and half high in the back and coronet braids are worn across the front of head with usually the hair parted. Norfolk suits of serge and one piece dresses of serge with white gumpes and undersleeves I like best for school, with long warm coats. I do not care for separate skirts and waists. You may wear any color you like and you will get over the blushing habit as you lose self-consciousness by thinking of others and not so much about yourself.

Girls' Answers.

I fear you think your answer is coming in very late, but if you only knew how hard I tried to get around you would not blame me. Only just so many questions can be answered each week, so some one is always disappointed. I think girls of the age mentioned like "Thimble" parties and now is just the time to begin work on Christmas presents, so why not ask each one to come with a suggestion for that happy occasion? It is very easy to let your friend know that you like him by asking him "to come again" when he calls and inviting him to tea on Sunday night occasionally.

Your writing is very good and I think you did just right about asking the friend to come in. Serve your girls piping hot chocolate and nice little toasted crackers.

No Age Limit.

I have read your column for a long time—in fact it is the first thing I look for on Sunday and have become deeply interested in it. I want to ask you a few questions:

At what age is a woman called an old maid? and would you advise a young lady to marry a young man who is one year and five months younger than she if they love each other?—Mary J.

The difference in age is so slight I see no reason to let it prevent what would probably be a happy marriage. There is really no set time at which a woman becomes an "old maid," in fact we have no "old maids" these days.

Glad you like the department.

From "A City Girl."

You ask "Should I allow a boy to wear my ring?" "Yes," if you do not mind running the risk of his losing it and "No" if you do. I know it is customary for boys and girls to exchange rings, pins, etc. Class pins are usually replaceable and so are class or club rings, but I do not approve of loaning valuable rings that would be hard to duplicate and perhaps very expensive. From your handwriting I am afraid I should not consider you old enough for what you call "steady" company. I see no harm in having good boy friends nor in walking with them in the daytime. Without knowing more about you I should say you were attractive, just as all girls of seventeen should be.

Finger Bowl Etiquette.

Please answer in your columns whether it is always proper to use finger bowls at a dinner or luncheon. If so, should each guest be served with an individual bowl, or should one be passed around to each? Is it proper for a hostess to wear flowers?—M. E. P.

It is always proper to use finger bowls, but it is not always done, and a hostess commits no breach in etiquette in not doing so, unless fruit has been served. One should be provided for each guest, put on a plate which has a finger bowl dolly upon it. A hostess may wear flowers if she is fortunate enough to have them.

Gifts Never Necessary.

I received an invitation to attend the wedding reception of a girl friend, who lives in another city. Is it necessary for me to send a gift? If so, shall I send gift to bride before the day of the reception?—Aneta.

Gifts are never necessary, but if you wish to give one to your friend send it to her before or after the reception, just which is most convenient for you. It is customary to send remembrances just as soon as the cards are out.

Reply to "Jeff's" Friends.

I am glad you like the department well enough to say so; I appreciate such kind words in its favor. I should have the linen shower in the afternoon, with just the most intimate friends of the bride-elect present. Present the gifts in a pretty ribbon and flower decorated basket and serve tea, sandwiches and small cakes.

MADAME MERRIL