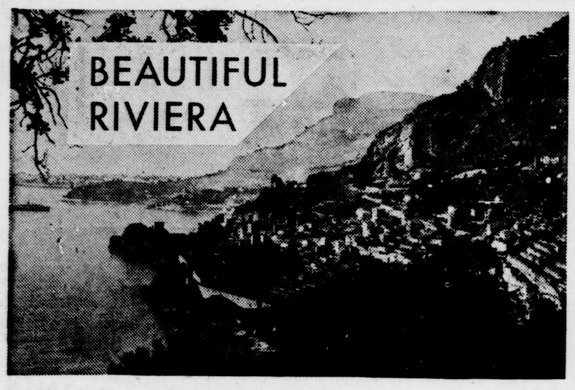


Roquebrune and Monte Carlo.

## Beautiful Scenery, Gaiety, Sports And Quiet Life on the Famed Riviera

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

VACATION cruises to the Mediterranean bring numerous visitors to the Italian Riviera, continuation of the French Riviera section which has become Europe's synonym for vacationland.

The Riviera stretches toward the sunrise and the sunset. Genoa is the dividing point. To the east is the Riviera di Levante—"the coast of the rising sun." To the west and on across the French border extends the Riviera di Ponente—"the coast of the setting sun."

Two distinct designs for living are traced along the beautiful coast of the Italian Riviera. One is splashed with gaiety and sport; the other is as normal as life in any of the other provinces of Italy. Whoever neglects to penetrate the vicissitudes, hopes, and trials of the life of the native for the sake of that more obvious life of the casinos and luxury places misses the true soul of the region.

To find this life of the people, one must flee hotels and villas and nest in a tiny house clinging to the cliffs, not too far from the sea to run down for an early morning splash.

There is a problem that one is never able to settle: whether the Mediterranean is more beautiful when it is viewed from the height of a villa or when it is explored along the shore. Gazing down at the points of rock and at the sea that slips in between them to make blue bays with an edge of waves in fluffy ruffles, one may prefer the heights.

Portofino is an unbelievable sort of place. It gives no intimation of its existence until it lies before you, below you. It is reached by leaving Santa Margherita and the sea and wandering over a road in the hills.

**Portofino a Lovely Picture.**

All of a sudden, as the high road turns, a picture lies before you. It is something of the imagination, unreal, but with such charm as thrills a child after the visit of Santa Claus. You want to thrust out a sudden hand and topple over the row of colored houses set in the water in an outward sweep, for the fun of standing them up again.

And where does the water come from? All around are wooded hills; no sight nor sound of sea. But for the little yachts at anchor, it might be thought an inland lake. But not even that nor anything else, gives reason for the curving line of high houses which seem to have been transferred en bloc from some crowded town.

Take a climbing footpath up the opposite hill. As you mount, you pass gardens of an occasional fine villa. They seem not to belong at all, but must be tolerated because it is the way of some rich Genoese to build such misfits.

Up at the top of the path is a little church on a terrace. Walk forward beyond the obstruction of verdure, and the sparkling Mediterranean lies spread at your feet. One good jump, a stiff fall of 500 feet, and you would be in its frill of waves under the cliff. Contrast it with the hill-locked harbor of Portofino just behind you. You laugh with delight at the beauties of inconsistencies.

A gate beside the public terrace opens into a path along the top of the cliff and reaches ultimately a well-known villa. It has been used as a setting for novels, as a retreat for distinguished individuals, as a home of reasonable revelry for orderly intellectuals, but the casuals of the road may not penetrate. It is the Castello San Giorgio, a private property, and one stops, longing like the peri outside the gate of paradise.

**Rapallo Now Is a Resort.**

Rapallo has become rather much of a resort. Nature gave it a harbor curving in from the peninsula of Portofino, but a shallow harbor, just nice for fishermen, not yachts. A promenade follows its pebbly beach, where children played without danger and where groups of maidens walked on Sundays and threw important glances over the shoulder at groups of young men who did the same. All these things go on still, but under the eye of the people of a casino and big new hotels.

Where a mountain stream ran down to join the waters, women are washing. A common sight, but if you think on the details it is a saddening one.

The woman who washes gossips with those near her; sometimes a young one breaks into a gay song. These ameliorations are but trifles against the discomforts. She who washes must do her work kneeling and bending well over the water, which is lower than she herself. What aches and weariness must be hers! And the water itself is as cold as mountain heights can make it.

Mountain cliffs coming down into the bay have split into occasional chasms. In one such chasm the early Italians chose to build a village and called it Zoagli. It is a mere crack in the rock. The railway to La Spezia is fastened on miraculously high above.

Was Zoagli originally a smugglers' nest or a refuge from Saracens? Its appeal is strong; its beauties are unique; even its occupational life deserves both these adjectives. As it has no width, life there is lived on the perpendicular, a sort of Jacob's-ladder life, ever ascending and descending; and all around is the greenery of the superb steeps which give so stingy a space to the little village.

**No Privacy at Zoagli.**

The beach is a place of entry and departure. It is like a gate in a walled city, for movement and for gossip. No one can go or come without the cognizance of all the village. Can life hold back any secrets when lived on a series of ladders?

A few donkeys do the heavy carrying up steep ways, exclusive donkeys that by sharing the isolated life seem to take their place with the people. Their life may be arduous, but they have the honor of sharing the house as well as the labor of the humans—communistic donkeys, in a word. You can see them all alone, digging their toes into the upward path or turning suddenly into a doorway of this village without wheels.

The innkeeper tells you proudly that the best velvets of Italy have always been made in Zoagli. That was its specialty. Hand-made velvets, "certo." You can see the hand looms and the weavers at work up above now—yes, just as it had always been.

Patiently you climb, although skeptical of a trap to catch a tourist. But it is true. The hand looms are there. The women weavers are at work. Piles of narrow ruby velvet lie about, catching the light like gems, in small, clumsy rooms that smack of the Thirteenth century.

For centuries this little village, hidden in a cleft of the rock, has upheld ideals of the craft of the weaver of hand-made velvet. Even the owner of a factory of a thousand yards a day must bow before Zoagli.

**Coast of the Setting Sun.**

Leaving the Riviera di Levante, you may experience the joys of motoring to places on the Riviera di Ponente, and in that glad territory that now belongs under the French flag but keeps the Italian soul in the breast of its oldest people.

Everywhere you drive your car you run into the Saracens—their towers, their history, and their evil reputation. They belong to that marvelous Mohammedan civilization that in the Middle ages surpassed in certain things the culture of Europe, much of which was then undeveloped. They began the habit of leaping across the Mediterranean from North Africa when the first detachment of these able pioneers touched Gibraltar and proceeded to possess Spain.

And what did they there? They built at Cordoba a mosque, now a cathedral, which is still the glory of the city; they built at Granada a palace which still makes poets and artists of all who have the happiness to linger in its recesses; but they were routed by the people already living in Europe, and ever since have been branded as criminals and savages.

The people who drove them out were even less mannerly than they. This you learn at the marvelous village of Eze near that point of the Moyenne Corniche (as the middle road from Nice to Menton is called) where the rock rises like a monument above it and seems to dominate sea and penetrate sky.

All the world is on wheels nowadays; but no wheels of any size enter Eze—only those of hand cart, perhaps, and the feet of men and donkeys.

Toiling up the slope with delight at every step, you pass through an archway. It is the city gate. No city opens before you; only a paved path, narrow and steep. There is not a yard of level walk in the entire maze of ways. Of real streets there are none.

**Wonderful View From Eze.**

Extended arms touch both side walls at once. One might be in a crypt, so frequent are the arched spaces through which one gropes. Yet from tiny windows above are bright eyes peeping and taking in every movement of the strangers.

The castle at last, or rather its site, for the walls are nearly gone. Not so bad after all, for now nothing stops the eye; the view is from the mountains of the Esterel to those near Bordighera.

From here the Saracens could look across the sea almost as far as their Africa and on every side could see the approach of friend or enemy.

One can feel the presence of those bold, skilled men, trying to make strongholds and keep them, that they might bring the land into the culture of those who held to the True Faith of the Prophet. "There is no God but God," they cried for the benefit of the heathen beyond these gray mountains.

# FARM TOPICS

## SANITARY SYSTEM HALTS MILK LOSS

### Extreme Care Is Urged in Cleanliness of Cows.

By John A. Arey, Extension Dairyman, North Carolina State College. WNU Service.

Dairymen lose thousands of dollars each summer as a result of not handling their milk properly. Because milk is so easily contaminated, every person connected with its handling should be clean in his methods. When drawn from healthy cows, few bacteria may be found in it.

Milk souring is caused by bacteria changing milk sugar into lactic acid. It is impossible to remove these bacteria by straining, as many people think.

Milk receives most of its contamination from the body of the cow during milking. Therefore, it is essential that all parts of the animal's body be kept clean and well-groomed.

Then, too, the milker's hands may be a source of contamination, so they should be clean and dry during the milking process.

Small top pails have proven effective in cutting down the number of bacteria that enter while the cow is being milked. Dairymen should recognize this type of container as one of the easiest and cheapest means at his disposal for producing good milk.

All containers used in handling milk should be of metal with all corners and seams completely filled with solder. To clean these containers thoroughly they should first be rinsed in lukewarm water, then scrubbed with a brush in water of the same temperature as that in the rinsing process to which a good alkali washing powder has been added. After washing, sterilize with steam and store in a clean dry place.

Milk should be cooled immediately after the milking process and held at a temperature of below 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

### Horses Need Water, Salt During the Hot Weather

Water and salt enable horses to do more work in the summer.

A drink of water every hour in the field in hot weather, all the loose salt the horses want at the barn or in the pasture at night, and reasonable attention by the driver enable horses to work steadily on very hot days, advises a writer in Hoard's Dairyman.

Even colts demand special attention during summer months. Foals from work mares work too hard if they follow in the field. A foal grows better when kept in the barn during the day and turned on pasture with the mare at night. A good plan is to bring the mare in for nursing in the middle of the morning and afternoon while the foal is young.

The proper care of the horse's feet to prevent lameness is always of paramount importance as a lame horse is not a serviceable horse. Feet should be trimmed regularly, and excessive growth should be removed to prevent breaking high, thus causing the horse to become tender and to prevent both toe and quarter cracks.

### Eight Breeds of Swine

In the United States there are two distinct classes of swine, the breeds of the lard type and of the bacon type. The plan of feeding has much to do with the class of market hogs produced. As an example, less corn and more oat and barley meal in the ration produces bacon, rather than lard in young hogs. The hogs known as lard breeds are Duroc, Jersey, Poland China, Chester White, Berkshire, Hampshire and Spotted Poland China. Those known as the true bacon breeds are the Tamworth and Yorkshire. These last named are not the only hogs that are producing our bacon.

### Starting Mash for Turkeys

Turkey growers may use home produced or purchase farm grown grains for a starting mash, if they are balanced with a good protein supplement, says a St. Paul university farm authority. Following is a starter recipe that can be mixed on the farm, provided all ingredients (expressed in pounds) are included: corn 21, wheat bran 10, flour mids 15, ground oats or barley 10, alfalfa leaf meal 15, meat scrap 20, soybean oil meal 10, dried milk 5, salt 1, oyster shell 1, and cod liver oil 2.

### Water Held by Corn Land

Soils used for producing a three-year rotation of corn, oats and red clover hold 15,600 more gallons of water per acre than if the same soils are used to produce corn continuously without any fertilizer, it is reported by the South Dakota experiment station. If lime, manure and phosphate are used with the crop rotation, the soil will hold 46,500 more gallons of water per acre than when corn is grown continuously.

### Yellow Corn for Pullets

Yellow corn is to be preferred for growing pullets to other grains for the grain ration, says a Purdue university authority. Most pullets can eat the whole grain by the time they are two months old. Some poultry keepers teach them to eat the whole corn by mixing some cracked corn with the whole corn at first. The change to grain should be made gradually—don't expect the pullets to eat very much whole grain at first—they have to learn.

**In a Happy Home**

To be happy at home is the ultimate aim of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.—Johnson.

**Bearing Troubles Well**

When anything grows troublesome, recollect this maxim: This accident is not a misfortune, but bearing it well turns it to an advantage.—Marcus Aurelius

# IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

## Lesson for July 3

### A CHOICE OF LOYALTIES

LESSON TEXT—Joshua 1:2-6; 24:14-21.
GOLDEN TEXT—As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. Joshua 24:15.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Choosing Sides.
JUNIOR TOPIC—A Loyal Leader.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—A Choice of Loyalties
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Man's Highest Allegiance.

"Lives of great men all remind us," according to the poet, that we too may make our lives sublime, and thus leave our footprints in the shifting sands of time. The study of biography is interesting, instructive, and often challenging. When we enter the field of Bible biography we bring into consideration an additional and fundamental factor, namely, the power and grace of God working in and through a surrendered life. All strength of character and ability is a gift of God, but its glory is largely veiled and its usefulness definitely limited, if not actually perverted, because there is no recognition of the foundation of true greatness, which is faith in and loyalty to God.

During the next three months we are to share in the study of the life stories of great men and women which will not only stimulate ambitions, but which also reveal what God can do through those who are ready to follow Him. We may thus learn how to write our names in the eternal records of God, rather than on the passing sands of time.

Moses, God's great leader for Israel, having brought them out of the land of bondage and through the terrible wilderness, is about to leave them. God's workman is about to die, but His work is to go on. God is not taken by surprise. He never is. Joshua has been in preparation these many years to take over the responsibility.

**I. A Prepared Man Takes Command** (1:3-6).

"Moses is dead; now therefore arise." Life is like that. "The king is dead; long live the king," is the cry of those who live under monarchies, as one ruler dies and his successor takes over the throne. Until that day when there shall be "time no longer," men must put away their sorrow and go on. Three words characterize the commission of Joshua—

1. Promise (vv. 2-4). God gave the land to Israel. Every place that Joshua planted his foot upon was to be his possession, even as God has promised Moses. A river lay between; there were walled and armed cities to be taken; there were even giants in the land, but God promised it to Joshua; and he took it by faith.

God has given us many promises, too. If we are fearful, poverty-stricken, powerless Christians, it is because we do not believe God.

2. Power (v. 5). No man is able to stand against God's servant who is doing God's will, in God's way, in God's time. It was true of Joshua; it is true today. Men set up their opposition to God's plan and program with the assumed belief that because they have position, power, or money, they can readily crush the poor little band of Christian workers. Russia tried it. They even "abolished" God. But religion thrives in Russia, secretly perhaps, but none the less sincerely and successfully. There is no power of man or devil that can defeat the man who does the will of God.

3. Courage (v. 6). To serve God means to be assured of His help. Faith lays hold of that fact and the whole man becomes courageous. But observe that the foundation of courage is faith in God's Word, nurtured by meditation in it "day and night" (v. 7). The house of courage can be built only on that foundation.

**II. An Experienced Man Gives Counsel** (24:14-21).

More than two decades have passed since the appointment of Joshua to lead Israel. God has fulfilled every promise. Israel is in the Promised Land. Before the aged leader dies he calls the leaders of his people together to urge them to continue in the way of faith and loyalty to God. This he does by:

1. Example (v. 15). "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." No man can honestly and effectively call others to devotion to the Lord unless he sets them an example. No one takes any stock in the preacher or teacher who says, "Do as I say, not as I do." We are more than signposts; we are guides.

2. Instruction (vv. 16-19). Remembering God's dealings with them, the people declare their determination to serve the Lord. They spoke rather glibly. Joshua instructs them. God is not interested in lip service. He does not need them so much as they need Him. He does not look upon their confession of Him, if they continue to live in sin.

3. Warning (v. 20). God will visit His judgment on His people if they forsake Him and turn away—such is Joshua's warning. We who look back to the history of Israel know that they did forsake Him, and that the judgment of God is still upon them. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7) is God's warning through Paul to the Christian.

## Farm Champions on the Air

AMONG the Champion Farmers of America who are being featured on Firestone's series of 26 "Voice of the Farm" programs, is this representative group of leading crop growers and stock raisers. Each program in the series presents a farm champion in an interview with Everett Mitchell, popular farm commentator who has been heard on the National Farm and Home Hour for the last eight years. Each champion tells the fact story of his climb to championship rating in his particular branch of farm operation.

Top from left—Albert Schroeder, pioneer user of rubber tractor tires; Sarah-Ann and John Tolan, champion Aberdeen-Angus breeders; Darwin Neal, champion poultry raiser; Paul Fisher, champion hog producer. Lower row—L. E. Mathers, champion Shorthorn breeder; Harry L. Chadwick, potato champion; Adolph Pirani, champion cotton grower; Ralph L. Heilman, champion corn grower; Paul Stiefboldt, plowing champion.

### Man's Noblest Friend

Out from the past—the dim, bloody, shifting past—came this noble equine, this noble animal, the horse; side by side with man, fighting with him the battles of progress, bearing with him the burdens of the centuries. Down the long hard road, through flint and mire, through swamp and sand, wherever there has been a footprint, there also will be seen a hoofprint.—John Trotwood Moore.

### Reporter Got Hint—Not a Thing Fit to Print

The reporter limped in.

"Well," growled the news editor, "did you get the interview?"

The newsman pointed to a pair of black eyes.

"We can't print a pair of black eyes. Where's the story?"

The reporter lifted his hat and displayed a huge bump on his head.

"Look," he repeated.

The editor went wild.

"What good is that?" he howled. "We can't print things like that. Didn't you get the chap to say a few words?"

"Sure," was the reply, "but you can't print those either!"

### Wise and Otherwise

NO DOUBT the tailor who asked for cash in advance had taken his customer's measure.

Quite small things may keep you from sleeping at night, says a doctor. Never mind—they'll grow up presently.

**Little Buddy wants to know how far it is 'tween to and fro.**

Girls who play with fire don't always strike a match.

Many a man has the wolf at his door because his wife will have a silver-fox round her neck!

When you're in a jam, it's soon spread all over the place.

**Paradox: It's only when a man comes clean that he spills the dirt.**

The employees of a subway are constantly in a hole.

### Perfect Balance

The demands of science grow more exacting every day. Almost unbelievable accuracy is required. The latest marvel concerns the huge propellers of the Pan-American airplanes.

These propellers are 11½ feet in diameter, and weigh over three hundredweight—yet they must be so perfectly balanced that the weight of a cigarette paper will start them rotating on the test stand.

During these tests special care is taken to keep flies and other insects from the delicately poised blades. Mechanics must not even breathe against the machinery.

### Tolerance

The following story, one that the late President Wilson used to tell, is related in the Montreal Star. The professors of a certain college met to consider an act of misconduct on the part of one of the students. One professor insisted upon punishment, saying: "God has given us eyes."

"Yes," said one of his colleagues, with a kinder nature, "and eyelids."

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